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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ON THE FIRING LINE
(Life of John T. Hatfield -- The Hoosier Evangelist)

By John C. Patty

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[Chapters 34 and 35 -- The Table of Contents of the printed book used to create this digital edition listed Chapter 34 -- "Food for the Child of God," and Chapter 35 -- "Loyalty," but the text for those chapters was not included in the book. -- DVM]

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INTRODUCTION

My Dear Friend: I congratulate myself that it is my pleasure to introduce to you the Hoosier Evangelist in print -- the Hoosier Evangelist on paper. I have felt for years that the life of this remarkable man of God, spent for the last thirty years as a champion of the cause of Holiness -- when Holiness Evangelists like himself were led out of churches, made to preach in the yard, threatened by mobs, etc. -- should be handed down to the public in print.

It was my privilege a few years ago to conduct the Cleveland, Indiana, camp meeting which is known as John Hatfield's Camp. There I heard dozens of people testify of how "John" had prayed with them in the "cornfield," in the "new ground," at the "barn," in the "kitchen," and paid his fare fifty or a hundred times to spend a week in their homes to get them saved or sanctified. Since that time I have insisted upon our Brother's giving this book to the public.

As I have heard the incidents narrated here fall from his lips and read them in the manuscript of this volume, my soul has been fired. The wit, humor, and pathos have made it to me more than a book of fiction. I predict that the public will call for it as they have for the life of Lorenzo Dow, Miller Willis and other holy men of God who were peculiar to themselves because of being eccentric. Brother Hatfield has, through all these years, steered clear of every fanaticism that has arisen, and while he is as logical as a college president, he is so eccentric, one has to keep his eyes upon him to know what he will do next.

James M. Taylor

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

In an Indiana community, some twelve months ago, while attending a Holiness campmeeting, I was privileged to sit at the feet of Evangelist John T. Hatfield and listen to the soul stirring messages he there delivered in the power of the Holy Ghost. During his preaching he frequently related experiences of his life that made lasting and helpful impressions upon my mind and heart. I was there impressed with the fact that it was a great loss to the Holiness people, of whom Mr. Hatfield has for so many years, and worthily, been an honored leader, that they had so long been deprived of his life history and the fascinating account of his daring Gospel experiences. Little I thought then that within a year, while yoked with him in a battle against sin in a Kentucky town, this much beloved, intrepid warrior of a thousand battlefields, was to surprise me with a request to perform that task. An abler pen than mine should have undertaken the duty, but, with over a decade of opportunity and demand, it never did; I was profoundly impressed it ought to be done -- and here it is.

Aside from many of the author's literary peculiarities I have no apology for the book -- it needs none. Almost every chapter is as thrillingly interesting as a Wild West hair-breadth adventure is to a school boy -- with the difference that this book is the story of the adventures of a dauntless man of God in the great Gospel field, and in every chapter magnifies the Christ for whose glory it is sent forth. I have written these pages in Maryland, where, after completing a few chapters, I read them to a company of sanctified friends. It was an interesting study in physiognomy to watch them as they listened -- now they wept, then they shouted, and again they laughed, and thus the harp of their emotions alternated upon these three strings, until, at last, a brother said, "If you don't write another line, and publish what you have read, I want that book" it's worth a dollar to me. Now to the thousands of Mr. Hatfield's friends, who, for years, have been clamoring for the story of his life, the author submits these pages with the prayer that all who read them may be eternally blessed by their perusal.

Yours, bound for the Gates of Pearl,
John C. Patty

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01 -- BOYHOOD EXPERIENCES

John T. Hatfield, known from Ocean to Ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf as the "Hoosier Evangelist," opened his eyes upon the world, he was destined to bless so largely, on the eighth day of August in the year 1851, on a farm near the town of Cleveland, Indiana.

To us, who know him today as a man of exemplary Christian character, and as a preacher, fearless and uncompromising in proclaiming Full Salvation's strongly antagonized and unpopular truths, it is somewhat difficult to comprehend him, as a boy, abounding in daring and mischievous exploits; and Yet, such a disposition was characteristic of his early years.

In those youthful days, he delighted to stand upon a railroad track and laugh at the engineer of an oncoming train as he frantically jerked the whistle cord, warning the lad to clear the way, which warning John would tantalizingly refuse to heed until the engine was almost upon him. It was a luxury for him to break wild colts to ride and young calves to the yoke. The uglier the disposition of the animal the greater pleasure it afforded John in subduing it.

One Sunday afternoon, while out with a company of young people, some one dared him to leap from a high precipice down into the quicksand below. Instantly, regardless either of the danger of losing his life or ruining a fine suit of clothes, away he leaped, and, had it not been for the heroic efforts of the other boys in the company he would have disappeared beneath the treacherous sands. At school one day a young lady fashioned a cap out of burdock burrs and presented it to him. Without a second thought, he dashed his own hat to the ground and drew the burr cap tightly down upon his head. There was but one way to remove the cap and that involved the removing of his hair, and John went home from school that day clipped to the scalp. Once while trying how near he could place his hand to the knife of a cutting box, without cutting his fingers, he went just a little too far and to this day carries an ugly scar as a memento of the occasion.

John was a natural and skillful imitator. A famous comedian exhibited in the towns around Cleveland. John attended one of his shows, carefully observed and listened to all that was said and done and was able to so cleverly imitate what he had witnessed, that the people declared his imitation of the performance to be better than the original. When a circus exhibited near John's home, he and his only brother were eager spectators of the daring performance. After the two boys had reached their home they declared they could do anything they had witnessed at the circus, and forthwith they proceeded to make good their boast. True to their word, they succeeded with all the aerial and terra firma acts and, at last, there remained but one feat to be performed, and that was to touch off a steel trap with the nose. John's brother dared him to try that, declaring he couldn't do it. This was all that was necessary to set John off in search of a steel trap which he soon found, and, after practicing a while with his finger and finding he could safely get it away, he declared his readiness to touch it off with his nose. Alas the day! He touched off the trap and was rewarded with a vision of a thousand stars, the milky way turned to crimson and the revolving of old mother earth upon her axis at a swifter rate than he had ever been lead to believe from his study of geography. Diagnosis revealed that his face was skinned from his cheek bones and that his nose had been terribly mashed between the mighty jaws of the trap. In his agony he danced around as if he were in the midst of a yellow jacket's nest, crying out between his screams, "take it off, take it off, take it off!" By this time his brother was almost frantic with laughter. He stood upon his head, walked upon his hands, turned hand-springs and laughed until he cried. At last when his brother's hilarity had somewhat abated. and he had ceased his gymnastic performances. John found it necessary to stand on his head while his brother put his foot on the trap, opened the treacherous damps and released John, from what seemed to him, the very jaws of death.

Mr. Hatfield and James Whitcomb Riley were boys together. They were in this same class at school and went in swimming in the same old "swimmm' hole," since made famous in one of Mr. Riley's poems. During the civil war they marched the streets together with tin pans for drums and broom sticks for guns. Little did' the passers-by imagine, as they cast indifferent glances at those

two little dust-begrimmed urchins out in the road playing soldier, that, in the coming years, little John Hatfield would bless his country as John T. Hatfield, "The Hoosier Evangelist," and little Jim Riley would be known the world over as James Whitcomb Riley, "The Hoosier Poet."

Mr. Hatfield's parents were unsaved members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They knew nothing, experimentally, of belonging to the glorious church without spot or wrinkle. Their home was the stopping place for Methodist preachers for thirty-five years. In all these years no minister ever deliberately thrust arrows of convicting truth into their hearts, sufficiently straight and true to awaken them out of their long sleep in carnal security. There were three reasons why John loved to have these ministers come to his father's home.

First -- He was reasonably sure that they would not talk to him about his soul's salvation.

Second -- He was sure to hear many tales of daring adventure.

Third -- He knew his mother would put forth many extra efforts to prepare appetizing dishes to appeal to the ministerial palate.

John's father, in those days, kept the whiskey bottle in his cupboard, and three times a day, he offered its contents to both children and guests. This pernicious custom of the home resulted in kindling to great intensity John's appetite for strong drink, and at the age of twenty years, he was frequenting saloons and seeking companionship amidst the vile soul-destroying influences of saloon life. Like a meteor in the night, he was fast going down, and nothing less powerful than the mighty attraction of heavenly gravitation could reverse his hellward course and draw him to the heights of noble Christian manhood. Thank God, the Holy Spirit interposed, the blood of Christ was applied, and the young man's life was transformed from a disgraceful career of drunken profligacy to one of eminent usefulness in the cause and Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

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02 -- CONVERSION

It was the night of December 14, 1872. Though a thousand other days and nights have come and gone and long since been forgotten, in Mr. Hatfield's experience, this night because of the eternal issues settled then, will ever remain indelibly engraved upon his memory.

At this time he was living at Knightstown, Indiana, and was clerking in a general merchandising establishment. It had long been his custom to spend his evenings out with the town sports, enjoying with them the pleasures of sin. But on the night of December 14, he determined to remain at home and retire at an early hour. After retiring he quickly fell asleep, only to be soon awakened by the heavy pressure of God's hand upon his soul. He found himself awakened for the transaction of the most important business project of his life, and the Holy Spirit, God's agent in the deal, immediately put this question to him, "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The convicting Spirit of God made him intensely conscious of his lost state. He felt he must do something towards the salvation of his soul and do it quickly. Hoping to receive salvation without any one else's knowing it, he began praying in a quiet way, but the

sound of his voice plunged him into a paroxysm of excitement. He sprang out of his bed screaming, "Murder! Murder! Murder! I'm dying, I'm dying! I'm dying!" An uncle, sleeping close by, thinking John was having a frightful dream, sprang to his side and began to shake him violently to awaken him; but John declared he was not asleep but was about to die; that he saw hell and every sin he had ever committed pass before him like a dark, horrid panorama.

He wanted salvation but was sure he would die ere he obtained it. He wanted the doctor and the preacher and couldn't say which he wanted most. He was afraid to send for the doctor first for fear he would die without the preacher, and he was afraid to send for the preacher first for fear he would die without the doctor. At last he thought of a doctor who was a local preacher, and sent for him, and so got the useful combination of doctor and preacher at once and in one.

When his uncle left him alone, as he hurried after the doctor, John became almost wild with fear. He imagined he saw hell-fire beneath him, all the sins of his life before him, and the devil in hot pursuit behind him. His breast felt as though it would burst to pieces and his heart seemed to plunge to and fro like the piston rod of an engine. He wandered into a back room where were stored several rolls of carpet and, as he would stumble over these rolls, he imagined himself falling into hell. When the uncle and doctor arrived they found him in a corner of the room with his head against the wall, the tears streaming from his eyes, his body wet with perspiration and his breast heaving. After a moment of careful observation of the symptoms, the physician declared him to be suffering with a very advanced and malignant form of sin-sickness and prescribed, without any Latin abbreviations, in good plain English, a combination of unadulterated sorrow for sin, confession of sin, restitution on account of sin, forsaking of sin, and prevailing prayer and faith in the promises of the Lord Jesus.

John followed directions. There was nothing that savored of hope too hard for him to do. He was glad to confess all, to make any restitution, to say "Yes" to any field of labor. He spent six hours of that memorable night in great desperation of mind. Twice, while he was gasping and choking for breath, he thought he had thrown up his heart and actually looked around upon the floor to see if it could be possible. He fully expected to fall to the floor a dead man, drop directly into hell, and be utterly lost forever. So great was his agony that his physical strength failed him; his head dropped upon his heaving breast and his voice became too weak to give utterance to the cries of his soul. At last he reached a place of complete surrender and utter abandonment to God. Then he ceased his struggling, simply trusted, and the light of heaven flashed in upon his soul. The burden rolled away, new life sprang up within, angels struck their golden harps and broke forth with rejoicing; the heavenly melody burst upon his heart, and, as light and free and happy as a bird in spring time, he sprang to his feet fairly submerged in the billows of glory that swept over and over his new born soul.

The next morning when John reached the store, he found his uncle telling the clerks about the circumstances of the past night and, although he was a well known but unconverted member of the Methodist church, he didn't much like such a radical know-so experience of salvation. He had been called on to pray for a lost soul during the past night, and, being unaccustomed to such Herculean tasks, it made old carnality uncomfortable. John passed down the aisle to the front of the store where a lady was entering to purchase some goods. He was so happy he could scarcely hold himself to the floor. It seemed to him that the attraction of gravitation had been reversed and he

was being lifted upwards. While measuring some calico the lady was purchasing he was busy telling her his experience, when, suddenly, a great wave of glory from the Heavenly storehouses struck him somewhere in the region of the heart, and with an old fashioned Methodist shout he threw the yard stick up and the calico down and away he went down the aisle shouting, with all his might, the great Redeemer's praise. This was more than the Methodist uncle could endure. He discharged the young convert right there and told him to get away to the farm, and, if he must shout, to shout to the birds. Nothing could have suited John better, for he was feeling that the store quarters were entirely too small to contain all God had put into his soul. He went away and

"Singing away along life's road,
Praising the Lord, praising the Lord,
Singing away along life's road,
For Jesus had lifted his load."

Immediately Mr. Hatfield went to work for Christ in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He organized a Sunday school, and was soon appointed class leader in the church, and in this capacity he served the church for a number of years. God was with him. He lived a very consistent justified life and was faithful in attendance upon all the means of grace. He many times lost control of his high temper and gave way to a spirit of impatience, and therefore brought darkness upon his soul; but he always persisted in storming a throne of grace until God forgave him and sent refreshing anointings upon his soul and thus dispelled the gloom.

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03 -- SANCTIFICATION

For eight years Mr. Hatfield battled along against that subtlest enemy of the human heart, known as inbred sin. During these years, he heard not a word on the possibility of deliverance from this inward foe. On a happy day, his pastor went away somewhere to attend a Holiness camp meeting, and there he obtained the blessing. This preacher returned to his people full of Pentecostal fire, and power, and blessing. Quite naturally his principal theme was Holiness as a second, definite, cleansing work of God's grace. Mr. Hatfield listened to the preaching of this doctrine with ever increasing interest, until, at last, he felt deeply his own need of this cleansing baptism, and soon told his wife that he wanted this experience, and that he was going to have it or die seeking it.

He frequently prayed so fervently as to receive great spiritual enduements, and at such times often wondered if he had actually received the experience of entire sanctification; but, when he would come to dealing with the things about the farm and become impatient and lose his temper, he would see clearly that he did not have it. He prayed incessantly -- in the woods, in the field, at the barn, at family prayers, in church, at Sunday school, in the class meeting, in prayer meetings; he could pray down wonderful blessings upon his soul but none that would remove inbred sin.

After receiving a wonderful Divine enduement, and while he was wondering if he had really received the "Second Blessing," he had an experience that settled all his doubts. One evening, with Mrs. Hatfield, he started out to set a hen. He moved the hen from her nest to a more

desirable location. Mrs. Hatfield placed the eggs in a box while John held the hen, which, when all was ready, he very gently placed upon the eggs. He quietly withdrew his hands and up came the hen. He gently placed her back again, and again she arose. He put her back again (only not quite so gentle as before), and again she arose to her feet. He now pushed her back with much authority and considerable impatience, squeezing the old hen quite firmly across the back; as though he were setting her upon a spiral spring instead of upon a nest of eggs, up to her feet arose the old hen. It was not long until the hen began to break eggs and John to pull feathers. This kept up until, ere the moon arose that night, the old hen looked quite well enough dressed for market, and had been kicked out of house and home. I need not tell how John looked, or felt -- some of the readers of these lines have seen other men who looked and felt just about as he did after similar experiences of their own. I only add one thing; John saw he had not obtained the second blessing and found he had lost the first.

At another time, after receiving a great blessing, he and his wife went out to teach a young calf to drink milk out of a bucket. John thrust his fingers into the calf's mouth and tried to force its nose down into the bucket of milk, but, notwithstanding all his efforts, the calf would still keep its nose up in the air. It finally got a taste of the milk which made it frantic for more and it straightway began to jump and prance around. Presently John began to talk pretty loudly to Mrs. Hatfield, telling her first to hold the bucket up and then to hold it down. At last, every other expedient unavailing, he leaped a-straddle of the calf, grasped it by the ears and doused its head into the milk up to its eyes. To such radical measures the calf strongly objected, and, in demonstration of this, he suddenly gave a big lunge which upset Mrs. Hatfield, spilled the milk, and threw John over its head. John sprang to his feet, kicked the calf in the ribs, threatened to kill it, laid all the blame on Mrs. Hatfield, and again found he had not received the "Second Blessing," and the calf had gotten his first.

John used to think that it took Mrs. Hatfield too long to get ready for church on Sunday mornings. Invariably he had found it necessary to wait for her, until, at last, he told her that she just simply must be ready by time he had hitched the team and had driven to the door. Now it so happened, upon a certain Sabbath, that, as he drove up to the house, Mrs. Hatfield was all ready except that she had forgotten some small thing in the house, and she hurried back after it. Away drove John to preaching, his only company a guilty conscience. The Hatfield pew was away up front and thither he made his way. He had not been seated long, ere Mrs. Hatfield came down the aisle as calm as an ideal summer day and sat down beside her pouting, conscience-smitten husband. The sermon didn't do John any particular good that morning; that is, as far as any conscious beneficial results went, for John's mind was burdened with other reflections. After the service (during which, fortunately, the pastor failed to call on Mr. Hatfield to lead in prayer), he and Mrs. Hatfield got into the carriage and started for home, when John, feeling so wretchedly mean, and small, and guilty, he could endure it no longer, confessed how inexcusably impatient he had been with her, and asked her forgiveness. Mrs. Hatfield freely and readily forgave him, but she knew and he knew that the "Old Man" was still able to be around and far from dead. The even quality of Mrs. Hatfield's Christian life for many years was a source of conviction to John. I have heard him pay her the high tribute that in all the years of their wedded life, he had never seen her excited, impatient, or known her to lose her temper.

The night before Mr. Hatfield really received the sanctifying work of grace in his heart, while working in a revival in his home church, he received such a wonderful blessing that he ran all about the church shouting and praising the Lord. There were present those who told him they would give anything to be as happy as he, and yet, the next morning while milking his cow in the stall, they had a fight in which he kicked a bunch of hair off the cow's legs; thus again displaying a very ill-tempered "Old Man" within. Again in the church that night the Lord greatly blessed him and he led at least a dozen souls to the altar. During this night's service a great hunger arose within him for full deliverance from every evil temper. The pastor called on him to lead in prayer for the weeping sinners. Mr. Hatfield began to pray most earnestly for them, but soon he was heard to pray desperately for his own soul. He cried to God to sanctify him wholly; to give him a clean and a pure heart; to deliver him from all carnal desires, propensities and tendencies. On and on he prayed; higher and higher he climbed towards the mountain peak of perfect consecration and faith; he seemed finally to reach a place where climbing is no longer possible -- he reached a high eminence where but one of two things could be done -- he either must go back and down, or, by a mighty plunge of faith, leap forth upon the everlasting promises of a great God. He did not hesitate a single moment; in the great, long unsatisfied hunger of his soul, he burst forth with even greater earnestness, and then, with one mighty desperate plunge of faith, as though failure now would mean eternal damnation, he cried out with all of his soul, "LORD I DO BELIEVE." Nor did he plunge in vain, or land amiss; he never does, who dares to venture, by faith, upon the eternal promises. The fire fell; the cleansing stream flowed through and through; the abiding Comforter stepped within, and at last, after six long months of desperate struggle amidst many a cheering hope and many a blasting fear, Mr. Hatfield knew he had the Blessing.

The next morning John had a splendid chance to prove whether or not he had the Blessing. He considered his cow a bad one to milk, and the cow considered John a bad one to milk her. It was sometimes hard to tell which was the worse, John or the cow; for, while the cow threw hoofs and horns, and milk, and bucket, in all directions, he would keep busily engaged in plying the milk-stool to her back, and his boots to her ribs.

Everything went well in the cow stable that morning until the milking was done and John arose to leave the stall; the cow, evidently fearing that he intended striking her with the stool, gave a sudden kick which struck the bucket and spilled the milk over him. But now, instead of plying the stool to her back and his boot to her ribs, he leaped to the front of the stall, put his hands upon the cow's back and began to make his confession and to relate his experience. He said, "Lill, I have been mean to you; I have kicked you, and cuffed you, and beaten you with milk-stools and buckets; I have pulled hair out of your back, but now, I want you to understand I am sanctified; I've got the Blessing and there's no more kick in me. You can kick if you want to, but I'm done. I love you, Lill; you are a good old cow; it's been my fault, but you will find me a different man from now on, for I am here to tell you, I'M SANCTIFIED!"

The old cow seemed to understand. She saw there was something in Holiness, even though nine-tenths of the preachers in that country considered it fanaticism. At once Lill relaxed every muscle, put her head in the manger and began to eat, while John walked out victor over the world, the flesh, the devil, the cow and himself.

Next to the cow, Mrs. Hatfield was the first to understand he had the blessing. When she saw him coming up the path that morning, his clothes bespattered with milk and his face covered with a smile and looking as happy and peaceful as a June morning, then she knew that he surely must have the long sought experience at last. She was right.

Nearly twenty-five years have passed since that morning and God's grace has kept him through all the trying scenes of a busy life. He has worked balky horses, milked kicking cows, taught young calves to drink milk out of the bucket, set stubborn hens, put up stove pipes, helped his wife clean house and sat in the carriage waiting for her to get ready for church. Through all these things that used to try him beyond measure, and a thousand other perplexing and annoying tests in life, he has, through Christ, been able to maintain the experience wherein he was made perfect in love.

