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THE MAN IN BLACK
[Also Known As "The Old Man"]
By Frederick Martin Lehman

"The carnal mind is enmity against God" (Romans 8:7).

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Digital Edition 07-20-11
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SATAN AS AN ANGEL OF LIGHT

Old Satan's taken off his tail,
And sawed off both his horns.
He's junked his iron coat-of-mail;
Wears smiles instead of scorns.

"And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light" (2 Corinthians 11:14).

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FOREWORD

We make no apology in introducing The Man In Black. It would not be hard to multiply equally striking cases such as the "eden farmstead," the only difference being the setting. If you will follow the Man in Black through you will certainly remember having heard his peculiar "chuckle" of triumph somewhere not far back in your life's yesterday. Hence you will not need an introduction. You will recognize him instantly. You have met him before.

That the Man in Black is a power to be reckoned with will scarcely need emphasis. He wins his way by suavity, mostly. When occasion demands he can take off his mask and disclose his real character. That is the time of flushed cheeks, flashing eyes, contracted brows, angry words, blows, bloodshed and death.

You will see him busy in family and church affairs. His knowledge of methods and men is astonishing. Through the assistance of his dupes he has some victories playing the carnal game, but meets with signal defeat in those who "turn the world upside down."

The "babes and sucklings" so long dogged by his footsteps at last find deliverance under a large tent in the straw at an old plank bench -- something the

"wise and prudent" do not seem to understand. Startled unseen shades scurry by and on, afraid of the glory lingering there.

Observe how, every time the dear name of Jesus is mentioned he gets a death-prod under his fifth rib. He hates that Name like they say the devil hates holy water. Carrying out the figure, his triumphs in our narrative close where a rugged cross crowns "the place of a skull." Sequel: the coffin -- with the lid screwed down!

The Author

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01 -- THE EDEN FARMSTEAD

It was a beautiful morning in spring. A soft south wind played musically through budding box elder and maple. The meadow was clothed in its first fresh green. The cackle of hens in the great log barn, accompanied in rhythmic regularity by their red-combed mates, fell in harmonious medley on the morning air. A calf, tail in air, gamboled awkwardly among the orchard trees. Near by, contentedly grunting, lay a large red hog suckling her sleek head-bobbing litter of ten.

A Maltese cat walked, tiger-like, from rail to rail along the moss-covered worm-fence skirting the meadow, and a brook brawled lazily over its pebbly bed to the sea. Near his knot-hole home in the gnarled old elm a red fox squirrel barked husky challenge to a passing St. Bernard, while above the whole spring-score melody piped Cock Robin sweet and clear.

Wreathed and overflung with a wealth of wild climbing roses stood a low-thatched cottage in this paradise of farmstead glory. A soft sun-flung haze hung over the scene, reminding one of a blushing bride in orange blossoms.

From a soot-rimmed chimney a thin line of smoke curled lazily against a sky-dome of matchless blue. In semi-wild profusion low shrubbery irregularly lined the narrow graveled walk. The air was health-laden and rich with a rare intoxicating perfume flung from two clumps of lilac in early bloom just inside the rustic gate.

Clear and strong above the rural symphony struck a woman's silvery voice. It was so full of care-free melody that the piping robin paused to listen. There are great singers of earth in the cities where talent counts for much, whom thousands flock to hear and applaud; but here was a voice that had in its silvery depths something so rare that it has never been caught nor taught in the rule-and-rote masters' methods.

A strange sweet light shone in her face, and a peculiar smile played around the corners of her mouth during the song. A turtle dove cooed low accompaniment to the woman's refrain. In this paradise love reigned. It was only a few months since

the wedding bells had pealed. Then they had nested here under the dear old elms where the mellow light of the honeymoon fell. Not a cloud darkened life's horizon.

It was only a cottage, but love reigned there, so what matter? On canvas the elite would have raved over it; in reality it was richer and better. The song of forest birds all day long, the hoot of the owl in the shadowy forest at night, with the shifting scenes of the seasons was intoxicating to life still young.

On the wall hung appropriate mottoes -- Scripture texts that held encouragement and solace. Both had been soundly converted in a revival meeting some years ago. While the furnishings of the cottage home were modest, yet it was "Home, sweet home." On a deal table stood a handsome student lamp -- a wedding gift from his parents. She had brought as her dower a fine upright piano. In the evening he sat reading by the light of the lamp, while she sat at the instrument coaxing from its ivory keys some soft refrain that makes the heart grow tender and the soul feel glad.

One evening he sat pouring over some interesting reading matter, she softly playing some tender love-chord. The cat purred contentedly on the rug by the fireplace, while in a distant corner Shep dreamed of chasing woodchucks along the old worm-fence. Her fingers strayed from the love-chord to sacred themes. This brought back to each the revival of bygone years, when happiness had come to both in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Surely, this was next door to heaven!

"Please turn up the lamp shade so I can see to play this new song." This from the piano.

"I prefer to have the shade left as it is. The light shines in my eyes when it is turned up!" This from the reader near the student lamp.

"It seems to me you are rather selfish! How can I read my music with the shadow on the page?" came again from the piano as she whirled toward him.

"I do not care what you call it; the shade remains as it is. Your playing disturbs my reading. Besides, it is my lamp, hence I choose to do as I like." came irritably from the reader.

"Indeed! Since when has this sole ownership idea possessed you, may I ask? Is this not my house as well as yours?" And she reached over to turn the shade up to a proper angle.

"Stop!" angrily cried he, as he brushed her aside. "I will have you understand that I am the head of this house. What I say goes. I will be obeyed!"

Quick as a flash she snatched up a conch-shell from the mantle and hurled it with all her strength at the lamp. It crumpled to junk. Stamping her foot in uncontrollable anger she gave vent to her feelings in language that stung like salt.

Without a word he quietly arose from his chair and left the room, but returned immediately with an ax. Before she could realize what he was about he had smashed the ivory keyboard of her beautiful piano into a semblance of kindling wood. In his aroused fury he cut away until, satisfied that the work of destruction was complete, he turned to her with a sneer, saying: "Who is master here? Are you, or am I?"

The cat stood spitting on the fireplace mantle with its back bowed, its tail twice its normal size. Shep crouched whimpering near an overturned chair, a picture of terror. As the moonbeams fell on the scene of wreckage through the window, there came a low chuckle from a shadowy form standing not far away. Neither had noticed the stranger before. The woman was now sobbing, and the man, half cowed by the wicked chuckle, threw his ax to the floor and wiped the perspiration from his face. When he struck a match the stranger, or apparition, had vanished.

Outside the same bright moonbeams fell, the same soft zephyrs blew, the same sweet odors lay, the same night noises charmed; but the last ten minutes had thrown a veil over these farmstead glories for the two. The conch-shell and the ax handy instruments of passion -- now lay useless on the floor. That nameless something, or someone -- be it principle or personality, or both, they knew not what -- had played the mischief. That chuckling thing in the shadows had veiled the moon, stifled the breeze, poisoned the perfume, and made jarring the nature noises; it or he had robbed them of peace, burdened them with guilt, spoiled their present, and made their future uncertain. Ah me! how the heart ached under the sickening realization!

Perhaps the reader can recall a similar sudden transition from bliss to despondency? If in your case it was neither lamp nor piano that drove the wedge, perhaps the drama staged in different scenery would be quite as interesting and hold a sequel just as sad! Memory has a strange, persistent way in dragging out from their hiding places the secret things of yesterday. Conscience, too, sometimes remains a lingering guest before sleep touches the weary eyelids, admonishing, reproving, chiding, accusing.

The case is extreme, is it? Perhaps if you will try to recall your conflicts and defeats the edge will lose its extreme sharpness. It was a fortunate thing that the ax was not handy when your temper broke. The handy weapon at such a time has struck down the defenseless subject of the sudden passion, and later sent the actor swinging from the end of a rope prematurely into eternity. The strange incident of the farmstead is not an isolated occurrence, but one the reader can match with

experiences of his own without crossing seas to find them. Our study will bring out a truth that is tremendously scriptural. But we will come back to the pair in trouble.

The woman fell crying over the piano stool. The man clutched his heart and awoke as from a hideous dream. Suddenly a supernatural light pervaded the room. A form in snowy white stood there. Her face was sadly fair and her head was bowed as though in deepest grief. She sighed softly to herself before she spoke, and then moved into the moonlight. Her voice was wonderfully sweet, with a lilt of sadness in it that sent a thrill through the hearts of both. The pale moon flickered a moment as a few shredded clouds scurried across its face, and then suddenly disappeared behind a wall of solid gray.

"Children!" As the mournful cadence of her voice filtered through the room, they knew her: it was Conscience. "Children, what have you done? To whom have you yielded yourselves the last half hour? What have you here in this eden bower? Surely, love did not prompt such actions? Under whose spell have you served?" said she, and then sadly shook her head. As she stood there in the mellow moonlight, surrounded by that strange supernatural glow, the ear caught the scurry of demons and the whispering whir of angel wings.

Both were silent. The pulse still beat ill fevered measure, and the heart pounded accusingly against the breast. The reproachful eyes of Conscience were upon the pair. The woman sank low to the floor, sobbing, sobbing to herself. The man's face grew white, his fingers twitched, his knees knocked together, and then a tear stole down each sun-bronzed cheek. With a crash he too went to the floor, crying, "O my God, what have I done?" Both cried aloud like children. The heart throbbed under the pain of conviction and repentance.

The woman crept close to his side, still crying. The man's arm stole around her waist and both continued sobbing. Conscience stood by nodding, smiling, caressingly smoothing the woman's fallen tresses and lovingly patting the man's broad shoulders. Then she quietly slipped away on the pale beams of the moonlight. As the pair lay crushed in their shame penitential tears fell on the moonlit floor and choking sentences pleading forgiveness calmed the troubled hearts.

When they arose from their knees there was a light on their faces never seen on land or sea. He led her to an easy chair and spoke to her in his loving tone. She nestled close to his side, oblivious to the piano splinters and twisted student lamp that littered the floor. The pardon each had asked of the other was sealed with a lover's kiss, angels swung low, and then there was rejoicing in heaven over the two who had returned.

As they sat in the gloaming she asked: "What strange influence was it that transformed our home into a Dante's Inferno? It seemed that living fire leaped in my

veins when I smashed your lamp? I was more demon than human. It frightens me to think what this might have led to. Can you imagine what it was?"

"No, I can not," answered he. "I had a thousand demons in me when I ruined your beautiful piano. No telling what might have happened had you offered the slightest resistance. I was not myself, but seemed to be another man. I suspect that chuckle we heard from the shadows had something to do with it. When I looked that way I thought I caught the outline of a Man in Black. In leaving he looked over his shoulder. His face was a combination of hate and delight -- of smiles and sneers. Somehow our actions tonight marked a triumph for him, I do believe. But oh," and the man's frame shook with sobs, "how may we escape this awful influence? Is there no cure for this evil thing that explodes like a powder magazine? Is there no provision made in grace to free man from this curse? My soul longs for deliverance!"

"I heard some one say when I was but a girl," continued she, "that Jesus died to sanctify the Church. I wonder if the solution lies there? I well remember old Aunt Pious. She was a trial to our pastor. She would shout on the least provocation, and insisted that she was sanctified wholly. I paid little attention to her then, but I remember I never saw her angry under the most distressing circumstances. She used to come to church with her bonnet set on one side of her head, and an old faded and frazzled shawl pulled carelessly around her bent, tottering form; but she had something that the junk and splinters lying about us here evidence we do not have. I believe she had what we need. I once went to my pastor when troubled over a sudden outburst of anger, and asked him whether there was deliverance from it; but he laughed and said we would always be troubled with it. In spite of what he said, I believe Aunt Pious had the secret."

"No doubt about it," admitted he; "but I do not understand it. The preachers do not preach it, and I have never been over-studious in these matters. But from this night I shall begin to investigate. I am going to find out where that significant chuckle came from. While our church folks are prejudiced against sanctification (I believe that is what they call it), I am going to see whether it is taught in the Bible. By the way, there is to be a holiness camp meeting near here soon. While Dr. Compromise, our pastor, has warned the people against their extravagant methods, and has forbidden his members to attend on pain of expulsion, I for one am going to hear what they have to say. This night's work has taught me a lesson. I never want to see repeated what has happened here. I am afraid of this lurking demon in my breast. It is too much for me. 'Self-control' -- bosh! It snaps like a cord of tow in a flame. I am as helpless as an infant under the spell. God helping me, if there is deliverance from this thing, I shall have it. I am willing to pay any price to obtain it."

"Husband, I feel exactly as you do about this," answered the woman. "We will settle this definitely if it costs us all we have. We will hardly want to save the junk and splinters as souvenirs. The memory of this awful night's work can never be effaced. We will go to the holiness camp meeting, until we are convinced that there

is no deliverance from this in-born thing, or that it has been conquered by Christ the Mighty."

A keen spiritual eye might have caught the shadowy outline of the Man in Black reflectively stroking his face during this conversation. He remembered that thousands had debated this selfsame question, but was sure he would be able through smooth manipulation to thwart the purpose of these two. Many who had come to the fork in the road had been switched to the left and had lost their soul. Doubtless he had carried things rather too far this time, but he should ultimately succeed in environing these two with sufficient perplexities so that they would fail to reach the goal.

The katydid chirped in rhythmic monotone in the lilac, an owl hooted derisively in the distant forest, the pale moon slipped on a dusky cloud for her night robe, and then the world grew still. In the shadowlands of the spirit world a conclave of demons sat earnestly discussing the incident of the night. In the midst of their deliberation concerning the two of the eden farmstead, they were suddenly startled by a pale phosphorescent light over the sleepers' bed. It was Conscience on guard. The sad smile of confidence on the pale face of the soul watcher increased the instinctive dread of the demon horde. Who would win?

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02 -- THE DEPTHS OF SIN

Since we deal with sin in this volume, we can not go on until we touch it in some of its various phases, and then we can only touch it lightly. Our nation is so warped and woofed in sin that often an apologetic smile or a shrug of the shoulder is the only resistance it meets. We have had a king like other nations so long that we have gone far from the path of righteousness. It seems that nothing will stem the headlong course toward ruin. Optimism sees no peril.

Heathen temples rear their proud spires on our shores. Prominent society leaders are said to embrace their tenets. The leaven is working. Christian Science -- than which there never was a more senseless nor subtle delusion -- erects its costly edifices on the most prominent corners of our cities. Christ crucifiers from other creeds and those who are not required to renounce sin flock to its standard.

On and on, down and down, is the trend of our beloved nation. Who can tell when an awakened and rehabilitated "yellow peril" will be used of God to supersede or to drive back to righteousness? Smile if you will; but while you are smiling, remember that history repeats itself. The nation that forgets God as our nation is doing must surely pay the penalty. Let overconfidence sneer; facts are stubborn.

We are living in the age of "invention and progress," and are told that "the world is getting better." Thomas A. Edison spent twenty-five years perfecting the

kinetophone. It is now being placed on the market. A large motion picture theater in Kansas City is preparing to exhibit the new "talking pictures" to an eager public. Motion and sound have been so absolutely synchronized that action and speech, together with every attendant sound, is perfectly reproduced. While the world's ears tingle over the announcement, let us ask, Who has spent twenty-five years studying sin? Men hang over an idea in their laboratory for days and nights, weeks, months, and years -- and conquer. How few there are who, with anxious care and tear-stained face, hang over the vexing problem of how to conquer sin?

Dr. Freidman, a German specialist, is now agitating the medical fraternity with his newly-found tuberculosis cure. It is reported that a banker in America has offered one million dollars for the discovery. Skeptics sneer and critics score, as usual; but the doctor confidently asserts the killing power of his germ is absolute. Whether true or untrue, we see the emaciated, hollow-chested form stir and turn the sallow face full upon this harbinger of hope with a new light flaming in his watery eye as he asks whether it is true that he can be cured.

Now note humanity's astonishing folly! Sin, a disease infinitely more loathsome and deadly than tuberculosis, is silently yet surely dragging the victim toward an open grave and a coming judgment. The Remedy, prepared by the Trinity in the laboratories of heaven before the foundation of the world was laid, is at hand. In order that sin-infected, poverty-stricken humanity might have the full and free benefit of the Cure it was purchased by royal blood and dispensed to "whosoever will."

Skeptics sneer and critics score, and cry, "Impossible!" The self-righteous say, "I am good enough!" The wealthy gasp, "It costs too much!" The poor falter, "It's too cheap!" The pleasure-bent smile, "Some day, but not now!" The thoughtless answer, "Time enough yet!" But some, thank God, admit they are sick and need a physician; some acknowledge their poverty; some take the Remedy so priceless; some forsake all worldly pleasure and choose the way of the cross; some cry for salvation now-and get it. Who but those who weep in the secret chamber of prayer understand, even in a measure, the awful ravages of Sin, and the remedy?

What a word is sin! The world will never fully comprehend what it means. As time passes on humanity seems less and less able to measure its depths. Angels fell from heaven to hell when in its power. Eden was invaded by sin -- and ruined. Man is today a lost soul, unless God help him. The serpent's hiss is in the word -- s-s-s-in!

Politics today is only another name for sin. Corrupt principles, like hogs and cattle, like hide and hair, are worth and bring so many dollars. Men's hands are full of bribes. Equity has been ruled out and graft largely holds sway. Uncovered scandals are food for flaring headlines that pull shekels into the coffers of a corrupt press. S--s-s-in!

The pulpit has not escaped sin's withering curse. Indeed, here it seems to have been most subtle and wrought its greatest havoc. Salary stands higher than souls. Popularity means more than the saving of prodigals. For a few years (and a few dollars) the hireling mouths uninteresting sentimentalities. and then drops with his deceived people through the trap-door of time into hell. S-s-s-in!

Sex sins -- but where shall we begin and where close? The man who tried to squander a million dollars in our nation's most prominent cities, lifts the lid from the tenderloin districts and exposes to view some of the dirty society rats revelling in the sewers and sinks of sexual iniquity. A false modesty simpers behind its fan when this "multitude of sins" is exposed, and -- "O well; it can't be so bad as all that! On with the dance!"

Society. Oh, that silk-and-shekel shibboleth! How humanity fawns at the feet of this rouged Thing, simpering its silly nothings behind fan and forged favoritism! A smile or nod of recognition from this silk-stocking crowd will sell a daughter -- dower, virtue, name, and all -- into the lecherous arms of some society past master who has to offer in return nothing but an empty title, an empty hand, and an empty head. Society's reverse divorce-lever keeps the black pirate car going until the lust-lamps, burning low now, flicker a moment and then quench as the machine plunges forward into the misty Unknown.

And then there lie the haunts of squalor -- long rows across the nation. This is society scrap-heaped. Lust muckrakes here to gather the iron dregs from life's siftings. The clutter of old corks and bottles in the back alleys of life still throws out a faint odor, sour and acrid now, of fairer yesterdays. Though a scourge of waste, sin gathers up the fragments here. Literally, here closes life's drama. Coarser sin, but sin nevertheless, has succeeded the refined sin of uppertendom. Downward, always downward, is the sin-trend.

The cankerous thing is everywhere. Here is another picture -- a character drawn from life. It is framed in fact. Sin has found him, this youth. Once he held our eyes without flinching, but now his gaze flickers and falls. Tonight he is passing down a questionable street with hat jauntily cocked on the back of his head, cigarette squeezed between thin yellow lips, fingers fumbling nervously, and eyes shifty. Study the face. Note the palsied rock of the head, the drooping eyelids, the hanging lip, the weak chin, the trembling hands, and the emaciated form. What does it mean? Nature's sign-board is not hard to read; it is the habitue. This "some mother's boy" is under the strange spell of the enemy lurking in the shadows that night of the farmstead tragedy.

Sin, what have you done? What are you doing? You have brought about the fall of man, strangled his soul, and nailed the Son of God to a tree. Were it not for infinite power you would take God from His throne and plunge the universe into chaos. The mother's cry and infant's wail came from your nursery. Nerve-strings

vibrate in pain because you are here. From the cradle to the grave humanity is absolutely unable to resist your dread power -- without the grace of God.

