

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1993 -- 2005 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this disc (CD or DVD) by any means is forbidden,
and copies of individual files must be made in accordance with the
restrictions stated in the B4UCopy.txt file on this disc.

GEORGE ASBURY MCLAUGHLIN -- AUTOBIOGRAPHY

G. A. McLaughlin was Editor of The Christian Witness for forty-five years. He was
killed in the Los Angeles earthquake on March 10, 1933.

The Christian religion is very exclusive. God will have the first place in our lives or none.
-- G. A. McLaughlin

* * * * *

Digital Edition 11/08/2004
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL EDITION

George Asbury McLaughlin was born October 13, 1851 and died on March 10, 1933.
Therefore, he was 82 years of age at the time God took him Home. In the early part of this
autobiography, McLaughlin speaks of his 67 years of life. He would have been 67 in 1918, but
the latest date that he mentions in his autobiography is 1927 -- much closer to the end of his life
in 1933. So, his autobiography was still being written within 6 years of his death.

While the Foreword to the book, below, was obviously written by one who knew G. A.
McLaughlin, I am not totally positive who he was. He merely gives his initials at the end of the
Foreword as: "E. L. K.". After having consulted two Holiness bibliographies along with our own
list of Authors in the HDM Library, I found no Holiness writer with these initials. However, I
did find reference by McLaughlin to "Brother E. L. Kletzing" in Chapter 21 of the
autobiography. Therefore, I am inclined to think that E. L. Kletzing may well be the writer of
the Foreword. Also, I suspect that it was probably the writer of the Foreword who added the
statement under the book title: "G. A. McLaughlin was Editor of The Christian Witness for
forty-five years. He was killed in the Los Angeles earthquake on March 10, 1933." Beyond this
statement and the book Foreword, "E. L. K" apparently added nothing more. Thus, we have
nothing in this volume about the final 6 years or so of McLaughlin's life before his death in the
L. A. earthquake of 1933.

The book had NO TABLE OF CONTENTS, and I have placed none in this digital
edition. Further, the 32 Chapters of the printed book were not named, merely numbered. I have

left them thus in this digital edition, except I have replaced the Roman Numerals with Arabic Numerals, and I have used zero numbering, as is my custom.

I HIGHLY RECOMMEND THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY TO ALL STUDENTS OF HOLINESS HISTORY! -- for, it is loaded with references to many leaders of the Holiness Movement, replete with references to incidents that occurred in the Holiness Movement, and contains much instructive and edifying information about the experience of Second Blessing Holiness from the Life and Pen of George Asbury McLaughlin.

Duane V. Maxey,
Phoenix, Arizona,
November 8, 2004

* * * * *

FOREWORD

George Asbury McLaughlin was editor of the Christian Witness for forty-five years. For half of this time we served in the Witness office with him. We have no desire to eulogize. His own writings in these pages speak for themselves. Our greatest regret is that he was taken before the writings were finished.

Many incidents of Brother McLaughlin's life must remain untold, but he gives us enough for us to know the anchor of his faith. We can still hear him sing.

"I believe in the old time religion
And it's good enough for me."

As the world today is swinging away from all phases of faith, how fitting it is to place such a book before the believing people. "The faith of our father's" was the corner stone upon which we builded this republic. Through this faith it became the haven for the oppressed of all nations.

With such a glorious past shall we turn back? No. No. This faith has been our bright and morning star in the past and will be our anchor for all time to come.

Such characters as this book portrays is our inspiration and our hope. Let your neighbor read it.

E. L K.

* * * * *

01 -- CHAPTER

I have had on my mind for a long time the writing of my biography. I have prayed over the matter and have asked the advice of friends. I have been told by some that there are facts that I know that ought to be preserved for the information of those who wish to know about the beginning of the modern holiness movement. I do not do this because there is anything striking about my life history except the wonderful leadings of Providence in my experience. So for the glory of God I have decided to commit my life history to the public notice.

My father was born in a town three miles from the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. Adam Clarke, the commentator, was born in the same town. My father emigrated to Quebec, Canada. In early manhood he was apprenticed to a printer. He was also converted in youth under the ministry of James Caughey, the mighty evangelist, who had such wonderful revivals in Canada and England, in which thousands were saved. My father came to the United States about 1847 and began work on the Boston Traveler, a newspaper still in existence in Boston.

After I had come into the experience of entire sanctification I came across his journal and found an account of his seeking and obtaining the experience of holiness in a camp meeting held at Eastham, Cape Cod. In those days the Methodists of New England went by ship to their annual camp meeting from Boston, Massachusetts. This was the camp ground where Wilbur Fiske, the first president of Wesleyan University, the oldest college of Methodism, was gloriously sanctified and lay for hours under the power of God in the straw.

In those days the leaders of the church emphasized spirituality. I found in reading my father's journal that he had the same struggles that I had in obtaining the blessing. I also found that the leading Methodist preachers of that day were all either possessors of the blessing or believed in it. It was a popular doctrine among Methodists. My father soon had the call to preach the gospel and went to Newberry Seminary in Vermont to prepare for the ministry. Then he entered the Concord Biblical Seminary, the first theological school in Methodism. He graduated in the second class that institution graduated. He joined the New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and served six churches. His labors were most fervent and successful in the salvation of many souls. One of the preachers of the conference told me that if he had seen as many souls saved as my father did, he would have been willing to have died young, as did my father. I was born at Nashua, New Hampshire, October 13, 1851. The last strenuous work that my father did was a six weeks' revival, which was the finishing stroke. He resigned his work and went to the South for his health and died very suddenly. He is buried in the church yard of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He went triumphantly to heaven, saying, "All is well." My mother as a girl was especially noted for her piety. She attended the first academy of Methodism at New Market, New Hampshire. That academy is now located at Wilbraham, Massachusetts. On its removal she attended the New Hampshire Seminary at Northfield, now located at Tilton, New Hampshire, and graduated in the first class ever graduated in that institution.

* * * * *

We were stunned when we heard that my father had passed away. It was before the days of the telegraph. It was some time after his death that we learned the fact. My mother never recovered from the blow. She was left with two boys, myself six years of age, and my brother fifteen months. My grandfather, an old-fashioned class leader, took us into his home, where we lived for years. My father's death made such a sensation and so many tributes were sent to our denominational paper that finally the editor had to announce that he could not receive any more contributions. My mother faithfully kept up the family altar and gave spiritual training that I needed. I was obliged to work with my hands, which insured me a vigorous constitution, so that at the age of past eighty, I feel as young as ever.

I entered Philips Exeter Academy in 1865. I did not know then that it was one of the most celebrated and thorough schools in the land. But I attended because it was only nine miles away. I received an education there that was the foundation of all that I have in the educational line. One who graduates there hardly needs to go to college, the course is so thorough. I owe very much to that celebrated school.

When seven years of age I was powerfully convicted of sin. I remember that I cried all one Sunday afternoon, afraid that I would go to hell. I never had such conviction in after life as that Sunday afternoon. One night later my mother came home from prayer meeting and said that a boy of my acquaintance had become a Christian. I had never thought of it being possible for a boy to be converted. It was a new thing to me. I supposed that one must grow up to be a Christian. So I went to meeting and heard him testify. Then I began to seek and after many attempts, one night at the altar I trusted God for the pardon of my sins, and the light came in like the dawning of the morning. In all these 67 years the devil has never tried to make me believe that I was not converted.

Later I applied for a school as teacher. I did not expect to get the position, but, strange as it seemed to me, I was elected to that position. At the close of the term I had fifty dollars. I wanted to go to college, but did not see the way clear. My mother told me that I had fifty dollars and that was the opening wedge and if I pushed in, the way would open still more. I started with the fifty dollars, worked my way, taught two winter schools, and graduated at Wesleyan University with ten dollars debt. On my return home the trustees of the high school of our town offered me that school (another providence) which I was not seeking. I paid up my mother's grocery bill which had been running for four years. My entrance into the ministry was because I was pushed in. It was rather singular (another providence). I had always felt called to preach; but did not know how to break the ice. I could not talk in social meeting three minutes; felt I had no gift. A great revival broke out in the town while I was teaching. Many young men were saved. They wanted to go in the school districts and hold meetings, but did not know how to get at it. I said one day half jesting that I would go out and preach if a certain young man would do the praying. I knew I could preach as well as he could pray. He took me up.

Then I tried to back out. My grandfather said, "You ought to go, for if those young men are not encouraged you will be to blame."

He said so much that I finally consented.

Sunday came and we went to the district school house. I took for the text: "Quench not the Spirit." When I got on my feet I could say nothing and had to sit down. The boys testified and sang and saved the meeting. I said I never would try it again. My grandfather came to me with the same argument for helping the boys, and as the people wanted us to come again, I decided to go. I told the Lord that if there were no results that I would never try to preach again. My text was, "God is love." God blessed me and six rose for prayers. We went again in two weeks and four rose for prayers. An old local preacher in this meeting arose and warned me of pride and said he delighted to see preachers who were willing to be nothing, and said, "Bumble bees are largest when first hatched." This was very discouraging to a man on his first attempt to preach. I felt so much that I could do nothing anyway of myself that it did not cause any resentment. On my way home from college, I had stopped in Boston and was praying over that matter one Sunday and told the Lord that if he wanted me to preach he would bring the matter before me that day (Sunday). I went to a city church, and coming out of the church the preacher (afterwards he became Bishop Mallalieu) met me at the door and said, "I want you to preach for me this afternoon." I replied that I was not a preacher and could not do it (another providence). So when a few years after I preached in the school house and God blessed it in getting people saved, I had no more excuse for not preaching.

* * * * *

03 -- CHAPTER

I want to show still farther how God planned it that a most retiring and slow of speech man was ushered into public speaking. I could not talk two minutes in my prayer meeting testimony. I was not fluent. I have since learned that fluency is a fatal gift, as most fluent speakers usually say too much. The state Y.M.C.A. started what they called a canvass. It was really a set of revival meetings. I was chosen to represent my denomination. They had a printed program of subjects to be discussed and we were each supposed to say something. I said a few words; that was all I could do. But as we had the same program at each place after a while we improved and at the end of the season I could say quite a little on each subject. The Lord greatly blessed the effort and in some places quite a revival was started. I learned to talk with the salvation of souls as the subject.

Another providence was that the presiding elder in my absence had at the quarterly conference of my church given me a local preacher's license. I do not know that I ever should have asked it. He also proposed my name at the annual conference and I was elected a member of the conference. I had next to nothing to do with it and was never examined for a local preachers license. I was given a charge of about a hundred members and had never preached but three times (the same old sermon).

Here I was in a manufacturing town with a church of one hundred members and must preach twice every Sunday, with only one old sermon to fall back on. No one will doubt but the preaching was original, for there was never anything like it, I am sure. But God was gracious and we had two revivals, and I left by my own choice at the end of two years. I was sent to the White Mountain region and had gracious revivals there in the two years' pastorate. Then I was sent to the leading town in northern New Hampshire, where I had my battle for the first time with inbred

sin in my own heart; that is, the first intelligent battle. I had not recognized before what inbred sin is in the justified heart.

Just before this I went to Old Orchard, Maine, for recreation, as it was one of the most popular watering places and was only about thirty miles from my residence. A friend said, "You may want to go to a camp meeting that is now going on there." I did not know that it was a holiness camp meeting. So after I had visited the beach I went over to the camp meeting. I supposed I was a good Methodist and believed in camp meetings, but I did not know what to make of this one. The leader was Rev. J. S. Inskip, I was greatly amused at the meeting. The preacher was the eccentric C. B. Pitblado.

Before he preached, the renowned character among Methodists of that day, read a Scripture lesson and prayed. He said in his prayer, "O Lord, thou knowest that the preacher is very eccentric, but thou canst use it for thy glory. Do so today." The preacher took for his text, "The precious blood of Christ." He said in the sermon, "This experience is as much above the ordinary experience as the throne of God is above toadstools. Victoria Woodhull did not know about this experience, but Mrs. Palmer does; Tom Payne did not know about it, but Dr. Steele does; Voltaire did not know about it, but John Wesley did. I do not care a cent for the devil. I am washed white." I thought, "What have I gotten into?"

The meeting was out of doors in a fine grove and the preacher prefaced his sermon by asking to be excused for wearing his hat, and put it on the back of his head as he said, "The sun and sin affect my head, and I do not have as much hair as most folks." I confess I was amused at all this. At the close, Brother Inskip arose and gave the invitation for all who were seekers for the blessing of holiness, and the altar was full. I had never seen nor heard of such a thing as Christians seeking anything further and I went with my companion to the end of the altar, so that I could see down through the altar. Brother Inskip said, "What! Are you here seeking with your hats on? Take them off." They did so. Then he turned to us and said, "If you do not want to engage in this service, go away." We did not take the hint until he said it again.

I think if he had been more considerate, I might have discovered just what was going on and been helped, for I was not there to oppose or ridicule. So I went away ignorant as to the matter. But I thought it was the most absurd thing I had ever seen in the line of religion.

* * * * *

04 -- CHAPTER

During my pastorate at Littleton, New Hampshire, my spiritual experience was drawing to a focus. It was at this time that the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness was invited to hold its camp at Epping, New Hampshire, one of the oldest camps in New England. The condition of its coming was that the local camp should furnish half of the Preachers. As I always attended that camp from its beginning I was there, I was still in spiritual darkness as to many points in the experience of holiness. A good sister had told me a few years before that she had been enjoying the experience of holiness for eighteen years. It was a good deal like telling a blind man that one had been seeing for eighteen years. But there was such a sweetness in her

testimony that it made its impression. At that camp were Inskip, McDonald, Wood, Gill, and I. T. Johnson who has gone to glory during the past year. The latter told me later that in those days he thought it was necessary to make much noise in testimony. He was there to sell books.

I remember Inskip especially. I remember hearing him preach from the text: "Be ye holy." He said God gave the reason for holiness in that text, "because I am holy." "It is reason enough, my child, for your being holy." He had proceeded but a few minutes, When this singular man stopped as he saw a friend who he thought was in another part of the land. He shouted in surprise, "Where did you come from, Andrew Jackson Myers of Baltimore, a second 'Old Hickory'?" Myers was much overcome and tried to suppress himself by putting his hand over his own mouth.

We remember that among other things Inskip said was this, "When I was chaplain in the army during the Civil War (the only condition of joining the army church was that a man was moral), we sometimes had social meetings where some testified according to the Calvinistic creed of having a hope. But occasionally we heard a testimony something like this: 'In 1845, in the month of September, I was praying behind an old stump in the pasture, and God for Christ's sake forgave me my sins and I knew it.' We knew that man was a Methodist." A little farther on he said, "The only difference between the Episcopalians and the Methodists is not in the matter of shouting. They both believe in it. Do not Episcopalians in the prayer book say, 'Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost'? The only difference is that we believe as Methodists in spontaneous combustion."

The meeting had many good results in the sanctification of many. But it was a mistake not to have let the National have the whole meeting. Some of the district preachers improved their opportunity to attack the doctrine. One prominent preacher in his sermon said that we did not have to profess it, and he knew people who had the experience and were very quiet about it. When Inskip followed the sermon, he said, "Can you touch off a cannon easy? My father was one of the best men in our community. His life was as exemplary as any Christian's. He had no profession of religion. He was not a Christian. How was any one to tell him from a Christian?" This camp meeting did much good, nevertheless. Some of the churches carried home the fire, and were the banner churches for spirituality in the conference for forty years until the great religious depression came.

At this meeting I saw clearly for the first time that I must make a complete consecration. I was so unwilling to do it that I left the meeting before it was over. I had not made up my mind to pay the price.

* * * * *

05 -- CHAPTER

Just before I left Whitefield, New Hampshire, to move to Littleton, there took place a very interesting episode that rather prepared the way for my change of residence. There was a very dissipated dentist in Littleton Who had become a confirmed drunkard. He became so bad that his wife's parents urged her to leave him and come to Lancaster. She said, "No, I will try

prayer first." She prayed much for the salvation of her husband, but apparently to no avail. Finally, as she was mentioning the matter to a Christian brother, he said, "Sister, are you praying for your husband just because he is your husband or because he is an immortal soul bound for hell?"