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04 -- WHAT HIS CONSECRATION INVOLVED

I cannot frame a definition that more clearly expresses what full consecration involves than, in figurative language, saying that it means to sign one's name to the bottom of a great blank sheet as long as the span of life, and from thenceforth assenting, without argument or debate, to everything that the Holy Spirit dictates to be written there. Contrastively speaking, this consecration includes the pains as well as the pleasures, the sorrows as well as the joys, the losses as well as the gains, the subtractions as well as the additions and multiplications of life, the crosses as well as the crowns, the fiery furnaces as well as the king's palaces, obscurity as well as notoriety, abasement as well as exaltation, death as well as life.

The name of John T. Hatfield was placed at the end of just such a contract and the witnesses were God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. His consecration included all God then required and all God ever should require throughout Time and Eternity.

One of the first things that condemned Mr. Hatfield was his tobacco habit. In the light of spirituality, in the light of morality, in the light of common decency, this filthy inhuman habit; this disgraceful smirch on spirituality; this lying outrage on morality, appeared to him, divested entirely of its sham garments of respectability, in its true, hideous form. In the light of Scripture, revelation and reason, like all open to convictions of the Holy Ghost, he saw how inharmonious such filth must be with all that is right and best and good in God and man, so, at last, one day, while plowing in the field, he buried the plug beneath a furrow of sod to be heft there until the second resurrection of damnation.

Then came his lodge with all of its ungodly associations. It was not long until the Holy Spirit showed him what God meant when he said, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and "Christ was given to us for an example, that we should follow in His steps, and have nothing to do with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." He asked the Lord for a final evidence of His will to be given at the coming Grand Lodge, to which he was a delegate, and the following is Mr. Hatfield's own account of what transpired.

"I will never forget this my first and last experience at a Grand Lodge. About six or eight hundred men were in the room, and among them Methodist and Universalist preachers, skeptics and also ministers of other denominations; all worshipping at the same shrine and swearing allegiance to the same principles. When I first stepped into the room it was so close that I thought I would lose my breath, because of the stench of whiskey and tobacco. I was soon convinced that this was not the crowd with whom I should associate. I got under great condemnation, became very nervous, and a heavy sinking sensation came over me. Just then a man in another part of the room had a fit. He turned his face to the ceiling, gave an unearthly yell that sounded to me like the wail of a lost soul, then began to kick and froth at the mouth, while some men carried him out. I began to feel very strange, the perspiration broke out over me, and I felt sure I was about to have just such a spell myself. I tried to feel my pulse but was so excited I couldn't detect a pulsation. Thinking I was about to die, I wondered if I could get to heaven from such a hell hole as this. I made my way to the door, and, as I started down the stairs, I said, Lord, if it is your will for me to quit the Lodge let me know by giving me a blessing as soon as my feet touch the pavement below. Scarcely had I reached the last step when Heaven broke over my head and I hastened down the street shouting, Glory, Glory, Glory!" That ended Secret orders with me and I've never had any use for one since.

The next thing to surrender was his political party. He knew that nine-tenths of this country's political machinery is lubricated with rum. He saw that the old political parties depended upon the whiskey interests for their victories. Perhaps he got a vision of a Christian man arising from the communion table and locking arms with a red nosed, blear eyed, fat necked, home destroying, hell populating, murder making whiskey dealer, and marching off to the ballot box together voting the same ticket, sworn to protect the same interests, and thus saying to God and Man, "Here I, by casting this ballot, use my influence towards the continuance of this soul and body destroying business." Mr. Hatfield at once bade farewell to all politics not radically for "GOD and home and native land."

He also received light on wearing jewelry. A Christian lady once asked him what he was wearing the devil's trinkets for. He was ashamed of any answer or argument that could be given for doing so. He knew of but one reason why anyone wore useless jewelry and that was to gratify pride, which God declares to be an abomination to Him. His contract with God included the laying aside of needless ornamentation, so, away went the jewelry.

Then came his call to the ministry. From the hour God sanctified him wholly, he was deeply conscious of a call to do the work of an evangelist. Before he had launched out into the work he had engaged in business, and when the time came when God pressed him to the fulfillment of his contract to go, to do, to be anything, anytime, anywhere that God desired, Mr. Hatfield found it very difficult to get away from his personal business interests, but he finally sold out, at a great financial sacrifice, and determined to trust God henceforth for all.

For a number of years he did the work of an evangelist without license or ordination. In so doing he followed the advice of his presiding elder. Later on, under the administration of another elder, during a quarterly conference, he was rebuked for preaching from texts without license. So at this conference he was licensed as a local preacher. He then had a desire to go through the entire course, which he did, and was ordained an elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church by Bishop Fitzgerald, a relationship he has maintained in the church to this day.

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05 -- THREE MARVELOUS ANOINTINGS

In a very exceptional manner, God has favored Mr. Hatfield with great spiritual manifestations. In all my reading and observation, I know of no one within the last century upon whom the Holy Spirit has descended more wonderfully. Out of the scores of anointings he has received, I have selected three marvelous instances and will devote this chapter to their presentation.

During one of his great camp meetings, and on the last Sabbath of the camp, there were about ten thousand people present. The services began at an early hour in the morning and closed in a blaze of Pentecostal glory at 5 o'clock in the evening. People who witnessed the scenes of that day declare that they saw flashes of Divine light appear over the congregation as wave after wave of heavenly power descended upon the assembled thousands. After the great crowd had departed, Mr. Hatfield tarried to transact some closing business. The place was so sacred, the atmosphere so filled with the presence of Jesus that he was loathe to leave the place. The benign influence was as real as the after glow of a summer sunset. Finally Mr. Hatfield withdrew and was driven to the home where he was to spend the night. Being exceedingly weary with the labors of the day, he early retired to his bed. He lay down in the bed upon his back, crossed his arms over his breast, and fell asleep. Without either dreaming or awakening he lay thus until 5 o'clock the next morning, when he was awakened by the farm hands as they were descending the stairs to begin their day's work. After this awakening he again closed his eyes and there appeared before him a vision.

He saw a silver horn lined with gold; the large end, which rested upon his breast, appeared to be fully a hundred feet in height. From the large end to the mouth piece, which appeared to be the size of a quarter of a dollar, there seemed to be an intervening space many miles in length. Mr. Hatfield had never beheld anything so indescribably beautiful. Suddenly the opening at the small end of the great horn was darkened and then there appeared a halo of light which seemed to envelop a fast approaching figure. As nearer and nearer the lovely vision approached he soon recognized the central figure as that of Jesus and the beautiful halo proved to be a band of bright shining angels. All the angels were singing and such exquisite tones can not be described, neither can they be compared to any earthly melodies. In a short time Jesus stood close beside him and looking down upon him with an expression, that in clearer tones than words, spoke of tenderest love, He disappeared. At the same time he felt a sensation in his throat as though he were swallowing something. Then the horn seemed to melt away, the angels disappeared and the music ceased. He opened his eyes and then closed them again, hoping that the wonderful vision would appear again, but he waited and listened in vain. Suddenly his attention was called to himself by feeling a strange sensation as of some one walking upon his left side. Simultaneously with this strange sensation the following portions of scripture were forcibly presented to his mind, "I in you and you in me. Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost." Presently that peculiar sensation ceased and he began to shake like a leaf in the wind. Try as he would he could not control the violent shaking of his body. At last the shaking stopped of itself and then hot tears poured forth from his eyes so copiously that again and again he wrung them out of his saturated handkerchief, and, all the time, billow after billow of Heavenly sweetness and love and blessing swept over his soul. He arose,

dressed, and descended the stairs to the rooms below. The anointing continued, only in ever increasing power. He laid down upon a divan and it seemed to him that he had been laid upon a bed of roses and was being submerged in the fragrance of Heaven. This blessing continued for many days. All material things seemed to be clothed with a Heavenly loveliness, very much as we think they will appear when the Father presents the renewed earth in its restored beauty to the Saints, according to the promise of the Bible.

On another occasion, Mr. Hatfield was assisting a Methodist pastor in a series of meetings and was encountering much opposition from the backslidden members of the church. They were desperately fighting the doctrine of Holiness, which Mr. Hatfield was preaching. The opposition made the battle exceedingly hard upon the evangelist, for he labored under great agony and burden for souls. He slept but little, giving most of his nights over to prayer; The battle became hotter and hotter but there was little visible result except the ever increasing crowds that packed the church from night to night.

On the night of the seventh day, at the close of the service, Mr. Hatfield was so weakened by the long, hard strain upon him that he felt he couldn't do better than give up the contest against the dogged opposition he was encountering. He lifted his hand to pronounce a benediction and depart. Just as he raised his hand a stream of Pentecostal fire fell upon him. He jumped into the air about three feet, then bounded across the church and leaped into a window, crying at the top of his voice. Then he ran to the opposite side of the room and leaped into another window. He gave another mighty war-whoop and a leap and made for the center aisle as if to run down it. The people became frightened and rushed towards the door, but the crowd there was so large they couldn't get out and were compelled to face the fire-baptized evangelist. In a moment the fire fell upon the pastor and he, too, began to race about and praise the Lord. Next a local preacher got a blessing and he joined in the glad jubilee. Then a teacher in the high school (now a pastor in the Methodist church) who was occupying a front seat, caught his portion of the falling fire and he started down the aisle preaching with all his might. The people were all broken down, in tears, the power of hell was defeated, and a great revival of religion broke forth upon the community which resulted in many precious souls entering the Kingdom of God.

Mr. Hatfield was so under the power of the Spirit that he could not stand alone and fell three times while being assisted to the door. Such wonderful blessings swept over his soul and such mighty power of God vibrated through his body that he could feel the heavenly currents leaping off through his fingers and toes. The crushing burden had rolled away and he soon felt as light as a feather, and he fell asleep praising the Lord. He rested that night, seemingly on the very bosom of the Savior.

Another marvelous endowment occurred in a small country church while Mr. Hatfield was helping another Methodist pastor. They were having a splendid meeting and the people were all in sympathy and labored together harmoniously. The Spirit of the Lord was present and was doing effective work within the hearts of the people. One night while the altar was crowded with seekers, Mr. Hatfield was instructing a lady in the way of faith, but she was so full of unbelief that he could not accomplish much in her behalf. Finally he broke forth in earnest prayer asking God to give him the blessing if the woman would not accept it. God answered his prayer, the power fell upon him, and he was soon prostrated beneath its mighty influence. He fell to the floor and lay

there unconscious until midnight, when the pastor asked him if he had not better start for home. Mr. Hatfield arose and the moment he reached his feet a baptism of Holy Ghost power fell upon him. It was evident to all that the fire of God was surging through his being. An unsaved woman in front of him threw up her hands and began to scream. Mr. Hatfield reached forth his hand and touched her and immediately she was saved. The people, seeing that God had given him the power of impartation, rushed upon him. He touched four of them and each were as quickly saved. The last person he touched was an unsaved man and as he placed his hand upon him the power left Mr. Hatfield and knocked down the man, who soon arose, shouting the victory.

Mr. Hatfield was very weak after this experience but unspeakably happy. The four converts went on to perfection, and became splendid Christian characters and effective Gospel workers.

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06 -- TAKING ADVANTAGE OF AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY

In Mr. Hatfield's early experience in the sanctified life, while he was still engaged in business, and before he had launched out into the evangelistic field, he had an interesting experience and victory over his pastor, who was conducting services in his home church.

The pastor was a good man, quite spiritual, of lovable disposition and scarcely could be excelled as shepherd of the flock. He had one serious fault and that was the lack of courage to preach his conviction on the doctrine of Holiness. He believed in holiness and even professed to have the experience, but through fear that preaching on the subject would cause division and other troubles in the church he remained quiet.

Mr. Hatfield, then young in the experience and full of zeal, talked little else than sanctification everywhere. He was then class leader in the church and greatly burdened for the members of the class. The subject was creating a great furor among the people and the "Old Man" was greatly stirred in many carnal hearts. The fight was on. The pastor was frightened and compromising with the holiness-fighting element. He was keeping his hand upon the throttle but the engine was off the track. He ran the meeting t" weeks without opening a service for testimony, volunteer prayer, or praise, for fear Brother Hatfield would take the floor and precipitate a crisis. There was much conviction upon the people and the pastor declared he wanted a revival, but, there upon one hand, he had a crowd of holiness-fighters, and on the other, one single holiness "crank" (one of those that cannot be turned.) Mr. Hatfield was the elephant upon his hands. The fighters were telling him not to allow Mr. Hatfield to have a thing to do with the meetings or they would not attend, and Mr. Hatfield was telling him to put the meeting on Bible lines and for Full Salvation, if it split the church all to pieces. He maintained that a church that would split over the preaching of its own doctrines and the Word of God, ought to be split and the sooner the better.

The pastor wished to be considerate of Mr. Hatfield's desire because he was selling him all his groceries and dry goods at cost; was one of the most liberal members. in the church, and was furnishing all the wood and kerosene for the meeting. Mr. Hatfield was in great agony of soul and continually prayed for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon the meeting. He was being censured

and condemned upon every hand and all the blame for the deadness of the meeting was laid upon him.

One week-day morning, after the meeting had been in progress for over two weeks without a break, Mr. Hatfield had been detained at the store and was a few minutes late in reaching the church. While he was passing down the street the Lord asked him if he would take the service this morning if the way opened. He said, "Yes Lord, if it be thy will." When he reached the church the congregation was engaged in prayer, so he slipped quietly into the house and kneeled behind a rear seat. After the congregation arose, he still remained on his knees behind the bench. The pastor surveyed the congregation and to his great satisfaction observed, as he thought, that Mr. Hatfield was not present. He then said to the congregation, "We have had no service since this meeting began in which the people have had an opportunity to take an active part. Now I am going to throw the meeting open and I want every one present to feel perfectly at home and free to do as the Lord may lead you. I want you to pray, sing, shout or exhort, for the meeting is yours.

Mr. Hatfield was still behind the bench and was now shaking from head to foot with Divine power. The pastor sat down and again surveyed the congregation and, to his consternation, whom did he behold but John T. Hatfield striding down the aisle with his face all aglow and his eyes aflame! What should he do? There was but one thing for him to do; he now had crossed the long dreaded Rubicon and must take the consequences. The preacher turned pale and wriggled and squirmed about in his seat. Some of the people dropped their heads, while others gazed upon him with hatred. He entered the pulpit, expressed his appreciation of the privilege the pastor had kindly offered them, and then he broke forth with a red-hot God-sent exhortation, which he followed up with an altar call. For some time not a person responded; then he began to call various ones but by name. He called a man who refused to come; he called him the second time and the third, then finding that this would not bring him, he sprang from the rostrum after him. Upon this the old sinner leaped to his feet and cried, "I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming." He rushed to the altar and began to scream for mercy. Mr. Hatfield returned to the pulpit and continued to call them out by name. "Mary, you are a backslider, come and get reclaimed; Elizabeth, you need to be sanctified, come along; John, you are sinner, come and let God save you." Every person who was called, responded, and soon the altar and the space around the front were filled with weeping sinners and needy believers. A large number of those who sought the Lord that morning obtained a glorious victory.

The pastor fell under great condemnation because of his attitude towards Mr. Hatfield, and from that service he went directly to his study and there admitted to the Lord that Mr. Hatfield was right, and cried to God for the same liberty. The Pentecostal fire descended upon him and immediately he set forth to find Mr. Hatfield to tell him the glad news. When he found him he said, "Brother Hatfield, from this day you are a free man on my work. God is with you and from this hour I shall keep my hands off God's anointed.

The following week there were over one hundred conversions and thirty-four received the blessing of entire sanctification. That year Mr. Hatfield labored with his pastor about six months in revival work. Their labors together resulted in several hundred conversions and a great number of sanctifications and a large increase of membership to the church.

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07 -- AN UNWELCOME GUEST

The following incident, which transpired during the early days of Mr. Hatfield's work, is very characteristic of the man and displays the bold, fearless nature he possesses, which has successfully carried him through many a daring exploit where a thousand others would have come to grief and embarrassing defeat.

He was invited to assist a pastor in a revival meeting on his work. They arrived at the church and were greeted with approving nods and smiles of about fifty members of the church. The service was opened with prayer, after which Mr. Hatfield read his text and began his sermon. As he was making a few introductory remarks the people nodded their approval, but by and by, as he advanced with the sermon, a few heads began to go sidewise in evident disapproval, and, ere he had reached the conclusion many had hid their faces from view.

At the close of the service an aged brother and sister, greatly enraged, rushed to him and the woman sharply said:

"We want you to understand that we are not half so bad as you think we are. We want you to know we have been in the way for forty years.

"Do you mean to say that you have been in the way for forty years?" asked Mr. Hatfield.

"Yes sir, we have," replied the woman.

"Well," said Mr. Hatfield, "for Jesus' sake get out of the way and give these poor sinners a chance."

As Mr. Hatfield passed down the aisle another aged sister said:

"You talk as if we had no religion up here, but I want to tell you that we are not so backslidden as you think we are. We've been standing at our post these many years.

"So you have been standing at your post these many years, have you?" replied Mr. Hatfield.

"Yes, we have," was the answer.

"Well then, sister," said Mr. Hatfield, "don't you think it time to unhitch and get a move on you and bring something to pass?"

After the crowd had dispersed the pastor approached Mr. Hatfield, with a cemetery expression on his face, and said:

"Brother Hatfield, I don't know what to do."

"Why, don't you know what to do?" asked Mr. Hatfield.

"Well, you have preached so straight here this morning that the people are all mad at you and have told me not to bring you to their homes."

"Well, bless the Lord," replied Mr. Hatfield, you understand we can't carry on a meeting without something to eat, and if we stay here these people must feed us. Now, brother, this is a test of our faith; the Lord has promised to supply all of our needs and I need something to eat. Who's the maddest family in the church?"

"Well, Brother and Sister A_____ are furious," said the pastor.

"Now," said Mr. Hatfield, "come, get into the carriage. We'll take dinner with Brother and Sister A_____."

Away they drove down the country road, every step against the protest of the pastor. Finally they reached a fine home. Mr. A_____ was out in the barn yard putting away his horse. The pastor, at sight of him, became very nervous and begged Mr. Hatfield to drive on without stopping.

"No," said Mr. Hatfield, "I need something to eat and the Lord has promised to supply my needs and I verily believe this is the place he calculates to do it." "Well," said the pastor, "you let me put away the horse. I want to speak to the old gentleman."

Mr. Hatfield knew the pastor wanted to make apologies and lay all the blame on him, so praising the Lord, he alighted and marched up to the house. Finding the front door unlocked, he walked into the house, looked around, discovered the location of the parlor, found an easy chair, heavily cushioned, sat down and made himself perfectly comfortable. As he sat there, he could see the pastor and old Brother A_____ in the barn yard engaged in earnest conversation, and by the way the old gentleman was gesticulating it was evident that he was very angry. At last the pastor entered the room looking very pale and frightened, and said:

"Brother Hatfield, you have made the greatest blunder of your life. I wouldn't be surprised if Brother A_____ would come in here and kick you out for your impudence. He is the maddest man I ever saw."

"Well, my Brother," replied Mr. Hatfield, "you have invited me to help you in this meeting, and you certainly understand that we cannot carry on this revival without something to eat. Now we have done our best and we will just trust the Lord to see us safely through. The Lord has said he would set a table before us in the presence of our enemies, and if He ever had a chance to do so, it surely is now."

Ere long, Mrs. A_____ stepped to the door and invited the pastor out to dinner. At once Mr. Hatfield arose, as though he were the one invited, and as innocently as though not a thing had gone amiss, lead the way to the dining room. There were three chairs at the table, no provision having been made for the unwelcome guest; but, nothing daunted, Mr. Hatfield, all smiles, sat down in one

of them and began to help himself to the bounties set before him. Ever and anon, he praised the Lord and complimented the cook.

After eating most heartily, in spite of the ominous storm that threatened to precipitate itself upon him, Mr. Hatfield again retired to the parlor. After an interval of nearly an hour, Mr. and Mrs. A____, all loaded up and ready to fire without further provocation, entered the room. Immediately upon their entrance, Mr. Hatfield called them to prayer. He fell upon his knees and began to storm the throne of Grace for Heaven's blessings upon the people. He prayed with all his heart for the old Brother and Sister who had "so kindly entertained God's unworthy servants," and the fire began to fall. The pastor got to shouting and soon the old couple began to pray and confess and cry for mercy, and ere long they joined in the rejoicing. Presently they rushed over to Mr. Hatfield with extended hands, saying, "Brother Hatfield, we were mad enough to kill you, but now we love you. God has shown us we were wrong. We declared we would not allow such a crank as you to come into our home, but now we offer you the best room in the house and request the privilege of entertaining you during the entire meeting.

That night Brother and Sister A____ were so filled with the Spirit that they took the meeting into their own hands. They told the congregation all about the experiences of the day, including the great blessing they had received at home, and they urged the people to seek the Lord as Mr. Hatfield had advised; they said that he had preached the truth and the people had better confess their sins and find the Lord. When the altar was opened, many responded, were brightly saved and proved the first fruits of a great revival meeting.