Sin thrusts the dagger of grief through the watcher's heart when the loved one slips away. It leaves fluttering from our doorknob the telltale band of crepe. It gives the cruel echo to the clod as it strikes on the casket lid, and wrings with anguish the soul of the bereft. It is the motor that drives the wheels of the coffin trust. Sin has marred our hillsides with tombstones, and sown the ocean bed with corpses. Sin did it.

A number of years ago Chicago built a drainage canal through which her filth is carried to the gulf. This was wise. But we have yet to learn that she seeks an avenue through which she may pour her moral putrescence. With more burdock and sin than grass and grace, Chicago moves on under the whip of sin.

In a large town in Idaho society wanted something new. The old recurring rounds of entertainment had become insipid. A morgue, had just been completed. We quote from a newspaper: "The opening of this house of the dead was celebrated by a reception, followed by a dance given in the morgue itself. It was attended by many of the principal inhabitants of the fawn, Coffins served equally as tables and seats for the guests; sandwiches were served on coffin-plates; coffee was drunk out of tins similar to those used for embalming fluid, and the cold joints were imposingly and temptingly arranged on the slabs which were later destined to receive dead bodies. In such a gruesome environment the feet tripped as lightly and the laughter and conversation were as gay as if the ballroom were a bower of roses."

But later; ah, later! when seated in flaming chairs around brimstone slabs to drink "the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath," what then? Strike up the music behind yonder screen of flame, Satan! Ragtime! Now at it! Choose your partners. That's it! Swing the ebon baton a little faster. Increase the tempo. Ye demon spirits join, and now

Swing on the earner,
Circle to the left;
Bow to the right-hand demon,
And promenade with the--

Left! left! ye clumsy waltzers! Your lagging heels must click in better time on hell's hot floor. No time for idling here. The pleasures of earth must here find an eternal repetend.* [*a repeated sound, word, or phrase; refrain]

Here we catch a glimpse of sin from another angle. A well-dressed crowd, supposedly sane, toys with the tokens of death as unconcernedly as though surrounding their own dining-room table. They eat from coffins in which they soon must lie, drink mocha and java from embalming bowls, and jest over the marble

slabs upon which must soon repose their shroud-clad mortality. How men will trifle with God and play with sin! In Psalms 9:17 we read, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," and in Zeph. 1:18 the following appears, "Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath." There is only one escape, and that escape is through Christ. He is the world's only hope.

Today sweet Mercy lingers,
Tomorrow Death may come
And touch with icy fingers
Your heart. It spareth none.
Repent while Love is pleading,
And Mercy's at the gate;
While Christ is interceding--
Tomorrow is too late.

This chapter deals with sin as manifested in the unpardoned -- sin as an act. The first and following chapters deal with sin as manifested in the pardoned -- sin as a principle. We have thrown this chapter across our narrative in order to show what sin does as touching the soul unpardoned. In the first and following chapters we endeavor to show what sin does as touching the soul pardoned.

It will be seen that the struggle with this inward foe, the antagonism of those high in church circles, and the real transformation work accomplished clearly outlines the fight of today. Peter Cartwright had to knock down and drag out at times in his day, but the opposition soon gave way and a revival landslide followed. Today the devil is religious. He has gone out of the egg and brick business and invested heavily in empty professions, no-hell pulpits, fireless altars, miracle-denying and Christ-crucifying schools -- and popular holiness. He has outfitted his church basements with elegant culinary devices, supplies his pulpits With brainy men from the degenerate schools, seeks to fill his pews through imitation theatricals and dollar trillers, and draws his tainted shekels all the way from iron and oil stock dividends to the sale of popcorn and peanuts, old rags and rubbers.

This brings us back to our friends of the eden farmstead. Their experiences deal more directly with the devil of today. We will see in a measure the devil's present-day tactics disclosed. We will see the machinery of a fallen church in motion with its hireling coadjutors just as truly active as were the Spanish inquisitors, the only difference being that they now do it in a polite way.

Yesterday they took the head off on the guillotine: today they take it off at conference. Yesterday it was a bloody affair; today the nod of a bishop or even a smile will do it. Yesterday they did it with an ax; today they use water-marked bond paper and an iridium-pointed fountain pen. Yesterday they buried the corpse; today they let the corpse live (?), but see to it that it is in its grave-clothes-with napkin on jaw, and hand and foot securely tied. How humane the devil has become! No

wonder the "world is getting, better"! Another step down, such as from ax and guillotine to ink-horn trod quill, and who can tell what may happen? Sometime, somewhere out in the farthing eternities the restorationist would set out an altar at which the poor devil may kneel, convert him from the error of his ways, and thus bring him back to his lost estate -- most senseless and extravagant conjecture.

The Devil's Curio Shop

The devil has a curio shop
Filled up with strange old things;
From musty cellar to the top
Darkness its terror flings.

A guillotine, with hair and bone;
An ax, with bloody blade--
Was that I heard a stifled groan?
That clank, a sexton's spade?

A rack and thumbscrew here I find,
With pinchers, rods, and nails;
And instruments that made them blind--
Was that I heard their wails?

The "Iron Virgin" empty stands--
A prized old relic, she.
No more we fear her iron hands,
Nor bloody Rome's decree.

Rope, sword, and spike and bloody saw;
Hot oil, and blazing stake.
Fleshhooks, and pits with yawning maw
This grim collection make.

We leave these bloody instruments
That cost so many lives--
Ha! what are these? -- some shredded tents,
Split saddlebags, and knives!

A pile of brickbats, sticks, and stones;
Stale eggs, clothes torn to shreds;
And here a pile of broken bones,
And piles of broken heads.

This strange old curio shop today
Holds stranger relics there,
Gathered from conflicts by the way

With studied thought and care,

**Here lies a mutilated Book;
A Christ-denying school.
And here a pleasure-bated hook
On which he caught the fool.**

**A no-hell pulpit, draped in black,
A hireling's parchment roll,
Which led the thousands from the track,
Deceived and damned the soul.**

**A conference, with its carnal wires
The scheming hireling's pull;
Laws passed to quench the holy fires--
Worse than Pope Leo's Bull.**

**Sections of false religions, clans,
Fill Satan's curio den.
Success demands a change in plans
To damn the souls of men.**

**Old Satan's taken off his tail,
And sawed off both his horns.
He's junked his iron coat-of-mail;
Wears smiles instead of scorns.**

**We leave this strange old curio den,
The relics on the rack.
The devil's now a gentleman:
His son -- The Man In Black.**

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03 -- THE HOLINESS EVANGELIST

A large white tent stood stretched under the arching elms and basswoods. On one end of a crude plank platform stood a second-hand organ, on the other several rows of chairs for the singers. In the center a pulpit had been improvised by a plank and cross-piece set in the ground and then spiked to the fore-plank. To the right and left of the platform stood a number of common chairs and low, old-fashioned rockers on which the older folks might more comfortably sit. A number of the front rows of plank seats had crude backs, but the bulk of them were laid, backless, on edge-up plank girders held in position by small stakes driven on each side. This was the "furniture" of the camp meeting. What it lacked in mahogany and

plush-bottomed up-to-date-ness was made up in strength and "mission" primitiveness.

The hour was early candle lighting." Already the people came driving in, some from near, others from far. A three-quarter circle of white tents was being pitched around the main tabernacle, until a miniature white city lay in the shadows of the forest. The confusion of getting settled was upon the camp, but everybody seemed happy. Women, by ones and twos, were carrying water in "lard pails," while the men were busy strawing bunks, driving stakes, or tightening guy-ropes.

The woods folks looked upon this sudden intrusion speculatively. The woodpecker's snare-drum tattoo on a dead elm limb closed with a rising inflection. Mrs. Bluejay grew hysterical, and flew screaming in flustered fright from limb to limb, hoping thus to rout the bold invaders. Father Crow petulantly withdrew to a distant hill where he derided the whole affair by an intermittent, long-drawn-out nasal "caw!" Mrs. Bunny angrily stamped her right hind foot on the ground; what right had these folks to "squat" on territory that had been theirs from time immemorial? To all this fuss and feathers the campers paid not the slightest attention.

However, there was an unusual excitement and disturbance in another quarter that will bear special notice. A keen spiritual eye could have discerned a shadowy horde of demons in earnest conclave somewhat removed from the human actors in life's drama. That they were unusually disturbed was evidenced by the number of gifted representatives present. The situation becomes clear as we listen to their conversation.

"This is a most audacious proceeding!" cried a scrawny shade in the foreground. "Dr. Compromise, or stanchest representative of an emasculate religion, has gone to so much trouble to warn his people to stay away from this holiness camp meeting; but, judging by the way they are coming, there will be several thousand people on the grounds by next Sunday. The 'holiness cranks' have fortified behind the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian Perfection, irrespective of church relationship, which presages disaster to our cause. They have caused their pastors no end of trouble by their advocacy of and testimony to this grace, until some of the most flourishing churches have been split in two. Of course, this has disclosed the 'dead men's bones' in these "whited sepulchres," and that means added defeat to us. The people have long since seen that these modern churches have adopted cheap, second-rate theatricals as entertainment features to hold their people; that the prayer meeting has been relegated to the scrap heap of fogyism by the hireling clergy and sin-serving membership. Now comes this old-time-religion' feature eating its way into the heart and conscience of the people. Our work is in serious danger of demoralization in this splitting of churches. Too bad!"

"Much you care whether the churches split!" interrupted a tall shade at the left. "Your assiduous devotion to Dr. Compromise precludes all semblance of pity

on your part. Your motives are sinister throughout. If you can hold the doctor's church together by the refrigerator process; by the advocacy of 'sane principles,' you will have scored a fine point. If, as you fear, the holiness camp meeting will widen the breach between the holiness and worldly-minded membership, the split will come, of course. This will weaken our grip on the holiness folks, but it will at the same time strengthen the cords that bind the anti-holiness crowd. If the 'split' comes, as everything now indicates, you will be marked down on the scorecard of demon connivance in that you failed to keep the church together. 'Too bad,' indeed -- for you! You . . ."

"Silence!" roared the presiding shade. "We are not here to exercise sarcasm; we have weightier matters to consider. I will detail you to various tasks here for which you are severally fitted. I have withdrawn for the time being all our forces from the cathedrals with the exception of a few who are especially adapted to that kind of work. The weak-kneed clergy will do much of this work far better than many of our ablest shades can do it. We will now unite our forces to destroy the influence of this camp meeting direct, while they will take care of the cathedral end of it. There is work for us here.

"Dr. Compromise," continued the shade, "is the most influential clergyman in this vicinity. He has the largest and most costly church edifice. What we want to do here is to play our cards so well with the affiliating hireling clergy that all the converts made will be urged to unite with one of these fallen babels -- these modern ice-houses. If we succeed in this, before another year has passed by most of those at the altars here will then have backslidden. A ten-day holiness meal once a year and an occasional three-day convention, with the remaining three hundred and fifty-five or fifty days in which to feed the lambs theological sawdust will bring things to pass in our favor. This repeated for several years will make this place a 'burnt over district,' where Gabriel himself could not have a revival. There is nothing like a church refrigerator in which to kill new converts. Learn this well, and work accordingly."

"This camp meeting is new," suggested a shade of peculiar intelligence; "is there not a better way to ditch this neighborhood? It seems to me that too much activity on our part now will bring about the very thing we are trying so hard to prevent? The novelty will wear off by and by, and things will settle down to a normal condition."

"Novelty?" hissed a low-browed shade well to the front; "holiness is more than a 'novelty!' This deals with men's souls. You forget that we have had more trouble with this doctrine than any other besides regeneration. It seems when once they get it nothing can stop them! No; we have found no better way to kill the converts than to induce them to unite with one of these long-backslidden churches. Here they can 'let their light shine' under the opposition of a hireling clergy. If they 'stay in their churches,' and pose as martyrs, as some seem to think they are doing, there is hope that from want of proper soul-food, and environed by worldliness,

they will finally grow lukewarm and lapse into a cold professionalism. This leaves them with the shibboleth, but without the fire. After we get them to that stage we can rest. They will never give the pastor any more trouble. Their testimony to holiness will be so well worded that few will ever suspect they had ever been near a holiness camp meeting. These invariably 'stay in the dear old church!'" closed the shade with a horrible chuckle.

"There is nothing more to be said," continued the presiding shade. "We will work along familiar lines on the whole, and adapt ourselves to contingencies. Nothing taxes our ability so much as these holiness camp meetings. They are so unlike the programmed affairs in the fallen churches that the people want them, and hundreds go there to get 'the blessing.' It is time to begin operations."

The singers had taken their places. Old women and young, men and boys, lean and fat, plain and good looking; voices good, bad, and indifferent had filled the crude platform. A few of the neighborhood renowned warblers and trillers were present in the audience, and frowned when the song leader announced: "We will sing number fifty-five. Our choir, as you see, is up-to-date -- from all walks of life. Sister Willing may sing a little flat, while Brother Earnest may sing a little sharp. Most of us can carry wheat-bundles better than a tune. We know very little about 'high C' and 'low do.' We expect to keep somewhere near the tune, if we do wind up in a harmonious discord. We are going to pull out all the stops and let the Holy Spirit have His way. Everybody Sing!"

With a swing and rhythm that had a peculiar effect in spite of an occasional cracked note, the songs rose and fell triumphantly on the evening air. The "wise and prudent" sat back with marble faces; the "babes and sucklings," to whom the secrets of the Lord had been revealed, shouted and laughed for very joy. The camp meeting had begun.

On the platform, somewhat hidden by the flickering shadows, sat a strange little man. He was of slight build, rather hollow-chested, and squinted. More than one had looked askance at the "holiness evangelist." wondering what might be expected from him. His arms were too long for his sleeves. His coat hung wrinkled and ill-fitting over an awkward frame of bone. The trousers he wore had not been made in a tailor shop. The knees were soiled and worn from much kneeling in the leaves, at stumps, or along old rail fences. The shoes turned up like turtle heads, evidently from the same cause. When he tried to stand erect he reminded one of a walking question mark -- a picture of failure. The thermometer of expectancy was at zero.

The choice of our character is not intended to reflect on an educated ministry. God sanctifies the well-dressed, the highly educated, the beautiful, the accomplished where conditions are met. However, there is some significance to the expression, "the common people heard him gladly." God also sanctifies those who

seem to be less fortunately equipped by nature or circumstances. He longs to sanctify everybody. He is no respecter of persons.

Education often gets in God's way. Perhaps we had better say, a wrong education. We assert that much of our modern education is wrong. We ask, Can any education be right that leaves God out? True, they all teach that two and two make four. Correct. But before they reach the four, the professor in the class-room or the president in his chapel lecture injects his poisonous teaching, either by referring sneeringly to "backwoods religion," by lauding our modern "more intelligent worship," or by ingeniously instilling doubt as to the authenticity of the Scriptures.

We know that the constant drip of water will wear away a stone. The writer is personally acquainted with young men who came to college on fire for God, but after sitting under the constant drip, drip, drip of error in the class or lecture room they left the college filled with doubt. No wonder a boy coming from just such an educational institution exclaimed: "Father, I would give anything in the world if I could still believe in Christianity as you and mother taught me. Somehow my faith in the salvation roll preach has been ruined at college!" There you have it. The college that produces such ruin would be highly insulted if it were not classed Christian. We begin to see why so comparatively few graduates from our modern institutions of learning -- our theological seminaries -- preach holiness.

Ignorance is not a virtue. If it is wrong to know much, as some seem to think, then it is wrong to know little; and if it is wrong to know little, then let us ask God to help us forget that little. Foolish deduction. We soon discover, as some one has said, that "if ignorance is bliss, more ignorance is blister." The thirst for knowledge is right. Or part in satisfying that thirst is to keep clear from carnal instruction. Thank God, this we are doing by turning away from our modern educational institutions of the kind in question to holiness colleges and universities. We have grown weary and wary of educational methods so evidently carnal; where our boys and girls are taught, if not directly, then indirectly (which amounts to the same thing), to doubt the power of God to cleanse from all sin.

Neither the name "Wesleyan" nor "Holiness" tacked up over a college portal means anything if the Holy Spirit has taken His departure. Such words simply become a catch advertisement to draw students -- Satan's bait by which the unsuspecting are drawn to their ruin. But -- Lord, multiply the fire-centers of instruction where carnality has no foothold, or rather, no heart-hold! Keep the Pentecostal fire burning in our educational institutions! What a power for God are those with a sanctified education! Not only does the homeland feel the result of this trained army of workers, but heathen lands are through them being moved toward God. We plead not only for an educated, but a sanctified ministry.

In the meantime let us remember that God still pours out His Spirit upon the most unlovely and uneducated. Why marvel at this, when it is true? He not only sanctifies the intellectual giant from Kentucky until under his ministry multiplied

thousands are swept into the "second blessing," but He also pours out His Spirit upon the unheard-of, unlikely Kru boy from the Congo until he, too, is instrumental in sweeping thousands into the experience of entire sanctification.

Having called attention to the sad dearth of vital Christianity so prevalent in many of our modern educational institutions and their carnal trend of teaching, we meet any lingering query in the heart of some Pharisee why God so often passes by a walking encyclopedia and fire-fills some acknowledged nobody, by asking Paul to explain. First, we will let him quote from his sheepskin, and learn who and what he is: "Brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of Pharisees" (Acts 23:6). "For all know me of old -- if they would but testify to the fact -- how being an adherent of the strictest sect of our religion my life was that of a Pharisee" (Acts 26:5).

Some time after this learned Pharisee had been struck by God's lightning on his way to Damascus, he surveys the situation -- looks back, and then out into the future (our present) -- and says: "For consider, brethren, God's call to you. Not many who are wise with merely human wisdom, not many of position and influence, not many of noble birth have been called; but God has chosen the things which the world regards as foolish, in order to put wise men to shame; and God has chosen the things which the world regards as destitute of influence, in order to put its powerful things to shame; and the things which the world regards as base, and those which it sets utterly at naught -- things that have no existence -- God has chosen, in order to reduce to nothing things that do exist; to prevent any mortal man from boasting in the presence of God" (Phil. 3:26-29, Weymouth Version). This brings us back to the camp meeting and the evangelist we introduce.

The prodigy now came forward to the plank pulpit. He took from his coat pocket a much-worn Testament and fumbled for his text. This he read in a mumbling, disappointing way, closed the Book, and returned it to his pocket. He lifted his face over the audience like a boy in stage-fright. Some trembled lest he fail at the very beginning. Then came a few commonplace remarks. Suddenly his heretofore expressionless face assumed a comical expression. For ten minutes he held the audience convulsed with laughter. Even the conservative and critical had forgotten themselves, and laughed with the others. Those who had expected a Sobersides and one who should lead the hosts on to holiness, first trembled, then questioned, then laughed. The speaker had them in his spell. Everything was forgotten in following the keen witticisms of this strange make-up. They saw the diamond in the rough. But what was this at a holiness camp meeting?

Presto! the blood mounted to the speaker's face. A peculiar earnestness seized him as he veered from humor to pathos. From a few rapidly re-sketched incidents that changed the laughter to tears he swept on in a torrent of words that instantly established his fame as a preacher. But he did not stop there. Gradually he approached the issue. Soon the deeds of life's yesterday stood leering at the awakening listeners. The sins of the long gone by were dragged out from under the rubbish of years and held up before the startled gaze.

With a gesture he wheeled the Judgment into sight. They saw the great and the small assembled there. The wail of the lost rang in their ears. Then he took them to the garden of Eden and sketched the world's greatest tragedy. The word-picture was so vivid that some sobbed softly to themselves while others sat pale and trembling under the spell. Again he spanned the centuries and swung before their startled gaze the world's crucified Redeemer. They could almost hear the crunch of the nail, the hammer blows, the low moans of pain on the cross, and catch the drip, drip of the crimson drops as the life-tides ebbed away. He swung the world and individual sin-chapters into view until guilt settled down in awful pressure. From the Cause he pointed to the Cure. Every skeptic saw how man might be saved. No one moved.