She saw that she had simply prayed for him from a selfish motive that she might have an easier time. She told me afterwards that she walked the floor for three days in a struggle and finally veiled herself to God and said, "Not my will but thine be done." That moment the burden of years rolled off her soul. The next morning about four o'clock she said to him, "Sam, do you feel prepared for eternity?" "No," he said, "I do not." He sprang from his bed and began to cry to God for mercy. and God saved him right then and there and took from him that appetite for strong drink that had been his moral and financial ruin.

A few nights after, as we in Whitefield were holding a union revival meeting, he staggered into the church, and as there was no place to sit down he leaned against the wall. A shiver ran through the church as they saw the worst drunkard of the county lean against the wall. He spoke in a few minutes and said, "I have lately received Christ, but I am too weak to tell you about it now." Every one thought he had come to disturb the meeting.

The preacher who was leading the meeting rebuked him.

The next morning his mother and sister came to me and said, "We wish you would go to Littleton and tell him that we have confidence in him, for we believe he is in earnest." I went, and he told me his wonderful story. This was a sort of prelude for my pastorate in Littleton, which began the next spring. He was a wonderful help to me as he regained his health. When his business began to pick up, he said, "That is the best temperance lecture I can give." He not only remained faithful unto death, but became eventually the most pronounced and aggressive Christian worker in northern New Hampshire. He was elected deacon of the Congregational Church and remained faithful unto the day of his triumphant death. His widow lives in Hollywood and can substantiate all that we have herein written.

In spite of the great revival God gave us at Littleton, I had trouble with my disposition. I did not know what to do in the matter. I resolved I would not give way to it, but my resolutions did not avail. I was tempted to think I was peculiar -- not like other people. I was greatly disturbed by the Scripture concerning Jesus. It says that he "was tempted in all points like as we are and yet without sin." I knew my temptation was chiefly from my inward disposition and I could not believe that Jesus was tempted by his inward disposition. If some one had told me at that time that the translators had inserted words in the verse that made it mean entirely different, it would have saved me much perplexity. The passage reads without the italics thus: "Tempted in all points like as without sin." He was tempted just as holy people. They have no inbred sin. How much mistranslation of Scripture there is! The translators had no right to insert the words "we are yet." They put them in italics to let us know that they are not in the original. (See Hebrews 4:15.)

* * * * *

The term limit of pastorates was three years. My term had expired and I must leave the delightful associations of Littleton. I was sent to the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Haverhill, Massachusetts. It was the largest membership (save one) in the conference. In it were some of the old-fashioned Methodists. The neighboring Methodist Church was about a stone's throw distant. It had swarmed from the first church. The pastor, Rev. Frank Stratton, and myself, started what we called a Union Consecration Meeting, held every fortnight. No one thought of calling it a holiness meeting, for holiness was not being preached anywhere in the conference. In this meeting holiness was not definitely mentioned.

At the annual camp meeting at Epping, New Hampshire, where we had already visited the National Holiness Meeting years before, as we have described, at the close of the four-day camp meeting an altar service was held for "consecration." As I knelt at the altar (I can see the place in my mind now), as I was kneeling it flashed into my mind, "God can save you from that disposition that is giving you so much trouble, if you trust him." As soon as I saw it, I did that very thing. I had read the experiences of some people in that magazine *The Guide to Holiness*, and from those experiences I had got the impression that the experience of holiness was simply a great emotional experience. I had no idea that it meant deliverance from the carnal mind. I began to tell my brother ministers what the Lord had done for my disposition. One brother said, "I do not believe it; I will ask your wife." He did, and she testified for me that it had been done as I said. It led her to seek the experience.

When I got home, I said (still in a measure in the dark), "Since the Lord has so saved me from my disposition, I believe I will seek the experience of holiness." So I prayed for an emotional experience, but did not get ahead any. Finally some one lent me the book, *The Scriptural Way of Holiness*, by Phoebe Palmer. In reading that book I got the idea to seek an experience of my own and not pattern after any one else. I said: "I will do it." I have no doubt but that I had the experience of holiness, but did not know it by name (like a man eating honey in the dark). But I said, "I trust the blood to cleanse me from all sin if I never get blessed." I have looked in that book since and can not find any such teaching. I believe the Lord showed me between the lines.

Thus I went for several days. One afternoon, as I was leaving the house, at the corner of Cedar and Harvard streets in the city of Haverhill, Massachusetts, the whole matter cleared up to me, as clear as the sunlight that was at that time shining through the trees on that corner. I cannot describe it any more than I could describe the light of the sun to one who is blind. But the experience of a clean heart became clear and satisfactory.

In the meantime I had been ordained and had joined the New Hampshire conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I had taken all the ordination vows required. I had answered the usual questions in the affirmative. Those questions were as follows:

"Have you saving faith in Christ?"

"Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?"

"Are you groaning after it?"

I meant all this, but did not understand what it implied or how to obtain it. But I meant to be just as good a Christian as I could be. I did not know that there was any objection by any one to having a second work of grace whereby the believer is made perfect in love. If any one had told me at that time that anyone could be a Christian and not want all the Lord had for him, I would have been amazed. How can any one that has the experience of salvation object to receiving more? I can not understand it, and how any real Christian can oppose others in their attempt to get all that the Lord has for them is still a mystery to me. I look upon it this way: He who does not hunger and thirst for all God has for him is a stranger to divine grace. If what he has is good, how can he fail to want all he can get? Those people who do not want all the grace God has shows that they do not like what they now have. We do not blame them for not wanting more. It shows that they do not have real salvation. I got it before I found out that many churchmen did not consider it the thing to have.

* * * * *

07 -- CHAPTER

I was now pastor of a large city church with entirely different surroundings. Rev. H. Dorr, my uncle, had preceded me. He told me, as he left, that they wanted me and he could not understand why they should want me. Neither could I. There had been some of the greatest preachers of the conference as former pastors. I knew I was not much of a preacher. So I resolved to make up for my deficiency by being a good pastor. So I divided the parish into such parts that I could visit every family four times a year. When I got home nights from visiting, my ankles were very lame. But I kept it up and was rewarded by large congregations.

Our district camp meeting was soon to come and our church had no tent or house in which to hold our social meetings. The society had no money and there was no appropriation for building a house or tent. But I advanced the money, bought the lumber, and helped build the house. Just before our camp meeting the National Camp Meeting Association for the promotion of holiness was advertised to be held at Old Orchard, Maine. I wanted to get the house done on our camp ground and also to go to the National at Old Orchard. I got up mornings at daylight and worked on that society house until dark. I shingled, painted, and did other work and the house was ready so that I could attend Old Orchard before our camp began.

It was the last camp that John S. Inskip ever attended. He was engaged to hold a meeting immediately following this meeting in the Bromfield Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston. He was engaged through the influence of Jacob Sleeper, one of the leading Methodist laymen of Boston, a strong advocate of holiness, for many of the leading laymen of that day professed and promoted holiness. Inskip never went to that meeting, for he was stricken with a fatal disease and was hurried home to die. His death was triumphant. In his last moments he waved a palm leaf fan and shouted, "Triumph!"

The Old Orchard meeting was a great success. The notable event of the meeting was the wonderful sermon of Dr. Daniel Steele, a member of the New England conference of the

Methodist Episcopal Church. That sermon still lingers in the memory of many. His text was, "No man can call Jesus Lord except by the Holy Ghost." His theme was, "The Holy Ghost, the Conservator of Orthodoxy." We remember his quotation from Spurgeon: "You can as soon think of a fly lighting on a red hot plate as a church having false doctrine that has the Holy Ghost." It was a written sermon. But it made a profound impression. Dr. Steele was a ripe scholar who had taught several months or years in the Boston Theological Seminary of Boston University. He was called the "John Fletcher of American Methodism." Even holiness fighters respected him for his holy life and profound scholarship. That sermon has been put in tract form. At its close, Inskip, profoundly moved, said, "Let us pray." A brother next to me, as we knelt, said, "Now you will hear a prayer indeed." So it proved. It seemed as if heaven and earth came together as he prayed. We were called home suddenly to attend a funeral and so could not witness the end of the meeting.

The camp meeting at Epping, our home camp, was held the next week. Instead of an opening sermon, George J. Judkins, the presiding elder, said, "We will have a meeting where all the preachers will take part." I sat back in the preacher's stand, thinking I would only hear what was said. He said, "I want the preachers to tell what they want to see accomplished in this meeting." To my surprise, he turned to me after one or two had spoken and asked me to tell what I wanted to see accomplished. I arose and said, "I am an old-fashioned Methodist and I have built a house here in order to have holiness meetings every day at one o'clock." The presiding elder said, "Well, I have no objection to a properly conducted holiness meeting." Every day at one o'clock we held the meeting. Our house was packed full with an eager audience, and some professed to get the blessing. Brother Fowler, afterward president of the National, who had never had sympathy with holiness, came every day and peeped around the corner to see what was going on. He told me afterwards that he was so ashamed for me to hear me say I had been sanctified that he wished the floor would open and let him down through. But he said, "Now I would stand by him if the floor was full of holes." He said this after he obtained the experience. Our meeting gathered strength every day and people who were not at all identified with holiness said it was the great spiritual power that permeated the camp meeting and was felt everywhere on the ground.

* * * * *

08 -- CHAPTER

About this time I attended Douglas camp meeting. This meeting is still held annually. Deacon George Morse of Putnam, Connecticut, a millionaire cotton manufacturer, bought a grove of pines in Douglas, Massachusetts, where the three states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut meet. It became a center of great spiritual power. Its influence permeated the whole eastern United States. During that meeting, of which I speak, Rev. Isaac Simmons of Hartford, Connecticut, preached a sermon one afternoon of great power. Brother William McDonald exhorted after the sermon. This was quite customary -- to have an exhortation after the sermon. Brother McDonald was much exercised at the condition of the Christian ministry of America and said, "If all the ministers who have professed holiness had been true in their preaching there would be a different state of things in this country." He said, "Who will be true hereafter in declaring the doctrine of holiness?" Many raised their hands. I saw under the

exhortation that I had flinched a little and raised my hand, meaning that I would no longer flinch. I meant it and acted on it when I got home. I had to unlearn a good deal of my preaching. It seemed as if I knew very little about preaching holiness. I began anew.

Pretty soon people in my church began to get the experience of holiness. Some would yield up wholly to God, while I was preaching, and get so blessed that they had to be helped home. I did not feel any power while I was preaching, but God applied the saving power just the same. I began to see that my business was to present the truth, and God would apply it whether I felt it or not.

Some years before this one of my predecessors attempted to preach holiness in my church and was requested to resign. I had all that to meet. But I said, "Lord, salary or no salary, appointment or no appointment, I will be sanctified and preach it."

The last week of January, 1885, I called a holiness convention for four days. I did not know how much it was to mean. I am certain when the recording angel reads the record it will be great. It was one of the most wonderful and far reaching meetings that I ever knew about. I called it for four days, and it ran for eleven weeks. One hundred and fifty of my church and about fifty in the neighboring Methodist Church professed the blessing. If my term had not expired, I do not know where we would have come out. Dr. Fowler, who afterwards became president of the National Holiness Association, was sanctified in that remarkable meeting.

The power of God was so manifest that if I remember correctly there was little preaching -- about two sermons. I did not ask my trustees if I could have the meeting. I took the ground that I was the leader of the spiritual interests of the church. Some found fault. The first evening Deacon Morse had a great burden in prayer for the young men of the nation, and in soul travail actually rolled in agony upon the floor. On the afternoon of the third day, during the after service at the altar, Dr. Fowler, who was pastor, of the neighboring church, spoke, criticizing our use of the term "sanctification." Deacon Morse made a reply in very kind words. The meeting broke up. On his way down the street a voice said to Brother Fowler, "Those men have something that you do not have. If it had been you, you would have struck back." He instantly said, "Then I will have what they have." That night the general class of his church met. In those days the Methodist Church was divided into classes, and each class met with a leader who instructed them in spiritual things. Once a month all the classes met together in what was called the "general class," led by the preacher. Brother Fowler opened the meeting by asking, "Do any of you know about that experience that they are talking about down at, the Wesley Church?" Two of his class leaders replied that they had known about it, but did not know about it experimentally now. He replied, "I do not know about it, and I want your prayers that I may know about it." This was like the explosion of a bomb shell, for they all thought that we were fanatics at our church. We will have to continue the account, and how Brother Fowler was led the next day into the experience, as we have not the space. It was a most marvelous affair. Like Paul of old, he was led in to an experience that he had opposed.

* * * * *

The next morning after Brother Fowler had made his confession before his church of his need and desire to obtain the experience of holiness as being advocated in the convention being held in my church, there was quite a sensation as we were told of his remarks the night before in his own church. Our morning session opened at nine o'clock. As we knelt for prayer, the prayers of all were of deep interest in Brother Fowler. He was mentioned by name. After quite a lengthy prayer service we arose from our knees, and Brother Fowler, who had come in while we were praying and had heard the prayers offered for him, came down the aisle to the front crying, and said, "I opposed you yesterday, and I want you to pray for me now." Deacon Morse said, "Let us pray." So he led in the praying. He said, "O Lord, thou knowest that this man has been a great evangelist and has led many souls to Christ. What a power and help he will be to the cause of holiness if he becomes sanctified." His prayer continued much in the same vein. Brother Fowler told me afterwards that he thought it would make him sick to be prayed for in that manner.

When we arose from our knees, Brother Fowler said, "You made a mistake praying for me in that fashion." "Deacon Morse saw it, and said, "Let us pray." So we knelt again and Deacon Morse said, "O Lord, cast the devil out of this man." Brother Fowler told me afterwards, "I thought that was very tough on me, right before some of my church members. But I felt that if the devil was in me, I surely wanted him cast out, and if he was not in me, I did not propose to let him in." So the praying went on until every one seemed to have finished. Then we arose from our knees. It was just twelve o'clock noon, as the noon whistles were blowing. Brother Fowler said, "I take it by faith and I am looking for the experience of a clean heart as a man looks for the dawning of the morning." He then turned to me and said, "I want you to forgive me." I said, "For what?" He replied, "I have not stood by you as I should." He told me later that he had been making sport of me behind my back.

The meeting went right on. He did not appear that afternoon or evening. The next day was Saturday, and I went down town and was gone all the morning. When I returned for dinner, my wife said, "Have you seen Brother Fowler?" I said, "No." She replied, "He has been here and he has got the experience. I hastened to get to his house and he met me at the door and said, "O," as we both laughed and cried. "O, such a sense of cleanness! It came to me this morning about two o'clock, and I told my wife I must get right up to Brother McLaughlin's and tell him about it." His wife said, "No, not at this time of night." He replied, "I must." She said, "If you go, I will go, too." So he decided to remain until morning. He then said to me, "We will shine in the conference." He did not realize but that everyone would be glad to hear of it. We did shine, but it was the shining of targets. We were shining targets and many were the shafts that were hurled at us. We did not know then that it was not real "pretty" to be sanctified. We did not know that one great proof of the carnal mind in believers is the opposition to those having full salvation. We thought every one would be glad.

That glorious work broke out anew from the hour that Brother Fowler was entirely sanctified. The work went on every day for ten weeks. It spread into the neighboring denominations, until there were professors of the grace of entire sanctification in the Baptist, Advent and Congregational churches of that city. My pastorate closed and I was compelled to remove, but Brother Fowler went on with it for several years.

There was one remarkable instance of the many that might be mentioned that we will relate. There was an aged brother in my church who had been much disturbed over the matter of holiness. He finally said, as we opened the convention, "I am going to look into this matter again and if I cannot understand it, I will forever let it alone." I sent a layman from a distance to his house to be entertained. He had one favorite passage of Scripture that he had bolstered himself up on. It was: "First the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear." He thought it taught that we grow into holiness. One morning before breakfast, as he was talking to this layman and could not get anything definite in his conclusions, the layman said finally, "Can you say your alphabet?" He replied, "Of course, I can." The layman said, "Say it after me. Say A." He did. "Say B." He did, and so he went on until the layman suddenly said, "Say the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth me from all sin." He hesitated a moment, and then said, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth me from all sin." As he said this, his faith grasped the promise and the Holy Spirit answered his faith and the work of sanctification was wrought in his heart: The next morning, as he was rejoicing in his new experience, he thought he would see how his favorite text corresponded with his new experience, as he read the passage. Suddenly he shouted to his wife, who was in the kitchen, "Wife, come in here quick. Here is our favorite passage" 'First the blade, and then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.' I never saw it so before. It says 'after that the full corn in the ear.' I see it now." He remained faithful unto death and told to the world far and near of his experience.