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08 -- FIRST REVIVAL AND FIRST CAMPMEETING

To Mr. Hatfield the idea that God had really called him to preach the gospel seemed so incredible that, Gideon like, he put out many a fleece to make a thorough test of the case. Among other tests, he asked the Lord to pour out His Spirit in a large measure upon the first meeting he undertook to conduct independently. With the thought of preaching the Gospel came the desire for a pleasant pastorate with a comfortable parsonage and a good-sized salary. His "castles in Spain" were all demolished when God made it clear to him that his call was to the hardships and the vicissitudes of the Evangelistic life.

He decided to conduct his first meeting in the old home church where his father and mother retained their membership and where he had often attended, in their company, during his boyhood days. It was a small country church located near a beach and sugar grove. The place had run down until it had been abandoned and was now without preaching or members. Mr. Hatfield thought if God would give him a great revival there, under the unpromising circumstances, that it would be satisfactory evidence of his call to the ministry. The day was set for the opening of the revival and the community duly notified. From the start the attendance was very encouraging and in less than a week the old church was filled. Mr. Hatfield was not doing what the schools call preaching, he didn't pretend to arrange any homiletical discourses; he read most of his message out of God's word and filled in the remainder of the time with singing and shouting. At last he shouted himself hoarse and his voice nearly failed him entirely. His desire and burden for the salvation of sinners

was so great that he lost all appetite for food and spent his time weeping out his heart's desire before the Lord. Seekers had kneeled at the altar and a few had professed conversion but the results were not such as satisfied the young preacher as to his call to the ministry. At last he felt that he must have help and he prayed all night and a day for God to send him a preacher. On his way to service one night, as he was passing through a heavy strip of timber, he kneeled down and once more urged the Lord to send him a preacher. He fell back among the leaves and looking toward the heavens the sky appeared to him to be filled with openings and glory seemed to be streaming through every opening into his soul. A voice distinctly said, "Arise and go, I will send you a preacher." He arose looked at his watch, and it was just seven o'clock. He started on to church with the assurance that help would come.

The entrance to the church was on the west side of the building. Mr. Hatfield approached the church from the north and a Quaker preacher from the south, and they met at the church door. Mr. Hatfield said, "Glory to God, thou art the man; the Lord wants you to preach tonight; Quaker replied that he had come for that purpose. Mr. Hatfield asked him if he had heard of the meeting, and the Quaker said that he had not until that evening at the supper table while the clock was striking seven when a voice said, "Arise and go to Gilboa church, and I will give thee a message for the people."

This was certainly a very remarkable answer to prayer and God indeed did have a message for the Quaker to deliver to the people that night. It was an extraordinary service. There were moments when it seemed that all the people in the house were going to rush to the altar. The conversions were marvelously clear and among those who came to the altar that night was Mr. Hatfield's own mother. She had long been a member of the Methodist church but had never before been converted. When the Holy Spirit descended upon her she leaped over the mourner's bench and took after John and ran him around the pulpit several times, pounding him on the back as they went. In the ecstasy of her soul she knocked the Bible off the stand and it rolled down into the "Amen Corner." She shouted off her old red shawl, and next down came her hair, and finally, she made down the aisle with both arms extended like an old McCormick self raker. By this time there were a score of other new born souls in the procession, and John, feeling now quite convinced of his call to the ministry, was participating in the glad jubilee.

Since this chapter, if only devoted to the account of Mr. Hatfield's first revival meeting would be undesirably short, I will add a few pages of interesting facts relating to the first campmeeting this man, who was himself to become a widely known campmeeting leader and worker, ever attended.

It was a district campmeeting of the Methodists. Mr. Hatfield had been anticipating a red-hot Holy Ghost time, and he entered the first service all expectant. The dried up, fossilized preacher selected to deliver the opening discourse was there ready with his dissertation on the subject of "Faith," probably the very thing he knew least about. He had prepared for this occasion. Mr. Hatfield had prepared for an occasion of a different kind. The article the preacher read was made up of newspaper, magazine and other clippings. The preacher, with what was intended to be a very impressive, dignified air, stepped forth, unfolded his manuscript, humped his back, held his nose within a foot of the paper, and, without ever once raising his eyes, he slowly, lowly, solemnly and deliberately read every word of it. Fortunately it was only (?) an hour and a half long. After

listening very impatiently to this sleep producing essay, Mr. Hatfield promised the Lord that if he ever read any sermons in all his life he never would read one on "Faith." He has kept his vow unto this day.

It was campaign year and while the preachers were sitting around quarreling over politics and fighting holiness, Mr. Hatfield was leading hungry souls away to the woods and getting them saved: It was the custom, before each service, for the Elder to call upon one of the preachers to deliver the message. One day he called upon Brother Smith to take charge but the brother said he was not prepared. The Elder then insisted that he take charge of the meeting. After a while Brother Smith opened his satchel and drew out an armful of manuscript (Mr. Hatfield trusted there was none there on the subject of "Faith"), looked them over, and said, "Elder, I haven't got a thing, ask Brother Hatfield to deliver the message.

At last Brother Hatfield was chosen to deliver the message. He made no pretensions of being a preacher. He didn't so much as make an effort to preach; he simply stepped before the people, prayed up and full of the Holy Ghost, and fired away, letting the bullets of truth strike any one in range. He compared the preachers upon the platform to an old Brahma hen that would set on a nice lot of eggs and every time she left her nest and returned would break an egg and then, at hatching time, proudly march off with one sickly little chick, and a lot of egg shells hanging to her feathers, and strut around as though she had done wonders, and, when feed was thrown out, she would grab it all herself and leave her little chick to starve. Then he contrasted them with a common little bantam hen, that would make her nest away in the brush, hatch every egg, and come forth with a great drove of lively chicks, and scratch, and forage, and keep her eyes open for hawks, and raise every chicken. Then he made the following application:

"You preachers remind me of the old Brahma hen. You have your dried up, written sermons, but no power to produce conviction. You open the doors of the church and take in, hit or miss, every one who present themselves. Perhaps you do get one little sickly convert, but the stench from those rotten unsaved ones soon kill it. You walk up to conference wearing your silk hat, broadcloth suit, gold-headed cane, and Masonic watch charm and strut around reporting a big batch of rotten eggs.

After such a scathing rebuke the preachers would angrily take him to task, asking him why he would say such things. He would very truthfully and innocently reply that he had asked the Lord for the message, and couldn't think of anything else to say, and not wanting to stand before the people speechless he just "Let her go."

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09 -- FORCING HIS WAY -- A HOLINESS FIGHTER -- A SUDDEN DEATH

The Holy Spirit impressed Mr. Hatfield to open a revival in a country community in the State of Indiana. It was a cold, dead, backslidden Methodist church whose pastor and officials were much opposed to Mr. Hatfield's radical preaching and the means and measures he employed in conducting revivals. It was very clear to Mr. Hatfield that if he got into this church he would have to walk in without invitation or permission and turn the Gospel gun upon the devil's hosts,

trusting the God of battles to see him through. In most instances such a course would be entirely out of order and reason, but in this case the Spirit of God was leading, consequently the daring undertaking proved to be right.

On a Sabbath evening, when the pastor was at another point on his circuit and a service was being conducted by laymen of the church, Mr. Hatfield stepped in, made his way to the pulpit, and took charge of the meeting. After singing and prayer he read a text and then proceeded to pour forth a searching, soul-stirring message under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Sitting there under the light of the truth that night, many got a view of their wicked hearts and became greatly aroused. A large portion of the congregation became very angry and declared they wouldn't attend another service, but the next night found them all there, as Mr. Hatfield expressed it, "with an expression on their faces that would sour Jersey milk, a disposition like a crosscut saw, all on the war path, with paint on their cheeks and feathers in their hats." They were not a very pleasant company of Christians (?) to preach to, but Mr. Hatfield was quite used to such conditions and, with great liberty, he again proceeded to shake up the old "dry bones."

The meeting was started right in the midst of harvest. Mr. Hatfield spent most of the days in the woods upon his knees praying for a great revival and fighting mosquitoes. Every night he would enter the pulpit with God's power running through him like electric currents. This was more than the official board would endure, so, one night, they laid hands upon him, led him to the door, and ordered him to leave the premises. There was a great crowd present. The house and yard were filled with people and Mr. Hatfield was at a loss to know just the course to pursue. Finally he determined that, since God had sent him there, he would remain until God told him to leave. A big double-fisted sinner approached him with the remark that he had friends all around who would stand by him, and, as he went back into the church, he beheld three old sisters on their knees engaged in earnest prayer for him and immediately his soul was set aflame and, with a mighty determination to push the battle through to the very gates of hell, he sprang into the pulpit and for about forty minutes he shot forth volley after volley of Sinai truth straight to the hearts of both hypocrites and open sinners. At the conclusion of the message he declared that he would never invite sinners to come to an altar over the heads of a lot of dried up hypocrites in the "Amen Corner," so he rushed back to the rear of the church, cleared the way for a mourners bench, and exhorted sinners to seek God then and there. Sinners fell in from right and left and a great number found mercy and pardon.

The following afternoon, Mr. Hatfield called at the home of one of the men who had led him out of the church. The man was very angry and said he had forbidden his wife to ever say the word "Sanctification" upon his premises, and that he would not allow anybody else to speak the word in his presence. He was so enraged that Mr. Hatfield thought it best to quietly withdraw and leave him in the hands of the devil a while longer. As he passed out of the door the old Christian (?) made a few threats but did him no personal violence. The next day as this holiness fighter was in the field cutting wheat every turn of the reaper wheels caused the sickle to click out with carnality-stirring rapidity, "sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy." This put him under such conviction and so greatly enraged him that he refused to run the reaper any longer, as he started for the barn. He soon reached a stream that meandered through the field close by and a frog hopped upon a rock and began to croak out with all its strength, "sanc-ti-fy. sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy." In a fury the man laid his whip to the back of his team and hurried them towards the

barn. On arriving at the barnyard gate an old rooster sprang upon the top rail of the barnyard fence, flapped his wings a few times, looked straight at the holiness fighter, seemed to draw a deep breath and with all his might crowed out, "sanctify, sanctify, sanctifica-a-a-ation!!" The man became almost insane with indignation. He had declared that no one should say sanctification on his place and here everything on the farm was testifying to the experience.

The following morning before daybreak he was out riding one of his horses in from pasture, and, clinching his fist together he said, "I'll fight this thing until I die." Immediately upon giving utterance to these words, God smote him and he fell to the ground unconscious. After a long search, his family found him, about the middle of the forenoon, lying where he had fallen. They carried him into the house and after great effort succeeded in bringing him to consciousness. The first words he uttered were "I've been in hell and am now done fighting Holiness. Wife you can talk sanctification all you want to and I want the experience myself." Ere the revival meeting closed lie found forgiveness and received the grace of entire sanctification.

There was another incident of this meeting well worthy of space upon these pages. Mr. Hatfield was entertained one night in the home of a young married couple. Both husband and wife were under great conviction, but the Lord strongly impressed Mr. Hatfield that the wife should be saved at any cost very soon. The next morning, while engaged in prayer, Mr. Hatfield began to pray most fervently for her salvation. He insisted that she should pray for herself and he began to instruct her and until the noon hour he continued singing and praying over her. When dinner time came around she said she thought she had better prepare something to eat but Mr. Hatfield said he would be willing to do without his dinner if she were willing to seek on. She consented and they wrestled on until five o'clock when she said she had better get some supper. They were each about worn out as they had been upon their knees for nearly ten hours. Mr. Hatfield felt that he had exhausted every resource and could think of nothing further that he could suggest to encourage her to press on to victory. All in an instant the Spirit suggested one more thing and, characteristically, he obeyed at once. He requested the seeking woman to stop praying and look up into a corner of the room where, he assured her, she would see a light. The young woman obeyed at once and cried out, "I see it, I see it, it's coming toward me;" and she sprang to her feet with the clear evidence of conversion. Only a few days later she died.

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10 -- DRAGGED THROUGH THE SNOW -- ANOTHER UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCE

During a great meeting, in which over three hundred sinners were converted and a great number of believers were sanctified wholly, Mr. Hatfield encountered many infidels. They attended the services and always wore a critical cap. They were ever hungering and thirsting after an argument. Argument was their "pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night," their meat and drink. They sought Mr. Hatfield for this purpose but he told them that he had no time to waste upon them. Mr. Hatfield knew that argument, on religious subjects especially, rarely convinces either of the parties participating. This fact was strongly impressed upon us by the late M. W Knapp, who often told the students, in those early days of the Cincinnati Bible school, that "God never called us to argue the Gospel, but he commanded us to go into all the world and preach it." The mode of water baptism has been argued and debated by the Methodists and Campbellites for generations,

and, all the time, God thought so little of the mode that he didn't take the trouble to mention it in the Bible. If the same time and zeal had been spent in the declaration of essential Bible truths, with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, pressing sinners to immediate repentance, how many souls, in hell today, might have been walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. When the devil side-tracks a man of God from the main line of preaching the Gospel to any of the numerous sidelines of debate and argument and controversy, he has the victory and all hell rejoices over it.

Infidelity is ready to meet argument with argument, contention with contention, ridicule with ridicule, caricature with caricature, Greek roots with Greek roots, and historical reference with historical reference; but bring before them a man full of the Holy Ghost, with a clear knowledge of personal salvation, all happy and Christlike, and there you have an argument they cannot answer, a puzzle they can not solve; and thus they are forced to hold their peace. This was Mr. Hatfield's method of dealing with and defeating them.

During one of the services a leader among them, while standing in his seat and beholding the wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit upon the seekers and the workers about the altar, declared there was nothing in this, and that it was all of the devil. The very instant he said the words he turned pale and felt a strange sensation pass over him. He braced himself up as best he could, wondering what was troubling him so strangely. The next moment he was stricken down between the seats, and then, springing forth like a wild man, rushed to the altar. In a few minutes over forty sinners and infidels were prostrated before God, weeping, groaning, screaming, and pleading for mercy. Mr. Hatfield presently approached the infidel who had led the way to the altar. He found him in an awful condition! he was badly frightened and the perspiration was dripping from his contorted face. He was running his fingers through his hair and into his face and ears. Mr. Hatfield placed his hand on the man's head and advised him to look to Jesus. The infidel turned on his knees, and looking like a maniac, he sprang upon his feet, threw his arm around the preacher's neck, caught his right hand, and made toward the door. The snow was deep and the day was very cold but, without a pause, out through the door they went, bounding along through the snow. After running a square, Mr. Hatfield was able to cry out to the man that this was unnecessary, that a man could be saved anywhere, whereupon, the infidel dropped upon his knees saying, "Alright, we'll seek salvation here." Mr. Hatfield said it was too cold for a man to seek salvation without an overcoat or hat in the open air with the thermometer registering fourteen degrees below zero and it was unnecessary. No sooner had he spoken the words than the man grasped him again and started on the run. They finally reached the Methodist parsonage and Mr. Hatfield managed to guide the man within. Almost every step since leaving the church the infidel had been repeating it's the power of God, it's the power of God." When they reached the inside of the house the man, upon being requested to pray and look to Jesus, said: "Don't talk to me about looking to Jesus. I have been an infidel, and have denied the existence of a God so long that I must settle this question first of all. Yes, I'll have to or die, for the some power that knocked me down between the seats is still hanging over me like a dark cloud ready to fall upon me and crush out my life. Every joint within me is now aching from the awful stroke I re-received. Mr. Hatfield, you had better go back to the meeting; you will be needed there; I'll stay here and fight this out alone with God. If you come back here and find me dead it will be because of unbelief. Have the Christians pray that God may spare my life and that I may believe and be saved."

Mr. Hatfield returned to the church where he found the power of God manifested in a remarkable manner. Scores of sinners had swept into the kingdom and among them a number of infidels. It was now after the noon hour and Mr. Hatfield happened to raise his eyes toward the church entrance and, to his delight, who should he see walking in but the infidel he had left at the parsonage. But, oh! what a change! He had a new face, and it was covered with the happiest of smiles. He came rushing down the aisle shouting, "Glory, Glory, Glory!" His presence sent a thrill of Heavenly joy over the congregation and they all joined him in praising God for his new found treasure.

Nearly twenty years have passed and to this day that man is a true, faithful Christian. He has helped Mr. Hatfield in many meetings, often leaving his business and traveling a hundred miles to assist in the work. For years the evangelist has regarded him as one of the most effective altar workers he has ever known.

During this revival, Mr. Hatfield tried five nights in succession to preach a sermon on the first Psalm. Each night he would open his Bible to this Psalm, fully expecting to preach on it, but before the time would arrive to read his text the sermon would vanish, leaving his mind a blank as far as preaching on the Psalm was concerned. Twice he preached from hymns, once from God's word and again exhorted. At last, on the last night of the meeting, the Lord gave him great liberty on this Psalm. He had started in the last week with faith for another hundred of precious souls. Up to this closing night ninety had found mercy, and after an earnest exhortation nine fell in at the altar and were saved. For a considerable time the Christians labored for that one more soul, but all in vain. At last Mr. Hatfield announced that there would be a farewell service the next morning in which they would look for the remaining soul. Morning came and when the people had assembled Mr. Hatfield arose and announced that they would sing, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay, In the shelter of the fold, But one was out on the hills astray, Far, far from the Shepherd's fold." Just as the congregation began the song, a man by the name of Lamb came running down the aisle shouting. "I'm that lamb, I'm that lamb, I was saved this morning at 5 o'clock. All night long I could hear nothing but the words of the first Psalm ringing through my ears, and especially the words, 'standing in the way of sinners and sitting in the seat of the scornful,' so I got out of bed and cried for mercy. My wife called in some neighbors and we had a prayer meeting, during which I was saved."

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11 -- IRATE CLASS-LEADER SUBDUED BY A DRUNKARD

Mr. Hatfield entered a certain town late one evening in response to an invitation to conduct a revival meeting. Both pastor and people were absolutely strangers to him. Upon arrival he was taken at once to the church where the meeting was to be conducted, and, in due time, he read his text and began to preach. During his sermon, and in his inimitable manner, Mr. Hatfield, in picturing the cold, formal manner of many church members, prayed a very ridiculously solemn mock prayer. All unaware to him there was present an old class leader who tallied almost identically with the word picture he had drawn. In fact, after the service, a number of people told him he couldn't have imitated the class leader more accurately had he known him well. There was also present a local preacher of the same type. The class leader had his one old dry prayer that he

had been repeating "nigh on ter forty year" and the local preacher had one old dry sermon that he had been preaching, from different texts, for about the same length of time.

These two officials declared war on the evangelist, on the meeting, and on the doctrine of Holiness. They declared that the pastor of the church had informed Mr. Hatfield about them and there was no need of denying it. With all their feeble power they were opposing the meeting. Their opposition was about as effective as a little dog barking at a lightning express train going at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Each service the Evangelist was drawing the lines tighter and tighter, and bearing down harder and closer. Shoes got to fitting so closely and pinching so hard, by the end of the week, that the class leader could contain himself no longer, so, early one morning, he ventured into the parsonage to tell the preacher "just what he thought of him." Mr. Hatfield was sleeping in an adjoining room when the class leader entered. At once he detected that the man was enraged. At first the class leader opened the subject in a mild way to the pastor. As soon as possible Mr. Hatfield dressed and entered the room. He tried to reason with the man but he became so furious that this was altogether out of the question. The man of God did his utmost to pacify him but in return got nothing but abuse.

Just at this juncture in the unpleasant situation, there sounded a knock at the door and the pastor admitted a staggering drunkard. The man fell into a chair and began to relate a very sad story regarding his miserable life. He said that he had called to see Mr. Hatfield, that he had been a drunkard all of his life and had not drawn a sober breath for twenty years. He said that he had a good wife and four nice children, but that they had little to wear and nothing to eat and were then at home hungry. He drew his wages the night before and had spent every cent at the saloon. He had been to church the previous evening and heard the speaker say that Salvation was better for a drunkard than the Keely cure and he had come to inquire about the matter.

All the time the poor fellow was telling his pathetic story he wept bitterly. The touching tale got hold of the old class leader's very heart strings and he too began to weep. Then he began to exhort the man to give his heart to God. He said, "Jack, I've been praying for you for over twenty years and I want to see you saved."

The drunkard abruptly turned upon the old man and told him to shut his mouth. He said, "You have no more influence with me than a yellow dog, and I don't want to hear anything out of you. You know you lie when you say you have been praying for me for over twenty years. You have never in all these years said a word to me about my soul. You've been fighting this meeting and doing all you can to injure this man, who is doing his best to get people saved. You have been so mad that you haven't prayed a prayer for a week, and right now you have more hatred in your heart than I have whiskey in my stomach. You are as much on your way to hell as I am, even though you are a Methodist class leader, and I don't want to hear you talk to me unless you are willing to confess your sins like any other sinner and go to the altar and get saved."

This rebuke came upon the class leader like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky. It staggered the old man momentarily, but he soon regained enough composure, and sufficient magnanimity to

take the drunkard by the hand and say, "Jack, you are right and I am wrong. I promise you right here that if you will go to the altar tonight, I'll go with you and we'll both get right with God."

The two men agreed. Mr. Hatfield escaped a trouncing, and, true to their promise, each was at the altar that night. Their influence upon the congregation caused a wave of conviction to strike many hearts, hitherto only awakened, and the opposition melted away like the morning dew, over one hundred and fifty souls were hopefully converted, and a goodly number obtained the blessing of entire sanctification.

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12 -- A NOISY SERVICE

One of the nominal church's most oft repeated criticisms against the holiness people is that they are too noisy. One of the things that the holiness people deprecate about the nominal church is that she is generally too dead to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. "Hark from the tomb a doleful sound," is the song they sometimes appropriately sing.