He now touched the modern method of handling sin, showing what it is as an act and what it is as a principle, emphasizing the dual death of Christ for the sinner (John 3:16), and for the church (Eph. 5:25-27). He related instances both humorous and sad, showing how "inbred sin" was inherited by the nabob and pauper alike; that sins committed are pardoned; that sin inherited is cleansed; that there is a difference between birth and baptism, hence clearly defining the Scriptural and Wesleyan "two works of grace."

"Your preachers have told you that this awful something in your breast called 'inbred sin,' 'the carnal mind,' 'the old man,' etc., must trouble you all your life. I bring you a Joshua and Caleb report-you can enter Canaan now. The ten spies lied - - and bleached their bones on the wilderness sands. The sinner lives in Egypt. Under conviction and repentance he leaves Egypt, crosses the Red Sea, and then makes a straight line for the second crossing-Jordan. Beyond this crossing lies the Christian's present inheritance. Canaan is not a type of heaven, but of the sanctified life. The word 'sanctification' chokes the hireling. It is the Christian's shibboleth of deliverance.

"The 'whited sepulchres' called churches are 'full of dead men's bones.' It takes four live men to carry a dead one. "Stay in your churches!" is the cry of the churchling. We hear much said about 'loving your mother.' I love my mother, but when she dies I am going to bury her. Just because she sang to me sweet lullabies and taught me how to pray when young is no reason I should keep her standing open-coffined in my parlor for years after she is dead. I love her still for what she has been to me. Her memory shall ever be sacred. But when she is dead I shall give her a respectable burial.

"We can not afford to keep hooked up to a denomination that opposes holiness, no matter what its past record may be. If a number of wholly sanctified people, urged to 'let their light shine' in their fallen churches, would withdraw from the denominational opposition and unite as one body in a free-from-the-world life, their influence for holiness will be increased many times. 'United we stand; divided we fall.' This is a Scriptural computation which always brings tremendous results.

"If Christ is not able to deliver from all sin, then I will close my Bible and go home. The leading orthodox bodies, though now sadly fallen, all teach this in their tenets. The Bible teaches a life free from sin, and insists we must be sanctified wholly before we can enter heaven (Heb. 12:14). If we can not be delivered from inbred sin, then Satan has more power than Christ.

"While we sing an altar hymn I invite you forward. If you are a backslider, Jesus invites you to return. If your sins (actual transgressions) have been forgiven, Jesus can sanctify you wholly. This means a life of victory. You are not condemned for having this inherited depravity, for we all have it; but because you refuse to get rid of it when you get the light. Will you continue to carry this troublesome thing about in your breast, or will you come now and let Jesus sanctify you wholly? Sing. Come!"

Instantly there was a rush to the altar. As they fell on their knees they began to pray. A wave of prayer rose and fell as the soul-battle raged. Soon the shouts of deliverance mingled with the groans of the dying. While the slain of the Lord were many, the resurrection power of His grace was manifest. When the benediction was pronounced a score had "entered in."

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04 -- THE HOLINESS CAMP MEETING

During the altar service of that first night of the holiness camp meeting our young friend and his wife of the eden farmstead sat far back in the audience. He was disappointed, decidedly so. Instead of the well-dressed and refined they had hoped to meet there, there were here the plain farmer folk and the in-gatherings from all walks of life. Instead of the trained trilling of the select few they had enjoyed at the church, there was here the untrained, enthusiastic outburst of the entire congregation in song.

While these disturbing thoughts passed through his mind a stranger dressed in black sat down by his side. He bore himself with a saintly, or, rather, a churchly air. His keen black eye swept swiftly over the audience then in song. Soon his eye fell on the troubled young man at his side. He seemed to perceive instantly the trend of his thoughts, and said:

"Pardon me for my seeming familiarity. I judge you are not accustomed to this manner of worship."

"No, sir," answered the man. "We have worshipped in the church of which Dr. Compromise is pastor."

"Ah!" quickly continued the stranger. "I have heard of that excellent man. His fame has reached far. But look at the people gathered here. There is no refinement, no proper conception of things divine; no dignity. There seems to be a kind of free-and-easy method which the people enjoy, but which shockingly lowers the dignity of the gospel in the eyes of the cultured pulpit and pew."

"I have observed that," answered the man, with a growing respect for the stranger's keen perception; "but there is something about it, after all, that has attraction. What is lacking in dignity here seems to be made up in exuberant joy."

"O, yes," carelessly affirmed the stranger, "you will always find that in a genuine holiness camp meeting. That is one of their strong traits. But look at the crowd! Look at some of their prominent singers and workers -- women in calico and men in their shirtsleeves. How this shocks the cultured and refined. Notice, too, that many if not most of them are poor. The elite do not take to this extravagant religion. They prefer the 'safe and sane' methods of Dr. Compromise. Bless the man! he has a proper conception of these things. He is dignity personified."

"It seems to me," said the woman, now speaking for the first time, "that in spite of all the doctor's dignity, he gets no one through to victory. I admit that his audience is cultured; but is that salvation? Something tells me these people are right."

"My dear madam," hastily answered the stranger, "permit no such conclusions. The doctor has done well in warning his flock against this fanaticism. Once this that you see here tonight gets full swing, there is no stopping it. It splits the churches, invariably. If this unbridled tide of fervor continues to rise as it has here begun to manifest itself the first night of the service, I fear the result. Dr. Compromise may well be anxious."

"It seems so strange to me," continued the woman, "that deliverance from all sin should be opposed by the churches. This is the very thing my heart is hungry for. That preacher exactly described my condition tonight. Had you been at our home some time ago and witnessed what this 'old man' the preacher talked about did for us, you would take what appeals to me to be the Scriptural view."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the stranger, with a peculiar expression on his face at the woman's reference to the home-episode so fraught with grief. "This shows how susceptible you are to emotional environments. You are of the kind that falls easy prey to this fanatical holiness camp meeting lure. Ha, ha, ha!"

The man started. Where had he heard that chuckle before? That chuckle with the peculiar sardonic inflection? Suddenly a mist of moonlight fell across his memory, the rhythmic chirp of katydids, a metallic crash, ax-blows, and flying splinters. With a gasp of recollection he was about to speak -- but the woman was again talking.

"'Emotional environments,' did you say? We had those in our home less than a fortnight ago, but they were of an entirely different nature than we see manifested here tonight. When the 'emotional environments' had subsided my husband carried his student-lamp to the junk-pile, while I swept the splinters from my new piano into the stove. I feel intuitively that these people are right, and that you and Dr. Compromise are wrong. Besides this, I have a heaven-born conviction in my soul that I am nearing a crisis in my Christian experience. I am tired of the old life, and expect to be sanctified wholly."

Instantly the tactics of the stranger changed, and he continued: "You can not afford to 'lose your reputation.' Your voice is in demand in the doctor's church, of which you are a member in good standing. You really need the money they pay you for singing. If you go forward here to seek sanctification in the straw at the mourners' bench like the common people do, it will ruin you. Your sphere of usefulness will be at an end. You will immediately be classed with the riff-raff of society. Dr. Compromise will be compelled to expel you from church membership. Consider this rash decision well, retrace your steps, and let prudence prevail. Dr. Compromise is wise in these things. Through prudence he commands a large salary, and holds his important position over all his envious aspirants in the conference. See what he has built up in the way of numbers and wealth and prestige I Do not lose your head!"

"'Reputation,' did you say?" queried she. "I am sure I have read somewhere that 'He made himself of no reputation.' Am I better than my Lord? Did He not say, 'The servant is not greater than his lord'? As to going forward to kneel at an old-fashioned mourners' bench, that is all I can do. Dr. Compromise sets out no altar to seekers for either pardon or purity.

"It is true," continued she, as though thinking out loud, "that Dr. Compromise holds his congregation by his prudence, and receives in consequence a salary of five thousand dollars a year. He gets six weeks' vacation, and draws his one hundred dollars a week while motoring with his wife and son to New York and return, he returns in time, however, to assist the devil in counteracting the influence of this holiness camp meeting.

"My conviction is," continued the woman with a new gleam of determination in her eye, "that for once Dr. Compromise will have his hands more than full. I believe that the little preacher who brought the message tonight is filled with the Holy Spirit. I believe that a revival of old-time religion is sweeping in upon us. That you are one of the doctor's henchmen I can plainly see. But I notify you here and now that as far as I am concerned, I am going to be 'one of them!'"

This conversation had been carried on during the changing phases of the service. With a sneer the stranger turned to the man and asked: "And what are you going to do?"

"I? Oh, I am going to find out who you are," replied the man. "It has dawned on me that I have heard your chuckle before. It was the night the katydids chirped in the lilacs, and all the world seemed glad. It was the night of the 'emotional environments,' if you please; the night when our eden home was suddenly turned into a hell.

"At first," continued the now thoroughly awakened man, "the radical difference between the worshippers here and our formal people prejudiced me against holiness. But when I heard your chuckle I instantly remembered my trip to the junk-pile and my wife's ruined piano. I now understand that you are that mysterious person that somehow manipulated our fall from grace that sad hour. While the preacher is pronouncing the benediction above the shouts of sin-liberated souls, I want to say that I am through with the crowd that crucified Jesus!"

At the word "Jesus" the stranger drew his breath in through his teeth as though in pain, and quickly disappeared through the crowded doorway. Over the tented city fell the silvery light of the moon. In the shadowy group of elms lurked a conclave of demons. Above the intermittent hoot of the owl echoed the shouts of sin-freed souls. The man and woman slowly homeward bound were in earnest conversation. Asked she, "Husband, who was that stranger?" Answered he, "I do not know. It was he of the significant chuckle that night. Suppose we call him -- the Man in Black!"

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05 -- SKETCHES FROM EXPERIENCE

The late afternoon sandpaper medley of a locust orchestra struck vibrant and clear from the maple and elm lining the road. The veiled smile of an eastern moon grew brighter and sweeter in the borrowed light of her gold-mailed companion, now fast sinking to his hazy bed in the west. Nature's noises changed key -- from major to minor: from the bright and the gay to the somber and the sad. Toil and care laid aside, man's thoughts reverted to things eternal.

The camp meeting was astir at an early hour. Our young friends of the eden farmstead were among the first comers to find a comfortable seat near the front. It had been announced that the "holiness evangelist" would illustrate his sermon by excerpts from his own experience touching the carnal nature, supplemented by what he had gathered from others in his life and ministry. Curiosity was on tiptoe.

The question mark had grown to an exclamation point -- with one bound the preacher had leaped from shadows of obscurity into the broad light of popularity. His fearless attack on sin in the popular pulpit and pew, his clear conception and exposure of human depravity, and his tremendous faith in the atoning blood of the crucified One to sanctify wholly had drawn a large attendance. The people were

quick to see that this pale, hollow-chested man was educated, acquainted with his Bible and his theme, knew men, understood sin, had unction, and stood as one of the First Guard of God's invincibles. In short, he had the hearts of the people.

The evangelist arose from his chair in the shadows, as he had done once before, drew from his pocket that selfsame Testament, mumbled his text as before, and then returned the Book to his pocket. Again was that strange hesitancy noticeable and the fear felt that he would collapse, when, without an apparent effort, he swung out once more in his inimitable style and held his audience spellbound to the close. That others may see how well he understood the Man in Black the carnal nature -- we give his sermon almost entire.

"I was born -- no matter when or where. I shall not burden you with my life's details. Sometime I may gather the frazzled ends together and put them in a book. Tonight I shall apply myself to a subject that may seem strange to you, but before I close I am sure you will understand what I am talking about. If I do not locate you and find you down in the straw at the close of my discourse, it will be because you give ear to the man of my subject -- the Man in Black.

"I will give you excerpts from my own life; I understand that best. I will also relate the experiences of others whom I have met, many of whom I have seen delivered. You will discover as I proceed that these experiences are very similar to your own. My desire is to throw light on your path relative to the sin question -- the carnal mind. Nearly all the orthodox denominations acknowledge the existence of the Man in Black -- the carnal mind -- but few deal Scripturally with his expulsion. I will sweep all their unscriptural methods of dealing with him aside at one stroke, and say he must be crucified. If we ever get to heaven it will be because the 'old man' has been crucified, and we have been sanctified wholly.

"The sun had just slipped over the western horizon. The mist crept up from the valley, and the chirp of an early cricket sawed the air in monotonous regularity. The day-noises gradually subsided under the influence of softer sounds stealing out from the eastern shadowlands. A whippoorwill's mate-call blended harmoniously with a bullfrog's hoarse bass, while a chorus of pond frogs accompanied the duet by shrill croaks in musical medley. With pail on arm and stool in hand toward milk-yard bent a man sang blithely:

O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!

"It was fly-time. As he sang, grace was sweet. A heavenly peace stole over him, a sweet joy swept over his heart, and he felt strong in soul. 'So, Boss! So, Boss, hoist!' gently spoke the man with the pail and stool. But 'Boss' had been irritated by swarms of flies all day, with hundreds still swarming exasperatingly near, or clinging in clusters to her legs; hence, she was not in the best of temper. She had no notion of either 'soing' or 'hoisting' just yet.

"So, Boss! So, Boss! So!" (the last with emphasis). But Boss would not 'so.' Around and around the enclosure went Boss, the man following in shorter circles with pail and stool. 'So, Boss!' again came the phrase, by this time stripped of all endearing entreaty, but loaded with considerable command, and voiced in the rising inflection. With tail aswing Boss continued her rounds. By a strategic shortcut she was finally brought to bay in a corner. The man balanced himself cautiously on the one-legged, foot-high stool. With a final subdued 'So, Boss; hoist!' he prepared to milk. Bossy obeyed the command to 'hoist,' but evidently with too much alacrity. The flying pail, the prostrate man, the sound of ripping Cloth, the cloud of dust -- all this indicated that trouble was on hand.

"Presto! with a panther-like spring the man was upon the fleeing cow. The quick hollow drub, drub, drub on the poor cow's ribs, followed by her bellow told who was master of the situation. 'So, Boss, so, you ugly brute! I'll teach you how to kick; So! (drub) So! (drub) So, Boss! (drub) So!' till from sheer exhaustion he dropped his stool. After a short rest the man again took up the stool and, with a fourteen-foot-high feeling of mastery, approached the now cringing and trembling Bossy. With an emphatic 'So, Boss!' he finally succeeded in finishing his milking.

"After he had carefully put up his stool, with pail in hand he proceeded toward the milk-house. As he walked along with the heavy lines of the recent encounter still on his brow, the Man in Black slipped up to his side and sarcastically whispered in his ear: 'Eheh; "Happy day," is it? And "washed my sins away," eh? Don't feel so "happy" now, do you? Pretty conduct for a Class Leader, isn't it? By the way, which chapter are you going to read at the prayer meeting tonight? Better read the first chapter of James and comment on the eighth paragraph, "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." You gave a glorious and glowing commentary on the text tonight in the cow-yard. "Double minded," indeed! "Happy day," and "No, Boss" accompanied by the rub-a-dub-dub of the milk stool on the poor brute's ribs till she bellowed. A fine Class Leader you are, indeed!' The man groaned in spirit.

"In the milk-house he found a strange light -- a presence -- something he had seen before. As he grew accustomed to the gathering darkness he caught the outlines of Conscience standing with a grieved look on her face. He shrank together as she looked so strangely at him, for his thoughts condemned him. That one look she gave him brought the tears to his eyes, and he loathed himself.

"The Man in Black had put the lance under his fifth rib until, now that the reproachful look of Conscience was upon him, he saw himself in all his weakness. With a warning to shun the Man in Black -- to get rid of the 'carnal mind' -- Conscience left him to himself. All this transpired while busied with his work in cooling the milk.

"The man put his hand to his head and felt dizzy. In his heart he was most miserable. When he had finished his work at the milk-house he found his wife dressed and waiting for him. One glance at his rumpled condition told her that something had gone wrong; but she knew better than to pry too closely into the affair. Past experience had taught her the beautiful grace of silence on such occasions. So with the sweetest smile, she said: 'My dear, you are late tonight for the prayer meeting. Better hurry. Has anything happened? You look disturbed.'

"Muttering something about being 'slightly indisposed,' he went to dress. With Bible in hand he and his wife walked to the church in silence. Thinking he was gathering comments on the lesson she did not interrupt his meditation. He was 'commenting,' but not entirely on his prayer meeting lesson. He felt very much like a criminal going to the gallows. A thousand miles from Nowhere would have been preferable to the prayer meeting. A sweat of anguish beaded his forehead. A carnal chill convulsed his soul. He was on the rack of torment.

"Instead of the usual few generally present, tonight there were present quite a number when the man and his companion arrived. The exchange of greeting was unusually formal, as far as the leader was concerned. His mind was wool-gathering. Some one announced the old familiar hymn, 'Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,' which they all droned through in long meter. The man again groaned in spirit, as he realized that this seemed to be true, in his case at least.

"Memory, ever busy, had brought the milk-yard scene along -- cows, stool, and all. Great beads of sweat stood on his brow. Ever. and again his hand brought from an inner pocket a handkerchief of ample dimensions in which he smothered the trumpet blasts he blew from his nose. He looked for his inspiration -- it was gone; respiration, painfully low; perspiration, abundant.

"Yes, the milk-yard was there. He had lost his fourteen-foot-high feeling. The cows had grown from cowering, pigmy size to enormous proportions. Each bossy stared at him with innocent eyes, in their brown depths lurking looks of accusation. Even the milk-stool seemed to have turned accusing eyes upon him as he sweat in his effort to conduct the prayer meeting. The Bible had suddenly become the largest Book in the world. Either the pulpit had grown taller, or he had shrunk to his proper size. He scarcely saw what transpired or heard the droning prayers as the farce proceeded.

"With bloodless lips he read stammeringly a hastily selected lesson and then sank on his knees to pray. The prayer was unctious, save that it savored of heartache and tears. As others droned out the time in perfunctory platitudes, the tears of the now thoroughly repentant man fell unchecked on the rostrum rug. Oh for a hiding place in some deep forest recess, where he might plead with his Maker for reinstatement!

"The ordeal was over at last. The benediction had been pronounced by a soul-shriveled deacon, and he was once more out in the open air and under the arching sky. A soft breeze fanned his hot cheeks. He answered his wife's questions in monosyllables. When he reached home he repaired to the barn and threw himself in a tumult of tears on the hay. Broad beams of the silvery moon fell across the mow -- a picture he never forgot.

"Below, the horses still munched their hay, but there was solitude -- the place where man settles accounts with God. As he lay there sobbing out his utter defeat, it seemed life was not worth living. Just as his heart seemed about to break faith grasped the promise and his soul rejoiced in the kiss of pardon. Restored, praise God!

"When he repaired to his bedchamber his heart was again light, and on his lips lingered a snatch of song. Before he closed his eyes in slumber that night a query ran through his brain: Who, or what was this uncontrollable something within that ever and again brought such crushing defeat? He had questioned his pastor in regard to it several times, but that good man had declared that this troublesome thing must be carried about in the breast until death. Oh, if only some way could be found by which the soul might be rid of this awful trait! With this, although conscious of pardon, he fell into a troubled sleep.

"Hundreds have asked that selfsame question. Many have never found the answer. Others have, but have refused to apply the cure. Thank God, some have heard, have heeded, have found! Some entered in last night, and many more will do so tonight. The experiences I relate here tonight are common to us all. I am simply taking flashlight photographs that show you as you are. You have all been troubled with the cause, but have been told that there is no relief. Tonight I bring you the Cure.

"God has provided a remedy. Christ died on Calvary for the Church -- for the converted -- that she might be sanctified wholly (Eph. 5:25-27). It is time you were aroused from your carnal slumbers into which you have been lulled by a hireling ministry. The self-life slain, there is for all His mighty baptism with the Holy Spirit. The rubbish removed through a thorough consecration, the Spirit-filled life moves on in a power that will ever be an enigma to a fallen church.