* * * * *

10 -- CHAPTER

I went to the annual conference. During the conference the presiding elder came to me and asked if I was willing to go to Laconia. I had resolved to say nothing about my appointment, but leave it wholly in the hands of the authorities. As I told the presiding elder this, he said, "Well, the bishop will have to be your presiding elder." So my name was read off for Laconia. This is one of the most important manufacturing towns in New Hampshire. The society was much run down, and it was considered as a punishment for my preaching holiness. I did not consider it a punishment, and got a great deal of credit for keeping sweet, that I did not deserve. It was an unjust estimate, for I did not consider it punishment. It proved to be one of the best appointments I ever had. I really thought that if I let God have his way nothing I might suffer would make any difference. I found the church torn asunder by politics.

The last preacher had brought partisan politics into the pulpit. I said to myself, "They will forget about politics, for I shall preach something that will cause them to forget." The first sermon that I preached was a declaration that I intended to preach holiness. As they had often heard preachers start out with a declaration of what they were to do, who had not lived up to their proposal, nothing was thought of the matter.

A venerable brother who was the oldest and most saintly man. in the community, and had the experience of holiness, came to me at the close. He had recognized what I meant, as no one else was sufficiently spiritual to know what I meant. He said, "Brother, you are going to have a good time here." He died very suddenly a few days later and I was left without a single witness to the blessing.

I preached his funeral sermon from the text, "Mark the perfect man." I defined holiness or Christian perfection both negatively and positively and said, "He was a possessor of this blessing, and you know he was the best man in town." The brother had been very shabbily treated because of his testimony in days past, and I was glad to hold him up as a model witness to the blessing. The battle began from that sermon. It was reported that I said in the sermon that I had not sinned for six years. I had said nothing about myself. This is the usual treatment that holiness preachers receive. Jesus, Stephen and Paul were falsely accused, and why should any of us expect any better treatment? A weekly local newspaper was started at this time and the editor said in his prospectus that one object of the paper was to expose fanaticism. It was generally supposed that he meant my preaching. But as a prominent woman who was a relative of the editor in the meantime obtained the blessing his exposition of fanaticism never materialized. The Lord spiked that gun.

Now the battle was begun. But every little while some one would get the blessing in spite of the opposition. A brother who was considered one of the leaders in the church took me to one side after our annual meeting and told me how I should preach. He said, "Preach to sinners, brother; and you will have a good time." I had lost my voice in the camp meeting by singing and talking and shouting in the open air and I could not reply. But the next Sunday I had recovered my voice and I had my say. I said in the morning sermon, "When I preach to sinners they say, 'Just look at the condition of your church,' and when I preach to the church, you say, 'Look at the lost and preach to them.' When I see a man put on a tight boot and make a face it is either because it fits too well or because he has corns." The congregation roared with laughter. I had not intended to make anyone laugh, but the brother never troubled me again.

At the close of the year he went to one of the leading trustees and said, "What about the preacher for another year?" The reply was, "Why, of course we want to keep our present preacher." The old brother said, "Yes, but he preaches holiness all the time." "Yes, but sinners are being converted all the time. I do not care if a man preaches the Second Advent all the time, if men are being converted." "Yes," rejoined the brother, "but how about the finances?" The reply was, "They are in the best condition they have ever been in." So the matter was dropped.

It was reported that when the old brother died, all the testimony he gave was he was glad he had been a Methodist.

In our next we will tell how wonderfully God caused us to triumph with a constant revival for three years. The preacher a few years later told us of his own accord that he had looked over the church register and found that there were more people joined the church during those three years than in all the history of the church for more than forty years. So much for holiness preaching.

* * * * *

The glorious work in Laconia went on to great victory. Not, however, without some opposition. Some of my trustees were very much incensed. One of them stopped me once in a public service. I did not reply to him. He would not, after all, speak to me when he met me. Later, in the time of a revival, he came before the congregation and asked my forgiveness. It had a great effect on the audience. The congregations increased and so did the number of conversions. Those were the golden days of my pastoral work. The church building became too small and had to be enlarged. We raised the money for the enlargement before hand. On the night of the dedication one of the neighboring pastors, who was present, said, "I do not understand it." That is the way holiness breaks up and divides churches, as some say in accusation.

John Wesley said that where holiness is constantly preached the work of God prospers in all its branches. During the three years of that pastorate not a church member died, although some were very sick. God answered prayer and none of them died. We wished that the term of the three years' time limit had not expired. I wish it could have gone on, that I might have seen how that glorious work would have developed. There were some wonderful experiences. The leading sister of the church was much opposed and said some very cutting words. But God was undertaking in her case. After five months I called a holiness convention. We had many workers from abroad, This woman, when the convention was called, said to herself, "Now that hateful subject will come up. We have always entertained some of the workers in extra meetings, and they will bring up that hateful subject and I can not endure it. I know what I will do. I will take up our two carpets and beat them myself and make myself sick so that I will not have to take any workers into my home." She did so. Her husband came to me and said, "We cannot entertain anyone, for my wife is sick." The meeting went on with power and people were being sanctified. On the morning of the fourth day she was rested and said to herself, "I will go to meeting today and see how it is going."

In the morning meeting she was present. I asked an Episcopalian brother to lead the meeting. He opened with prayer. He prayed for the family where he was entertained. As the circumstances of that family and her family were identically the same, she thought he was praying for her family. He said, "O Lord, bless the brother who was forward seeking the blessing last night." She said, "That means my husband." He then added, "Bless the young lady that was forward seeking the blessing." She said, "That is my daughter." But it was not. It was the young lady where he was entertained. Then he added, "Lord, bless the invalid sister at home." He meant the sister where he was entertained. She said to herself, "That means me." She was so angry that she arose from her knees and went home. When we arose from our knees I noticed that she was not there and was some surprised. She went home and paced the floor and said, "O Lord, it is too bad to be made an example, and be prayed for in public."

She thought that I had posted the leader of the meeting and had told him about her case. Then she said to herself, "Why, you are under conviction." After dinner she went upstairs to her room and knelt by her bedside and said, "O Lord, I will never leave this place until you give me a clean heart." Just as she said these words her little boy came to the foot of the stairs and said, "Mother, you said you would go to meeting with me this afternoon." She replied, "Yes, I will be right along." Then she said, "Why, I promised the Lord I would never leave this place until he gave me a clean heart. What shall I do? I never told that boy a lie in my life. Can't I trust the

Lord the way that boy trusts me? Yes, I do." She arose from her knees, put on her hat and shawl, and came down stairs and went with the boy to the meeting. Joshua Gill preached. At the close of his sermon he said, "All that have received a clean heart stand up." She arose with the rest. She said afterwards that I looked as if I did not believe it. But I saw a new light in her face. The Lord hangs out his sign in the countenance when the work is done. After Dr. Fowler received his experience his face wonderfully shone. Even unconverted people noticed. She spoke and said, "I have lately received a clean heart. If you want me to go to that altar, I am willing." Brother Gill said, "I think you had better come and show your colors." As she went down the aisle the meeting was mightily stirred, for she had been the prominent woman of the church. It was a great sensation, for she had been an opposer.

That woman was faithful to her testimony and experience of holiness unto her death. She was a great instrument in building the kingdom of God.

In our next article we shall give another striking example of the power of entire consecration in helping on the work and kingdom of God.

* * * * *

12 -- CHAPTER

We rejoice that it has been our privilege to see one church, at least, who were nearly all witnesses to the experience of entire sanctification as a second work of grace, and were closely united like one family. The adversaries of the second work of grace had no criticism of that work as far as its making any division. It is not holiness that makes division in churches. It is carnality that does that. Had the universal church retained the experience of holiness through the baptism with the Holy Ghost there would not have been so many divisions and denominations. You can never weld two pieces of cold iron. It takes fire to unite them. When they are hot they can be united. Now, if one piece is hot and the other cold they can not be united. But if they are not welded it is the fault of the piece that does not have the fire. Do not blame the part of the church that has the fire for division. Blame the piece that refuses to get the fire.

But, alas, that perfectly united victorious church cooled off by a succession of pastors who cooled off the people. In about three changes of pastorate that unified church was divided. The pastor got into a woman scandal, and as the result part of the church withdrew with him and formed another church. If it had been holiness preaching, would we not have heard a great deal about it? It was the want of holiness on the part of the pastor who did not believe in the "second blessing."

One of the saddest experiences of a holiness preacher is to see a work that he has built up slaughtered by non-holiness preachers. But there were some that stood in spite of the storm. They have done great things for God. There was a young woman in that church, of very quiet disposition, who did a mighty work after she received the baptism with the Holy Ghost. She came to me one day much perplexed and said, "I do not see how we can be saved from evil thoughts." I explained that there is a difference between evil thoughts and thoughts of evil. I said, "You can not help a wicked man from ringing your door bell, but if you let him into the house,

then your responsibility begins. So it is with a thought of evil that comes to you. It does not become an evil thought until you welcome it."

She saw the point, and gave herself to God in complete consecration. A year after we had moved away, I got a letter from her. She said, "Can you recommend me to the Deaconess Home of Chicago? When your wife started that missionary society I thought it a very stupid affair. But since I have found the way, I want to be a missionary." I sent the recommendation to Lucy Rider Meyer, the founder of the first Deaconess work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This young woman went to China and founded one of the most flourishing schools that the M. E. Church has in China, at Chengtu, western China. She remained there about thirty years and has since returned to America to enjoy a well merited rest. When Lucy Rider Meyer published her book on the American Deaconess she put this young woman's picture in the frontis piece of the book as the model American Deaconess, where it may be seen today.

Some years ago the editor of one of the Christian Advocates of the Methodist Episcopal Church published a scathing editorial, saying that the professors of holiness were on the mountain top enjoying themselves, while a sinful, needy world was at the base of the mountain in great need. He also named the Christian Witness as one of the agencies that encouraged this. We replied that if his strictures were true, it was also a reflection on Jesus, for Jesus was on the mountain top with the three disciples. In this young woman's experience it was entire consecration that made her efficient.

In a thousand instances that we could mention entire consecration has made men and women most efficient. We could fill the Witness with instances of the kind. The devil tries to spike the Lord's best gun by frightening the church from its greatest arm of efficiency. He has made many of the church believe that our greatest power is fanaticism.

* * * * *

13 -- CHAPTER

The revival of holiness swept through the New Hampshire conference. In four years, from the time of that gracious meeting in my church in Haverhill, there were about thirty preachers who were identified with the work. But, as always has been the case where there is a spiritual work, its worst enemies have been unspiritual ecclesiastics. This was the case in that four years' revival under Jesus. His worst enemies were ecclesiastical leaders of the church. The worst enemies that Wesley had were the ecclesiastics. Sometimes even the curates of the church led the mobs against him. Martin Luther, Charles G. Finney and others of like spiritual work were opposed by unspiritual leaders. This is nothing against the church. We must not blame the church if the pirates sometimes get possession of the ship.

I desire to write with moderation. But I am giving the facts of history. It is not men but principles that I am trying to show. I am showing how inbred sin works in those who have not gone on to get rid of it. Well meaning men have been sadly betrayed to oppose holiness, thinking they were doing God service.

Rev. C. J. Fowler was the strong man in our work. He was peculiarly gifted. He was a man endowed with great logical and forensic power. His was logic set on fire. One of the ecclesiastics not pronounced on holiness admitted to me that there was no answer to his logic. He called it "inexorable logic." At the end of Brother Fowler's pastorate at Haverhill, Massachusetts, he was sent to what is now called Somersworth. The church there was perhaps the most conservative in the conference (that is a mild term to give it). Take a red hot iron and plunge it into ice water, and we get an illustration of the effect. But in spite of the surroundings there were some notable cases of salvation "even in Sardis." But, as in all cases of persecution from the experience of Jesus, Stephen, Paul, and others, the great weapon of carnality is misrepresentation and false accusation.

One day Brother Fowler met one of his church members on the street and spoke to him about his soul. The man was very angry. Brother Fowler said, "I do not want to see you go to hell." The man replied, "You mind your business, and I will mind mine." This was taken to the presiding elder, and as usual in such cases it was perverted. It was misrepresented thus: Brother Fowler told one of his members that because he did not get the experience of holiness he would go to hell. But the experience of holiness was not mentioned. The man was far from being a candidate for holiness. The presiding elder was a good man. I believe he has gone to heaven. He meant well. He really believed that Brother Fowler had said it; although we heard that this presiding elder himself said years before this, when there was no revival of holiness, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

When the annual conference met the case was all prepared against the whole holiness work, with attack on Brother Fowler. The latter had asked for a supernumerary relation, as he wished to go with a ministerial party to Palestine and did not want a pastorate that year. It was made to appear that he was seeking to return to Somersworth. Every day, more or less, the case of Brother Fowler was discussed in the cabinet of the bishop and presiding elders. One of the elders asked the bishop to send for Brother Fowler and talk with him, but in vain. So when the time came to admit the class of young preachers to conference (that is usually the time when, if a bishop has anything against a conference, he lets it be known), he took the occasion to whip Brother Fowler and also those who had been advocating holiness and carrying on the holiness revival. He opened his address by saying that he had written a book on the subject of holiness, and hence was before the church as one who believed in it. Then he chastised those "who were dividing churches by preaching holiness" and tried to show that it was absurd for boys to be preaching holiness, it was very severe. Some of the young preachers were frightened and some of them said, "If the bishop is going to oppose our work of holiness we shall do nothing about it further." I said to Brother Fowler, "He did not mean you in particular." "Yes, he did."

The leading layman of the conference heard what was going on and wrote to the bishop, and although not identified with the holiness work, he said, "It is too bad to have such a man crucified by people who are not spiritual enough to comprehend his spiritual status." The next morning the bishop said to his cabinet, "I have received a remarkable letter, and I should judge from it that Brother Fowler is one of your leading men." One presiding elder said, "He is." But it was too late; the mischief had been wrought. The next day in conference Brother Fowler wrote a note to his presiding elder, saying, "You know I asked you to ask the conference for a supernumerary relation." The presiding elder then did what he should have done before and

which would have averted the mistaken attack. This meant the slaughter of the work of holiness in the conference. That conference has never been the same since.

The year before the presiding elder of another district in his annual report spoke of the great work in his district; spoke of the revival fires that had been lighted from Connecticut Lake on the north to the Merrimac River on the south; of the church debts paid; of the church buildings improved, and the general prosperity, and declared, as can be seen in the minutes of that year, that it was all by reason of the preaching of the "Wesleyan doctrine of holiness. While the conflict was going on in the cabinet the bishop asked the question, "How about that McLaughlin?" My presiding elder spoke up and said, "He has the best working church in this region." So my case was dropped.

I felt righteously indignant at the unfairness. I wrote to the Christian Witness an article showing the true status of things.

The next month (May) the general conference met in Brooklyn. One day Rev. Alexander McLain of the New York East conference, who was one of the stenographers, and had lately become assistant editor of the Christian Witness, went across the platform of the conference in the noon hour and when the conference was not in session, and saw the bishop reading the Christian Witness. When he saw Brother McLain, he said, "Here is a paper that Alexander McLain is fostering," and tore the paper in two and threw it behind him. Brother McLain took it up and found it was the Witness that had my article in it. There has never been much revival spirit in that conference since. It has had to depend much on missionary money, as never before, to keep the small charges going.

New Hampshire conference is a striking example of the blessing that holiness preaching brings to the whole work of God, and the sad state of things when ecclesiastics oppose the work of God.

* * * * *

14 -- CHAPTER

As that memorable conference was near its close one of the presiding elders came to me and asked me to see Brother Fowler and try to persuade him to go to a certain appointment. It required some grace, as it was an appointment that I was expected to go to myself and was considered a very fine appointment. But I went to him and did my best to persuade him. But he said, "No, I have sharp convictions in the matter. I have decided to go with the party to Palestine."

As my three years were filled up, I was read off as pastor at Exeter, New Hampshire. This is a large, aristocratic town. Very dead in every way. It is the seat of one of the most famous academies in the United States. It is a town where the caste spirit is very strong. Our church was looked upon as a class of good people, but not up to the social grade of the place. Some told me, "You will find a different class of people from that you have been serving." I found some of the

best I ever knew. They were mostly Scotch-Irish, and most of the church were in the experience of holiness.