The writer stepped into a church in an Illinois town some years ago and could not but observe the spiritual dearth and death that characterized the worshipers. Imagine his surprise upon hearing the pastor read for his text, "Be still and know that I am God." For an hour the pastor exhorted the people not to be too hasty but to go calmly and carefully about their Christian duties. Now the truth about the condition of the church was the extreme reverse of what he seemed to think it to be. The appropriate text for the evening would have been, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." A message along that line in the power of the Holy Ghost would have produced a much needed shaking among the dry bones. A pastor, without spirituality himself, cannot discern the spiritual needs of his people, consequently, nine times out of ten, he is preaching and exhorting them to pursue a course calculated to plunge them down into a disgraceful state of formality and death.

The arguments of the opposers of spiritual joy are no arguments at all. They are without foundation in either reason or revelation. These objectors ignorantly affirm that "still water runs deep." Now the truth is, still water does not run at all -- and neither do they. Still water breeds tadpoles, toads, mosquitoes, malaria and death, and these people breed the spiritual dearth and death of which these things are a type.

In one of Mr. Hatfield's meetings all the talk seemed to be "too much noise, too much noise." The fact was, nobody was making any noise except the Evangelist himself and he was making comparatively little. There was but one man in the church who would pray, and he was as dry as a tinder. He prayed so low and so slow that one hardly knew when he started or when he ended. Mr. Hatfield would wait until he thought the brother had gone long enough and then he would say, "Amen," for him and arise singing and shouting.

The attendance was large and the interest good, but nobody was getting saved; however, conviction was undoubtedly settling upon the people. Many of the people became more and more severe in their criticism upon the noise, so Mr. Hatfield, working out the theory that, if the people

didn't like a little of a good thing they had better be given a large quantity of it, went to work, on a Sunday night, to make all the noise he could. He delivered his message and offered the altar, but no one responded. He sang a few songs and then by great and persistent effort he succeeded in getting four of the church members out to the front for a season of prayer. They would not kneel at the altar but fell down beside a front seat. Mr. Hatfield turned to the congregation and said, "Now sinners, watch closely, for we are upon our knees for victory and we will remain here until morning if we don't get it before, and I want you to keep your eyes upon these church members and the one that gets up first you put down as a hypocrite."

Mr. Hatfield made a long and noisy prayer and then gave an exhortation and asked some one else to lead in prayer. Nobody prayed. Mr. Hatfield then made another prayer and followed it up with another exhortation. He kept this up, alternating between prayer and exhortation, until 11 o'clock. Finally the old slow brother began to quietly pray, Mr. Hatfield crying out all the time, "Victory is coming, victory is coming!" Just then, to his great satisfaction. Mr. Hatfield observed two Spirit-filled converts of a former meeting entering the church. They had attended their home prayer meeting in an adjacent town and had been led to drive to the meeting afterward. Mr. Hatfield motioned for them to come to the front and they readily responded. When they reached the altar Mr. Hatfield said in a low tone, "Boys I'm glad to see you. God has sent you here to make a noise. Noise is the thing that's needed here now, and I want you to make all that you can. Holler, clap your hands, stamp your feet and pound the mourners' bench and I'll do the same." At once the racket began. It took the people by surprise. It startled the congregation and especially the old brother engaged in prayer. He pitched his prayer about three times as loud and began to wax warm. Mr. Hatfield leaped over the rostrum and found the pastor behind the pulpit looking as though he thought the world was coming to an end. Mr. Hatfield said, "Now, brother, is our chance, get out here and help us make a noise." The preacher joined in and the congregation looked still more astonished. At last the old brother was seen to beat the air and froth at the mouth and was praying loud enough to be heard a block away.

Presently a man was observed standing in the aisle weeping. He was immediately invited to the altar; the man yielded and was brightly converted. This new convert rushed down the aisle and brought another person to the altar who was also converted. In about thirty minutes from that time there were seventeen at the altar and all these gave evidence of having received a definite experience of conversion.

Among the converts was a boy eight years old. This lad had a drunken father who had often abused him in a shameful manner and the man was present at the service. As soon as the boy was saved he rushed back to tell his father and urged him to come to the altar and get saved. The father resented the lad's advances and entreaties and shoved him away several times, but the boy insisted upon rushing back upon him and begging him to give his heart to God. At last the boy got his arms around his father's neck and wept over him until he broke the old drunkard's heart, and he came to the altar with the child still clinging to him, weeping and praying with all his might. He would climb upon his father's back and pray with all his strength for God to save his papa. The Lord answered the boy's prayer and soon the father arose to his feet, with the child still hanging to his neck, wonderfully saved.

As Mr. Hatfield left the church he heard people saying, "This reminds us of old times. This is the way our mothers used to do." This service settled the criticism of "Too much noise." Many of them critics were saved and sanctified and united with the church.

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13 -- DRASTIC MEASURES

One time in the city of Chicago, Mr. Hatfield was one of a large corps of evangelists laboring in a big Holiness convention. As many as a thousand people often crowded into the large auditorium and at times there would be in attendance over two hundred Holiness preachers.

Among the hundreds of seeking sinners who bowed at the altar, there was a certain woman who had been seeking the experience of entire sanctification. When she attended the services the preachers knew there would be at least one response to the altar call. The Holy Spirit revealed to Mr. Hatfield that pride was the barrier between the woman and victory. She would kneel at the altar just so; pat her bangs, arrange her clothes, cross her hands, bow her head, and it was there to stay. Nobody could induce her to lift her head or offer a prayer aloud, and yet, she seemed very hungry for the experience.

During the closing moments of one of the services, while the congregation was standing and singing and the woman was still kneeling at the altar, Mr. Hatfield was engaged in earnest prayer for her sanctification. At once the Spirit of God fell upon him and he grasped the woman by the arm and began to shake her violently. He shook the flowers out of her hat, her hair down her back and her wrap to the floor. For the proud woman, it was exceedingly humiliating to be thus shaken with two thousand eyes gazing upon her. She showed her humiliation in her face but had lost her handkerchief and was unable to conceal it. Her husband was present and being unable to endure seeing his wife so roughly handled he leaped from his seat, and in his rage, made for Mr. Hatfield. His eyes were flashing angrily and it was manifest that he purposed to dust the carpet with the evangelist. Just as the irate husband was about to pounce upon him the Pentecostal fire struck the woman, she leaped to her feet, and with extended arms and a scream, similar to that of an Apache Indian, she made for her husband. The place suddenly got too hot for him and he turned on his heel and ran down the aisle and out of the door with his wife, shouting away with all her might, in hot pursuit.

That woman afterwards thanked the preacher many times for shaking the devil of pride out of her. She declared that nothing less than that severe shaking, and the humiliation it caused her, could have broken down her will and loosened up her stiffness and enabled her to lay hold upon God for victory.

At another time Mr. Hatfield was conducting a tent meeting in the suburbs of a large city. As many as a thousand or fifteen hundred people attended the services. The people stubbornly refused to act upon any proposition and the Evangelist was in a dilemma. Saturday night he had another preacher deliver the message after which he followed with an exhortation. He made several propositions without effect and then he fell in the straw and offered a strong, earnest prayer that God would break things up some way. He then arose and exhorted the people again, but

with no better effect. Again he went to prayer and arose and exhorted the people but all in vain. At last he told the Lord he was at his extremity. and he could do no more, that he was fully depending upon Him and would gladly pursue any course He ordered. Immediately the Spirit said, "Arise and drive all of the church members out of the tent."

Mr. Hatfield sprang to his feet and asked all the church members to stand upon their feet. About four hundred arose. "Now," said he, "the Lord wants you out of this tent and I you must get out at once.

After considerable effort the evangelist succeeded in driving them out. He declared that the tent belonged to him, the lot upon which it was pitched was his for ten days and he had authority to say who should stay there and who should not. After he had cleared the tent of church members he turned to the preachers and asked them to take a position at the rear of the platform, then he stepped upon the altar and said, "Now if there is anyone that wants to see this meeting break tonight and you desire to be saved tonight come at once and give me your hand." Responsive to the call there was a rush of sinners to the front and soon all of the altar space was crowded with penitent souls. The Spirit of the Lord fell upon the Christians who had been driven out and they came rushing back into the tent shouting God's praises. Some of the preachers shouted so as to be heard nearly a mile away. Some of the "immovables" on their way home heard the shouting and came back on the run, but were too late to get in the way of the meeting. The Holy Spirit at last was having His way.

During another meeting, while Mr. Hatfield was working, out among the congregation, he approached a young lady who was a beautiful singer. She was holding her head proudly and singing with all her might. Mr. Hatfield asked her several questions, but she continued to sing without making any reply. He observed a cunning smile playing over her features and detected that her seeming indifference to all his questions was all a bluff. At last he pointed his finger at her, looked her squarely in the face and said, "Go on if you want to, sing your soul into hell and be damned, for you are doing that very thing."

After taking a few steps down the aisle, Mr. Hatfield turned to see how the young woman was taking his sharp rebuke, and, there she was making a beeline for the altar. She was soon converted and within a few weeks sought and obtained the experience of entire sanctification. She received a call to preach the Gospel and soon entered the Evangelistic field, became a good and useful preacher, and lead many souls to Christ. She afterwards told Mr. Hatfield that it was his sharp words that awakened her; that she was hard hearted and wicked and had no thought of ever becoming a Christian, but those words, coming so sharp and keen, went to her heart like a knife. Instantly conviction seized her and she said, "If ever I'm saved it must be now," and at once surrendered her will and started to the altar where God, in great mercy, pardoned her sins.

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14 -- HUMOROUS HAPPENINGS

Intermingled with pathetic and almost heart breaking scenes, In an evangelist's experience, are many of a very humorous character. This is more or less true of all evangelists and especially true of Mr. Hatfield. Were it not for the eternal issues involved and the consummation of many

incidents transpiring throughout his busy life, this book could be easily changed into a series of exceedingly humorous sketches.

Mr. Hatfield has conducted several revival meetings in which people have gone into trances. Especially in a certain neighborhood where he labored a considerable time, were there a great number thus affected. Some would fall to the floor and lay perfectly rigid, some would roll about, as though in great agony, some would see visions and have great things to relate, some would walk about the church, others would stand erect in one place for hours, some would sing, others would laugh and others would engage in conversation.

In this neighborhood Mr. Hatfield conducted three meetings covering a period of seven weeks and he saw about six hundred converted and a large number sanctified. On account of the peculiar and unusual deportment of those falling under the power of God, Mr. Hatfield was accused of being a hypnotist and a mesmerist. Some said he used chloroform, some said it was the power of the devil and others declared it was of God. Some would refuse to shake Mr. Hatfield's hand through fear of this power, and others would run when they saw him approaching. Some refused to come to town and even did without their much desired tobacco, for fear of the "trance man." There were also those who wanted a trance and they would stand around Mr. Hatfield hoping to fall under the power.

The second day during the third meeting in the neighborhood there was a young lady driving down the road toward town. She had never seen Mr. Hatfield or attended any of the meetings, but had heard many things about him and his reputed marvelous power. As she was driving along she met her uncle, who was a doctor and a very mischievous fellow, always ready, at any sacrifice of truth, to play a prank. The young woman said:

"Uncle, has that man come yet?"

"Oh yes," said the doctor, "he came last night and held his first service.

"Now uncle," said the young woman, "I want you to tell me the truth; is that man what the people say he is?"

"Oh," replied the doctor, "the half has never been told, he is the most remarkable person I have ever seen. He has no equal. He possesses the power of a god, everything bows and moves at his will. He had the people under such power last night that they could not move from their seats. He placed his hand on the pulpit and it spun around like a top. He spoke to the bell and it began to ring. He walked down the aisle and all the seats in the house began to rock back and forth. He approached the stove and thrust both hands out over it and it began to waltz around over the house. He glanced up toward the chandelier and simply blew his breath against it, and it began to move up and down."

"Oh hush, uncle," said the frightened, wonder-eyed woman, "That's mesmerism and I won't go another step; I shall turn around and drive right back home."

The physician finally persuaded the woman to at least drive on to his home. When she arrived, Mr. Hatfield was there and was introduced to her. After a short call she went away and told her folks that the evangelist seemed to be nothing but a man, and a very ordinary one at that.

On another occasion, and during another revival meeting, there attended the services an elderly woman who always occupied the front seat. She sat there under the sledge hammer blows the evangelist was dealing out from the platform, with an expression of disdain and devil-possessed contempt. She had disturbed the meeting and had interrupted Mr. Hatfield until he thought she had exceeded the limit and so he determined to "fire her out." He, one night, ordered her to pick up her lantern, which she had placed beneath the seat, and to "walk her dead carcass out of there." The woman grabbed up her lantern and started. She first went to her husband and asked him to go with her but he refused; then she went to her children but they also refused to accompany her, so she started out alone.

When the woman reached home, and just as she opened the door and stepped within the house, a gust of wind banged the door shut and extinguished her light. She was a great coward and at once became weak with fright. In this terrified state she could neither find a match to light her lantern or the door through which to escape from the house. She next conceived the idea that the devil was in the room and after her. She became frantic and began to scream and cry. Then, there being no other refuge, in her distress, she began to pray with all her strength. She told God she would never again oppose the preacher and confessed her sins and at last was converted.

Just about the time the Spirit fell upon her, the husband and children arrived from the church. It was like walking into a cyclone. The woman was now so wonderfully saved and blessed that she was 'running around the room shouting God's praises. Her joyful experience so convicted the husband and children that they too began to pray for mercy and, ere the dawn of day, the entire family were converted.

When the family made their appearance at service that night they set the meeting on fire, and, from that service on, the meeting turned for the better. God used the old lady of the "dead carcass" who was "fired out" of church to precipitate a great revival upon the community.

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15 -- EXPERIENCES BOTH HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC

It is a very common thing for persons seeking the Lord to desire and seek an experience similar to that of somebody else. There was a man who wanted a shouting experience. Every service he would kneel at the altar and pray with all his might for God to give him such a blessing as would cause him to shout. The Lord was blessing him right along. He would get very happy and shake hands all over the congregation and he was instrumental in leading many souls to the altar, and yet, the first invitation given at the next service, he would kneel with the penitents and pray for God to give him a yelling blessing.

One day Mr. Hatfield said, "Brother, doesn't God satisfy your soul?" He answered that God had greatly blessed him but he wanted to be blessed until he just must yell. Mr. Hatfield replied, "Brother, you may get more of that some of these days than you want."

One day the evangelist heard a scream that made the church ring, and, looking out upon the congregation, he beheld the man who wanted to yell. He had received what he wanted. He screamed and screamed, and screamed; he yelled and yelled and yelled. For a time the man's cries sounded very laughable, but, ere long, the poor fellow's condition became serious. He screamed until he became very weak with the strain.

He tried his very hardest to stop but was powerless to do so. Finally he took a cramp in his side which caused him great agony. He was laid out upon a seat and friends did their utmost to stop his cries but utterly failed. The man's condition became so serious that at length the people went to prayer and begged God to stay His hand and, it was only through God's answer to prayer, no doubt, that the man's life was saved. This man's laughable and serious experience affords a splendid lesson. We should never tempt God by insisting upon His gratifying our whims. God has promised to supply all of our needs but He has never said He would supply our notions, and if we do insist upon God's supplying our whims and notions, we do so at our peril.

Another very peculiar incident occurred in another revival meeting. An aged German lady had attended the services very faithfully and one day was brightly converted. She was very happy over her new found treasure. She went home and related her wonderful experience to her husband who had not attended any of the services. When the old German heard his wife tell of what the Lord had done for her he became hungry for an experience that would make him happy too. On a certain day the old lady was seen coming to church leading her husband by the hand. She directed him to the front seat where he listened most attentively while the Word was presented. When those desiring salvation were invited to the altar the old lady took her husband's hand and led him to the penitent form, where he kneeled and buried his face in his hands. The old woman stepped back and looked very critically at her husband, and his exact position at the altar, then she said, brokenly, "Shust about nine inches to the Nort, Shames." The old gentleman immediately removed the required distance and the old lady said, "Dat will do, Shames." The old man at once arose and said, "I half got Him, I half got Him, Shesus saves me. Praise de Lort."

Undoubtedly the old lady had acquainted her husband with the minutest details of her conversion and she had instructed him to kneel in the identical position and location where she had received the blessing. In simple childlike faith the old gentleman followed directions and, sure enough, God blessed his soul.

At another time while Mr. Hatfield was conducting services in Southern Indiana some boys found a drunken man, and for the mischief of it, they brought him to the church and threw him in the door. Some of the brethren hurried back to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. After they had probed the drunkard to learn his feelings upon the subject of religion, they concluded to take him to the altar. After much difficulty they succeeded in getting the man forward, and, after much prayer and personal dealing, he was able to lay hold on the promises and trust God for salvation. As soon as he was saved, he sobered up instantly and sprang to his feet and began to shake hands, saying in broken English, "I vas saved, I vas saved." The following day while giving in his experience,

while the pastor was leading the service, he said, "I vas con, con, con, con, Brotter Shones, vat vas dat?" "You are converted," replied the pastor. "Oh yes, I vas converted. I takes Shesus und, und Shesus takes me. Ven a Dutchman starts he never turns pack. I goes on."

This man was a faithful Christian during the entire meeting. A letter received sometime later from the pastor stated that the man was still faithful. After the meeting closed, as Mr. Hatfield was leaving for the train, the German approached him saying, "Brotter Hatfield, I wants to tank you for saving my soul, but I tanks Shesus moser."

While Mr. Hatfield was engaged in revival meetings in Northern Illinois he had a very interesting experience with an irate father and mother. Neither of these people would weigh a hundred pounds. They were both dried up, mean and miserly. They had a daughter of tremendous proportions, She tipped the scales at three hundred and sixty-five pounds. One day, at a morning service, this corpulent daughter presented herself at the altar as a candidate for salvation.

There had been trouble between the young woman and her parents and after she had sought a long time without obtaining the victory, a young man, familiar with the family and the circumstances of the estrangement, concluded he would go down to her father's store and have him come up to the church for possible reconciliation. As soon as the young man made known his mission to the father, the old man flew into a rage and swore he would go up to the church and shoot the brains out of the preacher conducting the meeting. The man ran to his house after his revolver and ordered his wife to come along, and they started for the church.

Mr. Hatfield was upon his knees, instructing the seekers, when suddenly the door was thrown open and the man and woman came down the aisle talking loudly and using indecent language. They rushed upon the daughter and laid hold upon each of her ponderous arms and said, "My lady, we will take you home." They tried to lift the girl, but she, with her three hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois, was as limp as a rag, and yank, and pull, and jerk, as they would, they could not move her. Nothing less than a derrick could have accomplished that feat against her will. At last the mother stepped back and gave the amply protected girl a kick and turned on her heels and rushed out of the house. Then the father stepped back, put his hand to his hip pocket as if to draw a pistol, and said, "I'll put a stop to this meeting."

Mr. Hatfield suddenly awakened to the fact that this thing had gone far enough, he looked the man squarely in the eye and said, "Sir, do you know that you have violated the laws of this state by interrupting a religious meeting and you are now subject to a heavy fine"

The old man was so stingy and miserly that the very suggestion of his conduct's costing him anything struck like a thunder crash on a winter day. He immediately dropped his head, lowered his voice, and said, he guessed he had made a mistake and was sorry he had done so. Mr. Hatfield told him that he needed salvation to take the wickedness out of him. A young convert then stepped forward and asked him to make things right with his daughter. The father very humbly replied that he was willing to do so. It was not long until the daughter got the evidence of her salvation and three hundred and sixty-five pounds of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, arose to her feet. It was not at all difficult to get the father to his knees, but he got no more than he was working for and that was to escape from the clutches of the law. He promised to return to the services but

he never did. He saw his mistake, and, in order to escape the fine, being so stingy, he was willing to submit to almost any measures. Had the daughter been a small woman the probability is that they would have carried her out, but her tremendous weight upset all their pernicious plans and thus the girl found a Savior and went away rejoicing in His love.

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16 -- SIMPLE TRUSTING FAITH AND ITS FRUITS

There lived, in one of the leading cities of Indiana, a young lady about eighteen years of age, who had experienced many hardships during her life. Her mother had died when she was a child, the home was broken up and she was placed in the home of another family. The girl resented the unkindness shown her in this new home and soon she left the place. She was driven from place to place and at last her father refused to help her longer and she was thrown upon the mercy of an indifferent world. In the course of 'me. with a broken and discouraged heart, she appealed to her father to keep house again and allow her to do the house keeping. The father and the son finally agreed to this plan and they were soon comfortably settled in their new home.

Mr. Hatfield was conducting revival meetings in the city where this family lived, when one day, the young lady made her way to the altar. After a few moments spent in prayer she voluntarily arose, faced the congregation and said, "Jesus saves me. She attended the service the following day and listened attentively as the preacher gave a Bible reading on the subject of entire sanctification as a second work of grace. Again, when the altar call was made, she went forward and kneeled in prayer. Mr. Hatfield asked her if she was not converted the day before, and she said, "Oh yes, I was clearly converted. I never was so happy in my life, but you told us today that there was a second experience that will take all wrong temper out of our hearts. I found out yesterday what you said about the first experience was true and if there is anything better in the second experience, I want it."

Mr. Hatfield instructed her in the way of consecration and faith and in a short time the young lady arose, turned to the congregation and with a modest, happy face said, "Jesus sanctifies me wholly."