"That farmer in the milk-yard, the milk-house, the prayer meeting, the haymow bring to the fore other scenes that you recognize as similar -- experiences of your own. Even now you loathe yourself because of your weakness. You earnestly long to follow Jesus, but hitherto have been often defeated by this Man in Black. His strange spell was stronger than your will, and you went down. You needed the second touch, but did not know how to get it. The battles you fought with this inward foe and lost are many. Thank God, the time of deliverance has come! But I must paint other pictures so that you may understand his subtlety. Let me draw a few excerpts from the Book of Memory.

"My introduction to the Man in Black occurred under peculiar circumstances. His appearance at intervals was always sudden and unexpected. Conscience, my ever true friend and monitor, manifested from the very beginning of my acquaintance with him an extreme dislike for this troublesome stranger. She often wept as she found me listening to his reasonable reasonings.

"I had had some dealings with a neighbor. In trying to come to a settlement, difficulties arose. The neighbor objected to terms previously agreed to. I had his promise, but he now refused to fulfill his part of it. Words were passed, and the quarrel was on.

"Immediately the Man in Black was on the ground. He was above the average stature. His face was written over with deep lines of hate. His eyes flashed fire. In their depths was a murderous gleam not pleasant to behold. His nostrils were distended, his teeth set hard, and his fists tightly clenched. His whole frame quivered in uncontrollable anger. The words that fell from his lips were salted with venom and brimstone from the pit. As he walked back and forth in his wrath I was vested with a strange awe, mentally wondering who this stranger could be that had so unexpectedly undertaken the settlement of my case.

"A strange before-unknown strength came upon me. I felt as though for the time I could 'whip my weight in wildcats.' The stranger inspired me to go my length then and there -- and repent at my leisure. The blood of war coursed through my veins with stinging swiftness; the heart cried out for a speedy revenge for the insult.

"Fortunately the neighbor thought 'discretion the better part of valor,' hence I was left in undisputed possession of the field. The Man in Black had disappeared as suddenly as he had come. I wondered who he could be, but to this query I could get no satisfactory solution. I was yet to learn that the influence of the stranger was irresistibly strong, damning, and destined to cause innumerable defeats, heartaches, and bitter tears. Oh, the subtlety of carnality!

"Upon returning home I heard the faint rustle of a robe. There stood Conscience with bowed head and sorrowful mien, her eyes upon me in chiding gaze. Inquiring as to the cause of her sadness she reproved me, and condemned my actions of the last half hour. In self-justification I sought to explain by stating how I had been wronged; how my rights had been ignored, and then how the stranger had undertaken the defense of my cause. To all this she only shook her head, and said: tin your sober moments you will regret all you have said and done. Beware of this stranger -- this Man in Black! Rid yourself of his evil offices and seemingly timely intervention, lest he plunge you into spiritual bankruptcy. He has ruined multiplied thousands who have followed the dictates of his iron will?

"I pondered the words she had said. On sober reflection I found that Conscience had rightly divined. My unchristian conduct was so evident that my heart broke in sorrow at my actions. I asked my neighbor's pardon at the first opportunity. Of course, I went down on my face before God, and obtained pardon from Him, and once more went on my way rejoicing. Song birds again trilled their happy lay and the sunshine of God's forgiving smile kissed my grief away.

"But who was this commanding and mysterious stranger? Who was this that seemed to be vested with so much authority? From whence obtained he such strange power over me? He had come upon the scene like a blast from the mountainside, and had silently and suddenly stolen away like the Arab. The query remained.

"One beautiful Sabbath morning in autumn, as the leaves had turned from yellow and red to gold and gray, I prepared to go to the house of worship. Church bells pealed their welcome invitation over cornfields yellow and woodlands sear. Many came to the house of prayer. The service was Spirit-filled. After the sermon a short testimony meeting was held. I began to think how much the Lord had done for me, and how I rejoiced in His pardoning grace, when suddenly I was conscious that some one had sat down by my side. It was the Man in Black.

"After a smile of recognition, he leaned over and whispered: 'True, the Lord has done much for you; but yonder is Sister Praisever whose testimony always does you so much good; listen to her. Brother Grateful is also here today. You know how unctuous he is. Better listen to him and the testimony of others. You can testify another time just as well; it does not seem to be convenient for you to do so today. Besides, you can not testify as well as these and others, hence might hurt the spirit of the meeting?

"I knew that others could testify with more fervor and unction, and that their testimonies were always a source of inspiration and blessing to me, so I sat still. The services were soon over, and many seemed to have a heavenly shine on their faces; but I went away with a troubled heart. Following the advice of the affable stranger seemed to have turned all my laughter to lament -- my glory to gall.

"I was still musing on the words of this persistent stranger along the way, when Conscience caught up to my side, and said: 'You did not testify today.'

"I answered that I had not; told her of the stranger's advice; of my obedience to his suggestions, and of my troubled heart as a consequence. Again she shook her head, and warned me to get rid of this Man in Black, lest by continued 'quenching the Spirit' I drive the Christ for ever away.

"After these repeated visits by the persistent stranger I began to distrust his forced attentions upon me, and formed a marked dislike for him. But my troubles were not yet ended. My spiritual sky was again to be overcast, my heart rent with

conflicting queries, and my soul gripped in a quenchless longing to be delivered. Oh, that there might be emancipation from this serfdom of sin!"

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06 -- SKETCHES FROM EXPERIENCE [CONTINUED]

"The shimmer of Autumn was again on the landscape. Wood and field lay in golden splendor before the art-loving eye. Frost-touched vines trailed their rainbow colored leafery over the twisted rail fence in bewitching beauty. The squirrel hurried his winter supply of nuts into his storehouse in the elm in sedulous frolic. The wild bird of the lake careened steadily toward the sunny South in its flight. The soft blue haze of Indian summer hung in a shimmery sheen over the land.

"The heart in touch with heaven beat in glad unison with the mellow autumn scene and worshipped nature's God. Sickness had laid its punishing hand upon overtaxed energies, and demanded tribute which I had paid almost to the uttermost farthing. Weak, but convalescent, I employed the waiting time for strength to resume pressing duties by dabbling with the muses. Several poems were sent to the editor of a religious paper. They were accepted and a letter of commendation received accompanied by a request to write a poem which was to be set to music for the coming church centennial.

"At once the Man in Black was at hand. This time he was wreathed in smiles and sunshine. His bearing was graceful and from his deep-set eye beamed admiration. He, too, wished to express his appreciation of the merits of the poem. He invited me out for a stroll. He took me into fields of delight where poems grew in clusters from trailing vines, and centennial strains fell like the music of Swiss bells from silver throated mocking-birds.

"He took me into towers and pinnacles of fame. Audiences sat at my feet and lauded the merits of my pen. He said: 'The world must have more. This talent must not be buried in the folds of a napkin.' His words were smoother than butter. As he left he doffed his silken tile, waved his bejeweled hand, and said he was glad to count me among his friends.

"The strange thrill of his influence continued. I had entered a new field where new possibilities awaited my beck and call. I would do much. I would astonish the literary world, although I had never chewed Greek roots nor swallowed Latin phrases. 'Your talent,' he had said.

"The clock on the mantle had just chimed twelve when the familiar rustle of white robes was heard in the corridor. A gentle tapping on the door came next, and I knew that Conscience sought audience. Bidding her enter, I asked the nature of her mission at such a late hour. When she saw the flushed cheek and sparkling eye, she burst into tears and wept as though her heart would break. I inquired into the

nature of her distress. Drying her tears, she fastened her eyes reproachfully upon me, upbraided me for my pride, festered and fed by the influence of the Man in Black, and then warned me earnestly against his manipulations.

"She pointed to my earth-born, groveling ambitions which had been kindled to a white heat by the stranger's plaudits, and said that continued yielding to his subtle influence would bring disaster to my soul. In concluding her arraignment she bowed her head in an attitude of pleading, bade me good-night, and left me alone to my disturbed meditations. The soul-inventory revealed a low stock of grace. There was a not-right feeling about it all that brought a strange uneasiness to my soul. I began to look at the situation from the viewpoint of my silent monitor; the result was instantaneously astonishing. God's searchlight revealed a sad condition.

"The love-shot shaft of Conscience had found lodgment in my deluded heart. I saw the abominable pride in it all, and cried to God for pardon. Tenderly the Father spoke the word of forgiveness, and the mists of pride and worldly ambition were for the time being chased away by the sunshine of His smile. How sweet was the pardon, and how rested the soul all secure after the carnal storms had passed. Wonderful grace!

"The church-centennial was held; the merits of the fallen church were lauded -- but the poem was written by another. The sting of the editor's rebuke for my refusal to write the poem was lost in the joy of having once more escaped the toils of the Man in Black. Down through the years there has never been a single regret, and the way has grown brighter as my feet walked in new light. Glory to God!

"Once more the question came thundering through the soul, Who is this persistent stranger? How might I rid myself of his troublesome presence? Ah, I would live closer to God! I would work harder and do more than ever. I would pray more, give more, and sacrifice more. Surely, I would then grow into an experience where he would trouble me no more. Alas, alas! I was yet to learn that the stranger's power was too subtle and strong for self-born resolutions and unscriptural methods.

"I had found those whom I consulted relative to this inward trouble physicians of no value. All had declared that I must carry to my grave this hated influence or thing. From bishop to deacon the declaration had been the same. But experience taught that a riddance of the trouble would certainly be to the glory of God. Could it be done?

"One memorable morning after breakfast I was led of the Spirit into my closet to pray. The children had received positive orders (I was of such a positive nature) not to disturb papa during his secret devotions. The little tot of the home, having forgotten the iron command, tiptoed to the door partly ajar and peeped in 'to see what papa is doin'.' Instantly that scene of devotion was transferred into a center of wrath. Justice was meted out in quick measure. Children must be taught obedience.

Punishment with angry hand was administered, and the weeping tot sent from the room.

"The Man in Black was on the scene. He highly commended the act, and pointed out numerous instances where children had led profligate lives as a result of disobeying their parents. He had a way of brushing aside any questions on the case. That the child had forgotten, had meant no harm, had not deliberately disobeyed -- all this was brushed aside by the suave stranger, and quenched by the fact that there had been disobedience. Still smiling, he bowed me an abrupt adieu.

"I resumed my devotions -- that is, I tried to do so. But what could be the matter? It seemed the line had been grounded. There was no longer communication, but there was present that dead feeling of isolation, of being left alone. God seemed far away, and the angels had withdrawn. The glory that lingered near had departed. A sense of discouragement settled over the soul. The hated stranger had again successfully manipulated his cause. He had been successful: I had been defeated.

"Again the effort to pray, but the weeping little tot, the hasty, angry word, the -- no, I could not get the ear of the King. I left the prayer-closet in a troubled frame of mind. As I sat brooding over the complex situation, Conscience, my ever-faithful friend, entered the room. Her reproachful gaze only drove my anguish deeper. Tears flowed freely, and my heart was crushed.

"You will not need to go far back into the yesterdays of life to find experiences similar to those I have related. Pride, temper (I mean unholy temper), or other manifestations of the carnal mind have driven you to seasons of despondency, of query, and of doubt. You recognize at once that the experiences related here tonight are very similar to those you have had. The 'peace, peace' preachers have tried to smooth it down; have told you that you could never get rid of this troublesome thing; but there is a way of escape for you. Jesus Christ holds the keys of delivery. This inbred monster can not only be chained, but expelled from the soul. Take hope, discouraged one! There is deliverance at hand.

"I shall never forget the bitter experiences of the past. Those days come back to me through memory's gateway like a nightmare. But the joy of deliverance drives them back, and I forget the past defeats in the victories of the present. Truly, 'My life is not what it used to be!' Since that memorable day of deliverance I have lived a victorious life. I have had no more demonstrations by the Man in Black since his expulsion took place. Praise God for power over evil!

"As I sat thus in my despondency, Conscience chided me for having listened to the suggestions of the stranger. She reprovved me for the unjust punishment of my darling, and pointed out the false reasonings of the stranger. Weeping and contrite, I sought out the child, who by this time had forgotten the incident in play, kissed her and asked 'baby to forgive papa.' Then a return to the closet and a bitter

cry for pardon came next. That cry was heard, as it always is, by a tender, compassionate Father. I left the room determined to have nothing more to do with the stranger who had had such a strange influence over my life.

"In these sketches from life we see that God has provided means to rid ourselves of inbred sin. The honest heart craves deliverance -- is not satisfied until it obtains. Some have already found the secret out, and now shout God's praises. The opposition to a holy life is in evidence here, but we are having victory in spite of all this. Our God is able. Before I close I desire to conclude my sermon by discovering the Man in Black, trace his origin, his design, and how we may get rid of him. I see by your faces that many of you are anxious to learn more about this mysterious stranger, and the way to have him expelled from your life."

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07 -- SKETCHES FROM EXPERIENCE [CONCLUDED]

The evangelist's way of getting truth before the people was new. His sermons were free from the usual firstlies and secondlies, and more like a heart to heart talk to people he considered on a level with himself. He did not stand above them to preach down at them, but before them to talk to them as brother to brother. And yet, instead of having lost his dignity, the divine unction clothed him with a new dignity found only among the holy people. His words burned with fire -- Pentecostal fire -- and the people knew and felt it.

They saw the difference between this man's fire-filled messages and the empty mouthings of the hireling. Criticism crumbled before his clear exegeses of Scripture. He talked as though he believed what he said. There was a terrible earnestness about him that made the people see the necessity of looking after the soul's interest. He had a way of opening the human heart and showing the contents that disarmed the critic and resolved the honest soul to yield. In short, he had the old-time glory on his soul, hence people longed for an experience similar to his own, and similar to those who had lately entered in.

The audience was tonight reading the history of the Man in Black with intensest interest. They knew him now as the troubler of the past and menace of the future. They waited with breathless interest to learn how grace should deal with him. The experiences related strikingly tallied with those of their own, hence if God could rid the preacher and others of the stranger's evil influences, Hope whispered that they, too, might find deliverance. So the evangelist proceeded toward the climax.

"I now began to wonder whether I might be delivered from this suave-mannered individual. Inquiry proved that he had a large circle of acquaintances. Many scarcely knew of his subtle power over them, while others understood somewhat of his evil influence and longed to be rid of his presence. I had come to

hate his appearance, and loathed the thought of having to do with him throughout the remainder of my life.

"I found that by comparing my experience with that of others, they were in many respects similar. The influence of this disturber was alike detrimental to the spiritual life of all, although the manifestation of his presence in individual cases was different. The stranger had a way of adapting himself to individual peculiarities. The result was always the same defeat for the soul.

"From an experience of noonday glory all had often been plunged into the midnight of sorrow because they had followed the advice of the Man in Black. From mountain tops of transfiguration they had often been nailed to the cross of humiliation and shame as a result of giving heed to the words of the stranger. From an individual cry for deliverance, the wail of a united throng rent the air. Indeed, while searching through an ancient Volume I suddenly found the stranger's origin and character outlined.

"My earnest search in this ancient Manuscript was soon rewarded by startling discoveries. Paul, an old pilgrim of the cross, said in a letter to the Ephesians (4:22) that this Man in Black is an 'old man.' This I scarcely understood at first, but soon learned that this referred to his existence from the Fall. I saw that he had dogged the footsteps of the race Since Adam and Eve's transgression. Here were strange, startling truths. With six thousand years of experience, no wonder this stranger had been so successful in bringing about my defeats!

"In Paul's letter to the Romans (8:7) he is designated as the 'carnal mind.' We are told that this mind is at enmity with God, and will never be subject to Him. Here again I saw that the stranger's influence had always militated against the better desires of my heart, and I made this truth mine. I began to understand what this bursting forth meant. I saw that it was sin as a principle that was giving us all this trouble. I now understood that sin as an act had been dealt with in pardon; that a second application of the blood was necessary to the removal of this hateful thing -- the expulsion of the Man in Black the eradication of the 'carnal mind' -- the removal of 'inbred sin.'

"I then understood that our actual transgressions are pardoned, and that our inherited depravity is cleansed; that pardon is preceded by surrender, and cleansing is preceded by consecration. Here was the theology of the situation in a nutshell. When this light struck me I did not understand the agonies of 'dying out,' nor what it meant to consecrate, nor the possibilities in grace for the heart cleansed from all sin. Naturally I turned over to Acts 2:4 and caught a glimpse of what it would mean to those who went through. Then I turned back to St. John 17. and read there the thought in the mind of God concerning His own. I was delighted with my discoveries.

"In St. John 17:17 I read the prayer of Jesus for the sanctification of those who were already His children. I read in the twentieth paragraph that not only did He pray that His disciples might be sanctified, but for us who live at the present time. I read in 1 Thess. 4:3 that God wills our sanctification. With these discoveries made, I was armed for the enemy of my soul, and determined upon his expulsion.

"Strange as it may seem, I did not meet him at all during the study of his origin, character, and design. However, when I determined that he should be expelled from my soul, as if touched by a galvanic battery he awoke from his somnolence. He came pleading for his life. He drew on bell's Blackstone with all the accomplished art of an experienced advocate, and pointed out to me the loss I should sustain if deprived of his periodic visits. He said as a preacher I needed him.

"Your reputation will be ruined,' said he, 'and the popular churches will have nothing more to do with you. You will never receive calls to the high-salaried city pulpits, but instead hard-scrabbles will henceforth be your lonely lot, with threadbare carpets, broken-backed chairs, and scant fare your earthly heritage. You will be branded as 'a little off in the head' by your fellow-ministers, the presiding elder will put his thumb on you, and the bishop will seek you out as a special mark of his disfavor.

"Think how much good you can do,' continued the wily foe. 'Your talents are in demand, Remember, only a short time ago you heard two prominent brethren discuss your rosy future. How the church would be edified by your contributions of merit! that you would some day take your place head and neck with her literary stalwarts. By being cautious and conservative you may carry water on both shoulders, and finally hope to get through heaven's door by a tight squeeze.

"And then, there are your children. If you take up this new-fangled doctrine of living without sin, and preach against hypocrisy in high and low places, in or out of the church, as a result your support will be withheld and they will suffer. How could you bear to see their eyes lose luster and the cheek its bloom? The Bible declares that "He that provideth not for his house is worse than an infidel" (as though yellow dust and green bank-bills were the only provisions at issued. Better be careful. Go slow. There is much at stake.

"Your bishop and presiding elder both profess to be sanctified wholly, and they have no trouble. Their kind is what the masses want. They belong to the lodge, of course; but think of the good they can do among their rum-voting, whisky-drinking, lust-serving associates! These are days of wild fanaticism. Better go slow. Many a good man's barque has been shattered on the rocks of zeal, where a little judgment and foresight would have landed him safely in the desirable harbor of Worldly Applause?

"Thus he reasoned of sin, of prudence, and of compromise. Remembering the painful experiences of the past, I fully decided to rid myself of this troublesome

fellow; that I was willing, after all he had so considerately (?) prophesied concerning myself to 'go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach' (Heb. 13:13). The old threnody of my carnal heart, 'Prone to wanders' must give place to paeans of Pentecostal victory.

"I immediately took a course in kneeology in the school of prayer. I had decided to pray until my struggles should be crowned with victory. I wanted cleansing from this sin-nature more than anything else in the world -- riddance from the Man in Black -- and was willing to pay Pentecostal prices. I wanted no shelf-worn article, but a full, yard-wide sanctification. I was sure it was for me, hence nothing should keep me from obtaining. As I proceeded the battle grew desperate.

"In the future horizon hung heavy clouds of dread and doubt. The stranger's prophecies concerning things to come assumed painful realities. I saw the rich country circuits and popular city charges withdraw through the back door of my predicament. Wild-eyed Hard-scrabbles peered insolently in through the front window. I saw the smile of fellowship die on the faces of those I held most dear. Presiding elders grew stiff and stern, and bishops held batons of authority menacingly over my head. And the pain and anguish increased.

"Gethsemane drew near, and night-tipped Golgotha loomed ominously through my tears. As my eyes caught the grim outlines of the Skull, bare and forbidding, I was sadly conscious of the weight resting on my soul. The light grew dim; the darkness increased. It was the cross, then, that must be mine.