Exeter is historic ground. Here George Whitefield preached his last sermon, by the roadside, and went that afternoon to Newberryport, a large town in Massachusetts, at the mouth of the Merrimac river, ten miles from Exeter. There is a marble block by the roadside in Exeter with this inscription: "George Whitefield preached his last sermon here."

That night he was waited on by citizens of Newberryport at his hotel. He arose and stood on the balcony and with a candle in his hand spoke to them until the candle went out. He retired to rest and woke up in heaven. He was buried in a crypt under the pulpit of one of the Congregational churches of Newberryport. I once visited the place and entered the vault and saw his coffin opened and saw what remained of his bones. Exeter was also the home of one of the last Wesleyan Methodist churches of New England. Dr. J. M. Buckley, the great editor of the New York Christian Advocate, was the last pastor. It was thought that he had incipient consumption and he resigned. He was often in those days at our home in New Market nearby. He was always in an argument. I had one aunt that seemed to be a match for him in argument. I met him many years afterwards at a camp meeting. He said, "Anyone would know you by your face." I said, "How else would you know anyone?" He replied, "We know some by their voice." He told me that William Taylor, who was then advocating faith missions and was recruiting a party of holiness people for Africa independent of any church board, on the faith line for support, "was driving a team of horses on the edge of a precipice." William Taylor took those missionaries to Africa and founded several Methodist conferences, even if Bishop Merrill had called his principles "the miserable whims of William Taylor." This was a public statement. Dr. Buckley afterwards joined the New Hampshire conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was stationed at Manchester, New Hampshire.

I was given a warm welcome at Exeter. I was the only Methodist preacher who had been appointed, who had attended that famous academy. Some of the professors were quite cordial until they learned that I was a preacher of holiness, and then I got the cold shoulder. But I had by this time got used to it. It was in my consecration.

A little before this the National Holiness Association was invited to hold a camp meeting at Hamilton, Massachusetts. Formerly the Methodists went to Eastham, on Cape Cod, but now they had bought a camp ground in Hamilton. Inskip and McDonald were the leaders. The meeting was a great success. We heard it mentioned for many years afterwards. Its influence was great all through New England. It culminated in the famous Boston Monday Holiness Meeting, one of the strongest meetings ever held in America on the line of holiness. One great reason for its power, from the human standpoint, was the policy never to have inferior or indefinite leaders. It was clear cut. Some of our so-called holiness associations of today might get a hint from this.

One of the marked results of Hamilton camp meeting was the sanctification of Rev. John Short, who became a mighty holiness preacher who exerted great influence upon the holiness preachers of New England. He and Joshua Gill were great factors in that era in spreading holiness and were the means of the founding of the Boston Holiness Meeting. As I was at Exeter (only about forty miles from Boston), I was a frequent attendant on that meeting and was much

helped by it. At this time Brothers McDonald and Gill brought the Advocate of Holiness from Philadelphia. John S. Inskip had been its editor, but now William McDonald became his successor. As the work had grown so much, it was thought best to change it into a semi-monthly paper under the name of the Christian Witness and Advocate of Holiness. Dr. Watson once said in my hearing, "It is the greatest name in the world." It was later issued weekly.

Brother McGill bought out a printing office on Federal street and began to publish holiness books. But it was too great a burden to carry. At this time Zion's Herald, the New England Methodist organ, attacked the Witness most unmercifully. It was accused of being a money making scheme, by which we were all getting rich. The fact of it was, we did not have capital enough to handle our business. They did us good service, for their false accusations actually helped our credit with those we owed. We had hard work to keep the business going with such small capital.

* * * * *

15 -- CHAPTER

By this time the revival of holiness was gathering strength and power. Like all spiritual movements it was unselfish and sought to expand and carry on the work everywhere. It is a sure proof that any work or individual experience is of God by its desire to bless others. The spirit of true religion is unselfish. It seeks to benefit others. It leads beyond all national and racial barriers. It is world-wide in its ministry. It knows no north or south. With Madame Guyon it says, "My country is in every clime." Therefore, as it expanded in its work and sympathies, two notable holiness expeditions manifested its spirit.

The first we note in importance and time was the expedition around the world. The workers were John S. Inskip, William McDonald, John A. Woods, William Boole and their wives. Their chief work was in southern India, where two self-supporting conferences had sprung up as the result of the evangelistic work of William Taylor, the greatest world traveler in evangelistic work since the Apostle Paul. He was afterward made missionary bishop.

After a campaign in India, they returned to America by the way of San Francisco, where they held a meeting for several days in a big tent. The meeting was severely opposed by the roughs and hoodlums of that city. There were two notable events that took place, although the meeting was not, from outward appearances, very successful. One night, when the hoodlums outside the tent were very boisterous and threatening, a most remarkable affair took place. A man was suddenly taken with a most extraordinary power that seemed to overwhelm him. He rolled and tumbled and tossed about the tent and all over the outer edge of the tent in a manner never before seen in those parts.

Brother McDonald, as we have heard him describe it, said it was no doubt a divine manifestation. Its effect would seem to prove this, for there was no more trouble with the jeering, turbulent mob.

Another event that took place there was the conversion of a young man who was a printer by trade. He felt afterwards called to preach the gospel. He joined the Presbyterian Church and graduated from one of their theological seminaries. He later experienced the blessing of entire sanctification. His name was Edwin F. Walker. He was thoroughly imbued with Arminianism and Wesleyan doctrine. He became an evangelist with great success, and finally was elected superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene. He and myself started into the evangelistic work at the same camp meeting at Silver Heights camp at New Albany, Indiana, in 1891. I remember him having one night a Wonderful manifestation of the Holy Spirit at one of the camp meetings of that place, for I attended nine years in succession and witnessed the wonderful development of that camp meeting from year to year. I visited Brother Walker's grave at Alhambra, California, only yesterday (May 2) and gazed on the headstone with this inscription upon it, "He did what he could to help others to God and holiness." I shall never forget it, and I had rather have such an inscription on my tombstone than to have my name written in the Hall of Fame in our national capital.

From San Francisco, the National with its big tent went to Salt Lake City, and began a meeting in the big tent. Up to that time there had been no free speech, the heritage that our fathers brought to us, in that city. Everything must be approved by the heads of Mormonism. But the National went there fearlessly and said what it had to say. Brigham Young had said that if the United States authority came there he would "eat them up." One morning when the sun arose it shone on the mountain that overlooked the city and revealed United States troops with cannon trained on that city. They had come up in the night. Uncle Sam had shown his authority.

It was at this time that the big tent was set up. One night Rev. William Boole felt called of God to show up Mormonism with all its evils. The tent was filled, mostly with Mormons. Brother Boole preached with no uncertain sound. He gave Mormonism a most searching and scathing investigation. Brigham Young was there and his city police. They were there to keep his own people in line and prevent their attack. He knew better than have any trouble. Sometimes during the presentation of the searching truth they had hard work to keep their own people in line. Brigham evidently knew that it was not safe to allow any attack, for the United States troops were within call at Camp Douglas.

After the sermon a company of miners, who were at work nearby and were not Mormons, filed into the altar and stood between the preachers and the audience. They had come fully armed to defend the preachers, if it had been necessary. The meeting went on to the advertised time of closing, and the brethren went to their homes in the east.

It was a holiness meeting that first exercised the right of free speech and opened the way for other religions in that state. I shall in a future article tell my experience in the second meeting that the National held in Ogden, the second city of Utah.

* * * * *

There was another expedition about this time that fully illustrated the aggressive, benevolent spirit of genuine Scriptural holiness. It was the expedition under William Taylor, an evangelist whose birthplace was West Virginia. He had great success in winning souls in Canada and England. Then he went to India and had a marvelous revival, the fruits of which remain. One of the converts of that revival is Bishop Oldham. Then he went to South Africa and saw 10,000 raw heathen converted. This restless, aggressive evangelist then went to South America (shipping as a common sailor to save passage money), and started a chain of missions that are still in existence.

By this time the Methodist Episcopal Church recognized this God-called local preacher and made him bishop of Africa. The National Association for the Promotion of Holiness had already elected him to its membership.

His policy was different from the usual methods. He did not take the usual procedure of support from the missionary board of the church, but proposed, if he could find the men and women, to go out to Africa on the faith line and get their support from other sources. So he made the call for volunteers for Africa for men and women who were ready to sacrifice all for the love of Jesus and go to Africa without salary or pledged support. This was exceedingly distasteful to the ecclesiastical authorities. It was called fanatical and foolhardy.

Again the holiness people of America upset the assertions that holiness people are a sect that live only for their own selfish enjoyment, and when Bishop Taylor advertised his plan and called for missionaries and funds to carry on his project, more than twenty men and women responded. Some whole families were included. The holiness people all over the land and in England responded with their funds that made their going possible, and when later it was found necessary to build a steamer for the Congo river the money was raised. The Christian Witness raised thousands of dollars for these purposes.

The band of missionaries started from a holiness convention held in the DeKalb Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn; Rev. H. McBride, pastor. When the convention of several days was finished they went from it to the harbor in Brooklyn and embarked for Africa. They sailed on a damp, foggy day. Dr. Asbury Lowrey, editor of Divine Life, as he bade Bishop Taylor farewell, said, "Bishop, good bye; for I never expect to see you again." The reply of Bishop Taylor was, "That will depend on whether you are here or not when I get back." As they were about to sail, he said to William McDonald, "Brother McDonald, I will not bid you good bye, for I am coming back, for God has never failed me yet."

He did come back. He did accomplish what he hoped. There are two Methodist Episcopal conferences in Africa as the result. Six of those missionaries are in California spending the evening of their days after having been in Africa for many years. One who was Bishop Taylor's right hand man, Dr. Levi Johnson, is quite active yet. Herbert Withey, who went out as a boy, remained in Africa and has translated the Bible into one of the native vernaculars, and that work is prospering in that hopeful field. His father, one of the missionaries, is a very active regular attendant at the monthly meetings of the Southern California Holiness Association.

And Africa is only one of the points where the holiness revival has touched the whole earth and been made fruitful. This kind of work has been going on among the holiness people right along. It was Phoebe Palmer and her husband, the first prominent holiness evangelists of America, who made the endowment that started missions in China. The conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China are the result of her endowment.

* * * * *

17 -- CHAPTER

At the time of which I have been writing I was in my second year as pastor at Exeter, New Hampshire. During the third and last year I felt called to join my fortune, so to speak, with the Christian Witness. This is the oldest holiness paper in the world, being now over sixty years of age. John S. Inskip was the first editor of the Advocate of Holiness, a magazine published in Philadelphia. This was brought to Boston by William McDonald and Joshua Gill and changed into a weekly paper by the name of the Christian Witness and Advocate of Holiness, a name that it still bears. At first it was a semi-monthly, and its success was so marked that it was changed to a weekly. I wrote the Sunday School lessons from the beginning. Later the Highway and Banner of Holiness were both incorporated into it. Then later the Guide to Holiness was also incorporated. That magazine was successfully edited by Phoebe Palmer and her sister until their deaths. So the Christian Witness is the result of the incorporation of three other periodicals.

This was the state of things when Zion's Herald, in its attack, said the Witness was making money. At the time of which I speak it was in debt that seemed to overwhelm it. I was made associate editor with William McDonald and Joshua Gill. I found a relative that was willing to lend me ten thousand dollars without security (another providence), paid interest on that money for nearly twenty years, and worked without any salary except enough to pay that interest.

Very few know how much we had to sacrifice, and live most frugally to make things go. There was one night (some years later) that it seemed as if we had got as far as we could go and the paper must suspend. My wife and I got down before the Lord on our knees and said, "Lord, we have gone as far as we can go in our own strength. We can do no more, and if you want the paper to go on, you will have to help us out." From that very time the hard knots began to untie. We hardly know how it was done, but things began to brighten and the Witness went on. I said at that time, "I wonder if the holiness people know how much we are undergoing, and would they allow it if they knew?"

In this my last year at Exeter I went to Boston twice a week and made up the paper as manager, and carried on my work as pastor. My three years' limit as pastor had been reached. I asked the conference to give me a supernumerary relation, which they did. The west seemed to be opening for the holiness work. I went to Chicago and opened an office in the Methodist building, while Joshua Gill carried on the main business in Boston.

From that time for twenty-five years I traveled as evangelist from New Brunswick to Long Beach, California, in twenty-two states and the District of Columbia, and saw many saved

and sanctified in those twenty-five years. I helped in the camp meeting at Silver Heights, New Albany, Indiana. This was a camp meeting just started, under the devoted leadership of that lovely character, Harvey Conner. He was a layman filled with the Holy Ghost. He had very little money, but the people had such confidence in him that they came to his help in the enterprise. Where that great tabernacle now stands as his monument, we began with a tent.

That first meeting was remarkable in several particulars. It was remarkable in that it was the starting point of several evangelists. That wonderful evangelist, Dr. Beverly Carradine, had just left the pastorate to enter evangelistic work and the world has heard much of him since. He had already distinguished himself by his attacks on the iniquitous Louisiana lottery. I remember it was especially notable that he spent much time in devotions, although it was very difficult to be alone at that camp. He told us in a sermon that his presiding elder a little while before that had warned him that if he did not desist in his course as a holiness pastor, he would have to send him to a smaller appointment. He said to the elder that he reminded him of one of the Uncle Remus stories to children, of the hunter who told the rabbit that he was of a mind to throw him over in a bramble patch. The rabbit said, "O do not do it." The reply was, "I will, because you do not want to be thus thrown." He did, and as the rabbit went over the fence he said, "Glory, I was brought up here."

E. F. Walker was there also launching out with great zeal in the evangelistic work, and our dear friend, H. C. Morrison, was there also. I preached one morning on the text, "He that is born of God doth not commit sin," and urged people to be sanctified as a help to keeping justified. I gave the invitation, and two young men came seeking a clean heart. One of them was Brother Morrison. It was the first time I had ever seen him. I have watched his marvelous success since then. Although he did not get the blessing that morning, he did soon after. What a wonderful help he has been in spreading holiness. He will have many stars.

Just before that meeting I went to Ida Grove, Iowa, where we had a most gracious meeting with the presiding elder of the district. Chaplain McCabe, afterwards Bishop McCabe, was there in the interest of foreign missions. The day that he was to speak he could not speak, for the tide broke loose and the morning prayer meeting ran into the noon hour, about four hours. People would get saved, and then go out afterwards and bring in their unsaved friends. Brother McCabe said, "Well, never mind about the preaching. Our object is to get men saved, and if we can do it without preaching, it is all right." In the afternoon he raised a great amount of missionary money. It was wonderful how the people gave.

* * * * *

18 -- CHAPTER

I had now arrived at Chicago and was providentially led to settle in Evanston, that classical city, home of the Northwestern University. We were entertained, until our goods came, in the home of Allan Vane, one of the Lord's own. He moved afterwards to Los Angeles and died there in the triumphs of faith. I preached the funeral sermon of his widow, who lived to the good old age of one hundred and three. She had been a very active evangelist in her day.

I found in Evanston that the widow of Bishop Hamline had led a holiness meeting there for years. But she had passed away. We opened our home for a weekly holiness meeting which was largely attended by students from Northwestern University (especially of the theological school). I ought to say that my wife led the meetings mostly, for I was away in the evangelistic field much of the time. The meetings were well attended, and there are ministers in the pastorate that were helped into the experience of holiness in those meetings. I find some in California who speak of the help they got in the meetings, and take an open stand for holiness.

The second summer I was called with Brother Fowler to hold the camp meeting of the Los Angeles district of the Southern California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Bresee was the presiding elder. Long Beach is now a city of about 100,000 population. It was here that we held the camp. Then there were about fifteen hundred people in town. Where the beaches are now, built up with pleasure houses, there was not a building of any kind. There was not a church in town either. The Methodist Episcopal Church meetings were held in a rink that would hold a thousand people, and we preached three times a day to a full house. Leslie Gay, who has just passed away, and who was one of the charter members of the Church of the Nazarene, wrote up the meeting for the Christian Witness. He said it was a great meeting in numbers and souls saved and the amount of money raised. Brother Fowler and I did all the preaching. We alternated. It was estimated that there were a thousand seekers of definite second blessing holiness. I counted seventy-five seekers after preaching one night. There were some events that transpired that I shall never forget. I remember one night, as we arose from our knees, that a man arose and said, "I have always wanted to be as good a Christian as I could be, but there has always been one thing that bothered me." He now thrust his hand down deep in his pocket and drew up a large plug of tobacco and held it up, saying, "Take it, if any one has a shovel and tongs." Brother Fowler after the service took it and carried it home to put in his cabinet of curiosities.