At the next service the girl again presented herself at the altar and again Mr. Hatfield asked her what she desired of the Lord. She replied, "Jesus saves and sanctifies me, but you said today that every Christian should return thanks at the table and I am here for that blessing."

After a short time she arose and turned to the congregation and declared that she had obtained the blessing to say grace at the table. She went home from this service and prepared the meal and called her father and brother to the table. The brother immediately helped himself to a biscuit, and the father had started to turn his plate when the daughter said, "We must thank God for this meal before we eat." The father grumbled and the brother cursed, but they could neither of them go any further with the meal. The father still held his plate and the brother his biscuit. "When you get quiet, said the girl, I will return thanks and God will not let you eat until I do." And neither could they; for God was with the girl. At last the father roughly said, "Well, say your blessing, and be quick about it, we want to get to eating sometime." A blessing was asked and the victory won.

The next day the young woman was at the altar again. Mr. Hatfield merely asked her, "What next?" "Well, said she, you said every Christian should have family prayer and I am here for that blessing." After several minutes had passed she arose and told the congregation that she had come to the altar for God to give her grace to hold family prayer and she said, "God has done it."

That night when she got home she selected the Scripture and when she saw that her father and brother were preparing to retire she said, "We will read the Bible and have prayer before we retire." The brother had just removed one shoe and this he threw at her with an oath. The father flew into a rage and threatened to drive her out of the house. At length he arose and marched out himself. The girl sat quietly holding her Bible in her hand. Her brother, try as he would, could not remove the other shoe, neither could the father remain long without, but soon entered the house again and, after stepping around and upsetting chairs and talking loudly and angrily, he finally said, "Have your prayers if you must, we want to get to bed some time tonight." Whereupon the girl read a chapter, offered prayer, and won another victory.

The next day the young lady again bowed at the altar. She prayed God to bring her brother out to service that night and she soon announced to the congregation that God had promised her that her brother would attend the service that night. Sure enough, that night, side by side, the brother and sister walked into church and found a seat near the front. When Mr. Hatfield again called seekers to the altar the young lady again stepped forward. She began to pray to God to save her brother. The answer did not come as quickly as had the others. She prayed on and on until after midnight. The congregation had long been dismissed. Only a few had tarried to witness the outcome of the young woman's prayer. Some advised her to go home and return the next day but she told them they might go if they desired but that she would pray on until God answered. She soon became more intense in her cries and then she threw up her hands and, with face all radiant, she arose and ran to her waiting brother saying, "I have it, I have it, God has answered my prayer; you will be saved tonight."

The few remaining Christians rallied around the young man and did all they could to persuade him to get upon his knees -- but in vain. He was stubborn and sullen and would not move. The sister was upon her knees with extended arms and eyes fastened apparently upon some far away object and she said not a word. She was apparently lost to everything and every one except the Lord. At last, weary and sleepy, when all looked so hopeless and defeat seemed so certain, her friends again advised her to give up for the present. "No," she said, "you may all go if you wish, but God has promised to save my brother tonight and He must do it. If He fails me I will never believe Him again." With this, she broke forth in prayer and said, "Lord, you promised me tonight that you would save my brother. I took you at your word and I still believe you, and in Jesus' name I ask you to save him instantly."

Immediately the boy fell upon his knees and began to cry for mercy and in a very short time he came through with a clear testimony that Jesus saved. And soon, arm in arm, the happy pair were homeward bound and both were shouting the praises of the One who had verified His promise, "What things soever you desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them."

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17 -- A DANGEROUS WOMAN -- ANOTHER HARD CASE

During an out of door meeting in a beautiful sugar grove in central Indiana, God blessed Mr. Hatfield's labors in the salvation of a great number of precious souls. There were services in which both sides of a sixty-five foot altar were crowded with anxious sinners. This meeting furnished several interesting incidents, two of which were as follows:

In the course of the meeting, Sabbath day had come around and great crowds were thronging the grounds, the altar was crowded, and still the unsaved were making their way to the front. Mr. Hatfield was looking out upon the great multitude and exhorting the people to turn to God and seek salvation. As he was surveying the congregation he observed a woman seated near the main aisle, and she was weeping. At once the Spirit impressed him to bring the woman forward to the altar. He hastened to her side and asked her if she wanted salvation. She replied that she did and then she turned to a little woman at the end of the seat, as if to say, I will go if you will. He told her to pay no attention to anybody else, that salvation was a personal matter and added, "If you will go, possibly this sister will follow."

Mr. Hatfield observed the little woman at the end of the seat looking at him fiercely and hatefully, for she was a desperate character and it was no trouble to read devilry in her eye. The woman had burned property, whipped her husband, and had been in a number of neighborhood fights and was a terror to every body that knew her.

Again Mr. Hatfield asked the first woman he approached if she would not move forward to the altar, but she replied that she would not go without the woman beside her. Mr. Hatfield then turned to the woman of bad reputation and said, "Sister you go with this woman." The woman gave him another fierce look and said, "You attend to your business and I'll attend to mine." Mr. Hatfield assured her that he was attending to his business. The woman then told him to talk to her companion if he wanted to, but leave her alone. He turned to the other woman and said, "Do you mean it? Will you come if this other woman does?" The woman assured him she would. "Well," said he, "come along for this woman is going to the altar." Thereupon he grasped the savage little woman on the end of the seat by both arms and jerked her out into the aisle and started towards the altar with her. It was a desperate struggle. The little woman's strength was marvelous and she exerted all of it in resisting the evangelist. She tore up the sawdust along the aisle like a wild beast. The congregation was terrified; the singing had stopped and the people were looking on breathlessly. When the struggling pair got within ten feet of the altar the woman broke away from him, and instead of leaping upon him, as everybody expected, to the surprise of all, she ran past him and fell screaming at the altar. She cried for mercy and within five minutes heavenly fire fell upon her, and upon the congregation at the same time, and words can scarcely describe the scene that followed, Wave after wave of Divine glory swept over all and God vindicated the "awful deed" of the evangelist before all the people.

There was in attendance at this meeting a very influential gentleman who had long declared himself a seeker after God. He had bowed at the altar, service after service, but could never be induced to pray. During this meeting the men had retreated to the west side of the grove

continually, between the regular services, for prayer, and the ladies had gone to the east side for the same purpose. One day the brethren decided among themselves that they would put forth a desperate effort to get this man through to God, so they made an arrangement whereby they could get him over to prayer meeting.

On a certain day the men went over the hill and, as usual, went to prayer for God's Spirit upon the meeting. They had withdrawn their coats and formed a large ring and were laboring with all their strength for victory. By pre-arrangement, and all unknown to the afore-mentioned seeker, the man was led over the hill and, ere he knew what it all meant, he found himself surrounded by about thirty shirt-sleeved, desperate, determined, praying men. The man started to run but they laid hold of him and carried him inside of the circle and told him to remove his hat and coat and go to praying at once, or they would wear him out right there. The man made the best of the situation and went to praying as he had never been heard to do before. He lifted up his head, his hands, his heart, and prayed with all his strength. While all this was going on, to add interest to the scene, there was a large man running around the circle on the outside crying at the top of his voice, "Keep off the devil, keep off the devil, keep off the devil!" The noise had attracted the people from all quarters and all the surrounding trees sheltered onlookers who were afraid to approach too near the praying band.

At last the seeking man in the center of the group became so desperate that he leaped from the ring and made through the woods as fast as he could go. The praying man, finding their seeker gone, started after him in hot pursuit. The shirt sleeved runners so frightened the curiosity seekers that they broke forth through the woods in all directions. Mr. Hatfield's only brother who was one of the praying band, and very nimble of foot, finally overtook the man on the edge of a brush heap, grasped him firmly, and the man was then and there converted in his arms. Soon all the praying band were upon the scene and, in their delight over the victory, they shouted and tramped upon the brush heap until it was ground into fragments.

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18 -- NARROW ESCAPE FROM A THRASHING

While conducting a revival church in a brick school house at a certain place, Mr. Hatfield encountered very bitter opposition. When it was noised abroad that the evangelist was coming, many tried to induce the trustees to close the school house against him and, finding this impossible, the opposition circulated threatening reports. One woman was anxious to furnish the eggs if she could find someone wicked enough to throw them at the Evangelist. A certain Methodist class leader, a Christian (?) gentleman (?), announced himself ready to thrash Mr. Hatfield if he could allure him to his home. A few people suddenly got such a religious spell as to call the people together for special prayer that God would prevent the preacher from coming.

For some reason God failed to answer their prayer, and, upon the appointed day, Mr. Hatfield arrived and preached with all his might. He cried aloud and did not spare either sinners, backsliders, hypocrites or cold professors. From the first, the God of Battles was with him, the Heavenly fire came down, the altar was filled and many sinners converted. The news of the great meeting spread, the interest increased, the crowds packed the house, the fighters became more and

more angry, conviction deepened, and the devil worked industriously enough to keep everything interesting. It was a great meeting and just such a one as a man of Mr. Hatfield's experience and temperament was sure to enjoy. All along, the class leader who had threatened to thrash the evangelist, was endeavoring to get him to his home. Two of this man's children had been at the altar and a son had been brightly converted.

At last, one evening, after the service, Mr. Hatfield, entirely ignorant of the man's wicked intentions, consented to go home with him and spend the night. He was invited to a seat in an old dilapidated spring wagon drawn by a team of poorly fed horses. After driving some distance they entered a dense wood and, after bumping over the roots and through the heavy underbrush, they finally drove up to a small log cabin where Mr. Hatfield was informed he was to spend the night. It was midnight, and, being very tired, he asked to be allowed to retire at once. He was taken into a shed room which served the triple purpose of bed room, dining room and kitchen. He was soon fast asleep, but within an hour he was awakened by a terrific storm which blew the door in and the windows out and gave the cabin a general shaking up. After the storm passed over the room was soon flooded with mosquitoes and then, as another addition to the discomfort of the guest, a great dog entered the room through the open door way and spent the remainder of the night cracking its toe nail upon the floor and snapping at mosquitoes. Mr. Hatfield endeavored to keep off the mosquitoes and deaden the noise of the dog by covering his head with the bed quilt, but the long unused company bed was so musty that he couldn't endure the stench. Along about day break he went to sleep and procured a little rest.

At last he heard a voice calling him to breakfast. He opened his eyes and before him stood the mother and daughter. The evangelist waited some time for them to leave the room, and they remained and waited for him to get out of bed, so at last, finding they evidently had no intention of leaving, he decided it must be customary in that house for guests to arrange their toilet before the entire family, so he arose and prepared for breakfast. He ate (or rather undertook to eat) alone. Before him was placed the following dainty (?) dishes. One dish of melted butter (melted by atmospheric heat), three small, tough, leathery biscuits, one dish of black stewed dried apples, one dish of floating island. I will give the recipe of the last named dish only. Take a good sized piece of exceedingly salty fat side meat without lean streaks (be very particular not to allow any lean streaks); from this cut as many thick slices as desired (be sure to have the slices very thick). Now if you have any grease or hog fryings in the house, place in a spider and drop these slices in the fat. Before the meat is more than one-third done, quickly remove for fear it might be cooked and thus spoil it. (?) Now pour the entire contents of the spider into a dish and serve either hot, cold or lukewarm. Salt to taste. After eating so heartily of this breakfast that he has never cared for one like it since, Mr. Hatfield gathered up his coat, vest, socks and handkerchief and went to the yard to hang them in the sun to dry, they still being wet with perspiration from the efforts of the past night.

As he was hanging out his clothes, he looked across the yard and saw the man of the house making towards him. Mr. Hatfield could readily see that he was on the warpath, fully rigged out in his fighting harness. The angry old sinner opened the conversation by saying:

"I'm not feeling good this morning."

"Well," replied Mr. Hatfield, "backsliders never do feel very good."

"You don't mean to call me a backslider," yelled the man.

"Certainly," said Mr. Hatfield, "from all appearances, you are a good one.

Instantly the frenzied man made for the evangelist, who dodged around a cherry tree. Just then the man's wife, a little black eyed, pinched face, sharp nosed and chinned woman, ran out of the house with her tongue evidently loose at both ends. What she was saying cannot be repeated -- it was too fast for short hand. The woman joined her husband in his desperate efforts to lay hold of the fleet footed evangelist, who had thus far successfully evaded his clutches. Things were now moving at a lively rate and it looked like a crisis must be reached soon.

Up under a cherry tree, in a distant part of the yard, the only daughter of the home was standing, busily engaged about the weekly churning. She had witnessed the scene from the beginning, and now, just as it looked like her father would certainly lay hold of the evangelist, she suddenly dropped the churn dasher, threw her arms high above her head and came rushing towards the struggling group with her face all aglow, shouting, "Glory, glory, glory, the Lord saves me!"

The parents looked at their daughter, then at each other, and then at the evangelist. Tears suddenly filled the father's eyes and he, with the greatest possible magnanimity, put out his hand and said, "Brother Hatfield, forgive me, you are right and I am wrong. I am a backslider. I have been mad enough to kill you. I brought you home to thrash you, but the conversion of my daughter has convinced me. I believe you are a man of God. You may look for me at the mourner's bench tonight. I am going to get right with God."

At the service that night, true to his word, this man was the first to bow at the altar. He was very penitent and labored hard and at last was rewarded by obtaining a clear and bright conversion. He became as great a shouter as one often sees, and shouting was one of the features of the meeting that had angered him most.

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19 -- THREE WONDERFUL CASES OF DIVINE HEALING

For twenty-five years, and including the entire time up to the present of Mr. Hatfield's ministerial life, he has been a constant sufferer with nervous gastric dyspepsia. One never thus afflicted can realize the great disadvantage to which such a trouble exposes an evangelist. Rapid, loud, intense, out-door speaking, singing and praying, is a violent strain upon all the abdominal functions. Then such a condition requires certain foods daintily and wholesomely prepared. An evangelist is called to labor, more or less, in nearly, if not every state in the Union. He comes in touch with, and labors among all classes of people. He eats at a thousand tables, served in as many different ways. Although, as a rule, the entertainment is all that one could reasonably desire, the inexperienced would hardly comprehend how often an evangelist is forced to sit at a table laden with unwholesome, carelessly prepared, untidily served, almost indigestible foods. The menu of the morning meal given in the preceding chapter, is one that many evangelists can testify to having

partaken of, and that too, not infrequently. The best relief for acidic dyspepsia is a full stomach; the solid food thus crowding out the unpleasant acids. Now imagine a person thus afflicted being compelled, much of his life, to force into his stomach foods entirely unfitted to his need.

When the reader has gone through the following long list of "sure cures" that Mr. Hatfield has tried in order to find permanent relief, he will probably conclude it is an amazing wonder that the evangelist is alive today. He has tried liquids, pills, plasters, electric belts, mussel shells, egg shells, chicken gizzards, charcoal, hot water, cold water, mineral water, soda water, lime water, sulfur water, hard water, soft water, Hot Springs mineral water, cold baths, shower baths, sanitarium treatments, allopath, homeopath, electropath, osteopath, Chinese doctors, faith cure, Christian Alliance. He has been prayed for, prayed over and prayed with for twenty-five years in almost every state in the union, and has failed to ever obtain a permanent cure from this gastric dyspepsia malady; however, through the prayer of faith, he has been instantly healed of other diseases, and, through the same means, he has often been temporarily relieved of his long standing "thorn in the flesh." Mr. Hatfield declares that it has been through the grace of God and the prayers of God's people that he has been sustained throughout the hard labors of his ministry. He has taken Christ for his physician and is depending upon Him for daily strength to push the battle until he hears the glad message, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Although Mr. Hatfield has never been fully healed himself, several remarkable cases of Divine healing have occurred under his ministry.

In a certain town there lived a very excellent woman who had suffered the misfortune of breaking her wrist while escaping from a burning hospital. This wrist had grown together as hard and stiff as bone can be and for years this woman suffered this most inconvenient affliction. Mr. Hatfield was one time invited to the town in which this lady lived, to conduct revival services. The meeting was one of unusual power and interest. One night he preached upon the subject of "Fire" and God blessed him so greatly that he walked up and down the aisles laughing, shouting and weeping. The congregation was very obstinate that night, and after laboring a short time to induce them to seek God, and failing to move them, he dismissed them for the night.

The message, however, weighed heavily upon the hearts of the people, some slept but little and many dreamed of "Fire." The next day at the morning Service the house was full. The evangelist addressed the people a few minutes, offered the altar and every person in the house except one man, started for the mourner's bench. The large crowd filled the altar, the aisles, and several of the front seats. Mr. Hatfield made a brief talk and then added, "If there is a person in this house who can say, through the blood of Christ, you are holy, stand on your feet." A woman arose, put up her hand and in an humble manner said, "holy." As she spoke the power of God fell upon the people. Mr. Hatfield repeated the proposition and another person arose and said "holy." By this time still greater power was resting upon the people. Mr. Hatfield again stated the proposition and the lady with the stiff wrist said, "Lord if my wrist could be made limber I could say 'holy,' soul and body, and I believe it is thy will to heal it." Instantly the woman felt a sharp pain go through her wrist joint, she sprang to her feet and began to wave her afflicted hand back and forth and said, "Oh look here; oh look here!" The people present were all familiar with her case, and when they observed the miraculous cure, they sprang to their feet in wonderment and broke forth into loud and long praises unto God.

The women had children, brothers, sisters and other relatives present and many of them were then and there saved or sanctified. Mr. Hatfield received such a blessing as there was not room to contain. The healed woman's brother received his Pentecost, in his reckless ecstasy, he leaped upon the rostrum and struck Mr. Hatfield a terrific blow in the back and then, like a wild man, sprang down the aisle, giving vent to the fullness of his soul in much outward demonstration.

At another time, he was laboring in a community where lived a woman in the last stages of consumption. Her throat was so raw that every time the house was swept it was necessary to bandage her mouth and nose to prevent the dust from making her cough violently. She sent word for Mr. Hatfield to call upon her. When he arrived at the home, he found the pale, thin, helpless woman sitting in a rocking chair where she had been placed temporarily from the bed to which she was confined. Being unable to talk aloud she told the evangelist in a whisper that she had been praying to the Lord about healing and that she had been impressed to send for him.

Mr. Hatfield told the woman that he believed in Divine healing, but did not possess the gift of healing and did not have, at any time, any special leadings in her case, but would be glad to read passages of Scripture bearing upon the subject and also to pray for her. He then read the Word and bowed in prayer. He had scarcely entered into his prayer when the Holy Spirit suggested to him, "if you believe all things are possible," and he said, "Lord, I do believe?" and at once received the gift of faith for the woman's healing. He arose, placed his hands upon the woman's head and said, "Sister, God has inspired faith within me and His word says where two on earth agree as touching anything it shall be done. Will you agree with me and believe that he heals you now?" With a radiant and shining face she looked up and said, "Yes, it's done. He heals me now.

No sooner had she declared her faith than she sprang to her feet and ran across the room shouting loud the praises of her Great Physician. She tore the flannel bandages from her throat and in a clear voice sang several hymns. She then made up her bed, swept the room and walked a good distance to the home of her brother to tell them the good news of her healing. She came to church that night in her brother's carriage and throughout the revival proved herself one of the most enthusiastic workers. Her infidel doctor, who examined her a few days later, marveled at the wonderful cure and advised her to retain the Physician who had accomplished it.

On another occasion a paralytic woman got the impression through the Spirit that she could be healed. This lady arranged one morning to be brought to a Service which was in charge of Mr. Hatfield. As a test of her faith the Holy Spirit asked her if she would go into each of the two saloons that disgraced the town and there tell the story, if God would heal her. Sitting there in the chair while the service was progressing the paralyzed woman had quite a struggle to obtain the consent of her mind to enter those vile saloons. At last she settled the question in the affirmative, and then, to the utter amazement of all her friends, like the lame man healed at the Beautiful gate, she sprang to her feet and ran down the aisle, leaping and praising God.

True to her word the timid woman, that afternoon, entered each of the two saloons and, in the power of God, declared the wonders of the Cross.

When Israel in the wilderness

Did murmur and rebel,
God's judgments then in fearful might
Upon the people fell.
God raised a serpent, on a pole,
And healed them by the way;
And He who healed in Edom's land,
Will heal the same today.

When Hezekiah, sick to death,
Was told he could not live,
He strongly pleaded with the Lord,
New lease of life to give.
God listened to his prayer of faith,
And healed him right away,
And the God who heard and answered prayer,
Is just the same today.

When out to preach the living Word
The Apostles forth were sent,
Then healing power from the skies
To each of them was lent.
The might Divine from heaven above
Through Jesus did display,
And the God who blessed and sent them out
Will heal the same today.

When John and Peter, Spirit-filled,
Went to the place of prayer;
And as they neared the Temple gate,
Beheld the lame man there.
They spake the healing word to him,
As helpless there he lay,
And Christ who healed the lame man then
Will heal the same today.

Then come to Jesus, burdened ones,
And test His healing power,
He waits to save and cleanse and heal;
He will this very hour.
Yield all to Him, His promise trust,
And look from self away,
For He who healed in olden time,
Will heal the same today.

-- M. W. Knapp

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20 -- EXPOSING SATAN'S SUBTLE SNARES

The devil is undoubtedly the most aggressive and indefatigable worker in the universe. He uses all the subtlety of his masterly mind to devise snares into which to entrap the very elect. The present day affords ample demonstration of his ability to capture the most useful Christian men and women. Recently, among the holiness people, he has driven men and women, much beloved and very useful in the Master's service, into harsh, censorious, wholesale denunciation of everyone and everything that does not "dance to their piping" and who has not convictions and conceptions in harmony with theirs. While the experience of entire sanctification causes one to assume an attitude aggressive and uncompromising toward all that is sinful, this experience also will enable one to maintain a kind, charitable, forbearing attitude toward all not actually sinful whether "of the sheepfold or not." Jesus said, "other sheep have I, not of this fold." How deplorable the state of a man when he can only see perfection and purity of motive among his own immediate following.