"I determined to be 'crucified with Christ.' Like Him, I must now bear the cross up the steep to the brow of 'that hill lone and gray.' Through painful processes the top was finally reached. Well-nigh fainting beneath the load, the song, 'Let me die! Let me die!' rang through the corridors of my soul.

"The cross was laid, and I became the willing victim. The friend whom I had trusted and loved so well stepped out from the dark-browed crowd and drove the first nail. The death had begun. As the agony increased, I cried: 'Father, quickly let the nails be driven! Let me die!'

"A lodge-bound presiding elder, who thought more of compromise methods than of real soul-saving work -- more of sentimentalism than rugged gospel truth -- drove the next nail. Two. A popular lodge-and-festival upholding bishop now swung low his hammer of authority, and nail three crunched through the bone and marrow of the soul. A church that would not stand for a holy ministry and people sent home the last nail. The agony increased. And then, the cross upraised and set upright in its hole on the hilltop, the crowd stood by with mock and jibe and scoff and jeer.

"The noontide of endurance seemed at hand. Friends and loved ones, earthly pleasure and business, preachers and church, fond ambitions, all, all once so dear,

chased each other with phantom swiftness over the night-capped hills into the great shadowlands of Nowhere, and the end drew near.

"The sun hung dull and red in a leaden sky, voices grew dim and distant, and then died out in an indistinct hum. The earth reeled and rocked. Everything was changing. The last bitter heart-cry for deliverance broke from blistering lips as the Man in Black writhed in his death agony in the subterranean chambers of the soul. After the feeling that even God had forsaken, faith grasped the promise. Instantly heavenly sunlight bathed the hilltop of my struggles, and I was free -- gloriously free!

"Crucified with Christ! Oh, what a new and sweet significance! Now I understood what that wonderful language of Paul meant. Wonderful change! 'O what a change!' The darkness had passed away; deliverance from the Man in Black had come to me. Glory shone on hill and vale. Wonderful, blessed, sweet deliverance! Hallelujah!

"Sanctified! Delivered! Who cares now for fat salaries or hypocritical applause? Let Hard-scrabbles in! He holds no terror for the God-trusting soul. Does not 'Our Father' feed the sparrows? Has He not numbered the hairs of our head? Is not He holding us in the hollow of His hand? Are not we the apple of His eye? Yes, He 'knoweth the way that I take.' And though we cross valleys where Death's shadow is near, we still fear no evil. The two shepherd dogs, 'Mercy and Goodness,' ever follow behind to keep from all evil.

"Undelivered, unsanctified soul, do you want to be delivered? Would you like to be rid of the 'old man' -- the 'carnal mind' -- the Man in Black? It is possible, thank God! It will cost you all, but better pay the price tonight rather than spend eternity in hell. Inbred sin in your heart will surely take you there.

"Like Jesus, you will have to carry your cross to some lone Golgotha brow to be nailed to its rugged front; to be exposed to the ridicule and scorn of the world, and a purity-denying church. But it will pay. It will bring you holiness of heart, without which no man shall see God. Listen no more to the false reasonings and flattery of that inward enemy of your soul, but determine on his expulsion tonight. Will you do it?"

The scene that followed can not be described. There was a rush to the altar that fairly took the breath of the cultured and refined. Twenty members of Dr. Compromise's church lay screaming and praying in the straw. It was midnight when the last one arose with a shout of deliverance. There was no fanaticism, but real old-time conviction, repentance and consecration, and faith in the merits of the blood. It smashed old-time feuds and standing quarrels, and really made folks "one." There was no benediction.

Over the moonlit landscape echoed a strange, sweet duet. Our friends of the eden farmstead were driving homeward. They had at last learned the character of the man with the chuckle, and had tonight found complete deliverance from his influence. As the preacher had brought instance upon instance, both from his own experience and that of others, where the manipulations of the Man in Black were manifest, they had instantly understood the chuckle heard that night of the home tragedy. They now understood his design when later he had sat by them in the rear of the tabernacle in earnest conversation that first night of the camp meeting. As the "holiness evangelist" held up the Cure for the Cause, instantly the light flashed a complete deliverance. They had been among the first to run to the altar, and now the duet rang out wonderfully sweet and clear:

O I never can forget how the fire fell!
How the fire fell! How the fire fell!
O I never can forget how the fire fell,
When the Lord sanctified me.

* * * * *

08 -- AN UNUSUAL SERVICE

The great church was all ablaze with light. The holiness camp meeting had passed into history -- not quite; it was still making history. Dr. Compromise had forty members who had knelt at the holiness camp meeting altar, and all had fallen heir to a large slice of Canaan. With these he could do absolutely nothing. The weekly prayer meetings, usually so little attended, were now centers of activity and interest. The "invincible forty" prayed with a supernatural fervor that put to shame the dignity-loving crowd. "Amens!" and "Hallelujahs!" fell thick and fast in prayer meeting, and also in the auditorium. This very much disturbed the learned doctor and his cultured people.

The prayer room had grown too small to accommodate the crowds. Adjoining rooms were thrown open to the increasing attendance. The usual hour had lengthened to two hours. Even then the interested people retired reluctantly. Quite a number of the young people had been sanctified through the unusual spiritual trend of things since the holiness camp meeting under the ministry of the praying forty. It was like fire in dry stubble, this invincible power that swept everything before it. It constantly broke out in new places. The dikes Dr. Compromise erected with such studied skill were leveled almost immediately in the resistless onrush of this mighty power -- the power of God. He would try subtlety first. If that failed, he would adopt sterner measures.

If the newly sanctified saw a revival in prospect for the doctor's church, they were soon to learn that he had other arrangements. At the close of an unusually spiritual prayer meeting, which had naturally drifted out of the doctor's hands, he arose to make a final announcement. It was that a festival (Fest Evil) would be held

in the church basement Thursday night next. He urged all to attend. The prayer meeting closed with a chill. The mercury mark moved towards freezing.

The "holiness evangelist" had so mercilessly scored church festivals that, of course, the sanctified never dreamed of attending. In fact, they were surprised that the doctor should announce such a thing. They did not know that the doctor figured that if he could induce the sanctified to attend it would not be long until they would lapse into the old formal rut, and the usual humdrum methods would be resumed. But he reckoned in vain.

The affair was splendid -- that is, the arrangements were; but the ones for whom the trap had been set were absent. Instead, they were engaged in a cottage prayer meeting in the home of one of the newly sanctified. Three or four "entered in" that night. God was adding to them daily such as would be sanctified. Dame Gossip carried the news to the anxious doctor. As he saw his well prepared schemes go to smash, he determined then and there to crush out this strange, unmanageable something that dared to set his designs at naught. There now took possession of him a deep, ungovernable hatred against the doctrine of entire sanctification. His entire thought was taken up with plans to compass its destruction.

Some time in life this hireling had come to the parting of the ways. He had come to Kadesh-Barnea, but like the murmuring and doubting Israelites of old, he had believed the lies of the ten spies, and turned back. He seemed not to know that he was already in the Wilderness, where his bones should bleach with those who doubted God's Word. In his blindness he moved against God's plans for the sake of a conference pull or a bishop's plaudit or a few jingling shekels. His name today is legion. The sky-piercing spires, the booming organs, the deathlike stillness in soft-carpeted auditoriums, the world-like character of the worshippers -- all this evidences that through a hireling ministry the devil is leading the world to hell.

They call us radical! Can anything but radical measures touch conditions so absolutely formal? "The fight is on" -- not between the Church and the world; it is between God's ecclesia and a fallen church, more especially today. The opposition to holy living comes not from the street bums and the brothels: they believe in that kind of salvation; it comes from the ecclesiastic who prates for shekels and from the church-crowd that lives in sin. Radical? When hell is uncapped before the judgment assembly, and the sulphur-fumes of torment strike the lost soul with awful terror; who will then say we have been too radical? Nay, verily! This thing has come to a grave issue. Since the devil has turned gentleman, the danger is many fold greater. Then forward! Against gross and groveling sin? Yes; we must not forget that. But let us for ever keep our guns trained on the citadels of formality and refined deviltry.

Dr. Compromise had on his Official Board a number of men he knew would second him in his resolve and plans to crush the holiness work. They were wealthy,

made so by renting their real estate in the red light districts of the city for four times its actual value. Others had stayed away from the holiness camp meeting who had no particular desire for holy living; these too would help him crush the "fanatics." He had plenty of proud women of influence in his congregation who would be delighted to help him stamp out this fad. This clearly outlined, he laid his wires for results. Longer delay would only complicate matters. The time had come for decisive action.

The next day the doctor pumped up the tires of his runabout. He took special pains to call on those on whom he could depend. His plot well padded with his choicest smiles for the admiring, glib praise for those who surrender to such things, and flattery for others who fall easy victims, he sallied forth on his carnal tour. Of course, the absentees from the festival were the subject of his conversation. His tools at once saw that there was something in the air, and fell in readily with his proposals. They too could see the danger in delay, etc. It was working nicely. The tares were taking root.

The next Sabbath morning his theme dealt directly with the situation in hand. His text was, "There is none righteous, no, not one" (Rom. 3:10). His introduction bristled with expletives against heresy and fanaticism. His Firstly dealt with man in the meshes of sin. His Secondly dealt with a Savior who came to redeem from sin. His Thirdly brought out the fact that after all the Savior could not completely remove the sin-malady in this life.

With the lance of wit and the sword of sarcasm he attacked the doctrine of what one of the bishops had called "cranktification." He deplored the fact that it had come in even amongst them. He felt the disgrace keenly, he said, and would have taken restrictionary measures long ago, but had hoped it would soon blow itself out, etc. That the time had come when drastic measures must be employed to rid the church of a dangerous heresy. The doctor had loaded up his old smooth-bore heavily, and had no idea it would kick. But guns sometimes do.

His brothel-den shekel-harvesters sat before him nodding assent to the withering harangue. A satisfied smile crept through the rouge of the feminine display as the doctor's plot unfolded. It should be war, then? How delightful! What a shock their church had sustained in the last few months through the influence of the holiness camp meeting. The wonder was that the good doctor had so long refrained from laying a strong hand on the emotionalists?

It was well that the disgrace must cease. The growth was threatening. Really, thought Mrs. Gossip, she must suggest to her husband (who was on the Board) that they raise the doctor's salary. How fortunate to have for their pastor such a talented and far-seeing man. She must speak to the ladies of his inestimable qualities.

Some of the sanctified who came under the doctor's denunciation cried softly to themselves. Others praised God aloud, which seemed to lend vehemence to the

doctor's utterances. Those still young in the way were troubled, but all were determined to be true to God. The usual twenty-minute sermonette had today grown into an hour's length. Some said later that the doctor had really grown eloquent in his matchless theme. But God's little ones saw in it the fearful outcroppings of carnality.

Well to the front sat a well-dressed stranger in black. He was tall, had piercing black eyes, wore clothes of clerical cut, and his manners at once singled him out as having had much experience with men. A close observer caught the frequent nod of assent as the doctor progressed in his arraignment. It was plain that the stranger held views similar to those of Dr. Compromise.

When he heard that the demonstrations in the services must cease, and especially that the cottage prayer meetings must stop, he chuckled in delight. The soft chuckle fell on the ears of many without any special significance, but there were present those who had heard that strange chuckle before, and understood it. Especially did our friends of the eden farmstead understand it and his eager assent to the doctor's arraignment of the sanctified.

The stranger now arose and begged the privilege of saying a few words. The doctor had noted the beaming smile and the nod of assent, hence felt no hesitancy in granting the somewhat unusual request. Coming forward, the smiling stranger stood directly before the low altar-rail, bowed gracefully, and said:

"It gives me great pleasure at this moment to supplement the learned doctor's discourse with a few excerpts from my own observation. Your pastor has taken this heresy in hand none too soon. Even now it will require careful management to avert disruption and disaster. I have seen hundreds of churches and communities torn to pieces by this identical doctrine. There is something about it that often catches the very ones we can least spare in our church work.

"I recall an instance where a good Ladies' Aid Society sister fell at one of their altars and obtained what she called 'the second blessing.' It positively ruined her for further usefulness in the church. No one could cook oysters, manage bazaars, and manipulate schemes to raise shekels for the church like Sister Endeavor. But when she fell into this heresy she declared she had no more use for these things, hence the church lost one of its most useful workers.

"I knew a thirty-second degree Mason who was held in high esteem by his pastor. Invariably when new members were initiated into the mystic rites of Freemasonry, he managed the 'goat.' He could be all things to all men in order to win some. He could carry the collection plate down the church aisle with the dignity of a past master, but in the lodge room he threw off his reserve and became the of the boys? He seemed to know exactly what to do to make things go, and was a hail-fellow-well-met in both church and lodge circles.

"While he never drank to excess, yet he never refused to take a glass of something to help enliven convivial fellowship at fraternal banquets. He did not particularly care for cards, but to while away the time with a set of 'jolly good fellows' he could clean out the pockets of the whole crowd as well as an adept at the business, He was a man rather reserved, but in the lodge parlors he threw off all reserve, and could tell a side-splitting joke with the best of them. This made him a capital favorite with all. You see, he was a 'good mixer.'

"One day an unkind fate guided him into a holiness camp meeting. Strange as it may seem, that man came forward at the conclusion of the sermon, knelt in the straw at their improvised altar, prayed through, as he called it, and was saved. Later he claimed to have been sanctified wholly. And now, listen! he immediately severed his relationship with every fraternal order, renounced his cards, never told another questionable story nor cracked another joke, gurgled the wine into the sewer, smashed his cut-glass sideboard display, and became a rank Prohibitionist.

"He had made himself ridiculous in the eyes of both his church and lodge brethren by his radical action, but now made himself more conspicuous by making restitution and righting the wrongs, as he said, of his past hypocritical life. He went to the lodge rooms and confessed his hypocrisy, professed to have been saved and sanctified, urged all to forsake their idols, and left the lodge for ever. He testified to holiness right in the church where he had acted as usher and plate-bearer, until his attitude toward the saner element of the church became so unbearable that the pastor and his cultured membership were forced to expel him.

"I could not let this opportunity pass without warning you against this heretical doctrine. Dr. Compromise is certainly on the right track. If he does not at once squelch this heresy it will ruin his church for ever. I want to add that your pastor has ably handled the subject this morning. Unless some 'holiness crank' upsets his arguments with what they call Scriptural proofs, his conception and exegesis of the text will do much good."

The stranger returned to his pew. As he sat down there was a perceptible atmosphere of assent to all he had said. The First Church majority felt that the doctor's message had been given added force, and that this error would now soon receive its death-blow. In our next chapter we shall have stirring times.

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09 -- THE HIRELING'S BOOMERANG

We said that Dr. Compromise had loaded his old smooth-bore to the muzzle. He had gone gunning for rare game, and had no idea that the fowling piece might kick. Much like the small boy, in his eagerness to bring down he pulled both triggers at once. The deafening report revealed his scattered slugs flying harmlessly over the heads of his quarry. When the service was over he felt as

though the gun had gone off at both ends. He was not sure but that his end had hit the bull's-eye, and that without the least intention on his part.

The stranger had taken his seat. The doctor, all smiles, was just rising to close the service, satisfied that the holiness crowd had received its deathblow, when one of his Official Board members arose. He was a man of marked character, and held the confidence of the entire community. He was consistent, spiritual, and wealthy. That he had a mind of his own was proved when he had, contrary to the doctor's command, attended the holiness camp meeting.

He had listened closely to the "holiness evangelist." After having heard the life-incidents related in which the "old man" had so much figured, he had deliberately walked forward and knelt at the altar as a seeker for the blessing of entire sanctification. The struggle had been sharp. After about thirty minutes of intense agony he arose from the ground with a shining face and straw sticking all through his hair, and declared that the "old man" had indeed been crucified. Since that time he had been a regular Boanerges in the holiness ranks.

This man now arose, walked forward down the aisle, and craved the doctor's permission to say a few words. Knowing that the man was influential, he dared not refuse. Opening his Bible he stepped forward a few paces until he stood directly facing the preacher. The feeling at this time was tense. When had such a thing happened in First Church? The affable stranger's short address had pleased; but the late questionable activities of this man somehow left a query in the minds of the church-sinners as to what the outcome of all this would be. Silence reigned while three worlds listened. With a pale face, but under perfect self-control, he looked up at the pastor, and said:

"Dr. Compromise, I have listened to you this morning as you twisted the Scriptures to your own hurt. You have tried to show by your isolated text that a life free from sin is an impossibility here. That you have perverted the Scriptures I am now going to prove. You say that we must sin every day in word, thought, and deed; in proof of which you have repeatedly brought to the fore your isolated text, 'There is none righteous, no, not one? Permit me to read what follows, and what belongs to your text. When I get through it will be seen by all here present that you have designedly misapplied the Word.

"Doctor, listen! Your text is found in Romans 3:10, and reads, 'There is none righteous, no, not one? Standing alone, it would seem that your interpretation is correct. But let us read the next paragraph, 'There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.' Do you mean to say, doctor, that neither you nor we seek after God? Do you belong to such a crowd?"

"Yes, and so do you!" retorted the surprised D. D. "Listen! I am not through," continued the quiet man. "The next paragraph reads: 'They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not

one.' Doctor, this is the continuation of the description of a crowd that does not belong to God at all. Do you mean to say that you belong to this crowd?" "Yes, and so do you!" cried the now irate doctor. "But wait! I have not finished," smiled the refractory member of his Board. Let us read the thirteenth paragraph: "Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips.' Doctor, let me ask you again, is your throat an open sepulchre? Have you with your tongue used deceit? Is the poison of asps under your lips? In other words, I ask you, do you belong to this crowd?"

"Yes, and so do you!" blurted the doctor. In spite of his boasted college training in self-control, when he needed it most it forsook him and fled. His usually calm face was red with mortification. The veins on his temple stood out like braided whipcords. His eye shone with a carnal fire, and his voice shook with suppressed anger. His mind refused to work. He could not think, but simply writhed in the hands of his tormentor. Before he had time to form a definite plan of action, the voice continued:

"But listen to me, my dear doctor. The fourteenth paragraph certainly does not describe your case. It reads, 'Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness.' Surely you would not have us believe that you claim relationship with such a crowd?"

"Yes, and so do you!" hissed the discomfited doctor through his teeth, helpless in his rage before this man of quiet manners. Great beads of sweat stood on his brow, and his breath came hard. But his questioner gave him no time to collect his now thoroughly scattered thoughts.

"Let me read another, please, in this remarkable arraignment," calmly continued the questioner. 'Their feet are swift to shed blood.' Do you mean to say to this audience that you belong to such a crowd?" The query stung like a whip, and he fairly roared, "Yes, and so do you!" By this time a perceptible titter ran through the interested audience. They thoroughly enjoyed the combat. It was Scripture against error, and error was receiving a drubbing. The stranger's expressed hope that the doctor's text exegesis might not encounter an attack from one of the holiness Scripture experts had been swiftly shattered -- almost before the words were cold.

The doctor's answers had been so ludicrously out of harmony with common sense that he had lost the sympathy of his entire audience. And he knew it. He had never been so completely out-generaled in his life. The situation was maddening. He was just casting about to extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament when this merciless man before him with the open Bible crowded his advantage.

"'Destruction and misery are in their ways,' reads paragraph sixteen. Do you still insist that you belong to this crowd?" asked Boanerges.

"Yes, and so do you!" again roared the sweating hireling. An opening trap door would have been hailed as a godsend. He saw that his people were laughing at him, but found himself powerless to escape the situation into which he had been surprised. Before he had time to form a plan of action, his catechizer was ready for him with the seventeenth paragraph.

"And the way of peace have they not known," quietly read the man as the audience listened. "Doctor, tell me truly: do you belong to this crowd?"

"Yes, yes; and so do you, I tell you!" hissed the cringing compromiser. He now paced back and forth inside the altar-rail like a caged animal. In his predicament he had stripped his long fingers through his hair until he looked like a man gone wild. He was about to open his magazine of epithets, but before he found voice his tormentor was ready with paragraph eighteen.