Brother Fowler one night preached a sermon, in which he likened a justified experience to a bottle of water with sediment in the bottle that roiled the water when stirred up. He illustrated it by a bottle of water which he held up. The next morning a man arose in the early meeting and said, "O that awful bottle! I could not sleep all night for seeing it." He was a California state senator who had been to Omaha and got under conviction at Dr. Keen's Pentecostal meetings at the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church a month previous. He went to the altar and prayed through. The next morning he arose again and said, "My experience this morning is like my experience when I came out here in the days of the gold fever. I struck a claim half way up the mountain and was getting an ounce of gold a day. One morning one of my brother miners came down from above and said, 'Pack up your traps while I go to the settlement for provisions, for I have struck two ounces a day higher up.' That is the way I feel this morning. I have struck two ounces higher up." Of course, any one could see that two ounces a day was no reflection on the one ounce; only it was better. We often wonder why people think we are reflecting on regeneration when we say entire sanctification is the second blessing. It is only two ounces higher up. They sometimes say, "Do you think we have no religion?" We are casting no reflection on one ounce when we speak of two.

That glorious meeting, called for ten days, went on until we had been there twelve days. There was a thousand seekers by conservative estimate. It shows what can be accomplished

when a presiding elder, or district superintendent, really encourages the work of second blessing holiness. It always succeeds.

Abel Stevens, the prince of Methodist historians, says that one great reason for the marvelous success of Methodism was because every minister at the time of his ordination professed to have been entirely sanctified or was seeking after it. In these days, when we are no longer an aggressive evangelistic power and never officially push holiness work, any one can see why we do not get men saved in numbers, as we once did. Even a child can see why it is. It is said that old people always think that the former times were better than these. And why? Because every dispensation and spiritual event in history has had its rise, decline, and fall. Why? Because after a time the movement gets loaded up with those who, like the camp followers of Israel, go along because of the virtue of the movement. They seem to think that somehow it may bring them salvation to be connected with the movement. They think that numbers are an indication of spiritual progress.

* * * * *

19 -- CHAPTER

The second national camp meeting held in Utah was at Ogden. This is the second city of size and influence in Mormondom. It is one of the most beautiful cities in the west, well built and up-to-date in all particulars. We noticed as we went about everywhere the signs "Holiness Unto the Lord" on all kinds of buildings from the theaters to the shops and stores. And yet they were the people who were guilty of the Mountain Meadow massacre and for which the United States courts ordered that one of their bishops should be executed. The judge who pronounced his sentence was in our congregation some of the time. They called other people who were not Mormons by the term "Gentiles." By this time many of the latter had settled. We could tell how many wives a man had by the number of front doors on his house. The Methodist Episcopal Church had erected a most beautiful church and it was under the load of a great debt. We were invited by the city council to hold our camp meeting in a large wooden tabernacle in the city park.

We had a large corps of workers consisting of Revs. William McDonald, J. A. Wood, P. F. Bresee, Milton Lorenzo Haney, Joseph Smith, Amanda Smith and myself. Other people from the east made the number up to twelve. After we had been carrying on the meeting for about a week we were told that the tabernacle had been engaged six months before by the Mormon Church for the celebration of Brigham Young's birthday on June 1. The last night of our meeting in the tabernacle Brother McDonald gave out the notices thus: "We will hold the remainder of our meeting in the Methodist Church, as another party engaged this tabernacle six months ago and they have a right to it. But God pity a community whose chief delight is in sensual amusements." I suppose he meant by sensual amusements the celebration of Brigham's birthday, which consisted of dancing all day and in the evening. The children danced in the morning, the young people in the afternoon and the older people in the evening. The dance was opened with prayer by the Mormon bishop.

After Brother McDonald gave out the notices I preached, and conducted an altar service. This was the first revival ever held in Ogden and the Mormons were quite curious. Some of their elders and many of their young people from their local academy were spectators. After the altar service was concluded, Brother McDonald said, "Let us arise and sing the good old long meter doxology, after which we will turn this tabernacle over to the service of Satan." This would have provoked no opposition if the Methodist pastor, Rev. J. Wesley Hill (now of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church), had not taken it up and got it into the daily papers. He was having a bitter controversy with the Mormons and he used this saying of Brother McDonald to help on his attacks on Mormonism and so published it in the daily paper. This stirred the wrath of his adversaries, and the daily papers were very bitter and even called for the assassination of the pastor and called us all anything but good and great. Brother McDonald said it was the hottest fight he was ever in.

The war went on for several days until Brother McDonald arose one evening and said, "I am astonished at this agitation. Anyone would think we were a crowd of scallywags. We are reputable Methodist ministers in good and regular standing. I am surprised that some of you Gentiles side with these Mormons. You know that if it was not for the United States government it would be as bad for you as in the days of the Mountain Meadow massacre."

The gentleman with whom I was stopping said after the meeting, "You will hear no more of the matter." I said, "Why?" He replied that "whenever anything is said about the Mountain Meadow massacre they always keep quiet." And so it was.

During this meeting we celebrated Memorial Day and Dr. Bresee gave the oration.

One afternoon as Brother Joseph Smith was to preach, Brother McDonald introduced him thus, "The brother who preaches this afternoon has a name well known in these parts, Joseph H. Smith. and he is a genuine latter day saint." Brother Smith preached with his usual unction and fervor. After the service I saw a woman come to the platform with her two small boys and wanted Joseph Smith to bless them, and asked, "Be you the son of the prophet?"

On the last night of the meeting the power of the Lord was present in a marked manner. I do not remember to have seen Brothers McDonald and Haney so visibly moved in a meeting. Some people think evangelists are in the field to get money. They little know the facts. This is not the only time I have met just such financial prosperity in a meeting. A financial boom had burst in Ogden. There was little money in that region. We were given two dollars apiece, and if the Union Pacific had not taken pity on us and given us passes, I do not know how we could have gotten home. Some had to borrow quite extensively, as it was. It was sixteen hundred miles west of Chicago.

* * * * *

20 -- CHAPTER

It is somewhat difficult to be autobiographical and not become egotistical. I have after prayer and the advice of some spiritual people launched out in this autobiographical series. If any

one thinks I have been too personal, I am open to their criticism. I speak of myself, because people are always more or less interested in testimony. I have some spiritual lessons, showing the way God has manifested himself in my experience. To God be all the glory.

I will speak this time concerning some sermons that I have preached, in which God has manifested himself, during the past 57 years of my ministry. I want to show one spiritual lesson that has been deeply impressed upon my mind. It is that much preaching fails because there has been no definite result looked for.

I have failed to make the after results what they should have been through indefiniteness. This was not from unwillingness, but from ignorance in applying the truth. It is like driving the nail, but failing to clinch it. I have had to feel my way along in learning to preach by preaching.

In my early ministry I was called to preach at the camp ground in the vicinity where I was raised. One afternoon the preacher took for his theme the certainty that this world is to be burned up. He tried to prove it by showing that the earth is composed of minerals and gases that will sooner or later be in combustion. He told us that there were Oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and I do not remember how many other inflammables in the earth that would some day explode. Then he urged the people for this reason to seek the Lord. I did not know until afterwards that the people were disgusted. I was called to preach that night right after that sermon. So I took for my text, "Love not the world nor the things that are in the world." I wish I had preserved that sermon. I tried to show the evils of worldly religion. When I sat down after my fright in preaching (as I often had at that time), the people began to get up and express themselves. One man said, I remember, that after the afternoon sermon he had decided to go home and not return. An old minister arose and said, "And all this from a young man, too." I can truthfully say that I was amazed. There were many compliments, but I did not see anything extraordinary. I have learned since that when I have thought nothing had been accomplished was just the time when the Lord worked most among the people.

It is then when the preacher gets out of the way that the Lord works. The presiding elder of another district asked me to come to his camp in another part of the state and deliver the same sermon. I went, and after preaching, the people began to confess their worldliness. I remember some had something to say about their pride of dress. I had said nothing about dress. I did not know enough to urge them to seek anything definite of God. Had I known about holiness, I am sure I should have urged them to seek it. I fear that nothing was accomplished for the lack of definiteness. I think sometimes that preachers are trying more to save their sermons than they are to save souls. I believe the Lord has forgiven me.

After I was sanctified I preached a sermon at Old Orchard, Maine, and when I got through people began to arise and speak, and I remember one of them saying, "I thought I was sanctified, but I fear I am not." Then I could invite them to seek a full salvation. I preached that same sermon in Lynn, Massachusetts. After I was through a lady came up the aisle and said, "The pastor sent for you to come here and preach that sermon to me." I said, "I never heard of you before." She replied, "I do not believe it." As she finished, another came up the other aisle and said, "You have torn me all to pieces." I then could tell them of a definite experience that means salvation from all sin. That is the difference in the two cases.

Years before I had nothing definite to preach to the church. But now I had something very definite. I was not urging "a deeper experience" or getting "nearer the Lord," but getting rid of carnality. The gospel is a very definite salvation from sin. Paul thought so, for he said to the Roman church, "I am sure, brethren, that when I come to you I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ."

How much of our preaching fails from indefiniteness! Multitudes go to the altar for "more religion," and the kind that they now have is so poor that the more they have of it the worse off they are. They want a "deeper work of grace," but are afraid to go to the bottom and get all that God wants them to have. Jesus said, in seeking the Holy Ghost, that if we ask bread he will give us just what we ask for. When we ask for the Holy Spirit and God blesses us, we get what we ask and not something indefinite.

We have known whole churches to go to the altar and urged to seek more religion, and they could not tell next day how much more they had. Let us be definite in our preaching.

* * * * *

21 -- CHAPTER

As I have mentioned heretofore, in 1891, I came to Chicago to represent the western interests of the Witness. A. R. Archibald, a young man, came with me and he kept the office while I went out into the evangelistic field and my wife made up the Christian Witness and read the proofs.

In 1901 the headquarters were moved from Boston to Chicago with Boston as a branch office. Brother Gill retired as editor and Brother Fowler became associated with me as junior editor. Meanwhile Brother Archibald had gone back to the pastorate and H. F. Kletzing became manager and publisher of the Witness and on the retirement of Mrs. McLaughlin as office editor, a few years later, he became office editor and manager.

Early in 1910, the wife of my youth suddenly passed away. It was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I have no doubt but her work on the Witness hastened her departure for heaven. She had also been doing religious work in Chicago. She canvassed the streets near us for Jesus, praying with the people in their homes and talking salvation. The Western Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church was packed with a mourning crowd, at her funeral, weeping and sobbing. It contained Jews, Catholics and other nationalities to whom she had ministered. If it had been the funeral of a public character it would not have been strange, but it was the tribute to a humble woman in private life who did her best for God and holiness. Brother Fowler said. "Holiness is at a premium today."

At this time there was a small training school in Chicago, called the American Training School, at 2065 West Harrison Street. I was principal, and Rosa Schweitzer, superintendent. We graduated one class during the two years that I was there. In the spring of 1910, through the suggestion of Brother C. W. Ruth, we invited Iva D. Vennard, then principal of the Epworth

Institute of St. Louis, to become the principal of our Training School and the name was changed to Chicago Evangelistic Institute. I was appointed dean of the new school.

It was proposed to name the main building of the Evangelistic Institute the Mary E. McLaughlin Memorial Building. My wife left some money and I added to it enough to start the enterprise with two thousand dollars. Brother Kletzing had taken me to a club house on Washington Street that was offered us for a reasonable amount. He said, "It is for you to decide whether we will buy it or not." I decided that it was providential. So we took the building, and later, under the suggestion of Millie Lawhead, an adjoining building was purchased and was to be called Kletzing Hall in memory of H. F. Kletzing. The buildings, however, are not so called in the catalog of the Evangelistic Institute. I do not know that I have ever heard the reason and I have never inquired. I raised quite a sum for the building from my wife's family, and some was raised for the Kletzing building. Why the names have been changed in the catalog I do not know, and will leave that to the Judgment Day, for the money was raised and given in good faith.

In March, 1910, Brother Kletzing and I bought a grove at Riverside on the banks of the Des Plaines river. It was a beautiful grove. The camp meeting association had no funds, and so some of us formed a corporation and signed a note for its payment and sold some lots. H. F. Kletzing asked me to sign a fifteen hundred dollar note with him. I did not want to do it. But he was so urgent and said he would see that the note was paid in September, so I consented. Before that date arrived he had passed away very suddenly, on his return from Sychar Camp. It was found after he died that the Witness Company was heavily in debt, and there seemed no way of saving the situation. There was the note for fifteen hundred dollars at one bank for Riverside camp grounds beside a floating indebtedness of over four thousand dollars and a mortgage of \$14,500. Then I signed with him a note at the State Bank for \$2,000 to pay on the Institute and besides these he had borrowed \$2,000 more from a Naperville bank to apply on the purchase of the Institute. When we took an inventory at the Witness we found \$15,000 worth of unpaid bills. Among these were: the printer, \$6,300; the paper house, \$2,100; a New York manufacturer, \$3,369.50; the rest were floating bills.

Brother H. F. Kletzing had become so engrossed with the spirit of the Institute and Camp Grounds that the Witness affairs were neglected or given over to incompetent clerks who left a monument of blunders. The office force of the Witness, including an extra stenographer, were used to establish the school, to search the Witness records for information and write appeals for donations, and there seemed no way of saving the Witness, the Institute and the Camp Grounds.

It was then that Brother E. L. Kletzing was raised up by God to save the situation, with his rare financial ability. Brother Fowler was in New Hampshire. He did not come to Chicago until November. We then had a Witness board meeting. We found that Brother E. L. Kletzing had things under control, but he demanded \$2,150 immediately to meet the urgent needs. Brother Fowler telegraphed to Massachusetts for \$600. I could raise only \$450, and E. L. Kletzing borrowed \$1,100 from a citizen in Ravenswood. God showered blessings upon us and him. In less than a year he repaid Brother Fowler with interest and in two years time he repaid me and the \$1,100 he borrowed. Brother Calverley gave me \$,000 for the Institute, and a few years later Brother Calverley and Brother E. L. Kletzing paid the mortgage on the Camp Ground and the Camp Board transferred the property to them.

In 1927 some outsiders who had nothing to do with the purchase of the Camp Grounds thought they saw an irregular transfer and wanted for themselves some ill-gotten gain. They sued us for possession. In the dead of winter I had to go from the mild climate of California to the damp, chilly climate of Chicago to help defend the case. After a full and complete hearing that lasted from January 21st till May, the judge told them that they had not produced any "documentary evidence to show that they ever paid a cent toward the purchase of the land." He then dismissed their case.

In the summer of 1910, with these three enterprises all in jeopardy, I was elected president of Central Holiness University. It was a strenuous time, as I had to leave University Park every Friday night, arriving in Chicago on Saturday morning, and during Saturday I went to the Witness office and made up the Witness for the coming week. Monday morning I gave a lecture in the Institute, and then Monday night took the train for University Park, arriving there Tuesday morning to take up the affairs of the college. This meant more than twenty thousand miles a year and taking care of a college and my part in the Institute, and God gave me the strength to do it. For seven years I was president of the University. It was having a hard time financially. After five years I resigned. The trustees said, "Do not call it a resignation. Call it a year's leave of absence and appoint whom you like to run the University, while you are absent." I did so.

At the end of the year I found they disagreed on some matters. My friend, A. L. Whitcomb, was elected president and accepted the position, and later decided not to take it. I went to camp meeting at University Park, and one morning when the matters were chaotic I was awakened, I believe, by the Lord. The Lord seemed to tell me that I must take the University again. I said, "If the trustees are unanimous, I will do so." I dressed and went up to the college. As I turned the corner I met Brother Fowler, one of the trustees, as well as president of the National. He said, "You ought to take that college again." I said, "I will if the trustees are unanimous." They met that afternoon and voted unanimously for me as president. So I remained another two years.