There is the question of water baptism. Ever and anon, for generations, the devil has had Christians quarreling and backsliding over the mode. As if, had the all-wise God considered the mode essential, He would have so failed to reveal absolutely the proper one to his children as to leave them in confusion and bewilderment concerning it. On both sides of the water baptism controversy there are men of equal honesty, wisdom and piety.

At the time of the writing of these lines the author is keenly interested in the "Gift of Tongues" movement which, in many communities, is sweeping things like a prairie fire. While for many years, and to this day, the writer has believed the gifts of tongues to be a great and possible possession under needful and useful circumstances, he believes the movement that is gaining considerable headway in the land, with all of its excesses, extravagances, foolishness and fanaticism, to be another subtle snare of the enemy which is most successfully engulfing its hundreds. This fanaticism started in California and during its already short run its influences have, in a mild form, reached Maryland, where these lines are being penned.

The fact that fanaticism breaks out among the Holiness people does not afford grounds for censuring them or rejecting the doctrine or experience of Holiness. Cold, formal, unsaved, professors of religion are scarcely ever known to be led away into fanaticism; it is invariably those intensely anxious to be all God would have them be that take up too readily with the untried impressions of the devil, and thus, ere they know, are plunged into the maelstrom of fanaticism out of which they are unlikely ever to be rescued as an unfortunate engulfed in the roaring rapids of Niagara.

In order to show more clearly how Satan diverts and divides the Christian mind, I will devote the remaining pages of this chapter to two of Mr. Hatfield's experiences as told by himself. While neither appeals to the author as sinful or wrong, still, it is clear that a man, called of God to the great work of the salvation of men, should avoid any digression that would hinder him in most effectually prosecuting that work. The responsibilities upon us, as "workers together with God" and "Ambassadors of Jesus Christ," are incalculably great and, in order to discharge these

responsibilities to His satisfaction, require our fullest and completest preparation, determination and devotion. Mr. Hatfield's own statement of his experience is as follows:

"I was in charge of a campmeeting in a very beautiful region in Northwestern Indiana. Our meeting was held in a fine grove of valuable timber. In past years I had dealt in timber and consequently had gained some knowledge of the business. I have always been a great admirer of fine timber and I noticed, during this campmeeting, as often as I went into the woods to pray, that there were a great many fine trees that would make valuable lumber. We were having an excellent meeting. God was blessing and saving souls, but every time I went into the wood for prayer I would have an eye on that timber. One day I entered into conversation with the owner of the land and asked him his price for the place. He made me an offer that put me to thinking at once, I told him I would like to own a piece of land and might buy it. The gentleman was quite anxious to sell and pressed me to purchase the place. I told him I would consider his proposition and let him know my conclusion ere the meeting closed.

The next morning I was up at daybreak and walked that wood over and counted every tree. I measured each tree, made my calculations, and found out about how many feet of lumber the wood contained. I then wrote to a mill man at Indianapolis asking him what he would pay for timber standing in the wood. He replied at once; sent me his prices, and I saw I could sell the timber without touching it myself, clear and possess the land, which was worth about fifty dollars per acre, and have money left. I confess, while I had that camp meeting upon my hands and was preaching two and three times a day, I also had a lot of saw logs on my hands that were giving me greater anxiety than the meeting. I concluded to close the deal. The last day of the meeting had come and I invited the pastor, a Methodist preacher, to accompany me to the wood for a season of prayer. We went out and kneeled down and I prayed first with a great deal of fervency, then the pastor prayed, and while he was praying I looked up and, behold! just in front of me was a fine large tree! I looked up and down the tree and then thought to myself, "that tree will make about three cuts." Just then the Holy Spirit said, "Did I call you to transact business or to preach the gospel?" I replied, "Lord to preach thy word and I am done with this trade right now." The trade would have been honorable and legitimate, but if I had made it I might have become worldly minded and anxious for other bargains and thus lost my experience.

I remember one time when I was closing up a great revival meeting. It was the last night and I was going to the church in the evening I prayed all along the way for a suitable message for the evening, and, by time to preach, the Lord had given me a text. I had unusual liberty in preaching and when the altar call was made, to the surprise of all, the altar was filled with seeking sinners. I at once began to instruct the seekers, was much in the Spirit, we were having a good time and souls were getting saved. At last a doctor, who was sitting upon the front seat, pulled my coat as I was passing by. I turned to inquire what he wanted and he said, "Nothing much, only I wanted to say that was the biggest sermon I ever heard from a one-horse preacher. ' I made no reply to the flattery but turned to instruct the remaining seekers. Immediately the devil said to me, "that was a pretty good sermon. At once I seemed to pass under a cloud and I found I had no liberty in instructing the seekers. I went up into the pulpit and prayed to be delivered from the temptation, and, supposing it was gone, I went back to the seekers only to find that it was still with me. I went to the pulpit and prayed the second time for deliverance, got a blessing, and again returned to the altar, but the same temptation was before me. Again I returned to my place of prayer and in desperation I told God if

He did not deliver me I would close the meeting if every seeker went to hell That settled the devil on that score. I obtained the victory and have never been troubled on that line since. It was vitally important, after one has done the best he knows and has been blessed with success, to truly and sincerely say, "Lord, notwithstanding all this, I am an unprofitable servant."

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21 -- HOW AN ENTIRE FAMILY WAS SAVED -- A FAITHFUL ELDER'S REWARD

Among the many seekers who presented themselves at the altar, in this particular meeting, was a young lady who was very much concerned about her soul. At times she agonized with great intensity but failed of obtaining the victory and blessing she sought. Mr. Hatfield, anxious to help her through to the cross, questioned her closely in order to learn where the difficulty lay. He found that the young woman and her father had quarreled which resulted in her leaving home. When Mr. Hatfield asked her is she were willing to forgive her father and become reconciled to him, she said she was not. The father was clearly in the wrong. He had insisted upon his daughter accepting the offer of marriage of a wealthy old gentleman who had promised to reward the family liberally if the young woman accepted his proposal. Mr. Hatfield asked the father if he would now forgive his daughter and become reconciled to her and help her in her efforts to live a Christian life. The father declared his willingness to do what was right in the matter and was ready to forgive his daughter the moment she requested it.

As service after service came around the young woman always presented herself at the altar. One day Mr. Hatfield told her she would never find mercy as long as she cherished a hateful and unforgiving spirit. That she had already cried enough to save a dozen souls and if she was determined to cherish that unforgiving spirit he wanted her to leave the altar and stop the crying she had been keeping up so many days. At this the young woman, in a very angry mood, left the altar and the church, but as she was leaving, the gravity of the case impressed her more than ever and the Holy Spirit powerfully wrought upon her stubborn heart, until she became so alarmed regarding her soul's eternal destiny that she started on the run for her father's home two miles in the country. The night was dark and the country road lonely indeed for a companionless, wretched, frightened girl, but so determined was she to find peace with God that she plunged on and on until at last she bounded into her father's house and straightway begged forgiveness. No sooner was her request granted than she fell upon the floor and cried to God for mercy and in a few minutes she was wonderfully saved. So marvelous was her conversion, and it accompanied by such heavenly power, that the father soon fell to the floor a weeping, confessing, penitent soul and soon he arose shouting God's praises. The unsaved mother, who had been witnessing this soul stirring scene, unable to longer resist the Spirit's influence, then and there sought and found the Lord and the happy trio joined together in such loud and long shouts of victory that very soon two daughters of the household, who had been awakened from their sleep in an upper room, appeared upon the Pentecostal scene. At once they were invited to the same mourner's bench where father, mother and sister had obtained the blessing. They needed no second invitation, to their knees they went, and soon they too were participating in the glad jubilee. Suddenly down the stairs came the two boys of the family, their faces all aglow and their hearts attune to the exultant praises of the five, both announcing that, while the shouting was going on below, they had been praying above and God had saved their souls.

The next morning, as Mr. Hatfield was approaching the church, he looked down the road and saw a mule team coming along at full speed, drawing a wagon load of people. When they reached the church the laughing, crying, shouting family leaped to the ground, and the father, hailing the evangelist, cried out, "Brother Hatfield, the whole of us were saved last night!" There was no wisdom in trying to preach that morning so the meeting was thrown open for an old fashioned, hallelujah, praise and testimony meeting which was followed by a fruitful altar service.

Charles G. Finney said, "Nothing is more common than the remark that ministers, as a general fact, have lost the spirit of revivals, have become very zealous in ecclesiastical matters, censorious, afraid of revivals, of revival men and measures, and that they do little or nothing directly for the promotion of revivals of religion. "Now," said Mr. Finney, "I do not think that this is a universal fact, but in general, it is too obvious to need proof, and I think must be conceded by all."

Just about such a condition as the one that Mr. Finney was so strongly deploring when he wrote the above words in the Oberlin Evangelist over fifty years ago, applies too generally today. Especially was it true of the condition of a large area of Methodism, in, and adjacent to, the conference of which Mr. Hatfield was and is still a member.

A number of years ago the presiding elders combined against evangelists. They agreed not to procure their services and to prohibit their working in their respective districts. There were five of these elders who entered into this agreement. One elder however, who happened to be Mr. Hatfield's, refused to commit himself to such a God dishonoring plan. This elder had a clear head and a burdened heart. He immediately engaged Mr. Hatfield for the entire year, promising him work continually among the churches over which he presided. Mr. Hatfield declares that year to have been the greatest of his life. The next year at conference the five elders who entered into this agreement reported a total of about two thousand three hundred conversions on their districts, while Mr. Hatfield's elder reported about three thousand five hundred conversions upon his district alone. And thus God Himself honored the elder and the preachers for taking a stand that appeared to be stubborn and contrary. An example of the necessity, often times, of going contrary to the opinions of good people in order to obtain the blessing of the Lord.

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22 -- HOW A BACKSLIDDEN LOCAL PREACHER WAS LED TO PRAY

As an introduction to this chapter I desire to quote the words of the great Evangelist Finney, relative to the same error into which the minister connected with Mr. Hatfield's experience had fallen.

"I can never reveal to man my astonishment and sorrow when I found that the ministry and the churches were so generally opposed to efforts to elevate the standard of piety among themselves. The cry was raised immediately: Why don't you preach to sinners? Why don't you labor for the conversion of sinners? Why are you endeavoring to reform the church? I was astonished to find it generally assumed that the church was well enough, and that the great and

almost only business of ministers is to promote the conversion of the ungodly. I have occasion to know that when the question has come up about my being invited to preach in certain churches, they have been willing that I should, if I would preach to sinners But they were not willing that I should preach to the church. Once, a written request was sent to me by a Presbyterian church to come and preach a course of lectures to the impenitent. I have frequently heard of its being strongly objected to by ministers and leading church members that I should come and preach to Christians. They were unwilling to have Christians reprov'd and searched and deeply overhauled to the very foundations of their hope. What! afraid to be searched, and to have their churches searched! Afraid to have the greatest daylight of truth poured in upon them! "Oh," said one minister, "as I was informed, when requested to invite me to come and labor with his people, "I should like to have him come if he would confine his preaching to the impenitent; but I cannot bear to have him rake the church."

Mr. Hatfield was helping a Methodist minister of this type. They had been running the meeting about a week and Mr. Hatfield was convinced by the inactivity and stubbornness of the church that they were a fearfully backslidden company. The pastor insisted upon preaching to the sinners continually. The evangelist insisted that they should open fire upon the dead church members and vigorously shake up the "dry bones." Mr. Hatfield believed that if they ever had a revival meeting and got sinners saved in the presence of that dead church it would necessitate the protracting of the meeting longer than he was disposed to remain in the town.

It was Sunday night and the house was crowded. All the week long no visible good had been accomplished. The pastor again advised only preaching to sinners. The pastor and evangelist were doing all the work and never a smile or encouraging nod of the head, or a prayer, or an "Amen" could be gotten out of any of them. And there they sat, like tombstones in a graveyard in the "Amen corner," and upon the front seats. This night Mr. Hatfield, not having any clear leading of the Spirit, and desiring until he should receive divine orders to the contrary, to co-operate peacefully with the pastor, again endeavored to preach to sinners. Although God blessed him with liberty, the message seemed to produce little if any effect upon the impenitent. While the pastor was leading the singing for the altar call, Mr. Hatfield went down the aisle and spoke to several regarding their soul's salvation and the response was invariably, "When you get this dead church right, then we will come." By the time he had reached the rear of the church, the Lord gave him a message direct to the professing Christians and he hastened into the pulpit and for thirty minutes turned loose upon that crowd a tornado of Sinai thunder and lightning and devastating floods of truth -- truth calculated to destroy every Pharisical foundation.

Even the pastor hung his head in evident disapproval of the sudden change in the dignified order of things. The evangelist stood there like Elijah of old among the prophets of Baal. After delivering his God-sent message Mr. Hatfield made a second altar call, but this time to the church. He said, "Now don't sit there like a lot of turkey buzzards winking and blinking at each other, but walk your dead carcasses right out here and get to business or I'll shake the dust from my feet and leave this place and never return. The people really desired a revival and did not want the meeting to close. and seeing that the evangelist meant what he said they began to move out to the altar. The pastor was at last able to remove his head from between his knees and, as he saw the people approaching the altar he said, "Amen!" That was the first word of encouragement from his lips, for he feared that the evangelist had ruined the meeting by telling the truth to the dead church.

"Now," said the evangelist, "get to praying; pray aloud, call upon God." No one responded. Mr. Hatfield then put his hand upon the shiny bald head of a local preacher who had been backslidden for years and said, "You pray." The man turned his head and looked at the evangelist as if to say, "I'll not do it, pray yourself." Mr. Hatfield shook his head and said, "I mean you, pray." The man refused again, then Mr. Hatfield raised his hand and brought it down so vigorously upon the old bald head that the smack resounded throughout the house and again said, "You lead in prayer." The man wasn't long now in getting interested in leading in prayer. Whether he prayed to save his soul, or his head from another resounding smack, nobody knew; but he soon broke forth in desperate prayer like a boy fighting a yellow jacket's nest. Mr. Hatfield went to the opposite end of the altar and put his hand upon the head of a sister in the church and, after nearly shaking down her hair, he succeeded in starting her in hot pursuit of the bald headed local preacher at the other end of the altar. Presently all began to pray, and shortly the heavenly fire descended and many were reclaimed and Spirit filled. Sinners were brought to the altar and many of them brightly converted. The meeting grew in interest until it was estimated that some nights there were a thousand people upon the outside of the church. A very large number were saved and sanctified wholly in this meeting.

An amusing incident occurred after this Sunday night service. On the way home Mr. Hatfield, all unknown to them, walked up on a large company of little boys. Several of them were down upon their knees while one boy, imitating Mr. Hatfield, was hurrying about, shaking and slapping their heads and crying out, "Pray, pray, pray, get at it, get at it; get at it; pray out loud, pray out loud, pray out loud." When they discovered Mr. Hatfield's presence they all cried, "There he is, here he is!" and away they scampered like a lot of frightened mice. Ere the meeting closed many of these same boys got an introduction to a genuine mourner's bench, and some of them, thank God, found peace and pardon.

Mr. Hatfield had assisted a Methodist preacher in revival work who had a little boy probably five years of age who frequently played church. One time this pastor had labored hard with his people on one of his appointments for a revival meeting. He felt that a break was eminent and also felt that alone he could not precipitate it. On a Sabbath morning he frankly told the congregation his convictions and added that he believed if John T. Hatfield could be procured that the desired move would be made. The little boy had listened attentively as the father spoke and when the father finished his remarks the boy arose and hurried to the pulpit and, imitating Mr. Hatfield's manner of walking and rubbing his hands together, the boy walked back and forth across the platform with long strides, saying over and over as he clapped and rubbed his hands together, "I'm John T. Hatfield; I'm John T. Hatfield; I'm John T. Hatfield." The boys singular actions melted up the congregation and the people burst out into tears, and the Spirit fell upon them and they shouted and praised the Lord. To the wonderment of all, the revival broke then and there and ran on for many days, singularly blessed of God.

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Text: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. Matt. 25:34, 41."

Nothing can be more solemn and impressive than our Lord's representation of the closing scenes of the final judgment and the beginning of the new and final destinies of the human race. The tribunal is, represented as closing its awful proceedings with the sentences of the Judge, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," and "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

The language here employed by our Savior is so unmistakable in its meaning, and so far above reasonable misunderstanding, that nothing need be added to make it clearer or more emphatic. Here the Lord states what shall be the destiny of both the righteous and the wicked, and from His authoritative statement there is no appeal. A skeptic once remarked in the presence of a child that he was seventy years of age and had never yet seen the place called hell, but his argument and his skepticism quickly received a heavy blow, when the child innocently asked the old gentleman if he had ever been dead yet.

Hell is undoubtedly one of the most startling terms in the English language. It is made so by the unfathomable depths of misery associated with it. It is a cesspool of all the iniquity of the universe; a truth seen too late, a place where the sluggish memory will be at last awakened and where the light of eternity, shining upon the fallen spirit, will arouse the conscience to an eternal abhorrence of all he once loved. There, condemned by self, condemned by God, condemned by all good; shame will take possession of the mind, bitter sorrow of the soul and awful grief, the spirit and a great wave of weeping, wailing and suffering anguish will carry one on and on while eternity's ages roll. There, passions will rage without gratification; a thousand wants will cry unregarded, a continual craving of the soul there will be, with nothing to feed the eternal hunger, remorse and despair will cry for peace and rest only to be answered by the dismal groans of millions of others who have long cried likewise but in vain.

Sinners, frail vessels, though built by God of the best of materials, now corrupted by the worm of sin, are conveyed by the ebb of time down the river of life and hurried beyond the bar of death into the fiery and unfathomable sea of Divine wrath. On will they go from woe to worse woe, from misery to worse misery, ever always lost. Lost because they willed to be lost. They gained the world, but lost their souls, they gained the shadow but lost the substance, they gained the famine but lost the feast, they gained their enemies but lost their friends, they gained everlasting damnation but lost eternal life, they gained their destroyer, but lost the Savior.

In this most tempestuous ocean they are tossed by the furious winds of Almighty indignation upon the raging billows of fearful torment where they suffer a speedy and an eternal shipwreck. Dashed upon the rocks of ruin they are soon swallowed down in the gulf of despair. They are eternally lost without a plank of hope upon which to escape, without a sleep producing opiate to help them to forget, without an amusement to divert their minds. Their worst fears are now realized. Their hopes, delusive and vain, having no foundation in truth, soon come to destruction. They try to reassure themselves, but in vain; their hopes are buried in the ruins of a misspent,

God-rejecting life. The pleasant vision that deceived them, the unreal phantom that allured their footsteps on and on to the gate of hell, has vanished in the darkness forever.

Oh! again I say, what unfathomable depths of meaning in this little word, "Hell!" Oh, what eternities of despair, what floods of tears; what stormbursts of anguish for the eternally lost! No ray of light ever to shine across their downward furnace-heated pathway. Lost to the hope of salvation, lost to the hope of heaven, lost to the hope of holiness, lost to the hope of happiness, lost to the association of rejoicing saints and shining angels. No faint hope of any other state but to be lost, lost, lost, lost, forever and forever lost! ! Still on we fly upon the dark wings of imagination and seek to catch glimpses of the awful plight of the damned. Here we are far out in the dark realms of hell -- but where those lurid flames are gleaming with an awe inspiring light. What do we see? There, there we see the worm that never dies; we see the pit that is bottomless, we behold the fire that is unquenchable. You ask me what are those quivering forms in yonder distance? They are the undying, everdying dead of earth's Christ-rejecting millions. In the distance, behold those ghastly forms peering through the black sulfurous smoke and hear, oh, hear their shrieks and bitter wails. If we can endure the awful vision let us fly on and behold the howling myriads of tormenting demons as they are employed in adding insult upon insult, anguish upon anguish, torment upon torment, to the damned within their eager grasp. And here we behold the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone -- an horrible tempest! Hark, did you hear that distant cry? "how long, oh God, how long?" Listen, I hear a response from ten thousand voices that echo and re-echo the reply, "Forever, Forever, Forever!"

You ask me how it may truthfully be said that the fires of hell are unquenchable? I call your attention to the burning bush that was not consumed and the blazing sun that lights our day. You say, your picture of hell is an exaggeration." I reply, if every hair upon the heads of the people were the hand of a rapid writer, and every blade of grass a pen, and all the water in the seas were ink, it would prove inadequate to delineate the horrors of this dungeon where all lost souls must lodge forever. If all the fires that ever were or ever shall be in the world were contracted into one, yet, even such a conflagration, would be as painted fire in comparison to the fires of Hell. They who have seen the flames and heard the roarings of Vesuvius, Aetna and Mt. Pelee have not seen even the faintest glimmerings of Hell. Infernal fire is neither tolerable nor terminable. Impenitent sinners there will have existence without end, death without resurrection, night without day. mourning without mirth, sorrow without solace and bondage without liberty. The damned shall exist as long in Hell as God shall live in Heaven. Their incarceration in that penitentiary is not an imprisonment during the King's pleasure, but imprisonment during the King of King's everlasting displeasure.