"Doctor, listen once more: 'There is no fear of God before their eyes.' This closes the catalogue of charges. Dr. Compromise, you are a scholar. Tell me and this audience, do you belong to that crowd? Gather your scattered wits together, think of your ridiculous attitude, and in a sane manner answer me."

"Yes, and so do you!" hoarsely screamed the doctor. His fist shot out into the air as though to lend emphasis to his absurd, ludicrous assents. The audience had first gasped, then tittered; but this last brought out a roar of laughter. They saw that for once Dr. Compromise had been matched, and that by a quiet, unassuming man in the lower walks of life. No one had dreamed it was in him. Not only had the doctor's sermon been held up to ridicule, but his arguments had been hopelessly riddled.

But there was something more to follow. The quiet questioner turned face about to the audience. His face shone with a supernatural light. If a human face could spell glory and victory the people saw it before them there. The light of that quiet face drove the arrows of conviction for holiness deep into many a heart that moment. How strangely God works among the children of men. Saul never forgot the shining face of Stephen. As he sank to earth under the crunch of the skeptic's stones, the glory-light of that face haunted the persecutor until he fell under the white shaft of God's transforming power on the way to Damascus.

The audience had listened to the doctor's carefully prepared sermon against the fanatical doctrine of holiness; they had later listened to the well-dressed stranger's supplementary remarks, and now they had seen both the doctor's and the stranger's arguments riddled. This quiet man, one whom they knew, had so completely tied up the arguments of the opposition that the field was undisputedly his. They had seen the doctor's face grow white and then red; then he had grown excited, and then angry. The questioner had maintained a quiet bearing and had worn the smile of triumph with such heavenly grace that a complete revulsion of

feeling had come over the greater portion of the audience. The doctor was forgotten as the little man held up his hand to be heard.

"Men and brethren," trembled the voice in holy pathos, "several months ago nothing could have induced me to do what I have done this morning. I was a Christian then, but lived very much like thousands of others do. I was frequently defeated, and then cried my way back to God and pardon. But at the holiness camp meeting I found a cure for those defeats, I found it while down in the straw at an old-fashioned mourners' bench. There God met me in sanctifying power. The 'old man' who had dogged my life from early childhood was there crucified, and I was made a free man in Jesus Christ."

At the words "Jesus Christ" the well-dressed stranger who had drawn the attention of the audience at first fell back in his pew as though he had been shot. But he rallied instantly, caught his breath, and hastily withdrew from the church. His face was livid as though in awful fear, and his staring eye reminded one of the dead and the dying. His step was faltering, and as he staggered through the half-open door it seemed he took with him the chill of the tomb.

Instantly the spiritual atmosphere cleared. The quiet man before them seemed to spring into another being. Great tears rolled over his pale cheeks, and his voice was full of unutterable glory. As he spoke the Spirit of the living God fell upon him. He swung back to the subject at once. Years after men remembered that Spirit-filled, soul-thrilling message. He continued:

"Men and brethren, I have dared to do what would seem ungentlemanly under ordinary circumstances. But this is not an ordinary occasion. God's truth is at stake. When this poor man with the isolated text misinterpreted God's plain teaching, my heart burned within me. I could not sit still. God has graciously visited this community with a revival -- a revival that will sweep on through this church if the hindering causes are removed. Many, both old and young, have been gloriously sanctified. Now we have reached a crisis. It is evident to all wide-awake followers of the Lord Jesus Christ that the intention is to throttle to death this holiness without which no one shall see the Lord.

"If Dr. Compromise does not stand convicted after what has transpired here this morning, then I shall be disappointed. You have all seen that the isolated text was aimed specifically against the doctrine of entire sanctification. You have seen, too, that taken in conjunction with the paragraphs I have read that this text in no manner refers to the Christian, but to the sinner. The entire set of quotations refer to the sinner -- to the unregenerate.

"Brethren, for God's sake let the Holy Spirit have right of way here! This church will be a blazing center of fire for years to come if you will let God have His way with you. If you act otherwise there can be nothing but ruin ahead. This church

is standing at the forks of the road. Shall it be a forsaking of sin and a heart-cleansed life, or shall it be the road to the left and ruin at last?

"We have been given to understand this morning that our praises must be crushed out of the service; that we should attend the social functions of the church; that our cottage prayer meetings must be discontinued. In the words of Peter, I must say, 'We ought to obey God rather than men' (Acts 5:29). This outlines our future course of action.

"We have helped to build this church with our means. Our interests are here. God has graciously visited many of us, and has baptized us with the Holy Spirit. Instead of working in the kitchen and dining parlors of the church, we are now ready and prepared to work around the altar with weeping penitents. We deplore the attitude of those who do not desire holiness of heart, but insist that we must be allowed to exercise our full religious liberty. We can not be hindered in what we believe to be the right way of serving God.

"I felt in my soul I must not be silent when the Scriptures were so glaringly wrested. I have delivered my soul. I plead with you, Dr. Compromise, and you, my brethren and sisters, that you do not lay hands on the ark of God. Not only will you miss the blessing, but you court danger and death by your attitude. May God have mercy on those who insist in opposing a work so manifestly His. May this hour's incident move many toward their Canaan inheritance. Forgive me, my brethren, for my seeming intrusion. I spoke as moved by the Holy Spirit."

As the golden noonday glory of the sun filtered through the stained glass windows it seemed the place was made sweetly sacred by the Divine Presence. Many sobbed aloud. Others were under deep conviction. Still others were white with rage, among them Dr. Compromise. He now sprang to his feet, and said, "Before I pronounce the benediction I wish to announce a special meeting of the Board, to meet in my study tomorrow night." First Church was making history. The audience retired under an omen of dread.

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10 -- THE BOARD MEETING

The incident of the Sabbath morning service was the table talk for days to come. That the doctor had met his Wellington even his friends admitted. Some of the more conservative questioned the wisdom of permitting such proceedings, but the deeply spiritual recognized the leadings of God throughout. It was God's way to clearly define the attitude of both sides. No one could mistake the scripturalness of entire sanctification. The carnally minded raged and fumed and fretted. The sanctified kept calmly on praising God. Holiness is beautiful under trial.

All day the doctor's telephone rang. Veiled condolence stung his sensitive soul to the quick. He keenly felt that his people recognized his defeat Sabbath morning, and were now trying to comfort him. This only intensified his hatred of the doctrine and its followers. However, it was some comfort to know that he had friends left who were willing to stand by him in this fight against fanaticism. He was glad he had called the meeting.

Promptly at eight o'clock the Board arrived. Amongst them were some of those who had been sanctified at the holiness camp meeting -- staunch defenders of the doctrine. The pastor's face was flushed as he called the meeting to order. The crushing defeat of yesterday still rankled. His outward calm but presaged the breaking of the storm. After a painful silence he arose, and said:

"Brethren, it gives me much pain (?) to call together the members of this Board, the object of which is to adjust the abnormal conditions that prevail in our midst. I will at once come to the point, and say that I have waited too long already; that I should have crushed this heretical doctrine called holiness at its inception. If I understand what holiness is, it unites. After what you saw yesterday you will certainly say that what we have here in our midst divides. I have therefore determined to wipe out this heresy at one stroke.

"It is plain," continued the doctor as he warmed up to his subject, "as you saw and heard yesterday, that these fanatics will not listen to reason. They have repeatedly disregarded my command not to attend the holiness camp meeting, conduct cottage holiness prayer meetings, etc. They have disturbed our sacred and time-honored devotions by their fanatical methods until our services have grown intolerable to most of us. I can not bear their 'amens' and 'hallelujahs.' It grates on the finer sensibilities of my soul. If we do not check this wildfire it will not be long until they will run up and down our aisles and carry on in regular Peter Cartwright style. That will not be tolerated. The time for action has come. To put it off would only aggravate matters.

"I tried to show yesterday morning where these fanatics are wrong, but was made the butt of ridicule. In my dissertation I tried to show the unscripturalness of their attitude, but was made a laughingstock for my pains. I leave it with you how I succeeded. It grew upon me then, and more since that hour, that the time has come when drastic measures must be employed in order to rid ourselves of this undesirable element. I have therefore concluded to expel from our church -- drop from our roll -- all who are inoculated with this heretical doctrine. I have called you together in order that I may have your support in my action."

"May I ask upon what authority you proceed?" quietly asked the man of the Sabbath morning episode. "If I am not greatly mistaken our Discipline upholds the doctrine of entire sanctification. If my memory serves me right, it especially emphasizes the doctrine of the second blessing -- obtained subsequent to regeneration. I will therefore protest against this illegal action on your part.

"More than this," resumed the quiet man, "since you so vehemently condemn without proof of guilt, I should like to ask what you have done with the promise you made your bishop at your ordination? You faithfully promised him and those present that you would 'groan' after this blessing. Is it possible that you, a minister of the gospel, do not intend to keep your part of that sacred contract?"

"Your uncalled for hatred of this priceless doctrine leads us to believe that you are the one untrue to the church, instead of the ones you are about to expel. Properly, action should be taken against you for assailing one of the fundamental tenets of our church. Your action tonight is certainly unwarranted, and your attitude absolutely contrary to common sense, our Discipline, and the Bible. What excuse have you to offer for such actions? Certainly you have no reasons?" concluded the doctor's interrogator.

"I must declare you out of order," irritably exclaimed the doctor. "I will brook no more interruptions from you, I am not seeking the opinions of such as you, but of conservative men who have been long connected with our beloved Zion; whose integrity has never been questioned by me. I have seen too many churches split by those who profess to be wholly sanctified. I will not allow this to take place here. I fear I have waited too long already," whined the hireling. The fact of the matter was that he feared the quiet man, but was determined to win by bluster or by any other method in order to rid himself of those whose testimony and life condemned his carnal conduct.

"Pardon me, doctor," answered the quiet man. "Just let me have another word before you put your decision into action. While you are too blinded by prejudice to see it, I am sure the course you are about to pursue will bring about the very thing you are trying so hard to prevent. Men are not fools. They like to hear the truth. I plead with you not to do this rash thing. If you will only take your hands off, God will sweep through your church with an old-fashioned revival . . ."

"Old-fashioned!" snorted the now thoroughly angered doctor. "I want none such here: I tell you I am going to rid myself of this holiness clan. I have no patience with this backwoods religion. I have waited too long already, I tell you! Our young people are restless. A number have already been drawn into this dangerous heresy. Oh, had I only acted sooner, all this might have been averted!" and the doctor seemed to be really sincere.

"If you are determined to put through this unprecedented course of action, I should like to have your written reasons for putting me out of the church. You remember I asked you for them a few weeks agog" continued the quiet man. "Doctor, I am curious to know, understanding the rules of our church, how you dare to proceed in this manner?"

"I certainly will give you my reasons in writing, right here and now," exclaimed Dr. Compromise. He reached for his pen and paper, wrote hurriedly for a few moments, and then gave the production to his refractory member, saying, "I trust that will be satisfactory?"

B____ T____ July __, 18__

Dear Brother:

According to your request previously forwarded to me, I herewith give you a written withdrawal from the church at S____. You have quit the Sunday school and prayer meeting, and positively state that you are not a . . . in belief. May God bless you.

Yours Truly,
Dr. Compromise

After reading the letter, the quiet man said: "Dr. Compromise, you know that your statement, saying I absented myself from the Sunday school and prayer meeting, is unqualifiedly false. Further, you know I have never said I no longer believe in the tenets of our church. It is true I have ignored your command not to attend the holiness camp meeting, and that we have since conducted cottage holiness prayer meetings contrary to your wishes. These are the only reasons you can find against us, but these reasons are not sufficient to put us out of the church. They are not Disciplinary reasons. I do not see how you can . . ."

"Enough! Quite enough!" waved the red-faced doctor. "We have had more than enough of this. The matter stands as it is. You have my final answer on that. Consider yourself, with your forty or more adherents, positively no longer a member of our church. There is a time in all things when a final step must be taken. This is that time in this instance. I have tonight concluded this affair in the most expeditious and favorable manner possible; in short -- rid the church of a most dangerous heresy."

Seeing that nothing more could be gained by a further discussion, the holiness people kept silent while the doctor finished in detail the work he had begun. The holiness people found themselves dropped from the roll of the church of their choice for no other reason than that of living up to its tenets. Grieved beyond measure, the sanctified bade their brethren in error good night, and withdrew. When they had gone the doctor seemed to come back to his former self. He chatted and joked with his friends who had remained to assure him of their support. Really, he was glad the thing was over. Things would now settle down to normal conditions. He told the brethren as they bade him good night that he was glad it was settled. But was it?

No sooner had the brethren gone when the doorbell rang. Immediately our well-dressed stranger in black was ushered in. He introduced himself so affably and excused the lateness of his coming in so charming a manner that the doctor felt complimented instead of disturbed. The stranger drew his chair up close to the doctor, and said:

"My dear Dr. Compromise, while I am not exactly an official member of your Board, yet I am much interested in your work. I am perfectly familiar with work of this kind, having had a wide experience in church-Board manipulation. I thought it therefore not objectionable if I dropped in here tonight to hold a little confidential conversation with you. I know you will pardon my intrusion. I was impelled to come.

"I was in your service yesterday, as you know, and enjoyed it so much -- until you were held up to the ridicule of your audience. I was deeply pained; in fact, I was overcome, and was obliged to withdraw from the room lest I betray the emotion that I felt. Such things always effect me seriously, you understand.

"I am always there to hear you preach," rattled the stranger, "and enjoyed your discourse very much. I knew, even when forced to leave, that you would take this most wise course in dealing with the refractory members of your flock. I congratulate you, doctor, on your keen insight into these matters, your efficient Board, and the timely and final action of tonight. Again begging that you will pardon my intrusion at this late hour, and that you will believe I called simply to express my sympathy for you, doctor, in this trying ordeal, I wish you now the success you merit. I bid you good night."

The stranger disappeared in the shadows. Over his face spread a demoniac smile, and a chuckle that makes the blood run chill escaped from his lips before he had gone ten paces from the study. If the doctor had seen and heard both, he would scarcely have caught their significance. He was still too much wrought up over the Sabbath morning episode, and moving toward his doom as one blind.

Overhead the stars twinkled in their deep setting of blue. A soft moon flung its mellow light over a weary, sin-sick world. The serenity and purity of the overarching heavens was in striking contrast to the wrangling and warring sounds amongst the children of men. The seeds of the Fall, sown back yonder in Eden, still brought forth their carnal harvests of discord.

O Carnality, thou hideous monster! how far-flung and withering is thy influence, how subtle beyond all conception thy blighting power! Thou dost spring from thy lurking-place in the human heart suddenly, swiftly, to do thy demon work; and when the soul's wreck has been wrought, chuckling over the ruin there, thou dost retreat into thy undiscovered chambers of the soul, only to repeat thy dreaded sallies.

Neither monk nor nun can testify that isolation has stayed thy periodic assaults. Seclusion has only brought out thy variableness and shadow of turning -- thy adaptation to any environment whatsoever, There is no escape from thy assailings, no relief from thy raging, no cure for thy curse. Resolutions are broken, vows are unkept, suppression does not suppress, death does not absolve, and -- ah, me! where and when shall we find deliverance from thy damning blight?

Hope turns its eyes to love-crowned Golgotha. In the dual death of the spotless Lamb we alone find the panacea for this mortal ill. In that crimson drip are virtues for the race. From the tomb unsealed by angel hand walks the Shining One holding in His hands the blood-signed scrolls, pardon and purity. That shadowy horde in conclave oft must retreat before the Lion of Judah that breaks every chain. We exclaim, Glory! and again, Glory! and yet again, Glory!

* * * * *

11 -- SO MOTE IT BE

"The parsonage was dark and still. All were in deep sleep -- all except the doctor. He paced to and fro in his study, the gas-jet turned low. That night one of his little ones had knelt at mother's knee, lisping the familiar prayer, "Now I lay me." Memory brought back his childhood from the other years. He remembered his good old mother and the teachings he had received from her then. She had believed in a sin-cleansing Savior. Once he had believed in Him, too, but the schools had taught him differently. Gradually his faith in his mother's God had been undermined until his attitude in his own church revealed the man utterly dead to things spiritual.

Thought is busy. His most spiritual members had been expelled. They had left with good grace. This irritated him not a little. He had expected a terrific fight, but in this he had been disappointed. After their exit he had hoped that now his church would prosper and his popularity would return. Tonight he found that everything had worked contrary to his arithmetic.

Not only had the cottage prayer meetings continued, but a neat church building had been erected and dedicated, free of debt, by the holiness evangelist. The holiness people were prospering, and that in spite of persecution. Their number had grown from the charter-member forty to over one hundred, and nearly all had been drawn from his church. Their place was ablaze with glory and divine power, and their altars were full. Had he made a mistake?

Back and forth paced the man in his queries. He remembered the Sabbath morning when he had been pinned to the wall by his own text in the hands of a layman. From that hour had dated his downfall, and their prosperity. The preacher at the new holiness church was but a lad, unschooled, but deeply spiritual. He knew how to pull a soul out of sin. The people flocked to the church on the hill, where the singing was congregational, the worship primitive and free, and the trend towards

clean living. His own great church threw its inviting yellow and red streams of light out into the darkness, but the auditorium was sadly empty. He ground his teeth in rage.

His pace quickened. Queries grew to hatred. Hate fanned the flames of jealousy into white heat. He was, after all, powerless to cope with this doctrine. He had been sure he had crushed it, but it had grown as though watered by his own hand. The split he had sought to avoid had come, and was still on. Daily both young and old deserted to the enemy. The thing he had been so sure he could crush was now crushing him. He raised his arm high above his head and vowed eternal opposition to the tenets of the holiness people.

Suddenly an unseen arrow sped out from the darkness and pierced his heart. The fingers that snapped the twanging bowstring were long and bony. The leer that glowed in the misty shadows was the leer of Death. With a hoarse cry he flung out his arms and toppled heavily to the floor. His eyes took on a stony stare, the cheek blanched, the lips grew pale, and he gasped once, twice for breath. Then came the tell-tale gurgle in the throat, a slight twitching of the nerveless fingers, a little shock and shaking, and all was still.

The ormolu* [*an alloy of copper and zinc used to imitate gold.] clock on the mantle-piece ticked on past the midnight hour. The fire in the hearth died down from a cheerful yellow to an ashen gray, and then sputtered out. The form on the rich rug stirred not. Lying on his back as though shot from the front, with arms outstretched and limbs extended, the hireling invites pre-judgment examination.

The peculiar distortions of the dead man's face indicates to a keen observer that he was surprised -- not ready to die. On through the silent hours he lay while his family slept. The silver chime of one, two, three, four struck musically through the room, but the form lay motionless where it had fallen. The doctor's fight was finished.

On the lapel of his coat was pinned a neat, gold-worked design of a square-and-compass -- mysterious insignia of, who knows what? The hobnobbing in fraternal convivialities was over. Yesterday these associations had brought their pleasure. Tonight the link that had bound him to these carnal follies had been broken. Tomorrow the severed ends would clank to the sod in funeral obsequies* [*rites, ceremonies].

The body lying there in unstudied pose, imagination goes with the soul into the presence of God. Scriptural deduction works out the problem of his influence in life and destiny in death. His immortality stands naked and unclean before the Great White Throne. In life he had refused to put on the beautiful garments of purity; now he must stand in his rags before Him who judges with equity.

Fold the arms across his breast and bury him kindly. Pile the roses and the lilies high over his coffin and his grave. Tomorrow they will sing a song to cheer the mourners. The soul itself has passed beyond the confines of hope. Solemn litanies are late, but seem fitting where clods drum hollowly and hot tears fall. Pour some healing balm in the aching heart of loved ones, if you can: all earth can do will never reverse the destiny of him who lies here in the gray morning dawn. The clock ticks on, time is passing -- hark! the household stirs. I hear a footfall on the stairs, a startled exclamation, and -- let us draw a veil over the scene.