* * * * *

22 -- CHAPTER

The Methodist bishops in general conference assembled in 1824 prophesied thus: "If Methodists give up the doctrine of entire sanctification or allow it to become a dead letter we are a fallen people... Holiness is the main cord that binds us together. Relax this and you relax the whole system." Twenty years later the famous Unitarian divine, Dr. Bellows, said, "We no longer witness the same zeal, the holy fervor, the renunciation of the world, the self-sacrifice, nor the heroic exertion for religion's sake in the Methodist Church, as thirty, even twenty, years ago... It is trying to hold the ground by conforming to custom, courting popularity, courting the worldly elements of success rather than pushing on to make new converts for the kingdom, setting up a new standard of holiness, exposing the sophistries of the schools by the logic of events and making history for other men to write and read. The institution has supplanted the

inspiration, and the former still stands to show still how big the flood tide arose and what wonders it performed."

Bishop Foster of the Methodist Episcopal Church in his centennial address thus commented on this deliverance of Dr. Bellows: "This is a very suggestive critique. The more so because it is that of a friendly critic. No one dares to say that it is highly improbable as to deserve no attention." Zion's Herald a few years later, commenting on these utterances, says, "We who are alive see how accurately the possibilities of this prophecy are drawn. We are in danger of losing our distinctive marks in part because other denominations in part have themselves taken on these marks in part, because with us 'institutions have supplanted inspiration.'"

After the Civil War, Methodism discovered that it was a great church numerically and seemed to be proud of it. A little later Daniel Steele, whom New England Methodism delighted to call "the John Fletcher of American Methodism" because of his saintliness, wrote an article to Zion's Herald entitled, "A Bugle Call for an Advance." He said, "We are no longer the thundering, conquering legion that we once were." This was attacked by Dr. Dorchester, who had published a book trying to show by figures that Methodism was increasing in power. Dr. Steele had said in his article, "Let us cease glorying in numbers and burning incense to statistics."

A few years after this, the brilliant young Dr. Mendenhall, editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, in his annual addresses before the spring conferences predicted the incoming wave of rationalism that was setting in. This prediction has been fulfilled in the modernistic spirit that has spread over the church, blighting its energies at home and abroad, until the Methodist Episcopal Church is reputed to have more modernists than any other evangelical church.

Soon after the Civil War spiritually minded people were seeing the decline of spiritual religion. This caused a vigorous resistance and in some conferences the contest between Old and New School Methodism became very much heated. In the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church matters came to such a pass that some of their most prominent ministers were expelled most unjustly, mostly because of their advocacy of the Wesleyan doctrine of holiness. Years afterward it was acknowledged by the Methodist Episcopal Church that it was unjust, and what reparation could be made was done. But in the meantime they had formed the Free Methodist Church, which is a holiness church and has spread all over the nation and into foreign lands, and contains many rare saints.

A little later two Methodist ministers, J. A. Wood and William Osborne, felt impressed to call a holiness camp meeting in New Jersey. God so wonderfully manifested his power that the National Camp Meeting Association was formed. It was organized while on their knees before God. J. S. Inskip was chosen president. Every year holiness camp meetings were held. I was at the camp held on the grounds of the Evangelical Association at Vermilion, Ohio, in 1891. Here a petition was drawn up praying the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church to give definite and pronounced attention to holiness evangelism. I was present and among others gave my name to it. We never heard from that petition. About twenty years after, at the annual camp at

University Park, Iowa, as the work was spreading into other denominations, the organization was broadened to include all denominations and not to hold merely camp meetings but conventions through the year. This was carried on by Brother Fowler in a most aggressive manner after he succeeded William McDonald as president. The name was changed to the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness.

While I was a pastor at Laconia I had a marked experience in divine guidance. I received a communication asking if I would consider the proposition to become the president of the Seminary of the Southern New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church located at East Greenwich, Rhode Island. I consulted my friend, Bishop Malallieu, and he advised that I take the position. I went to Boston one Saturday and met the trustees. They unanimously voted to call me to that position. I consented to accept the call. I went to the train, and after I was seated for my sixty-mile ride a great darkness fell upon me. That was strange when I had been congratulated by the people for what was considered an honor. I did not seem to know anything, but was in a stupor for an hour or so, and only came out of it when I was almost home. I could not sleep that night, nor could my wife.

After meeting Sunday night I called my board together and resigned my pastorate. They congratulated me and said they would not stand in my way and accepted my resignation. I went home to sleep but little that night. The next day they changed their mind and sent for the presiding elder and said they were not willing for me to go. He wrote the bishop and said, "I do not mean to rank a bishop, but the man can not come." I felt relieved. That was a turning point in my life. God gave us a great and constant revival all the rest of the year, and after the next appointment at Exeter, I resolved to give my time to preaching holiness and advancing the Christian Witness. I have never been sorry, that I had that dark wave cast over my spirit. To God be all the glory!

* * * * *

23 -- CHAPTER

In a previous article I narrated the circumstances attending my call to the presidency of what was then known as Central Holiness University. I had requested that my resignation be accepted, but they voted me a leave of absence of one year, with the privilege of appointing some one to take the position until I returned. While I was gone that year there was trouble which resulted in the resignation of Prof. Whitcomb, my dear friend, teacher, of psychology. To settle the difficulties he was elected president and had chosen his faculty for the ensuing year. So I went to the National Camp Meeting at University Park feeling free from the position. But Prof. Whitcomb decided not to take the place. The situation was tense.

One morning I was awakened as I believe by the Lord. He told me that I must take the place again. I said, "I will if the trustees are unanimous in the matter." I arose and dressed and went to the university, and as I turned the corner of the main building I met Brother Fowler, president of the National, and he said immediately, "You ought to take that presidency again." I replied, "I will if the trustees are unanimous in the matter." That afternoon they so voted. At the suggestion of Miss Terrel, the retiring matron, my wife (for I had married again) was elected

matron. The presidency was peculiarly distasteful to me, for I did not like to have anything to do with the discipline, although I liked to teach. I thought that if I could get the school running again in proper order, I would resign in favor of a young man whom Prof. Whitcomb had engaged as his assistant. But he was elected president of another college.

I found that the management of the university during my year's leave of absence had amassed a large debt. So my wife and I renounced our salaries and worked for our board only. The situation was very difficult. Not only the management of the institution was on my shoulders, but I had to look after the farm of over two hundred acres and run the boarding house and also teach. I arose in the morning as soon as it was light and worked all day until nine at night each day. After two years I resigned again and went to California. There, after a year, I was elected president of California College, an institution that was supposed to be a holiness college. At the same time I became pastor of the church that was connected with the college, called Trinity Missionary Church. I was in this position a few years, and then resigned rather than be connected with anything that compromised on holiness. One of the professors circulated a book on theosophy. The management catered to one whom they wished to employ who did not believe in Second blessing holiness. The trustees would not act on my resignation, so I withdrew.

We had been very prosperous financially as well as spiritually. We built a dormitory and dedicated it free from debt. The institution ran about three years, and then after fruitless attempts to amalgamate with Pacific College gave up the ghost, and the property was given over to the Oriental Missionary Society, who own it today.

I had been teaching also in the Training School for Christian Workers at Huntington Park, and now was elected teacher for all the time. I have been there thirteen years. We have sent out over a hundred foreign missionaries as well as many workers in the home field. This school is doing real apostolic work. Some of the graduates are doing much to restore the waste places. They go into forsaken territory; find abandoned churches in the sparsely settled places, and start a Sunday School and then gradually open the church to worship. They at the same time earn their living, chopping wood, shoe making and fruit gathering on the ranches. It is glorious that such young people can be found in this age.

When I went to the school, my old time friend, with whom I had labored in Massachusetts, William Pinkham, was president, but was on his death bed. He asked who had his classes. They told him that I had them. He responded, "I do not know of any other man between the oceans that I would rather have them." So I have remained, and have been elected for the fourteenth year at this writing.

I take great comfort that many of my students are in China, Japan, Alaska, Central America, South America, the Philippines, and the West Indies, as well as among the Indians of this country. I give all the glory to God, who has permitted me to help them fit themselves for the glorious work. There is nothing that will so much help to carry the gospel as holiness. This school has now been in operation thirty-three years. It was the first training school on the Pacific coast that has always been on the line of holiness. It was started under the inspiration of a holiness convention held by Joseph Smith thirty-four years ago. It has been carried on by great

sacrifice by the trustees, who are fully committed to second blessing holiness. It is interdenominational and has students from every quarter of the globe.

* * * * *

24 -- CHAPTER

We have in the preceding articles given a general life survey. We wish now to give some episodes of our life that have been ineffaceably engraved on our memory. We give here a most remarkable leading of divine Providence. I was invited by Rev. J. M. Dustman to come to his parish at Lake Maxincuckee, Indiana, to hold a holiness meeting for ten days. When I got off the train, I was met by Brother Dustman, who took me several miles to his home. We were in a sleigh, as there was about a foot of snow on the ground.

He said, as we were seated, "I am a transgressor." I said, "What do you mean?" He replied, "My trustees have voted to invite you to hold a meeting with us. But the conference decided that no preacher should have an evangelist without the consent of the presiding elder." We commenced the meeting that night and God seemed to bless it. The next night the Lord continued to bless us. At the close of the meeting, a man sprang up after I had pronounced the benediction and said, "By the vote of the trustees this house is closed to this meeting." I replied, "Whoever closes this meeting must take the responsibility with the Lord." He began to turn out the lights. I said, "Wait until I can find my overcoat." I had nothing else to do the next morning but return home to Chicago.

The man who turned out the lights had to face the community the next day. Other denominations asked him, "Why did you stop such a good meeting?" He had a hard time explaining. The next day was Saturday and as I returned home I said to myself, "If ever I have an opportunity in the future I will hit the devil as hard as I can." Brother D. L. Speicher, a sanctified layman, had come to that meeting from Urbana, Indiana, which was quite a distance from there. He came the next morning to see me, but I had gone to Chicago. Monday morning I got a letter from him by special delivery. He said, "Come to our town and you will not be turned out of a meeting." So I went to Urbana by the next train.

Brother Speicher told me his experience. When he was seeking the blessing he had a struggle in putting his farm on the altar. As he prayed behind his barn he got so engaged that he actually dug his heels into the soil as he pushed the farm away from him. No man could ever doubt after that that he was not consecrated as far as his finances were concerned. He gave very liberally to the spread of holiness. I never knew a more liberal man in helping holiness work. He gave thousands of dollars to the camp meeting work, to holiness colleges and to the spread of holiness literature.

So I went to Urbana right away. The meeting was in demonstration of the Spirit and power from the start. People would start for the altar, and God would meet them and sanctify them while running up the aisles. The next year, under greater light, the man who had closed the meeting at Maxincuckee saw his privilege to be sanctified and acknowledged that he had done wrong in closing that meeting. But God overruled it for his glory. At the close of the Urbana

meeting, Brother Speicher asked me, "Why can we not have a camp meeting next summer?" I replied, "I can come in September." So we began a camp meeting in September.

A large tent was pitched on Brother Speicher's farm, and a smaller tent was pitched for a cook house and restaurant. The tent had just been erected when a mighty cyclone struck and the big one was laid flat, and the cook house was torn to pieces. It did look as if we would not be ready to begin Sunday morning. But by great exertion the tent was erected again.

The meeting had not been advertised by circular and posters, as is usual, but the news got out and the people came in crowds. I had to preach three times a day with the aid of B. F. Kennedy, who came from California to conduct the singing. God was most manifestly present. The people thronged the altar and many were saved and entirely sanctified. The holiness fighters could not stay away. Some nights the scenes were indescribable. One night especially I remember. One man had come to the altar and after most earnest seeking had found Christ and was blessed good. He ran around the tent in a most peculiar manner. No one could understand why. But he was seeking the man who had come with him, in order to lead him to the altar. But the other man had already gone there, and when he found him he was so overjoyed that he pounded him on the back. At the same time another had found the Lord in such blessing that he was beside himself and ran to the big center tent pole and tried to climb it. This meeting, we must remember, was among the Germans who are very demonstrative.

One night I had gone to the house and to bed, as I was very weary. But the meeting revived and went on after midnight and many were saved. After a time Brother Kennedy, who had charge, thought it best to dismiss, and he sought his rest. He had hardly gone to sleep before it broke out again. He dressed and went out to the meeting again, and after it seemed to be finished he went to his tent again and had just got asleep when it broke out again, and he dressed and went out again and remained for a while and then retired again. He went out again and remained for a while, and so it kept him going most of the night. Brother Speicher called the people together and they formed a holiness association that is still in operation. They bought finally a camp ground of twenty-five acres in the town of Alexandria, Indiana, and erected a large, fine auditorium and have held an annual camp every year since. It is now more than twenty years old.

Brother Speicher, who gave most of the money, has gone to his reward, but his works are living after he has gone home. I have thought many times in the past score of years that I would be willing to be turned out of any amount of churches if it would be the means of starting some more camp meetings.

I knew a Methodist minister, Brother Banks, in Virginia, who was very pronounced on holiness. The presiding elder sent him to a very small appointment. He started a grand holiness work and also established a holiness camp meeting. The next year he was sent clear across the state to another small charge, and there he started another holiness work and another camp meeting. The authorities did not see that they were helping spread holiness. Like the Pentecostal church of early Christianity, persecution spread the fire. The old man is blind. The reason that true holiness spreads is because fire starts motion, whether it be in a locomotive or in the holiness movement.

* * * * *

25 -- CHAPTER

My day and generation were in the midst of the era of the Civil War. I remember well that stormy Sunday, when the news came to our little village that Fort Sumpter had been fired upon. It was hard to believe. "It can not be possible," was heard on every side. "Yes, it is a fact." I have been in many national crises since, but never in one where things were up to such a white heat. People did not know how to contain themselves. The next night the town hall was crowded. I can see it in my memory now. Carpenters had cut their lines, marking off the floor into squares. Then men began to march in lines, each stepping in one of those squares. They seemed to think it was the beginning of military drill. Then later the women Organized into Ladies' Societies to scrape lint for soldiers' wounds and make rolls of cotton cloth for bandages.

I remember well when the draft was ordained and men were drafted for the war, unless they could furnish substitutes. The price of a substitute was \$300. I was in a sloop in Portsmouth harbor when a draft riot took place in that city. There was a newspaper called The States and Union. It was very bitter against the government, and was so much so, that that very night, when we were in the harbor, the populace were so enraged at this "copperhead sheet" as it was called -- that they rallied and tore the office to pieces and threw the type out on the sidewalk. The marines were called out from the navy yard nearby, and the military. One marine fired his musket and so frightened the people that the riot ceased. The military had their cannon loaded to fire on the crowd. The commander, who was afterwards a member of my church, told me that he would have fired on the crowd had they not dispersed.

When the sixth Massachusetts regiment were fired on by the mob while going through Baltimore, and some were killed, one of the bodies was brought home to Lawrence, Massachusetts, and lay for a day or two in the city hall and thousands filed by it to look upon the first soldier slain in the war. All these things kept the war spirit alive. I once visited one of the regiments that had volunteered while they were camped, waiting orders from the front. It was a joyous collection of men, who were full of life and zeal. They gave their spare time to merriment and games of all kinds. I remember seeing men tossed in a blanket high in the air. It was a delightful assembly and a crowd full of fun. I saw by contrast one morning a car hitched on the end of a railroad train and filled with substitutes, who had received their three hundred dollars, but they had to be watched. An armed soldier with fixed bayonet stood at each end of the car to keep them from running away. There was no joviality or merriment in that crowd. It made me think of the difference between volunteers and drafted men in the service of the Lord.

There are many who are trying to serve the Lord who have, no delight in his service. They only seek religion to save themselves from hell. Their religion is an insurance policy and they do not delight in paying the assessments. But there are others who delight to please God.

In those days some mutilated themselves in order to escape the draft. I knew a man who chopped off his thumb so that he would not have to go to war. I can see how war demoralizes a

nation and kills spiritual life in the church. There was also an epidemic of crime, especially of murder. It was also a great era of great preachers and orators.