A condemned criminal standing upon the trap door of the gallows just before he was to be hung took from his pocket a watch and said, to a physician standing by, "Doctor take this watch, the place I am going to has no need of a time piece." The poor criminal probably spoke more wisely than he knew. If all the earth were sand, and a bird could come and remove one grain of sand every thousand years, no person could calculate the ages upon ages it would take to remove the world. But if after so long a time the doomed might go free there would be hope for a far distant future; but that word EVER breaks the heart. Now there is hope. One might say, "I am in debt ten thousand dollars and liable to be sold out by and by but I hope to obtain a loan from a friend and thus escape bankruptcy." Another may be in great distress but hopes for deliverance soon. A friend or loved one may be near death's door but there is hope of a turn for better and the life's being spared. But in

Hell there is no hope. There there have not even the hope of dying, nor the hope of annihilation, but they are forever and ever lost On every clanking chain in hell is molded the word "FOREVER;" the fire there blazes forth the fact that they are to burn "FOREVER;" above their heads they read on every eternity-barred gate and insurmountable wall, the word "FOREVER;" on the stones beneath their feet will be seen the word "FOREVER; in the countenance of every ghostly form will be unmistakably read, forever, forever, FOREVER! Oh, if I could say, with God-given authority, that some time hell would burn away and that away out in the coming ages lost souls would be saved, what a rejoicing celebration would begin at once in those dark confines of despair. But, alas, alas, in all God's revelation to man there is nothing promised shorter than forever, forever, forever! "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever and they have no rest day nor night."

Many people, continuing in sin, get a vision of that lost world ere they leave this. They have a little hell of their own kindled within their bosoms. There lies a dying minister, he has stood before the people proclaiming what he calls the Gospel. He has been a noted speaker and the multitudes have been eager to hear all the words that fell from his eloquent lips. There he lies, this man who has been unfaithful to his God given charge. This man who has lectured on the mysterious and the great, who has prophesied "smooth things" rather than declare the whole counsel of God and aim telling gospel truth at the consciences of men. Around his bed are gathered a few members of the secret societies to which he belonged, a few members of his official board, of his family and his now helpless physician -- all standing there awaiting the end. Methinks there are other forms about that room -- invisible forms of the dead-spirits from the unseen world. A voice cries in his ears, "I came one time to your church with my soul all burdened down with sin, seeking deliverance. I asked of you the way of deliverance. You advised me to sign a card and join the church and do the best I could instead of telling me to repent and cry for mercy and get under the blood. I obeyed you, and here I am, damned in hell forever." No sooner does this spirit vanish than another leaps upon him with a torrent of condemnation, and then another and another and still another comes to curse this dying man. He shuts those glassy eyes hoping in vain to exclude the vision of that horrible procession. He feels the cold hand of death laid firmly upon his fevered brow and he trembles for the sting of death is in his heart. "Oh death," says he, "must I meet these men, these women, and these children I have deceived, and listen to their merciless denunciations forever and ever?" And in reply he hears a voice saying, "Go thou unfaithful servant. Thou who loved the pomp and glory and applause of the world more than your duty and your God. How art thou fallen from heaven, how art thou brought down in a moment from thy dignity and pride." Drunkards, saloon-keepers, seducers, gamblers, blasphemers, backsliders and holiness fighters, in the trying hour of death, will all behold the tormenting ghosts of darkest hell about their dying couch eagerly awaiting the moment of separation of spirit and body that they may pounce upon that helpless spirit and convey it away to its awful doom -- to that eternal abode where sulfurous smoke will be the atmosphere they breathe, liquid fire will be the stream at which they drink, shrieks and screams, the music they will hear and the lightning flashes of Divine wrath the only light they shall see.

Did I hear you say you would resist such an end? As well talk of resisting the cyclones, resisting earthquakes, resisting the lightnings, resisting Niagara, resisting a tornado, aye, as well talk of resisting the great God himself. Have you not stood, some stormy day upon a sea cliff and beheld the giant billows rise from the deep to rush on with foaming crest and throw themselves thunderingly upon the trembling shore? Did you ever fancy you could stay their course and hurl

them back to the depths of ocean? Did you ever stand beneath the leaden, lowering cloud and observe the lightning as it flashed dazzling athwart the gloom and think that you could grasp the bolt and change its course? Still more foolish and vain the thought of those who fancy they can arrest and turn aside the purposes of God, saying, "what is the Almighty that we should serve Him? Let us break His bands asunder and cast His cords from us." Break His bands asunder! How He that sitteth in the heavens will laugh at such folly. Every unconverted, guilty sinner is rolling on like a liquid river toward the completion of his wicked career. Every step he takes is a downward step and every hour he is nearing the yawning abyss beneath. Black clouds are gathering around him and a dreadful storm of fire is threatening to burst upon him. Oh! sinner why will you die? Why will you go down to hell? Why will you expose yourself to a storm of vengeance? God, Himself, has warned you, your conscience warned you, Christian friends have warned you, your preachers have warned you, oh, give heed to their admonitions. Pause for a moment. Be not in so great haste to be damned; consider the evil, the misery, the danger of sin and the burning pit to which it leads. Don't tarry until you reach that awful day when death shall lay his cold hand upon you and the cold damp sweat stands upon your brow and you hear the gurgle in your throat and your eyes grow dim and when this world is fading away like a moth-eaten garment. That day when the flaming sword of Divine vengeance is drawn across your pathway will be too late, too late, too late!

Jesus now is near you; oh, call upon Him! Confess to Him your sins and He will save you. You are standing now on a single plank far over the mouth of hell, and that plank is rotten. You are hanging over the bottomless pit by a single rope, and the strands of that rope are pulling apart. Oh! where will you spend eternity? As you behold the place towards which sin is leading you, forsake it, and now! Bid it an everlasting and final adieu. Time warns you, the Bible warns you, the coming judgment warns you, death warns you, the Spirit warns you, God's judgments and providences warn you. See! see the signal lights swinging across your pathway and calling upon you to halt. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? Escape for your life! Fly to the cross, where mercy, in crimson stream, is ever flowing! The water of life springs forth from there; there the captive soul finds liberty. Oh how numerous the blessings of the cross! The Father waits to pardon at the cross; the Son awaits to cleanse you at the cross; the Holy Spirit waits to adopt you at the cross; the saints of God are ready to welcome you at the cross; the angels desire to sing praises over your return to the cross. How great the salvation at the cross! How sweet the fragrance of the cross!

"The cross! the cross! the blood stained cross!
The hallowed cross I see;
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.

A thousand thousand fountains spring
Up from the throne of God;
But none to me such blessings bring
As Jesus' precious blood.

That priceless blood my ransom paid,
When I in bondage stood;

On Jesus all my sins were laid,
He saved me with His blood.

By faith that blood now sweeps away
My sins as like a flood,
Nor lets one guilty blemish stay;
All praise to Jesus' blood.

This wondrous theme will best employ
My harp before my God,
And make all heaven resound with joy,
For Jesus cleansing blood."

Come as a sinner to the cross and He will pardon you; come as a criminal and He will justify you; come as a prodigal and He will meet you; come as a debtor and He will cancel all come in your blindness and He will give you sight; come in your bondage and He will break the chains; come in your weariness and He will give you rest; come unto Him wretched and miserable and He will make you happy and glad; come unto Him deserving hell and He will give you a clear title to heaven. Come, oh come to Jesus. Come, come, come, a thousand voices are crying, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus." Eternity's never ending ages cry "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus." Time with all its fleeting years cries, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus." Justice with sword in hand waiting to cut you down, cries, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus." Lost spirits in hell with their fingers dripping with infernal fire are crying, "Fly to Jesus, fly to Jesus, fly to Jesus." Death, riding his black horse, as he goes with clattering hoofs galloping over the narrow stretch of time cries, "Fly to Jesus, fly to Jesus, fly to Jesus." Mercy with thorn pierced brow and bleeding side and hand and feet all, all are crying, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus." Angel bands, as they bend their celestial forms over the battlements of heaven cry, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, come to Jesus." The coming judgment with its fiery sun, its bloody moon, its falling stars, its rended heavens its staggering mountains, its devastating earthquakes, its open graves, its descending Judge, its open books, its shouting saints, its howling demons -- all, all, all, cry, "Haste to Jesus, haste to Jesus, haste to Jesus." If the vaulted dome of the sky were a great belfry and all the stars of a cloudless night were melted into one great bell and all the vastness of the milky way composed the clapper and Gabriel, the arch angel, should step forth and pull the rope, you would then hear the thundering peals echoing from ocean to ocean, from mountain to mountain, reverberating over valleys and plains, the final call of eternity, "Come to Judgment, come to judgment, come to Judgment." The workman would leave his shop, the husbandman his farm, the merchant his store, the book keeper his desk, the banker his gold, the capitalist his stocks and bonds, the seamstress her sowing, the mariner his vessel, the collier the mine, the housewife her home, the saloon keeper his bar, the thief his retreat, the children their play, the preacher his parish. The Kings, the Nobles, the Dukes, the Presidents, the Popes, the Priests, the Rich, the Poor, the Black, the White, the Old, the Young, the Believer, the Unbeliever, the Skeptic and the Infidel -- all, all, all, at the sound of this mighty trumpet call, will rise, to be carried away on the wings of the morning to meet Him, of whom it is said, "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another

book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and the grave delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

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24 -- LET LOVE BE WITHOUT DISSIMULATION -- By John T. Hatfield

[This is an article contributed especially for the eyes of pastors and evangelists, but applicable to all.]

There are two kinds of love, human love and divine love; and there are but few who can distinguish the difference. However, there is a resemblance between the two in many things. To discriminate between them will require a character deeply spiritual, thoroughly religious, and filled with nothing but divine love. There are thousands of good church people, and with some Christian experience, who are like the apostle Peter, without understanding, as to the difference between human love and divine love. In the twenty -- first chapter of John, Jesus said to Peter, "Lovest thou me?" Have you -- "agape" -- divine love for me? Peter said, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest I love thee" -- "Philia" -- a human affection. Jesus repeated it the second time as before, and Peter answered it in the same way. The third time Jesus put the question, "Lovest thou me?" He used the word "Philia" -- human affection. This seemed to stir Peter, but after Pentecost, when Peter had been filled with the Holy Ghost and fire, and lifted into the realm of divine feelings and affections, where divine love has full sway, he was enabled to discern the moral beauties as never before. Love without dissimulation is pure love, God's own love, not human love, or the natural affections, but a supernatural love abounding in a purified heart. It is planted in regeneration and perfected in entire sanctification. It is that form of love that has no shams, deceitfulness, flattery or crookedness in it, without veneering or pretense. People can pretend to love God. They can be devoted to some branch of church work and be enthusiastic in their work, and think they love God, when it is only the church they belong to or the work they are engaged in that they love. To love God means more than to love church work. It is possible for a preacher to be in the pulpit, or a pastor, or an evangelist in revival work, or a missionary in foreign fields, or any other fields, and not love God. God wants us to work for Him, but there is something a thousand times beyond working for God, and that is loving Him supremely, without guile or deception, and such love makes us love our fellow man without flattery. It is not a deceitful love. It is not that kind of love that will flatter you and not mean a word that is said. Pure love does not put its arms around you and say, "My brother, I love you," when it has some other motive in view. What was the prompting that came from within? Was it to court his favor, that he might speak well of you to his friend, that they might give you a call to their place to hold a meeting? Will pure love show any different disposition in the kitchen, before the servant girl, than it did at the reception hall or in the parlor before the visiting friends? Did that lovely, sweet, smiling face and those kind, complimentary words retain that same sound when orders were given to the cook for the coming meal? Suppose a company of friends engaged in conversation and one should take their leave of absence, would perfect love show any difference in its conduct and conversation from what it did when that person was present? How about that universally used phrase, "I am so glad to have met you," which some

use, and then turn around and say to a friend, "I never could bear that fellow." At what time was the truth told? Would that be perfect love? What about that time when you went out of your way to stop off at some big camp meeting, when you said you were there to visit some friend for a day or two, or to have a little rest? Was that the motive away down in your heart, or was it to be put up so you could preach your sugar stick in order to get a call for the next year. Is perfect love in that kind of business? How does one feel, act and talk when in company with other people who are constantly complimenting another preacher or person? They don't say anything! Oh, no! They don't say, "We-l-l, b-u-t-" How about it? Would perfect love be guilty of such? What kind of love is that when an editor or an agent, in advertising his paper, speaks of all the good points in his paper and then refers to some of the weak points in other papers? How much whining and complaining can perfect love do and retain its experience when it has been retired from some official position in the church or Sunday school or holiness association, or as an editor on the staff? What kind of inward feelings does perfect love have in regard to the articles it puts in the paper? Will some compliments upon it cause any feelings of inflation? What are the silent utterances? Will it say to itself, "I must write another article that will beat that? Is there any complaint in perfect love when it looks carefully over every page of a holiness paper for four or five weeks and does not see its article appear in some of the columns? Does pure love always feel good when it does not get the best hour to preach? Does perfect love shirk from duty in a camp meeting? Come in late after the sermon is commenced and retire at the altar call, or never attend a service except to preach, and let some one else do all the hard work; push the testimony meetings, prayer meetings and altar services, and preach in turn, and then at the close of the meeting demand as much pay or more than the one who bore all the burden of the meeting. How about that parson who says, "I am going to be hot," "I am hunting for the hottest things I can find," and when they get up to talk they have a cracker on the end of their tongues that is full of stings, and a face that reminds one of a vinegar factory? They can see nothing but faults and imperfections, they browbeat, cut and carve, and hack everybody into mincemeat, who does not see and act as they do, and then turn around and profess that it was all because they loved them. How much pure love is there in that? Let perfect love speak!

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25 -- GOD'S BOW OF PROMISE -- By John T. Hatfield

A Bible Lesson From 2 Peter 1:4-10

Here is one of the many ways that God has given us in His Word, to teach us the great salvation. In the fourth verse we are taught that we are to escape something. This signifies a cleansing, and is conditional on partaking of the divine nature. We must first learn spiritual cleansing in order to spiritual development. Spiritual subtraction is a necessary qualification for spiritual addition. It is true that the Christian graces are planted in the heart at regeneration, but their growth will be retarded by the weeds of iniquity that so frequently spring up in the child of God, after the new birth, and this is the reason we are to "escape the corruption that is in the world through lust." Having done this we can "add to faith, virtue, and to virtue, knowledge," and so on. This is growth in grace (not into but in), first, it is the garden planted; second, it's the garden cleansed of all the noxious weeds; third, growth. Having been cleansed in the fourth verse we are now prepared to partake of the divine nature more fully by the unhindered process of addition.

Jesus says, "I am come.... that they might have it more abundantly." In regeneration we get life, in sanctification, the abundance of life. In the fifth verse the apostle begins by saying, add to your faith, virtue (power). How much the church needs this. Salvation begins on the inside and works out (Phil. 2:12), and unless we have it we cannot work it out. Paul says, "Quench not the Spirit" (1 Thess. 5:19). If we stand in the way of the Spirit and prevent His way of working through us, away goes our spiritual life. Dead people can not work. No one ever goes to a graveyard to employ work hands, the church is a work shop, but in many places it is turned into a morgue.

"Knowledge." Just here is where the devil has succeeded in doing the greatest harm to the doctrine of holiness. He takes advantage of our ignorance. The blessing is so wonderful while our hearts are burning with love and every fiber of our nature is being touched by the fire of the Holy Spirit, that before we have time to settle down to add knowledge to virtue, the devil jumps in and tries to run us out into extravagant expressions, doing unseemly things, teaching unsound doctrine, and perhaps land us into come-out-ism, and our usefulness is gone. Isaiah says "they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint" (Isa. 40:31). When first we receive this baptism of the Holy Ghost, we fairly fly, our zeal runs beyond our knowledge. We begin to settle down and become more fully established and when once the Holy Spirit gets us settled, we will be like the everlasting rocks of Gibraltar. We get down to the eternal tranquillities of the later part of the eighth chapter of Romans, where "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." We do not need to lose our zeal, or fire, or enthusiasm, but be a learner. Knowledge gives balance, like a governor on a steam engine. Any man can pull the throttle and give power to the engine, but he is liable to wreck the train, kill himself and many passengers. It requires a man of knowledge to run an engine with safety. Power is a necessity, it cannot be dispensed with. But good judgment is needed in the use of it. Some people would get it all in the whistle and none in the cylinder. We must know the leading of the Spirit, hence the necessity of spiritual knowledge. The Holy Ghost and the Word of God are the reliable sources of spiritual information.

"Temperance," self-restraint. This means the power to stand under all temptation, keep cool and sweet, a very necessary grace in our Christian experience. There come up in our lives so many unexpected things to try our faith, that temperance is an indispensable virtue at every moment of our lives. The devil is always around watching for an opportunity to give us trouble when our faith is being tried. He delights in watching a mother with several cross children, and a growling husband when dinner is not on time, and especially when the clothes line breaks just as the last piece is being hung up, in such moments as these now needed is that virtue that gives power of resistance so that we may keep sweet and shout "glory" in spite of the devil.

"Patience." Here is our next addition. This perhaps is a stronger word than temperance, although they are nearly synonymous terms. Patience is the power of endurance, to hold on and not sink under trial, to suffer long. Should it be our good fortune to have the care of some old crotchety man or woman, our patience will enable us to live with them for twenty years and endure their whimsical ways and have a cage of canary birds singing in our souls all the time. Patience enables a sanctified husband to take a cross baby from a tired wife and let her go to bed and sleep for a rest. It means bear and forbear and never grow weary in well doing.

"Godliness." Its interpretation is the power of assimilation, a state of resemblance, likeness, or identity to God. God is our father and we are His children, the child always takes on some characteristic of the parent. God-like-ness -- like God. The child of God is expected to forsake forever bad company and seek other association, he is a new creature, "old things have passed away, behold all things have become new," instead of the dance, card table, theater, club room, etc., he prefers the house of God. He loves his Bible and secret devotion, without such a change he is lacking. In the ninth verse of this chapter we are taught that if we lack these things we are "blind and cannot see afar off." Lord, open our eyes that we may see to walk in the spirit of God-like-ness.

"Brotherly kindness." In this we are to recognize others as well as ourselves. Brotherly kindness leaves no room for sectarian blood. For "both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one" (Heb. 2:11) . Sanctified people never quarrel, a purified soul never has any fuss with his neighbor.

"Charity" which is love. This is the superabounding grace, paramount to all others. It is the source from which all others spring. It is the mother of graces, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. This lesson begins with her, followed by six of her children, concluding with her. This is God's musical scale in the human soul and with these perfect notes in a clean heart, we can sing without a discord the everlasting doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Notice the tenth verse. If we "do these things we shall never fail." This is God's covenant (bow) of promise. When God destroyed the world by water, he placed his bow of seven colors in the sky as a covenant between God and man that this world should never be destroyed by water again. God has kept His word these 4,000 years and will till the end of time. Here is another covenant that God makes with man. He spreads His bow of seven virtues across the spiritual horizon and affirms that if we possess them in the realm of our spiritual nature, we shall never fall. Bless the Lord, when we come up to the gates of heaven we will never be asked what church we belong to, or the amount of money given for charitable purposes, or the number of times we went to church, to class, or prayer meeting, counted beads, carried crosses, or attended mass. The passport will be faith, virtue, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, love. This combination of spiritual elements will give us an abundant entrance into the haven of rest. There need be no fears, perfect love casts out fear. You will hear a voice saying, "Come ye blessed of my Father, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, "God's word for it."

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26 -- THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST -- By John T. Hatfield

"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his" (Rom. 8.9).