A low chuckle came from the shadows as a well-known form slipped away on the gray of the morning. It was the Man in Black. As he left he chuckled again, and mumbled to himself: "He served me well. He obeyed my every suggestion. He was a faithful member of the new school. However, there will be a half dozen ready to wear his shoes. Whether it is Dr. Compromise or Dr. Hireling matters little to me. I gain my end in the use of either. But that holiness crowd on the hill -- bah!" and the chuckle froze on his lips as he vanished in the shadows.

It was the house of mourning. Pomp and pageantry were there. Four black-plumed horses drew the heavy hearse over the hill to Greenwood. Costly floral designs drew after the dead in the long funeral train. Fraternal obsequies prevailed. The long march by the open grave was interspersed with doleful lamentations, droned in studied phrase. "So mote it be" fell into the open grave with each sprig of evergreen. The tramp of the dead amongst the dead made neither angels rejoice nor demons tremble.

The sexton piled the clods over the dust, patted the earth with his spade, and human love laid the fading wreath on the yellow mound, The sun hung a veil over its face as it retreated to its western chamber below the darkening horizon, and the mourners retired. The twilight crept in from the east, an owl hooted from a lonesome pine, the pale moon slipped behind a friendly cloud, and then sable Night hung her heavy curtain between time and eternity.

Plumes nodded gracefully over polished leathern helmets. The fraternal farce was over. "Let the dead bury their dead" had literally been fulfilled. The beer-bloated grand master of the square and compass had laid the holiness opposing ecclesiastic to rest. They had prayed that he might enter "the grand lodge above." If the lodge below is such a great thing -- passwords, grips, signs, suppers, paraphernalia, uniforms, music, marches -- what wonderful things could the new arrival expect in the grand lodge above? Let us imagine.

Gabriel is at the gate. In confident earth-swagger comes a lower-lodge arrival and lays his tobacco stained hand in the glory-transparent palm of the archangel. We must now watch closely. Ah! a momentary clasp, and then the peculiar tell-tale twiddle of the yellow fingers. Next comes the signal of distress, a low whisper, and Gabriel nods sweet assent to pass-word and sign and grip. Do our ears betray us? Listen!

"In, ye immortals! -- knights of the compass-and-square, or of whatever fraternal name or order! Ye angels-in-waiting, bring hither the golden vestments from heaven's treasure-chests, epauletted and star-gemmed, and uniform earth's fraternal Thirty-Seconds! Ye servers of royal dainties, to the festal board spread with delicacies gathered from a thousand worlds out in measureless space! Pour from silver-throated flagons, ye samplers of heaven's taprooms, the ruby wine of the Kingdom, languid with heaven's mellow light, yet sharp with its intoxicating joys. Strike harp and silver-stringed lyre, ye triumphant cohorts grown skillful under David's baton; and sing welcome, ye melodists immortal! Come ye" -- wait!

The redeemed players and singers pause as David holds high his signal baton; the rich red wine is about to add joy to the festal occasion as the royal cup-bearers hold for a moment their full flagons a-tilt; heaven's gate seems ready to swing open wide on its golden hing as Gabriel bows low to catch the pass-word, grip, and sign, and -- Ah! no, no! 'tis only a picture swinging in the mists of the Unseen! "Fraternity's Dream" let us call it.

We shiver in a sudden chill amongst the tombstones. Again the spirit wings its way through space to shoreless vasts. Bat-like wings, foul and skinny, flap full-stretched through the vast vapory blackness, bearing scaly monsters neither beast nor human. Up from the abysmal depths come gurgling sounds of unutterable despair -- voices, nay! agonies couched in nameless lamentations, now rising like the tumult of angry waters, now falling to uncanny sighs and whimpering whispers. Hordes of demons scurry, fear-fraught, through space in mad endeavor to escape from what? What fell place is this?

A large ebon portal looms through the misty space. A phosphorescent gleam, as though projected from smoldering backfires, reveals approaching throngs. The gate is open. Hell is in a hurry. No sentry shade to bar, but one to welcome all stands bowing at the left. All pass through and in and on to -- who knows what and where? And who are these advancing -- late comers from the shores of Time?

Here comes now a Romish priest, kissing a silver crucifix, fumbling a dangling string of beads, mumbling Latin prayers and "Hail Marys" -- his face spelling the crime of virtue-robbing in the confessional box. By his side trips one of fashion's fairest belles with bosom bare and clinging habiliments designed to arouse the slumbering demons of lust. Broad-shouldered politicians from legislative halls, their cramped fingers still clutching bills passed to thwart justice. Policemen, judges with iron gavels, statesmen and yeggmen; yellow, black, and copper-colored; beautiful women and withered crones; the purple-and-fine-linen crowd and beggars in rags; oily-tongued promoters and fortuneless investors; diplomats, soldiers, and serfs; kings and queens, drunkards and harlots -- all moving toward the ebon portal.

There is a commotion at the gate. The shade bows low to a delegation of distinguished late arrivals. They move with a churchly air. In one hand they carry a

sheepskin, in the other a bag marked "salary." Gentlemen of influence, these. All eyes are upon them, but they carry their dignity well -- used to it, these hirelings. As they pass under the low arch the shade doffs his sooty tile to a tall, broad-shouldered man, smirks, and then murmurs, sotto voce: "Welcome, thrice welcome, Dr. Compromise!"

A light breeze wakes us from our dreaming. The place is uncanny. We must leave the sighing pine and silent city -- the place where spades beat low tattoo as the dead march to their eternal quarters. We come back from our reverie to the realities of the dear old Book, which declares that the pure in heart shall see God. The glory lingers there.

The picture-reverie lingers in memory's hallway. Earthly settings eliminated, it is not all a dream. The sin-scarred throng passing through the ebon portal where plays the phosphorescent gleam can not so soon be forgotten. We see the face of the hireling pale under the smirk and murmured encomium of the shade stationed at hell's gate. Pity could not intervene after darkness had fallen when obstinacy had refused where the light so lately shone. As we close the cemetery gate preparatory to our return the beer-bloated grand master's empty ritual takes on a deep significance, and we say:

"Yes, 'so mote it be!'"

* * * * *

12 -- THE PROTRACTED EFFORT

Dr. Hireling was the new preacher. His fame had preceded him to the church on Euclid. He was said to be "a good mixer." The reception they gave him was a brilliant affair. The newspapers gave several columns to it. They mentioned in particular that the Doctor was a member of several leading fraternal organizations, closing the rich verbiage with the settled conviction that he would undoubtedly "build up the church." Everybody treated him with marked deference. Men touched their hats to him, and street-urchins held their grimace respectfully until the tall tile passed by. As he walked down the main street he felt that the town had secured a valuable man. Selah.

The first sermon he delivered was a broadside-judged by modern standards. It was very broad. At the close there was noticeable an almost heavenly atmosphere. The feeling of good fellowship was so marked that some even shook hands with their pew-neighbor. There was absent that objectionable ruffled feeling one often experiences in services where the preacher hits straight. He had been careful to not wound. Certainly, he had tact. At the close the Board crowded around him with congratulations. He held the ladies' gloved hands in such a way, and smiled so benevolently, that their hearts were immediately won. The future seemed rosy.

It had been reported that the doctor was known to be quite spiritual. He professed entire sanctification -- said he was "the only holiness man in the conference." He even employed holiness evangelists to conduct his revivals, always being careful, however, that the man was "safe" and "sane." There generally was a tacit understanding between the doctor and his man, which his flock was quick to observe. The theory of holiness was learnedly expounded, and the life beautiful held up without much agony or tears or dying. The price to be paid for it was small, the dividends so great that quite a number floundered into a profession.

The altar-call was carefully worded, of which the wise took advantage. It was understood that there was not to be at the altar the heart-breaking death-route, loud crying, the old-time methods and Ironsides style. The altar work moved with the watch. When the announced time for closing had come all were supposed to "take it by faith" and profess to have received -- something. All said they felt better.

The next week a well written report in a leading holiness paper announced a "gracious revival in Dr. Hireling's church, free from wild-fire, fanaticism," etc. The doctor and the evangelist usually swapped encomiums -- the one having "listened with profound profit and delight to the marvelously lucid exegeses of the great evangelist," the other going into ecstasy over Mrs. Hireling's table "loaded down with yellow-legged chicken, hot biscuits, mashed potatoes and brown gravy."

While the doctor mused the fire burned. Why not, since at the height of his popularity, have a revival? That Dr. Compromise had failed was evident. There were better ways to accomplish results. Since the people wanted holiness, why not let them have it in their own church. It was all in the method of presenting it. He had learned that long ago from his bishop who had dubbed radical holiness as "cranktification." If the thing was stripped of its agony, blood and death, the people would respond. Give them the beautiful side of it, and there would be no trouble. He would try this method here. Something must be done to counteract the progress of the church on the hill.

With such a plan in mind he prepared a series of sermons on holiness. At first his people were surprised, but as they listened they soon saw that the dreaded thing had been stripped of all reproach; that no radical change need take place -- only the acceptance of it, and then to float lazily on to milk-and-honey seasons and Eschol vineyards in Beulah Land.

The thing took in First Church, much to the surprise of those unversed in popular methods. Some thought that the sudden death of Dr. Compromise had awakened the Euclid congregation, while others were left between a query and a quandary as to where this would lead. However, the new church on the hill held aloof from the strange trend, not only suspicious but convinced that this was only the prelude to a grand finale. What compromise had failed to do, hireling tactics sought to accomplish.

The wise old shade who had suggested other methods than that employed by Dr. Compromise in the beginning of the history-making period of the church had been right. The tactics of Dr. Compromise had brought about the very thing most dreaded; viz, the church-split and a new organization. As Dr. Hireling swung out on new lines it was noticeable that he was doing exactly what the imp had suggested in the conclave. The roaring lion became a wolf in sheep's clothing -- the devil of hoofs and horns, a gentleman.

The time was ripe for action. The church on the hill had announced a special revival meeting to be held in the near future, with one of their heaviest guns in charge. This must be preceded, the Doctor planned, by an up-to-date protracted effort on Euclid. Accordingly he announced that he had been indeed fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Hollowspeaker for ten days. This revival campaign was to begin soon. He had counseled with his Beard, and they had to a man agreed to his plans and suggestions. He assured them that the evangelist was a "safe" man -- a perfect gentleman; one who would not knowingly wound the feelings of anybody.

The evangelist would bring with him a singer of national renown, hence he considered the revival as well as assured. He hoped that the brethren with fraternal obligations would absent themselves from their respective orders during this ten days and lend their influence toward the protracted effort? This last he said with a sort of conciliatory smile and shrug of the shoulder, which the brethren understood and smiled back in return. As far as they were concerned the goat might go riderless -- for the next ten days at least. Herod and Pilate had agreed.

The big gun of orthodoxy had arrived and unlimbered. The voice of the speaker was marvelously musical. He captured his audience from the very first. He had a way of saying things just right. Every sentence was well rounded out, his grammar was faultless, his illustrations witty and striking, his descriptive powers wonderful, his appeals almost irresistible. He brought forth laughter and tears at will, this remarkable man.

The singer was another power of attraction. His solos were rendered absolutely perfect. He had mastered the tremolo feat, re so well that the local trillers raved over his selections. When it was announced that he would sing "The Holy City," standing room was at a premium. When he sat down Dr. Hollowspeaker gave him a broadside of encomiums, in which he was seconded by Dr. Hireling. To this the singer responded by lauding both Dr. Hireling and Hollowspeaker, closing with several keen shafts of wit that convulsed the audience with laughter. Everybody felt good. When noses had been counted at the round-up quite a number said that they felt better. There was a general shaking of hands -- a very unusual thing at First Church. The benediction was pronounced exactly on time.

Perhaps a few excerpts from the Rev. Hollowspeaker's sermons might lead us to a better conception of modern church maneuvers? The protracted ten-day

effort was nearing the close. A large congregation sat before the expounder of popular holiness. Quite a number had embraced the doctrine as he had taught, and were now numbered amongst the sanctified. True, they used other terms to express what they were told meant the same thing, but First Church had admitted the doctrine. To this extent Dr. Hireling scored his point. Said the evangelist:

"It is a fact that carnality and cleansing are recognized by all orthodox churches. Even the Roman Catholic Church admits this, and submits its purgatory as the cure. Brethren, there is no use denying it, the sin-principle is in evidence after regeneration. But we may be rid of it by consecration and faith in the atoning blood of Calvary's Lamb.

"The reason that holiness has been so unpopular is because it has not been understood. I should say, it has not been properly presented. Too much has been demanded of the people by radical holiness evangelists. There has been too much stickling for terms, too much agony and blood and death. From this people naturally shrink. Much has been said about 'dying out,' 'crucifixion,' etc. I have found that by appealing to the intelligence of the people I have succeeded where others have failed. The whole thing is simple. This beautiful doctrine may properly be stripped of all this 'death-route' feature. Remember the song, 'But drops of grief can ne'er repay,' etc. All that is necessary is that we consecrate and then appropriate the blessing by faith. I have seen hundreds get it that way. The old agony-and-death route is becoming more and more obsolete.

"Some seem to be troubled as to how they should testify to this grace. I have found that much opposition and unnecessary reproach may be avoided by a careful choice of words. After ally I prefer the life rather than the testimony. In this way the church machinery moves on without friction, and a blessed oneness prevails. The pastor and people understand each other and the clash of factions so evident today is happily averted. Wisdom is a wonderful ingredient. You remember, we are to ask God for this lack?

"I want to touch on another point here. Much harm has been done by demonstration. We are living in an age where the people object to this. You remember Paul says that 'bodily exercise profiteth little?' Nothing so disturbs a modern preacher and his cultured audience as an audible 'amen,' or an explosive 'hallelujah?' They are not used to it. Brethren, let us control our emotions. Give the preacher a chance to deliver his discourse that has cost him a whole week's sweat and toil. Time was when shouting prevailed, but we have entered upon a new era. Culture demands a gentlemanly and ladylike hearing. I used to demonstrate considerably myself, but have found that I have more success and get into more of the popular churches by discarding these out-of-date methods.

"Let me point out a few more fallacies that to my mind trouble the holiness movement and impede its progress. We still have with us some of the old school advocates of dress-reform. They preach .against the latter-day fashions. They insist

that plainness of attire becomes true holiness. I have not found it so. In my extensive travels I find many of the most fashionably attired church members profess to have the blessing. They give liberally of their means toward the cause and can be counted on to help push the ten-day holiness campaigns. They are the leading members of the leading churches, and have so wisely conducted themselves that no friction between them and the pastor exists.

"These old-line evangelists also insist that membership in fraternal organizations is detrimental to a holy life. I have not found this true by experience and observation. I am a Free Mason myself, yet preach holiness in every state in the Union. It does not in the least hurt my experience. I do not preach a too rigid separation between the church and the world, but have learned by experience and observation that it is better to take them all into the fold and there teach them gradually the way of eternal life. Jesus dined with publicans and sinners. The servant is not above his Lord. I am not a sensational preacher, but if this causes a sensation, I admit the charge. I have become all things to all men in order that I may win many.

"Tobacco, they claim, is another bar to genuine holiness. I am personally acquainted with men who smoke an occasional cigar -- who use the weed moderately -- whose profession of sanctification I do not question. There is altogether too much fuss-and-feathers about these non-essentials. When the matter of fraternal organizations and tobacco was about to be made a test of membership in the church to which I belong, I voted against it. We won the fight. It is true that many of our radical brethren left us as a result and affiliated with a denomination that stands four-square against these things; but we are still doing business at the old stand.

"Brethren, it is not what goes into the mouth, but what comes out that defiles. If the leading orthodox churches were to expel all their fraternal members and users of tobacco, they would practically have to go out of business. Those that would be left would feel lonesome. This would work untold hardship on the dear pastors who now draw their salary largely from this element."

The evangelist had mowed down wide swaths of obstacles to popular holiness. As he sat down there was a commotion toward the front at the left. A tall stranger, dressed in black, arose in his pew and begged the privilege of saying a few words. Some thought the experience of Dr. Compromise and the quiet member of his Official Board was about to be repeated, but when they recognized the genial-faced, commanding stranger, their fears were quickly allayed. Dr. Hireling readily granted the desired permission. The stranger advanced and stood exactly in the same aisle and place where the quiet man had stood. Turning toward the audience, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it affords me great pleasure to address you for a few moments. I have attended these services every night, and am delighted beyond

measure with Dr. Hireling, Dr. Hollowspeaker and his gifted singer. I want to emphasize my appreciation of tonight's discourse. Dr. Hollowspeaker's production has done more to knock down the walls of prejudice against holiness in the minds of those who have always been wisely conservative than ten campmeetings of the late neighborhood type did or could do. I want to congratulate the man who tonight so ably defended the tenets of our modern evangelism."

The commanding stranger bowed low, took his tile, and disappeared through a side exit. The singer announced the altar-hymn, and the speaker urged all who desired to obtain the blessing to come forward. Quite a number came, shook hands with the evangelist, and then sat down in a front pew. After the "personal workers" had been called in, those who had come forward were urged to kneel with the evangelist for just a few moments of prayer. They did so. Not a tear was shed nor a sigh heard. Their emotions, if they had any, were under perfect control.

Dr. Hollowspeaker prayed. He thanked God that there was present no wild-fire or fanaticism; that the souls kneeling there were seeking the blessing of perfect love in a calm, unexcited way. The singer softly sang, "I can, I will, I do believe." All now held up their hands, the evangelist said, "Thank God!" Dr. Hireling crept forward with note book and pencil to secure the names and addresses, and the ordeal was over. The services closed with handshaking and smiles. The tall stranger in the shadows smiled too, nodded knowingly, and as the great crowd swept out into the night, disappeared in the shadows.

The closing service had come. The singer had been prevailed on to sing once more "The Holy City." Dr. Hireling announced that a special offering would now be taken for the evangelist and his talented singer. Five or ten minutes were spent eulogizing their work. He hoped there would be a generous response. The work had been hard; indeed, it was a question of grave concern whether Dr. Hollowspeaker could hold up under the strain of another service. The studied facial palor and droop of the evangelist's shoulder timed exactly with Dr. Hireling's minor plaudits.

The ushers marched forward by twos, Dr. Hireling invoked a blessing, the organ tweedled and boomed an offertory, and the service proceeded. Before the evangelist arose to deliver his last address, Dr. Hireling announced that the young people would give an "Old Folk's Sociable" in the basement of the church the week following. He urged all to attend.

The farce was over. Many professed holiness over cart-loads of sin. The one and only redeeming lecture of the protracted effort was that it widened the breach between the church on the hill and First Church. Genuine and popular holiness will no more mix than oil and water. The real holiness people had not been drawn into Dr. Hireling's net, as he had hoped; but his own people were better damned than before the ten-day farce began.

Behold! a whited sepulchre, inside the spiritually dead. Tread lightly. Do not wake the sleepers from their dreams. Neither Sinai's lightning nor Calvary's glory will rouse them from their fatal slumber now; it will take the judgment summons. The night is on. The physician and undertaker have gone. Over each yellow mound the sexton plays his spade in muffled dirges. Dr. Hireling moves from grave to grave, laying upon each a fragrant wreath. The wine of sin has numbed their senses; the souls lie locked in deathless sleep. The hoarse, harsh croak of the night-bird quavers through the gloom, and the weeping willow mingles its sigh with the sob of the pine.

Over the arched gateway of the twentieth century cemetery appears a phosphorescent light seen only by the spiritual eye. Other worlds are interested in the affairs of men. A hand plays a moment over the proud portals of First Church on Euclid, and then disappears. Today the Scripturally instructed may read there this one significant word: "Ichabod!"

* * * * *

13 -- DR. HIRELING'S PERPLEXITY

The wild wintry winds had receded before the soft south zephyrs. Buds were swelling everywhere. In protected spots along the old worm-fence green grass smiled up at the clear blue sky above. Here and there an early Johnny-jump-up nodded familiar greeting to the lover of nature. Wild geese honked in V-shaped ranks toward their northern feeding grounds. The smell of spring was in the air.