There were such preachers as Bishop Simpson, the friend of Abraham Lincoln, who used to consult with the president and pray with him, and who preached his funeral sermon. Henry Ward Beecher was in his prime and did much to turn the English nation in favor of the North. Wendell Phillips was seeing his last days. I heard that wonderful orator give his great lecture on "the Lost Arts" twice. It was almost word for word the same each time. I also saw Fred Douglas, the great Negro orator. He was not full blooded, but a mulatto. John B. Goff was also in his glory. We have no such orators today, for some reason. I also heard General Ben Butler, a native of our county, and a graduate of Philip's Exeter Academy, of which I am an alumnus.

Bishop Simpson came to Wesleyan University, while I was a student, to see his son. He was out of health, but was persuaded to say a few words to the students. He said, "Young gentlemen, as I have been looking at the gas jets above us, I have thought, as they are above you and are stars shaped into a crown, that there are starry crowns above you if you will bear the cross of Jesus." I heard him give his great Easter sermon at our conference. He was quite tall and spare and had a stoop in his shoulders, sandy hair, and a thin, shrill voice. At first appearance he was not especially attractive, but underneath his sandy eyebrows was an eye that flashed fire. He went on in that sermon with what appeared to be a very ordinary description of the betrayal, trial and crucifixion of Jesus. It was so simple that we did not get the thought that we were in the hands of a real pulpit orator who had us in his spell. He spoke of the crucifixion, and then said, as he told of the soldier who pierced with his spear the side of Jesus, out of which poured water and blood, "Modern science has discovered that when one dies of that agony of spirit called a broken heart the blood is separated into its primitive elements. His great heart broke that mine might be made whole." The effect was electric. He had reached his climax. The audience broke loose as we have seen a forest bow before a mighty wind. Cries, shouts, sobbing, tears, made it a mixture of demonstration, such as I have never seen since. It was some minutes before he could proceed. Some of the phlegmatic and stolid of the conference were overcome in their efforts to keep down their emotions and gave vent to the most peculiar sounds that I ever heard from mortal lips. A delegation of students had come from the nearby Dartmouth College. One of them said, "I have heard Beecher and Collyer, but I never heard anything like this."

I assisted Henry Ward Beecher in a funeral service. A physician of my parish, who was a great admirer of Beecher, died. Beecher was in the White Mountain country as a tourist. He was invited to preach the funeral sermon. I was young. It was my second parish. I was staggered when I knew I must assist. I wrote out my prayer and committed it to memory. The residence was crowded and also the front yard. Mr. Beecher and myself stood on the porch. I hardly know how I got through. He said among other things, "No man has his time so fully mortgaged to the community as a faithful country doctor. His hand distilled the balm of life. He saved others, himself he could not save. Many of you he took by the hand and led you through the gateways of life." He said also something that has followed me all my life: "No man is fit to die until he is fit to live, and no man is fit to live until he is fit to die. Many of you have a religion like the old fashioned Connecticut parlor that was never opened unless company came, and then it was shut up. It was not for every day use."

I heard another great sermon by Bishop Mallalieu at the conference at Amesbury, Massachusetts. It was very much in its effect like that of Bishop Simpson. Again I saw an audience completely broken up with deep emotion. I remember he said, "Do any of you know what it is to go down on your knees and put your finger on that passage of Scripture, 'He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire' and say, 'Lord, I do not know what that means, but I want to know'? Well, I did that, up in the attic by the side of the cradle in which my mother had rocked all her children, and the Lord let me know."

Some of us had been asking the bishop to remove a presiding elder who had been opposing holiness. The next morning at the conference the bishop asked me to come to the platform and said in a whisper, "I have been thinking the matter over and I have decided not to remove Brother -- from the eldership." I said, "Bishop, after the sermon you gave us yesterday, we can endure it better than if you had removed him and had not preached that sermon." My presiding elder also told him the same thing as regards the bishop who had also fought holiness the year before. The sermon of Bishop Mallalieu had undone a good deal of the mischief wrought the year before.

* * * * *

26 -- CHAPTER

We have sometimes been almost tempted to thank the devil for free advertising. He has made it possible to enter fields to preach the gospel that otherwise we never would have entered or known about. This has become a very homely proverb much in vogue, "Give the devil rope enough, and he will hang himself." I was recommended by Dr. Hughes, presiding elder of Oskaloosa district of the Iowa Conference, a pronounced professor of holiness, to one of his charges. Brother Hughes was the father of Bishop Hughes. The preacher in charge was sanctified under the labors of Sheridan Baker. The appointment was Pella, Iowa. It had been settled by Hollanders, who, on account of religions persecution, had come to Iowa and named their town by the name of that town in Palestine where the early Christians had fled at the destruction of Jerusalem. The town is still flourishing in Iowa. The religion is what is called Dutch Reformed. The local paper came out in criticisms of myself and said, "Another holiness crank has come to town." Besides the Methodist Church, which was very small and weak, there were two Dutch churches. Methodism was so weak that the editor could criticize without any danger to his reputation or the popularity of his paper. But a Methodist preacher from the north was visiting in the region and saw that criticism and said to himself, "I will try and get that preacher to hold a meeting for me in Bristow, Iowa." It meant a good deal more than any of us knew. It meant a great revival and the building, eventually, of a church.

Leaving Pella, where one of the leading business men was sanctified, I decided to hold the meeting. On the way I stopped off at Eldora, Iowa, to see Evangelists J. M. and J. J. Harris, who were holding a meeting there. It was a very cold season. A meeting was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church. One of the class leaders, who had been confused on the subject of holiness, saw the truth and entered into the experience. For years he was leader of a holiness band there. In the afternoon there was a funeral in the church. It was wonderful. An old lady was

buried. It was a beautiful sight. She was dressed for the grave and lay in her casket in white. Her husband was shouting during the sermon. He said, "Mother would be glad to have me shout."

From there I went on my way and as the train at the junction point was late, I walked to the town where the meeting was advertised. It was bitterly cold. When I reached the town, I was told that the meeting was at another town, five miles further on. I waited for the train and got to the destination by nightfall.

I found a peculiar situation. A Methodist class was held weekly in an abandoned Presbyterian church, which they had hired. In those days Methodist churches were organized into classes with leaders who were laymen. When there were not sufficient members to support a preacher they met under the leadership of lay leaders. A preacher of the Christian denomination (called Campbellites, from the name of their founder) had taken the church without authority and was trying to hold a revival meeting, though a large part of his preaching was attack on other denominations. Rather than have any trouble he was not disturbed, and the Methodists and United Brethren united in a union meeting in the United Brethren Church.

The first night I attended a young people's meeting. I remember how cold and lonesome and sleepy I was that night. The next morning I was awakened by the gentleman with whom I was entertained. He told me that his wife was very sick and he was going for the doctor. So I had to leave there and find a place to get breakfast. After that I was on their hands. They finally found an unconverted man who would allow me to sleep in his attic.

That night the meeting began. I preached on the subject, "Is There a Spiritual Experience of the New Birth?" I knew it was no use to start right in on holiness, for the issue was on regeneration as an experience which the other preacher had been denying. He had given up his meetings when we began. He was there at our meeting. When I had finished, I invited those to speak who had experienced the new birth. He arose and attacked the people for not coming to his meetings. He said, "I have been holding a meeting, and you did not come to it." Then he said, "I do not believe in this shouting." I replied, "Amen." He did not seem to like that and said, "Better live your religion and not say so much about it." I interjected, "People will live all the religion that they have. The trouble is, some are trying to live more than they have and have a hard time to do it. Now, I invited only those who had an experience to speak. Let us have no more club throwing." When he went away, he said he would never sit in a meeting and be insulted again. He never did come to our meeting afterwards. As the meeting progressed the interest rose higher, and people began seeking salvation. Then the partisans of that preacher wanted to hire the opera house for me and the other minister to debate on baptism.

There was one preacher called to the gospel ministry in that meeting and eventually his son and daughter also became preachers.

The next place to which I went on that trip was to Spencer, Iowa. It was bitterly cold. I preached holiness in the Methodist Episcopal Church there and one of the old, superannuated preachers opposed. But the meeting went on. I do not remember how many were sanctified or converted, as it was about forty years ago. But out of that meeting came a sister who was

gloriously sanctified, and as the result she became a very successful evangelist. Her name was Alice Mather. I do not know her subsequent history, whether she is alive or not.

The next winter I was sent for again to hold a meeting in Bristow. I left Chicago one Saturday morning, intending to reach the destination that night and begin the meeting Sunday morning. But the Lord did not so will it. It is well to remember that the fathers were not the only preachers that had a hard time. When we got within fifty miles of the Mississippi river, the train suddenly stopped. The cry rang out, "A wreck!" We left the cars and there, just before us, was a train off the track. It was a new railroad and the rails had not been securely laid. It was the annual excursion of the lumbermen of the Northwest. Their attorney had been killed. There we were at a little town of about three houses at a junction point. We could not go ahead until the track was cleared. The railroad company undertook to feed the passengers of the two trains and exhausted all the food of the village.

About night we got ready to go with the passengers of both trains in one. The first company, by their accident, had been dumped in oil, for an oil train had been wrecked in the same spot a week before. The atmosphere was very foul with such crowded cars and the stench of oil, but all night long we rode. A cold rain set in. It was very cold. We landed at a junction point at 9:00 a. m. Sunday. The train I was to take had lain all night out in the snow. It took about all Sunday to get it dug out. I sat in the depot all Sunday, tired, sleepy, cold and oppressed by the fumes of tobacco.

About night we started again and I got to my destination just in time to preach at the evening service. How I ever got through I hardly know. The next morning the mother of the lady who entertained me came to visit. As my room was the only spare room they had, I was obliged to move. The United Brethren preacher took me into his home. In about two days his wife was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia and died. I had to get out, and they took me to the country hotel. It was so cold I could not keep warm nights, even with two overcoats on my bed.

Just as the meeting got to be interesting a violent storm arose; for days it raged. The railroad went out of business because of the deep snow. The country was one universe of snow with not a fence to be seen. I sat day after day in the hotel among the loafers. So after the weather cleared a little, I was taken across the country to a railroad that had become clear in a measure, and was upset in a sleigh in getting there.

I am inclined to believe that while the fathers had their hardships, some of us today have had ours.

I was invited the third time to hold a tent meeting there in June. And there was a nice, beautiful little church building that the spiritual prosperity of that Methodist church had made possible. Even in that meeting I had the experience of seeing the tent, in which we were holding the meeting, blown down. But the end crowns the work, and out of all our trials we got a church of Jesus Christ established even after many years.

* * * * *

I cut loose from the pastorate in 1891 and went to Chicago in faith that I was in the will of the Lord and that he would help support my family. I settled at Evanston, twelve miles from Chicago. Mrs. Hamline, wife of Bishop Hamline, had conducted a holiness meeting in Evanston, but as she had passed away it was no longer held.

Mrs. S. A. Keen had the leadership of a Sunday morning meeting in the First Methodist Church. This was given up almost wholly to holiness and was attended by students of the Northwestern University, which was nearby. My wife started a Monday night holiness meeting in our parlors while I was in the evangelistic field, I sent in my editorials, and my wife read the proofs and made up the Witness. We attended the Whedon Methodist Episcopal Church, named after a local preacher, and in this church my wife held her meeting. The pastor was much disturbed and voiced his dissent in the first meeting that she held. He said she should ask his permission before starting such a meeting. We did not know why, for we had not become members of his church. He gave her the compliment(?) of being a woman, and so she did not know any better. He found afterwards that we were the best friends he had, for when the people turned against him in favor of another minister we stood by him. He finally appointed her the leader of an old-fashioned class meeting held Sunday mornings.

After a while one of the members thought she said too much about holiness and persuaded the pastor to appoint him leader. She not only submitted gracefully, but continued to attend after she had been dismissed. The meeting ran only two weeks, and my wife was the only one besides the leader that attended. The meeting she held in our home was the means of helping many of the students of the Garrett Biblical Institute who are now in California and other states, standing for holiness today.

At this time Rev. Squire Rice came to Chicago for the express purpose of starting a holiness work. He began by holding meetings every Friday in some church or mission. He was a very aggressive and definite worker on the line of holiness. He was one of the most successful workers in altar work and many obtained the experience under his ministry who are now active in the work. His sudden death was an apparent misfortune to the work.

About this time Mrs. Beatrice Beezley came to Chicago from Indiana, where she had come into the experience of holiness under the guidance of E. F. Walker, a Presbyterian, who later became superintendent of the Nazarene denomination. She came first to our office and bought holiness books and read and distributed them. Later she became a worker in the county hospital, and later still became the real founder of the National Holiness Missionary Society. She belonged to that denomination called the Christian Church ("Campbellites," as called by some). She appointed a meeting at her home one afternoon and asked me to lead it. there were about twenty members of that denomination present. I preached on the text, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," and twenty were sanctified wholly that afternoon. That meeting meant more than I had any idea would be the result. Two, sanctified that afternoon, became missionaries to Africa. Several became active Christian workers, and some, a few months afterward, died triumphant deaths.

For a time I held meetings weekly in that neighborhood. The Christian preacher made it so hard for them that some joined other denominations that would allow people to give their testimony unhindered. Finally the work became so pronounced that Mrs. Beezley and I hired a store building and fitted it up as a holiness meeting place on Harrison street. I called for funds through the Witness. Strange to say, among the contributors was Dr. Dowie, who was at that time at the height of his career. I never understood why he contributed. That mission ran for fifteen years and hundreds were saved or sanctified. I attended and preached when at home from the evangelistic field. Bud Robinson, H. C. Morrison, P. G. Linaweaver, James Rowley and several other prominent preachers ministered in those years. It was without the shadow of a doubt a work of God. The removal of Sister Beezley and myself seemed to show that it had accomplished its work. Many eminent laymen were in attendance and ripened for glory there. To God be all the glory.

I should not omit to speak a word concerning the Monday night holiness meeting in the Western Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church; it ran many years and saw some fine holiness work. It was finally very adroitly closed by the political maneuvers of the pastor, and the glory of that church has departed long since.

* * * * *

28 -- CHAPTER

The expressions of favor that have come to me from all parts of the country as regards these autobiographical sketches encourage me to add some more facts that have transpired under my observation. I shall now speak of an episode in the revival of holiness in New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We have already noticed that in the five years after we launched out alone, there were about thirty definite preachers of holiness. Revival fires were burning, sinners were coming to God; backsliders were reclaimed, and church property was increased in value by building operations made necessary. A consultation of the conference minutes of those years will show this. Even more. The annual report of the Concord district by the presiding elder, George Norris, so definitely states.

Holiness built up the conference, just as John Wesley said in his journals. It always builds up the kingdom of God, just as Abel Stevens, the great Methodist historian, shows. It was he cause of the success of early Methodism. We believe the same causes that created Methodism will preserve it, and nothing else will.

The conference was on fire. Wherever they got together the fire fell. This was peculiarly manifest at the time of the annual conference at Keene, New Hampshire. So great was the enthusiasm that it broke out in the business sessions of the conference. It ran over, and those who were not touched by it had hardly patience to meet the intensity of the spirit of the sanctified preachers. The business sessions were so pervaded with it that shouting mingled freely with business. It was an atmosphere that the bishop, who came from another section of the country, did not know how to meet. We do not care to mention his name, for he was a good man and left a good record when he passed away. But this enthusiasm was an embarrassment to him.

When he admitted the class of young preachers to the conference, he had something to say in the matter. Usually when a bishop wants to chastise or discipline a conference, he takes the opportunity while addressing the incoming young preachers. Among other advices he spoke of shouting and demonstrations. He seemed to think it unnecessary. He told us of a steam calliope that was in a procession at Worcester, Massachusetts, when he was pastor there. He said it was giving out music by steam pressure, and when it stopped to blow out music it had to remain stopped for the time being. He also told us that the great John Wesley was a quiet man. Other such remarks followed. There was a large company of holiness people in the church at Keene, New Hampshire. Those who assigned the bishop to his place of entertainment had placed him among some violent opposers of holiness, and, no doubt, they did not give him a favorable account of the holiness people, for that is the usual method of the carnal mind. No doubt, he thought we were all fanatics.