Not goodness, but "spirit." It matters not how good we may be, how perfect we may live in our lives before the world, how blameless we may appear to the eyes of the people, how thoroughly we may carry out every form of church duty, without the "Spirit" we are none of His. We may attend all the means of grace, the preached word, the prayer meeting, class meeting,

Sunday school, the camp meeting, visit the sick, give money for all the various benevolences, have secret prayer, come out of the church, leave the secret societies, forsake the old parties, quit the use of tobacco, take off jewelry, and separate ourselves from all and every kind of worldly amusement, stand straight for holiness, testify to it, preach it, sing it, shout it, hold street meetings, conduct revivals, get people saved and sanctified, oppose everything that is unholy or unclean. All this we can do and do it without the "spirit." The text declares, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his; not his disposition, but the personal Spirit himself; not a blessing, but Him. Blessings may be obtained second handed, through the influence of some other person's blessing. Many people think they have the Spirit when it is only the spirit of the meeting they are in. Many people get blessed and think they have the Holy Ghost; when it is the Holy Ghost in others that is blessing them. Oh, for a recognition of that invisible personality that is to reign supremely in every part of our being. "Not by might nor power, but by my Spirit." "I will put my Spirit within you." "Be not drunken with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." There never was a time when there was such great effort to get people saved as at the present time. There never was a time when there were so many professors, both preachers and laymen, that are so rocked and lullabyed by the devil in the cradle of dead works, and cold formality. It is possible for a person to see thousands saved and sanctified in their meetings and they themselves not have the Holy Spirit; perhaps they once had Him in all His fullness, but gradually and imperceptibly He made His disappearance. How much Paul feared that, by some means, after he had preached to others, he might be a castaway. Writers may pen articles for holiness papers. They may write books on the deep spiritual things of God and explain to others how they may get it and live it, and yet be as cold as a wagon hammer on a winter day. Their writings are about the Spirit and not in the Spirit. Oh, they have the spirit, but it is a spirit level. They are a lot of section bosses. They think God has especially called them to look after the track, so they are down sighting and peeping along the rails, putting ballast under the cross ties, trying the gauge to see if the two rails are equally distant, and they are very, very, careful, about the side tracks; they don't want too many of them. They don't know what it means to sit in a palace car and ride at the rate of sixty miles an hour. About all the rides they ever get are on a hand car, and they have to work that themselves. If we have the Spirit, we won't spend all our time on doctrine, and theology and splitting hairs; we will have a heart yearning to see people saved. There is something fresh and new in our spiritual lives every day. We will have new prayers, new testimonies, and new sermons. How easily a spiritual person can discern another. As soon as they begin to preach, or pray, or speak, if they are spiritual, there will be a heart cry, a yearning, a soul burden, a missionary spirit. There will be tears, looks and utterances that will touch and move the souls of others. All mechanical sermons, levity, foolishness and jesting will have but little place when the Spirit has the full right of way in the human soul. "For it is God, the worker, that is working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight." "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter in." But many shall say, "Have we not prophesied in thy name and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works. Then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye workers of iniquity." There will be no surprise greater for some people than to wake up when it is too late and find out that the very thing they have been writing about, and preaching about, and singing and testifying about is the very thing they have not. "Lord, Lord, haven't we preached on the Holy Ghost? Haven't we written articles on being filled with the Spirit? Haven't we held conventions, attended camp meeting, run altar services? Haven't we anointed the sick and seen them healed?" "I don't know you." He that hath not the Spirit is none of His. People can have perfect freedom in their conversation upon any religious subject; they can converse freely on all the departments of church

work, and its doctrines, justification, sanctification; they can talk on revivals and soul saving; tell their experience, and shout "glory" and "praise the Lord," etc. But let some one who has the Spirit begin talking on the deep inner things of that life hid with Christ in God, and dwell upon these things that one only gets as he abides in the secret place of the Most High and speak in the present tense of present enjoyments, and there will be silence and all mouths will be shut. They are out of touch with that kind of religious conservatism. Their lives do not measure up. Let us be filled with the "Spirit."

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27 -- LIVING IN CANAAN NOW -- By John T. Hatfield

This is an expression often used by Christian professors, and perhaps more frequently than ever before during the past thirty years. It's a good testimony, and we would not discourage the use of it whatever we may say about it. But while we have been traveling over this country for almost twenty years, doing evangelistic work, we have noticed that there are a great many testimonies that have no ring in them, and do not seem to come from the heart. They are simply a repetition of phrases they have learned from the testimonies in other meetings, and would be all right if it was only an expression of the heart, instead of the lips.

Profession is not a scarce article in these days. There is so much monkey and parrot religion that when you come to look around for the real Pentecostal type, well might you say with Jesus, narrow is the way, and few there be that find it." However, there are many who have sought, claimed and reclaimed, professed and re-professed, and yet have never been able to strike rock bottom and push out into the full tide of ocean experience.

At nearly every camp meeting or revival service you are sure to see a lot of "Old Chronic Seekers" flocking around the altar to seek the baptism of power, and yet they have been professing to live in Canaan ever since the last camp meeting, where they professed to take it by faith at the altar, and with them will come a lot of others, who profess to have it, who have no more spirit in their prayers than the crow of a barnyard fowl, but they have professed it, and must stick to it, whether they have the experience or not, for fear of detriment to the cause.

But what about the hypocritical life, that the church, the world and everybody can see and know? Is it not much worse to try to palm such a counterfeit upon the people than to make a frank, open profession of their mistake and shortage in their experience, and get back to God with the "Old Time Fire" in their souls, and stop the mouths of people about sham profession.

There are so many experiences in these days, that remind us of "old faded photographs, or the withered flowers of a last week's funeral." The expression of life is gone, there is nothing fresh or new about it, simply a rehearsal of bygone camp meeting phrases, "saved, sanctified and healed and kept by the power of God, and looking for my coming King." "Living in Canaan now," and what are they doing? "Just living in Canaan flow., They are laying around in the shade of the grape vines and fig trees crying, hungry, hungry, feed us; give us something to eat, too lazy to get in themselves, they want some one to gather the fruit and put it into their mouths. But let a camp meeting be announced, and here will come a lot of these Canaanites to sit in the meeting, enjoy the

service and feast upon the big sermons, no tears, no cries, no heart yearnings, no fastings, no sleepless prayerful nights, no soul travail, and their wives, husbands, children and neighbors on the way to hell; and they haven't power enough to put them under conviction, nor lead them to the cross. For a whole year they haven't seen a soul saved, and what are they doing, "Just living in Canaan now. They remind us of a lot of dry cows in a big clover field, gorging themselves on rich pasture, and their calves starving to death in some dry lot, sucking each other's ears.

We have scores of chronic holiness professors in these days craving entertainment; they want to hear the word on Holiness, when they are perfectly familiar with every passage in the Book, and thoroughly acquainted with the doctrine. They have read holiness literature until their heads are so full of it that they have lost the experience in trying to explain the theory in a testimony meeting. Their poor hearts have shriveled up for lack of the experience, while their heads have been bursting with knowledge. Think of a Holiness evangelist standing up before a lot of Holiness people giving a Bible lesson on sanctification, when they all know as much about it as he does, but that is what tickles them. But a sermon on repentance or restitution would take the grin off of many of their faces. It is true, that too many of the Holiness people have been bowing down to their Nehushtan -- they have worshipped holiness instead of God, they have got the theory instead of the Holy Ghost. Look out for a person that turns teacher or exhorter in a testimony meeting; nine times out of ten it is an evidence of a lost experience. We do not enter Canaan for the purpose of feasting. It is true we are promised that "we shall eat of the fruit of the land," but it is a battlefield, and every foot of ground that our feet shall tread must be taken by conquest. We are to put on the whole armor of God, and go forth in all the habiliments of warfare; we are to be on the aggressive, open the engagement and push the battle; not sleeping two nights by the same camp fire. The orders are to move forward, after Jericho then Ai, then the various Kings, then out into the hills of Dan, and onward still we must press with untiring zeal. But oh! how many have fallen by the wayside.

The country about Ai is covered with campers, talking about their big victories at Jericho and at the same time suffering defeat at little Ai. You can hear the old superannuated preachers and evangelists and many of those in active work tell about their big revivals in their early days, but they are having none now. You can hear many of the Holiness people speak of the days of Inskip and McDonald, when a tidal wave of holy fire swept over this country, when hundreds would be saved and sanctified in every camp meeting; but now you will go quite a while before you witness such a scene.

The biggest part of the work that is done in these days is warming over a lot of old chronic seekers, but blessed are they that do that; we delight in giving credit for every bit of good that is done; what are they doing -- "just living in Canaan now." Like some old fat house dog lying under a kitchen table waiting to be fed from a china dish, too lazy to scratch the fleas from his own body. He wants to lap the gravy and crack the bones, but he won't help to catch the chicken. How often we hear it said, "We need a revival in our church so much," but they want someone else to bring it about. They are not willing to sacrifice, give time to prayer and fasting, reading the word of God, visiting from house to house and praying with the families and giving them new red-hot experience they received that morning in secret prayer;,, what's the matter? "Just living in Canaan now.

The Hittites, Amorites, etc., lived in Canaan, but they had no legal right there. So there are a great many Holiness people claiming to live in Canaan but they have no right to do it. They have never been made an heir by the new birth into the Kingdom of God, but they are "just living in Canaan now.

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28 -- DOES THE BIBLE TEACH HOLINESS? -- By John T. Hatfield

"Bible" means book, but the mission of the "Book" is expressed in the qualifying word, "holy." Hence "Holy Book," a book to teach "holiness." The theme of grammar is the science of language, the theme of arithmetic is the science of numbers, and the theme of the Bible is the science of "holiness." Take light and heat from the sun, and it ceases to be to us a sun. Take the sense of seeing from the eye, and hearing from the ear, and they fail us, as eye and ear. Take holiness from the Bible, and it is no longer a holy Bible, and you rob us of that which makes it to us the Book. The Savior recognized its mission in John 17:17, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." The object of the book is, "That the man of God may be perfect" (II. Tim. 3:17). Shall it succeed or fail? One may say, "In the lives of many it's a failure." We answer no, the failure is not in the book, but in the pupil. The fault is not in the Book. Neither is it in Jesus, the teacher. The theme is holiness and the book is complete in its system, correctly teaching holiness (Heb. 12:4) "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." This one declaration should forever settle the question, and I hope no one would dare to explain it away. His truth! Remember when you have explained it away by ever so artful ingenuity, it is still there and will judge you when the world is on fire. This "word" will stand solid as the throne of God when you are in hell for disbelieving it."

"Where in the book is it found?" "But as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation" (living) (I. Peter 1:15). Is this a work to be done in the heart? "To the end he may establish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all His saints" (I. Thess. 3:13). How is it obtained? "To open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance, among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me" (Acts 26:18). I thought it was by growth. "To them that are sanctified by God the Father" (Jude 1). But will he do it? "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it" (I. Thess. 5:24). Does God call us to holiness? "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness" (I. Thess. 4:7). Is this work complete before death? "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (I. Thess. 5:23). Is it possible we can obtain such a perfection in this life, that we need no further work. "But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing" (James 4:1). That is too good for this world, we should be taken to heaven at once. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil" (John 17:15). Such teaching as that makes us as good as Christ; are we to believe that? "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" (Eph. 4:13). Does that mean in this life? "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" (I. John 4:17). Surely that can't be for every one. It is for

preachers and evangelists. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely" (Rev. 22:17). If that is universal, are we to have it in this life? "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still" (Rev. 22:11). Can you give me an example of one in the Bible? "And the Lord said unto Satan, hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?" (Job 1 :8). "And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments, and ordinances of the Lord, blameless" (Luke 1 :6). But such an experience can only be lived a few days at a time. "And Enoch walked with God 300 years" (Gen.'s :22). "That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life" (Luke 1:74, 75). "Nevertheless, Asa's heart was perfect with the Lord all his days" (I. Kings 15:14). Well, then, don't you believe this was in the mind of some person to start the movement? Yes, "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification" (I. Thess. 4:3). Does God require this? "Be ye holy; for I am holy" (I. Pet. 1:16). Is it necessary to have the preparation? "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14). Do you get this all at once, or is there a second work of grace. "And in this confidence I was minded to come unto you before, that ye might have a second benefit" (grace) (II. Cor. 1:15). That's from Paul, but does Jesus teach such an experience? "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls" (Matt. 11:28, 29). John says, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I. John 1.9). Peter said, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts 2:38). Would it not be best to live it, and say nothing about it? "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony" (Rev. 12:11). "Ye are witnesses and God, also, how holily and justly and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believed" (I. Thess. 2:10). Well, is that not boasting? "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord" (Psa. 34:2). "Thus saith the Lord, let not the wise man glory in his wisdom; neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord" (Jer. 9:23, 24). When should a person seek this? "Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation" (II. Cor. 6:2).

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29 -- AN OLD CHESTNUT -- By John T. Hatfield

The chestnut, like other nuts, is encased in two shells, an outer and an inner shell. The outside case is very rough, full of sharp thorns and stickers. In the proper season, when the rains and frost come, they soften this outside burr, and when the sun shines on it the burr cracks open and folds out, and the chestnut falls from its rough encasement. How truly may this be said to be a type of the sinner. His outer life is full of wickedness and sin, drinking, swearing, dancing, fighting, etc.; his mouth is full of harsh, vile words, but there comes a season when God thunders at that man's life and rains conviction upon his soul, and softens his heart, and the sun of righteousness

begins to shine upon him; suddenly a new life appears and the old life is gone; old things have passed away, behold all things have become new, and there is love and sweetness in his soul.

When the chestnut first falls from the old rough burr, the kernel is sweet and palatable, but there is in that chestnut a germ of life that was deposited there by some insect when it was in bloom -- in its infancy -- and when the nut formed, this germ of life was enclosed in the heart of the nut and developed into a worm. This worm lived on the kernel and in the course of time all its juice and sweetness was eaten up by the worm and nothing left but the old chestnut shell. The only way to preserve the chestnut after it falls from its first thorny shell, is to put it into a hot oven and destroy the germ by fire, then it will keep sweet and good.

Every child that is born into this world has sin in its heart, and when it is saved from its sins and becomes a new creature in Christ Jesus, it still has that sin-germ remaining. It keeps gnawing away at its spiritual life until, in the course of years, like the old chestnut, there is nothing left but an old shell of an experience, telling the same old testimony, praying the same old prayers; the real spirit and life is gone; the worm of inbred sin has consumed it. They have a form of godliness, but without the power. There is but one way to preserve a young convert and that is to get him to Pentecost and get him baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire; let Him who sits as a refiner's fire put him in the crucible and destroy the germ. This fiery baptism is the real purifier of the soul. This fire is not only purifying, but exceedingly impulsive. Just as fire propels our mighty steamers against wind and tide, so this mighty, baptism of fire will impel its possessor onward to glory, against all the opposition of earth and hell. Some professors of religion are like sailing ships -- they are "driven with the wind and tossed," and if you want to know where to find them you have only to ask which way the wind of opposition has been blowing for the past twenty-four hours. They lack the force of heavenly fire.

The great want of the church today is f-i-r-e -- fire in the pulpit, fire in the pew, fire in the heart, fire in the head, fire in the tongue, fire in the choir, fire everywhere. We want less form and more fire, less head and more heart, less "letter" and more life, less property and more power, less rhetoric and more religion, less profession and more praying, less talking and more work, less doubting and more doing, less promising and more performing, less hollowness and more holiness, less criticizing and more grace. In fact, the one thing needful is the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire.

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30 -- FRAGRANCE -- By John T. Hatfield

For the past score of years or more, the florists have been cultivating all the fragrance out of the flowers; they make them look beautiful. They are helping their appearance in some respects, but it is only in looks; that sweet odor that fills the air and attracts the passer-by is gone. The same may be said of some churches in these latter days. They are cultivating the people to a different manner of worship; they are getting things nice; they have fine churches and fine preaching and fine singing; their devotional services are carried on with the most perfect human system. They are helping the outward appearance, but the real power and spirit of the true God is not there. In looking In upon some of these fashionable modern churches on a Sunday morning, you would not

take them to be a place of worship; you would think them more :like a flower garden, poultry pen or a jeweler's store. If you were to walk with a blind man along the highway and there was an old fashioned rose bush standing by the wayside, he would sniff his nose and say what a sweet fragrance those roses have; they are full of odors and they are sending out their sweetness. That old rose bush talks to everyone that comes by; it has something in it that makes people feel its presence; it is full and overflowing.

You lead this same blind man through some of our modern floral displays, and there may be a thousand blooming beauties all around him, and he would not be conscious of the fact if you did not tell him. There is nothing in them but appearance; no hidden virtue in them; they can speak only by their looks.

Such is the condition of some churches; if you were to lead the same blind man into the services and not tell him anything about it, although he may be surrounded by two hundred blooming beauties of churchly profession, he would not know but that he was in an opera, from the performance of the choir; There is no power or spirit in them that would cause a spiritual man to realize he was even in the house of God. But if this same blind man could be taken to some old fashioned Holy Ghost prayer meeting, and tell him nothing about it, and let them be ever so still, he would only be there a few minutes until he would say, "Bless the Lord!" The very power of God is here; they are filled with the spirit and His presence is being felt. They are overflowing and are handing out the sweetness of His love.

This is what the church needs today to convince the world, and bring sinners to repentance and salvation. Oh for an endowment of that power that will prove to those with whom we come in contact, that we are truly filled with the spirit; that the very life and power in us will talk loud enough to be heard and felt among those with whom we associate.

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31 -- PAIN KILLER AND TONIC -- By John T. Hatfield

Jesus Christ is not only a painkiller to destroy sin in the human soul, but He is a tonic as well, to keep the soul toned up and in a good healthy condition. It is one thing to be saved and quite another thing to be kept saved. Painkiller does not remove the disease, but stops the pain, but a good tonic will cleanse the blood, purify the system and eradicate the disease. I have known persons to be taken suddenly ill and suffer great pain. A physician would be summoned, medical assistance properly given, and soon the pain would be eased and the patient lie quiet, but before the doctor would take his leave he would say, "I think the patient would now rest easy; the worst trouble is over for a while, but the system is run down the blood is in bad condition, and the use of a good tonic is very necessary, and unless something of this kind is done, the old trouble is likely to return, and you will need to repeat the painkiller." How many families there are who can't live without a bottle of painkiller in the house, and every time a pain is felt they run to the painkiller bottle. If they have the toothache, painkiller is the remedy; if their knees ache, they apply the painkiller ; if it is their head, or back, they go for the painkiller; if it is their stomach, it is more painkiller.

So, for every pain and ache, the bottle is In use. There are many kinds of aches and pains in the human body, but the most of them comes from an impure system. The painkiller is all right and fills its mission, but it doesn't purify the blood. The forgiveness of sins is one thing, but the cleansing of the heart is another. The forgiveness of sins does not purify the heart. It stops the pain. When a sinner is smitten with sin sickness and the Divine physician is called, he gives the painkiller remedy. "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. And at once the patient gets rest; but that is not all; following this is another remedy. He will cleanse from all iniquity, and the leprous soul is made clean and the patient finds the second rest. There are many kinds of aches and pains in our spiritual nature which require the painkiller remedy to give us ease. If we get out of humor, we must repent; if we say harsh words, we have to confess; if we covet or display pride, repentance is necessary. So, for every sinful act, repentance must be repeated. How many converted people are daily in constant use of this remedy? Sinning and then repenting, they never get any further than forever using the painkiller remedy, when the Divine prescription urges us to leave "the principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on unto perfection." Then this trouble of "ups and downs," of sinning and repenting, will come to an end. When we have taken the painkiller remedy and we know our sins forgiven, let us obey the divine prescription and proceed at once to a course of tonic that will cleanse and purify our hearts and put us spiritually in a good, healthy condition. What church members need in these days is soul health. The church should be a workshop full of healthy men and women, ready to do any kind of service for Jesus. But it is more like a hospital full of sick, puny, peevish weaklings, not able to get out to prayermeeting or class-meeting, nor able to work in any of the revival services. They are so crippled up and diseased with pride and fashion and love for worldly amusements, and self-seeking, that their spiritual infirmities prevent them from any active service for Jesus. Lord, give us health. and give it now.

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32 -- DO CHRISTIANS SIN? -- Scriptures Selected By John T. Hatfield

"We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." -- I John 5:18

How much does the Bible allow a Christian to sin? Can you refer to a single passage teaching the necessity of sinning? On the contrary, it prohibits. "God forbid! How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" -- (Rom. 6:2)

Where does sin reign? In the Christian? "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lust thereof." -- (Rom. 6:12)

Has sin any rule over the Christian? "For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under law, but under grace." -- (Rom. 6:14)

Who does a person belong to that commits sin? "He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning." -- (I John 3:8)

To what intent was the coming of Christ? "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." -- (I John 3:8)

What is the life of a child of God? "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." -- (I John 3:9)

What did Jesus say was the duty of a child of God? "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also." -- (John 14:12)

What did He say of the devil's children? "Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. -- (John 8:44)

Why are not more professors saved from sin? "He that is of God heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God." (John 8:47, see 37 v)

Is there a penalty for sin? "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." -- (Rom. 6:23)

What shall we do? "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. " -- (I. John 1:9)

What next? "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." -- (I. John 1.7)

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33 -- A BIBLE LESSON IN ACTS -- By John T. Hatfield

Text: "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" (Acts 1:8).

(1) The Power of Consecration. -- "Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need" (Acts 4:34, 35).

(2) The Power of a Clean Heart. -- "And put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith" (Acts 15 :9).

(3) The Power to Speak. -- "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:3).

(4) The Power of Courage. -- "And they called them, and commanded them not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said unto them, whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, Judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard" (Acts 4:18-20).

(5) The Power of Enthusiasm. -- "And they, continued daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart" (Acts 2:46).

(6) The Power of a Victorious Faith. -- "Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise and walk" (Acts 3:6 and 16).

(7) The Power to Prevail in Prayer. -- "And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness" (Acts 4:31).

(8) The Power to Stir Men. -- "Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their hearts, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" (Acts 2:37; Acts 16:30).

(9) The Power to Rejoice in Persecution." And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name" (Acts 5:41).

(10) The Power of Seeing Jesus, When in the Hands of Martyrs, for Preaching the Truth. "When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God" (Acts 7:54-55).

(11) The Power of Unity. -- "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place" (Acts 2:1, 44, 46).

(12) The Power to Heal. -- "Inasmuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them. There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits, and they were healed every one" (Acts 5:15-16).

(13) The Power of Perception. -- "For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity" (Acts 8:23; 5:3).

(14) The Power of Producing Rejoicing Converts. -- "And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing" (Acts 8:39).

(15) The Power to Forgive Enemies. -- "And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep" (Acts 7:60).

(16) The Power of Good Results. -- "Then they that gladly received his word were baptized; and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls" (Acts 2:41; 4:4).

(17) The Power of Leaping and Praising God. -- And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God" (Acts 3:8).

(18) The Power of Getting Accessions to the Church, Them That Are Saved. -- "And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." (Acts 2:47).

(19) The Power to Preach the Double Experience, Remission of Sins and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. -- "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts 2:38).

(20) Is This Same Power For Us? -- "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even, as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts 2:39).

(21) What Hinders our Witnessing to This Power. -- "Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye."

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