My presiding elder afterwards told me that he felt it his duty to tell the good bishop that the conference felt afflicted at his talk. So he knew how we felt. That was on Saturday. The next day was Conference Sunday. It was arranged that Chaplain McCabe, afterwards Bishop McCabe, was to preach in the morning and the bishop in the afternoon. Chaplain McCabe was a man of great enthusiasm and magnetism. He had been raised among old-fashioned Methodists. When he was elected bishop, some thought that he was not up to the standard, and others urged that he "had a heart," and that was a grand essential for a bishop. He knew nothing of the state of our conference. As he went on with his sermon, he suddenly said, "Pharisees say you must not shout. But if these hold their peace the very stones will cry out."

This was too much for the conference. As the Salvation Army say, the conference "fired a volley." It was a good, generous volley, too. I pitied the bishop as he sat at the right of the preacher. He looked sick, indeed. It was all unpremeditated on the part of the preacher.

That afternoon, when the bishop preached, he could not lift his audience. It was the poorest sermon for a bishop at an annual conference that I have ever heard, and I have heard a great many. There is to me a lesson in this episode. It was not like the sermon of Bishop Mallalieu at a later conference, when he told his experience of being sanctified, and the conference was melted to tears and great enthusiasm.

God is always on the side of holiness, and he vindicates his own cause. Jesus said of the prophets in his day, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

* * * * *

29 -- CHAPTER

There are some preachers with whom we have labored who can not effectively preach unless they have a large audience. We once knew a preacher who dismissed a small audience because it was small. A sudden shower had fallen just about fifteen minutes before service. Just after he dismissed them, the shower stopped. A few minutes after the crowd began to come, but the service had been dismissed. If he had waited a few minutes he would have had a large audience. He seemed to feel as if his sermon was wasted on a small audience.

Some of the greatest sermons ever preached have been to an audience of one person. Jesus did not feel as if he were throwing his sermon away when he preached that great sermon to one man -- Nicodemus -- on the new birth. He did not feel as if he was wasting the truth to preach to the woman at the well. It resulted, although preached to one person, in a great revival in Samaria.

Dr. George Peck in his autobiography tells of a camp meeting held in Deerfield, New York, by Rev. C. H. Giles, where it rained incessantly throughout the week. But few gathered, and the whole thing was set down as one of those failures which it is supposed the Lord suffers to occur occasionally to try the faith of his people. It was stated, indeed, that there was one conversion, but it was of a boy that nobody knew. Rev. C. H. Giles had preached in the rain to a little group of discouraged people. A young stranger heard the sermon and was thoroughly convicted. He crept into a sheltered nook of the fence and there prayed all night. In the morning he came out of his novel retreat praising the Lord and full of zeal for the cause of religion. He became a preacher. He became so eminent that he became the president of the first Methodist Theological Seminary at Concord, New Hampshire, and afterwards the first president of Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois. It was Dr. John Dempster.

We once heard John S. Inskip speak of a revival held in Ohio, where there were two at the altar one night. They were a judge of the court and a little boy. There was much excitement and great congratulation among the members of the church over the judge. But little was thought about the conversion of the boy. But that judge only lived a few years, while the boy became the means of ten thousand conversions.

In the light of eternity values are differently estimated from human estimates. We are apt to look at numbers. But God and the angels look at the matter differently. The conversion of one soul brings joy among the angels, more than the fact of ninety-nine just persons, so says Jesus.

We learned a great lesson in our experience. We were invited by the pastor of the only church in that little town of Farrar, Iowa, to hold a ten-day meeting. When we alighted from the train we saw a strange sight. Men were putting up the tent for the meeting, and children were running about screeching at the top of their lungs. We did not comprehend what it meant for a few minutes, and then we learned that in putting up the tent they had stirred up a nest of bumble bees that had stung the children who were looking on, and the children had been badly stung. But we found something worse than bumble bees before the ten days were over. We found that no one in the town wanted the meeting except the pastor and one woman. The rest of the community were even provoked to think of having the meeting. The crowd did not come to the meeting. The pastor was much discouraged as he thought of having to pay for the hired tent himself. He prayed about it. He said to the Lord something like this: "O Lord, I have got a set of carpenter's tools and I can go to work and earn enough money to pay for this tent." He said this in a despairing, whining tone. No one would entertain me. So he hired a small house out on the prairie and moved a chamber set into it for my lodging place. A blacksmith who lived alone was found, who agreed to let his kitchen to prepare my food and took his pay in board during the meeting. It did look discouraging. One afternoon a party of people came from the neighboring town of Mitchellville to the meeting, and several came to the altar. We went away from that

meeting, feeling well nigh defeated. We got just about enough money out of the meeting to pay our car fare to the next meeting. (We have had many such experiences.)

About three years afterwards we learned that a young man was converted that afternoon, who had come with that group from Mitchellville. He became a Congregationalist preacher. He attended Central Holiness University during my presidency of that institution; graduated, and became the college registrar and teacher of philosophy. He then took a post graduate course in Wisconsin University and later another course in Yale College, and now is Prof. H. E. Rosenberger of Asbury College, Wilmore, Kentucky, a most uncompromising and pronounced preacher of second blessing holiness.

It taught me a lesson. I have never since been discouraged over apparently small results.

* * * * *

30 -- CHAPTER

Dr. George E. Peck was one of the stalwarts that built Methodism in New York state. He was a preacher for fifty-seven years. For many years he was a presiding elder, and was also editor of Methodism's greatest paper, the New York Christian Advocate. He was later editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review. Consequently his testimony will have weight, as not coming from a fanatic or one who was mentally unbalanced. In those days it was considered in Methodism all right for a minister to be wholly sanctified and to preach it. He was also the author of that holiness classic, *The Scriptural Doctrine of Perfection*, a book that has done much good in the work of holiness.

We will let him tell his own experience (he had been preaching 23 years):

"I was not conscious of any spiritual decline, but on the contrary felt that I was advancing. The evidence of my acceptance with God was clear. From the time of my conversion, and especially from the time of my entrance into the ministry, I had striven to exercise 'a conscience void of offense toward God and man,' to be obedient to every divine call, yielding a willing service. Still I was not at rest. Grateful for all that I had received, I felt that there were better things for me. I began to hunger more and more for deeper spirituality, a stronger faith, a prompter and more complete victory over temptation, a new advance into better light, and richer joy.

"At my first quarterly meeting on the district I preached on the subject of holiness with no great satisfaction to my own mind, but in pursuance of a determination to seek a deeper work of grace in my own soul and preach it to others. The next week I went to a camp meeting in McClure's Settlement, where I preached three times with unusual liberty, my yearning for a clean heart increasing. The next week I attended another camp meeting, during which I preached four sermons. My spiritual necessities were pressing more heavily upon my heart. As I was making some remarks after the sacrament, I came, without any previous intention, to speak of my own religious state and observed that my own experience had been variable and of too low a grade, but that I expected to be made 'perfect in love in this life.' This accidental allusion, as it seemed

to me, to a solemn question which I had answered at the time of my ordination into conference membership, fell upon my own soul with so much weight that I could not refrain from weeping.

"The next Sunday at Gibson in the love feast several testimonies were given to the enjoyment of perfect love. I began to feel the blessing near, and was more determined to seek until I obtained. Monday morning, September 30, I woke in the spirit of penitence and prayer. The Rev. William Reddy, one of the preachers of the circuit, led the family devotions in the house where we lodged. As he read the Fifty-first Psalm the words came home to my heart with new light and power and pierced my heart with sharp arrows. During the prayer my tears flowed freely, and it was only by strong effort that I refrained, from weeping aloud. As we were traveling in the same direction, I took a seat with Mr. Reddy in his carriage and led my horse. He had told us the day before something of his possession of the blessing, and I wished to converse with him on the subject. His account of his past experience was modest, clear and, as I judged, Scriptural. He was much younger than I, but I was ready to be taught by any messenger of God, so I fully opened my mind to him. My hunger and thirst for holiness were increased by what he communicated, and when our roads diverged and I left this dear brother, I prayed with every breath.

"Tuesday, October 1, I rose in the spirit of prayer and resumed my journey. I crossed the Susquehanna at Tunkhanock and rode forward in inexpressible anguish. When passing through the forest and solitary places, where there was no one but God to hear, I uttered aloud my burning supplication for a clean heart. I came to a stream where the bridge had been swept away in a recent flood, and as I was preparing to ford it, these words came with power to my soul: 'O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments. Then should thy peace be like a river, and thy righteousness like the waves of the sea.' As my horse entered the water and went deeper and deeper, the great deep of my soul was broken up and I wept aloud, with exclamations of self-condemnation and self-aborrence. My whole being seemed dissolved in a torrent of godly sorrow, but in a moment I caught encouragement from the language of the prophet. It implied a divine wish that men would hearken. I was most assuredly willing, eager to hear the voice divine. Quick as lightning I felt that God would bless me and write his commandments on my heart.

"An indescribable change passed through all the avenues of my being. God seemed to be there in the glory of his grace. Christ was all in all upon the throne of his grace. I melted like wax. I sank into nothing. As my horse gained the shore, I felt that I, too, was emerging from troubled waters and gaining the land of rest. In the fullness of my joy I wept aloud and gave glory to God in the highest.

"I went on my way exulting in God, the holy, adorable God, whose glory I saw impressed on mountain, rock and river, and whose presence and favor I felt so powerfully, that I seemed almost in heaven. In this inexpressibly happy state of mind I reached home in the evening, scarcely knowing how I passed over the road... I would also with humble gratitude to God add that the influence of this, which my religious life then received, has helped me ever since, even to this hour. From that day I have had a stronger faith, a deeper joy, a clearer evidence of my acceptance with God, a readier and more thorough victory over temptations of every kind. I have labored to have a faith to hold my position and I have never wholly failed."

* * * * *

31 -- CHAPTER

I have learned some lessons during the past years that may help others. Life is a school and Jesus is the teacher. He says after we take his yoke upon us, "learn of me." Like all schools there are bright scholars and there are those who are very dull. The great problem of life is to solve the mystery of our existence or to find out why life is given. The wisdom of human philosophy has never satisfactorily told us what we are here for -- what is life for? There is no satisfactory solution of life except as a preparation for another future life.

It took me some years to discern between character building and salvation. A good many make the same slow progress that I have, for not clearly apprehending the difference between the two. There is but one salvation when the grace of God effects the work, but there are two installments of grace. Paul speaks of the blessing of salvation, but he also speaks of "the fulness of the blessing."

The grace of God brings salvation and it also brings "the fulness of salvation." In other words, we are "justified by faith" and "sanctified by faith." But we have a life for the production of character. The word "character" is from the Greek that means to etch on some substance with a graver's tool, just as workmen engrave characters on gold and silver. Many have mistaken and have jumbled character and the supernatural work of the Holy Spirit. After God saves us by grace we have all our life to produce character. The trials, crosses, sorrows, temptations, victories and all the affairs of life are the etching tools that make our character. The hard things of life are the polishing processes that etch our character. They work "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Here is where many people mistake growth for grace. They mistake the maturity of growth for salvation. God wants us developed before we go to heaven. This world is not the grand concert room where the piano shows its beautiful tones, but it is the hard workshop where it has to be ground and tuned and polished for the great jubilee. Here we fight battles and ripen for heaven. It is not to simply be admitted to heaven, but that we may gain an "abundant entrance" into heaven.

There is a perfection that comes through the trials of life even after we have been perfected in love. So I have learned by severe trials that while salvation is received in two installments called regeneration and entire sanctification, there is a life time to develop character. The difficulties of life develop faith. Jeremy Taylor says that "the men who have no difficulties are the most miserable." I had rather be a Paul pressed "almost beyond measure," with triumphant grace, than the thief on the cross who was taken to Paradise much the same as an undeveloped infant.

Another lesson that I have learned is that faith depends for its strength on severe testing. Difficulties are the food on which faith grows strong. In later life, when the pressure has been severe, I have prayed, "O Lord, do not let my faith fail." I have received such help and divine

blessing when great pressure has come that when it has been removed I have almost regretted the lifting of the cloud. I think that is what Paul experienced when he prayed for the removal of the thorn in the flesh. He got such an installment of grace to overcome it that he must have rather had the thorn than be denied the grace.

Another lesson I have gradually learned is not to estimate the degree of my religion by my feelings. I have found that we do not walk by feeling but by faith. It has been a hard lesson. I used to estimate my religion by feeling, but I estimate it now by how much I can endure and keep sweet and triumphant. I have learned that emotions are not within my grasp, but my will is. It is my duty to have my will given up to God and let him manage my feelings to suit him; as they will come and go. I have found out that people who are saying, "I am all the Lord's, but I do not have the feelings like I ought to have," are mistaken. If they were wholly the Lord's property they would be willing to let him manage his property and feel just as he wants them to feel. This is the last step in many people's consecration. Naughty children talk back to parents. The child of God wholly consecrated does not talk back.

I have learned, too, that I am to care what people think of my acts when there is no principle involved. I have given my reputation to the Lord, and it is his reputation now, and when no principle is involved I must not let my good be evil spoken of, for it is his reputation now since I have given it to him.

* * * * *

32 -- CHAPTER

About the year 1885 the National Association for the promotion of Holiness held a most gracious camp meeting on the Methodist camp meeting grounds at Des Plaines, Illinois. It was either at this camp meeting or one previous that Bishop Fowler was so wonderfully blessed that he lay in the straw under the platform saying that he was dead to the world. The meeting resulted in the sanctification of so many young people that a young people's Holiness Association was formed, called the Young People's Methodist Alliance. Chapters were organized all through the middle west. The movement spread very rapidly. It was a definite second blessing holiness organization.

Rev. Ross Taylor, son of Bishop Taylor, was elected president, and Mrs. S. A. Keen, daughter of Rev. Hatfield, was secretary. It did seem as if something great was to be accomplished for God among the young people. But every spiritual movement is always doomed to opposition. It has always been so. There was in the eastern part of the United States a Methodist young people's literary society known by the name of the Oxford League. Some of the unspiritual ecclesiastics seemed to think that something must be done to check the spread of the Alliance. So it was proposed to unite the two societies. Delegates met and for several days tried to form some basis of union, but in vain. So as they could not agree, they separated. It was at this same time that ecclesiastical politics accomplished what open-handed work could not do.

Certain parties went before certain chapters of the Alliance and persuaded them to withdraw from the general organization. This was kept up as a policy until the organization was

disintegrated, and thus was the Epworth League formed, and the Alliance died. Instead of the straight out declaration of holiness in the pledge was substituted "the highest experience." Brother McDonald as editor of the Witness gave his opinion that the formation of the League was a mistake. He said it meant in the end the division of the church into two churches old people's church and young people's church. He said, I remember, that the young people needed the old people and the old people needed the young people. The editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate replied in a severe attack on Bro. McDonald, and Brother McDonald replied that he did not see any reason for such a fierce attack, and that the editor of the Advocate evidently needed help from above. Instead of holiness in the original pledge was put the indefinite phrase, "I will seek the highest standard of experience." Since that time prominent church officials have said the same things that Brother McDonald said and have admitted that the League was a mistake.

We believe that if the Methodist Alliance had been continued it would have been a great blessing to the whole church. We are certain that its president would not have been burned up in the Iroquois Theater witnessing a blasphemous play, as was the president of the Epworth League.

This is the young people's age. There never was so much done for the young people of any age by the church as today. They ought to be encouraged, and that encouragement should be spiritual. There never were so many young people educated in spiritual things as today. We rejoice that there are thousands today who are being indoctrinated in spirituality. The many holiness schools, where holiness is being taught and preached, are an evidence of this fact. Not only in this country, but also in England, there are schools that are making a specialty of holiness. And God is doing great things through them. There is a holiness college in England called Cliff that sends its students through the summer vacation doing nothing but holding meetings, and God is giving them great revivals.

They have had some marvelous meetings the past year. Some of our holiness colleges are doing some of this kind of work. We hope, when the depression lifts, that God may send such financial help that our students may be able to conduct revival campaigns in this country, as well as England is now so successfully carrying on.

The young people are the hope of the age. If we are to have a holy church in the future, holiness must now begin among the young people. Some think we have to have all kinds of amusements to hold the young. That is a mistake. We are tired of the cry, "We must do something to hold our young people." The bait used to hold our young people usually is nauseating to many of them. True Holy Ghost religion will attract and hold our young people, and the cry for amusements, we notice, comes from the old people who have not found in religion a satisfying portion. They have to bring in the world and its attractions in order to be interested in church work. Had the Young People's Alliance been allowed to prosper, they would have leavened the whole church by this time.

* * * * *

THE END