Full-bosomed brooks brawled noisily toward the sea. The warm north-swinging sun kissed the sleeping seed-life out of its wintry torpor. Robin redbreast hopped his studied length across the lawn, cocking his eye, as much as to say: "How are you? You see I'm back again. Hope we'll get on as well as we did last season. If you have the blues, cheer up, cheer up!" and he flew away to inspect the new home he was preparing for the family. Now and then an early insect boomed by on busy wing, fusing the intoxicating wine of life with the awakening season-activities by its receding zum-m-m.

The "protracted effort" in First Church on Euclid has passed into history. Dr. Hireling buttoned his Prince Albert tightly over his full chest, put on his gloves, took up his cane and tile, and strode leisurely out to make a few pastoral calls. He had blocked out his round beforehand. Today the bell-wearers, the favorites, were to be honored by his presence. The silly nothings of the sisters brought out his most bewitching smile and best counter-cuts in pleasantries. Tables were hastily set out. Above the tinkle of tea-cups rose the low hum of scandal. Confidences were exchanged, and the tempter smiled. Serpents still crawl into Eden home-nests.

The Doctor learned while out calling that the holiness people were making great preparation for their evangelistic campaign. Some one handed him a poster

announcing the evangelist and his theme. It was to be the "holiness evangelist" of campmeeting fame, and his theme was -- holiness. After he had taken in the general outlines of the poster, he tore it to shreds, soliloquizing: "I could have borne it had any one else come; but that man! -- he is simply invincible. I fear him as I fear no other man!"

The church on the hill preceded the coming holiness campaign by a week of prayer. The pastor in charge insisted that absolute unity would mean a wide sweep of victory. These prayer services were seasons of great refreshing and power. Faces glowed with a heavenly radiance. The dry, hollow, always-the-same prayer was not there. From communion with God each soul had passed on to petition, and from petition to intercession. This, persisted in, brought the looked for assurance, and broke God's golden bowls of glory upon them. The fight would be tremendous, but the victory gloriously certain.

There was a great difference between the home life of Dr. Hireling's membership and that of the despised holiness people. In many homes of the former the book-cases were crammed with popular fiction, the center-tables gorged with all-story magazines, yellow journalism, theatre and motion picture advertisements. Euchre decks lay conveniently near in silver trays, beside which reposed the usual accompaniments -- cigars, pipes and tobacco. On the side-board gleamed silver decanters and cut-glass goblets that lent zest to the frequent merry occasions. It is not hard to guess that devotees of such divers paraphernalia were a considerable distance removed from the old landmarks -- especially holiness.

The dress-life conformed to popular Paris fashion journals. The ladies promenading on Euclid displayed Mohammedan imitation costumes or form-fittings so glaringly suggestive that the lustful smirked and the virtuous blushed crimson. Diamonds spangled everywhere, and pride held sway. Men's clubs, the lodge, the dance, the theater, the baseball grounds, and various select social functions took up the idle hours of this do-nothing church crowd. Made up of the influential members (as the world views it), the newspapers were careful to note in their columns the correct doings of First Church on Euclid.

The holiness people reversed the order. Holiness and other good books filled the shelves, holiness periodicals the tables, with several instructive magazines added. The card-trays had found their way into the passing junk-man's cart, and the euchre deck had furnished fuel for the flames. Cigar, pipe and quid -- king Nicotine's trinity -- had been dumped into the garbage or ash-barrel.

A genuine conversion and thorough consecration had swept their side-boards clear of liquor-sets, and had made the last one of them a staunch Prohibitionist. Secret oath-bound fraternities had been forever renounced. The no-harms, such as checker and tivolli-boards, dominoes and various time-killing games over which the home-folks had once spent so many precious hours, had made

kindling for the furnace. The time once wasted over such trifles was now eagerly employed in Bible study, the reading of holiness literature, and secret prayer.

For exercise good sense substituted plenty of hard work or delightful walks. The money once uselessly spent for the world's folderols was now put into home and foreign, mission work of a full salvation character, the building of holiness colleges and universities, and, well -- the change had simply swept everything delightfully clean. A happier people would have been hard to find. A cleaned-up life like this had its effect upon the slack-and-easy life of First Church members. Some of them occasionally dropped into the-services, gradually grew tired of their empty profession, and hungry for an experience that satisfies. This was the pulling-power that Dr. Hireling could not understand.

The difference between the two crowds was so radical that the doctor was kept busy with spoon and soothing syrup trying to quiet the querists in his membership. His large salary had provided an unusually soft pillow, but the man tossed restlessly night after night on his brass four-poster. Strange how pillows act! At times it seemed to have taken on a three-cornered shape, and then the hardness of a Japanese sleeping-block. Suddenly the feathers had slipped to one end and he had nothing under his head but the linen slip. After another careful adjustment it threw out a heat that made him remember mother's theology -- the hot flames of hell, tormenting demons, wailing souls, and coming judgments. He complained to his wife about the pillow. The next night she changed it. With all his education, the doctor seemed not to understand that the trouble, instead of being in the pillow, was located about six inches below his collar-bone.

The holiness preacher had nothing to do but to announce his text. The well-prayed-up caught the message on the wing, and the glory fell. It remained a matter of query with the doctor and his membership what attracted the people to such common things. First Church used every known modern method to draw the masses, but when the oyster-for-a-quarter campaign was over the same deathlike stillness and corpse-odor returned.

Trained and salaried trillers could not wake the sleepers from their carnal dreams. The Doctor's scare-head subjects, marked regularly in modern letters on the bulletin-board, had not the power to move lip or limb. The ushers -- spade-and-grave fellow craftsmen -- moved softly amongst the dead. Everything was done in "decency and in order," and yet the people refused to come to this beautiful cemetery, read the epitaphs en the tombstones, and smell the rose above the mold.

The Man in Black smiles in his sleeve as he succeeds in keeping the poop shepherdless flocks from the fodder. His trump card is the hireling. But in spite of the worldward pull, hungry souls frequently find their way into God's green pastures and lie down beside the still waters, satisfied.

The modern amusement innovation palls on the satisfaction seeking soul. The silly, simpering sayings and doings of Miss Commercialism bidding for custom in a church-booth may call for a passing interest, but the patronizing crowd wants something more than that later. When the shekels have been counted and the returns booked which have been gathered by such illegitimate methods and the footings transferred to the conference padded statistics, then comes the sighing-time and pillow-pounding.

Half serious reflection convinces that there is in all this no vital godliness. Failing breath, sluggish pulse-beats, the stiffening frame, receding earth, the grave, and rumbling clods on the coffin lid makes the soul feel that more serious things than play-religion are needed at the judgment. But -- Babylon moves serenely on, secure in her full coffers and spire-straddled temples. She does not tremble at the handwriting on the wall. She knows not her forsakenness. She is joined to her idols. Let her alone!

One day Dr. Hireling had his automobile brought around from the garage. It had lately been called upon so often to quiet the misgivings of many of his flock relative to popular holiness that he felt the need of a spin on the boulevard. Even the posters announcing the holiness meeting seemed to have the power to stir conscience. The Doctor's usually smooth forehead was today drawn and wrinkled, and spoke plainly of perplexity. Undoubtedly the cool spring air, the smell of green fields, and a relaxation from the week of toil would bring the needed bracing for the shock.

As his car purred up a gentle incline on the boulevard a well-dressed stranger tipped his hat, and accosted him thus: "Doctor, I am more than pleased to see you at this hour. Are you out for a spin? Eh-heh! Lovely weather, this. I heard your most excellent sermon last Sabbath morning. That was a master blow at this modern, what do you call it-'cranktification?' Lately I have been a regular attendant at your services. You have such a refined and appreciative audience. I judge by your faultless diction and delivery that you were graduated from one of our most modern schools? I have heard the best divines of the land, but to my mind you . . ."

"Pardon my thoughtlessness," interjected the doctor. "Please step into my ear and share my seat. We can converse better as we move along. Yes, I remember you well. I have noticed your attendance and attention of late. I am certainly glad to have you in my congregation. I see that you are not only interested but perfectly conversant with the affairs that at the present time excite our community."

"I am," affably continued the stranger. "I watch the trend of things spiritual very carefully. You might say, it is almost a hobby with me. I confess it pains me very much to see the good work of our clergy educated under our most excellent Professor Mudd's modern system of theology practically ruined by these extremists. They insist upon doing things exactly as their forefathers did more than fifty years ago. It would make one smile were it not that the results are to be

reckoned with. That 'free-and-easy' spirit seems to irresistibly draw the people to their services.

"And then," continued the stranger, "I am deeply pained and considerably annoyed to see our modern methods of worship and education thus derided and ignored. In spite of our efforts to educate our men for the ministry to further our principles, these rough-and-readies sweep right on and seem to succeed where we fail. Very recently it came to my ears that one of our most brilliant young men fell at their mourner's bench in the straw and got what they please to call 'the second blessing.' I confess, my dear doctor, this sort of thing gives me more uneasiness and trouble than anything else I have to deal with."

"I see you have a clear and wide grasp of the situation," assented the doctor. "Ever since this heretical doctrine was introduced here we have had nothing but trouble. Some declare it took Dr. Compromise to his grave ten years before his time. My hair is turning gray and I am really growing old these days. There is a restlessness amongst my people that I can not fathom nor quell. What makes this a matter of my deepest concern is the fact that this disturbance is most noticeable in the spiritual element of my membership.

"I have noticed too that my Board is showing signs of dissatisfaction under this unfortunate trend that bodes no good for me. Something will certainly have to be done very soon. I wonder to what dire results this will lead? It seems incredible that such a revulsion of feeling should take place in a few months. My popularity seemed assured and permanent, yet I find myself frequently casting about for a new field of labor. I have never, in my entire ministry, experienced anything like it. Frankly, I fear the coming holiness revival on the hill more than I can express."

"Doctor, I am truly sorry for you," smiled the stranger. Behind that smile lay such cunning satisfaction that the stranger almost forgot himself, but caught himself quickly, and said: "Let me advise you. Warn your people against these extravagances; but you must do this cautiously. Do not forbid them to attend the holiness revival. There is where Dr. Compromise made his greatest mistake. Instead, plan to keep them busy. Advertise a lecture course. Secure the best talent that money can command. You must do something to offset this restlessness and curiosity that seems to have taken possession of your membership or you will soon lose another instalment. You will best escape the disastrous results of their meeting by entirely ignoring it. If you take the initiative the upper crust of your membership will quickly take the cue. They scent such things as unerringly as a terrier smells a rat. To antagonize them will only do you harm and besides, it will advertise them. Keep the lecture course before them. You may be surprised how your problems will disappear" and as the stranger turned his face he chuckled.

The doctor immediately stopped his machine, stepped out, and peered underneath to discover, if he might, the source of that sound. The stranger also stepped to the boulevard paving, watching the doctor's actions in suppressed

amusement, and then asked: "Doctor, what seems to be the matter? I thought we were running smoothly enough? I was not aware of anything unusual having happened to the machine."

"Everything seemed to be running smoothly, yes -- until I heard that peculiar sound just as you had concluded your last remark. It seemed to come from below. I am quite familiar with the peculiar construction of my machine, but I frankly admit that that sound was altogether foreign to anything I ever heard come from this car!"

The doctor pulled off his coat, opened his tool-chest, and took therefrom a screw-driver and wrench, Taking some old newspapers left in the bottom of the car-body, he spread them carefully out under the machine, kneeled upon them and then peered underneath it to determine, if possible, the trouble that had caused the strange, jarring sound. His was a superb car, one not easily out of repair. As he stooped at the rear of the machine, the stranger stood on the other side at the front of the car, his face so full of cunning delight that, could the doctor have seen it, he would have wondered at the miraculous transformation.

After considerable tinkering, a screw tightened here and one loosened there, the doctor emerged from his unsatisfactory quest, red-faced and perspiring. He threw the tools into the chest, closed the lid with a thud, turned on the gasoline, and cranked up. There was instant response, and the car quivered in readiness to proceed.

So sure had the doctor been that something had gone wrong with his car that he had stopped suddenly, lest complications arise. He now wiped the beads of sweat from his forehead, put on his coat, while his face wore deep lines of query. Before he re-entered the machine he looked at the stranger, and said: "I have never before had an experience like this. I can not understand it. We were talking about the peculiar situation of First Church, the coming holiness revival, etc. You had suggested the lecture course, and was just closing your remark with encouragement to me, when I thought I heard some cogs slipped."

"The machine seems to be all right," commented the stranger, as they again rolled along the smooth boulevard. "I must prescribe for you, doctor. Unless you get your mind on other things, I fear you will be ill. Try the lectures, and use all the tact and skill of which you are capable. If you find no change for the better, resign and take up commercial work. You are not far from a nervous breakdown now, and must exercise extreme caution lest you collapse altogether during the ordeal just ahead. You look pale. Are you ill?"

"I feel faint," weakly answered the hireling. "What disturbs me now is that peculiar chuckling sound I heard at the conclusion of your remark, when I stopped my car. There was something uncanny about that. Ghostly, almost! It got on my nerves, I believe. I am as weak as a child. But then -- what's the use? I am strong and will throw it off. I am ready to take up that proposition. Let's see -- yes, the

lecture course. I am going to try it, and put my whole soul into it for success. If I fail, I will retire."

"Do. Should you need assistance at any time, I shall make it a point to be at your service. I have had much experience in this kind of work, and have assisted many of the brethren. You have this to encourage you, your superior officers are with you in this thing. In fact, the trend of the entire church is along the lines we have discussed, viz., modern methods."

"I certainly thank you, sir, for your suggestions and encouragement," smiled the doctor. "I will feature the lectures at once. I am in touch with the best lecture bureaus, and will attend to this matter immediately. Fortunately, Dr. Compromise was careful to remove all objectionably timber from the Board before his taking off, hence it will second me in this venture. I believe your suggestion is just the thing. I thank you for your felicitation, and hope to see more of you."

The doctor's car purred toward the curb, and then came to a stop. The stranger -- the Man in Black--alighted, doffed his tile, smiled, and disappeared. By the time the doctor reached the garage he had his plans perfected. That night he met his Board. The next forenoon small boys were distributing the bills announcing the lectures. The Board's money had talked, hence the doctor had been able to complete arrangements with the bureau by wire. The thing was done. The course of lectures would counteract the holiness revival. It would -- but for the fact that a wireless coup d' etat with the Holy Trinity Bureau had been accomplished before Dr. Hireling's carnal wires began to hum.

A pure young moon smiled down from her throne of dusky blue in the sky. Her stellar maids-in-waiting smiled too from their lofty seats of honor. According to nature, all seemed harmony and gladness. Cloud and storm lay below the horizon. A gentle breeze whispered its evening lullaby and hushed the restless day-noises to sleep. Standing there under the friendly trees it was hard to conceive that erring man alone would disturb the world's sweet calm by the noise of battle and jar. Sin leered in the shadows and slunk scowling on to sow its seeds of dissension in the hearts of men. Hail the glad day when God shall wipe from the world's worn face the marring frown and give her back the smile and beauty of the Long Before!

Stained glass windows and dizzy steeples, surplice and stole, Latin litanies and unquenched candles, swinging censers and crucifix, thundering organs, chimes and vesper psalms, the drone of creeds and babel of tongues are but the habiliments of an emasculate religion. All this in the hour of death leaves man naked in the judgment. The "coats of skins" -- simple, yet sufficient; the Sinai law -- terrible, yet timely; the Calvary Sacrifice -- lowly, yet loving; the Pentecostal baptism -- emptying, yet empowering: this has been God's unfolding order down the succeeding centuries.

The vault in man must be taken out and the victory put in before he can be efficient. A moss-covered stump in the back pasture lot where an earnest seeker kneels before his God beats a plush-covered mahogany altar where hireling priests mouth beautiful nothings before the stiff-kneed formalist. Therefore, those whose feet have once pressed the land of promise can not be cajoled nor threatened nor driven back to the brick-kilns of Egypt. There is no comparison between Eshcol grapes, milk and honey and pomegranates -- and Pharaoh's leeks and onions.

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14 -- A FOILED FOE

The day had come when the revival services opened. The people early filled the room. The spirited singing and the free and easy worship left no ice to break, no coldness to thaw. It was nothing unusual to see from six to a dozen on the floor at once praising God. The conservative element attending had at first called it "ridiculous," then a "show." Later they had grown silent as they saw that the demonstrations were genuine. The happy faces, backed up by consistent lives, evidenced that the shine had not been put there by an eider brush dipped in drug-store cosmetics. This shine lasted down through the Mondays and Saturdays of life.

Strange as it may seem, many were present from First Church. The lecture course somehow had not offered the attraction Dr. Hireling had anticipated. The few tickets sold betrayed a sad lack of interest. If the "holiness evangelist" and preacher knew, they never mentioned it. The sweet assurance in the prayer room the previous week could never stagger at a set of lectures thrown out by hireling hosts to offset the success of a holiness revival. Faith held steady.

The special revival services were half over. Interest had increased from the first night. The lectures had been poorly attended, rumor had it. The members of First Church Board wore lugubrious faces as the light ticket sales indicated a possible deficit. Scores of souls had already been saved or sanctified in the holiness revival, and the tide was still rising. Victory had never been so easy. The evangelist preached as he had never preached before. The church on fire, preaching was easy. There was not one barren altar service.

The day when automobiling with the stranger Dr. Hireling had lamented the fact that his most spiritual members were restless. If he could have been in the services in the holiness church during the revival it would have been hard to analyze his feelings. Many of his members knelt at the altar, sought, and obtained the longed-for "second blessing." The spirit of insubordination was in the air, and infectious. By twos, threes, and half dozens they came, and were still coming. A favorite song in the service was: "And the end is not yet, praise the Lord!"

Another noticeable thing was that once souls knelt at the altar, they at once began to pray. Handkerchiefs were forgotten or thrown away and the streaming

faces, uplifted to heaven, soon shone with the glory of God. The wheat ran full at the spout as the thresher hummed its merry song. The clear-cut preaching of the pastor, supplemented by the evangelist; the consistent living of the membership; the manifest love they had for one another; the shining faces and ringing testimonies had produced in the hearts of others a longing for a similar experience—an experience that no lecture bureau could supply. The soul's Eldorado is not found in the land of intellectualism, but

Down at the cross where my Savior died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried;
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name!

The church building was too small to accommodate the people. The large First Church auditorium could easily have been filled could the campaign have been transferred there. The lecturer's rounded sentences threw back to him a strange hollow echo that was fearfully disheartening. Ghostly spectered played hide-and-seek in the shadowy recesses of the great church. The almost supernatural sounds made one think of whispering pines in a cemetery.

The course had been a decided failure. Inventory had been taken Saturday night. The alarming deficit had been covered by the individual checks of the brethren, and the lecturer went his way -- hoping he would never be called to deliver another course of lectures there. Since things were going so radically wrong, Dr. Hireling had serious thoughts of tendering his resignation. The truckler was beginning to reap some of his own sowing.

Sabbath morning dawned clear and beautiful. The little church was packed. When the "doors of the church" were opened, twenty-five of Dr. Hireling's best members stepped forward with a large number of others. All were taken into the church amidst great rejoicing. This only added fuel to the flame on Euclid. The doctor's Official Board, still smarting under the lecture-deficit, hinted that he ought to do better preaching. To his proud nature this was like rubbing salt in a raw wound. The attendance had so fallen off that it had become a serious matter. Beans, oysters, festivals, lectures -- all, all had failed. The best members, both old and young, were constantly deserting to the enemy. The tension grew daily tighter.

The last night of the holiness revival was one never to be forgotten. Still more of First Church members fell at the altar and prayed through. God's power was marvelously displayed. It was late when the people reluctantly left the sacred place for their homes. As the lights were turned off a tall, well dressed stranger stood in the shadows of the trees. His face was seamed with lines of hate. As he turned away, he shook his jeweled fist at the little church, stalked into the night, and was gone.

Dr. Hireling tendered his resignation six months after the holiness revival had closed. He declared his health was broken to such an extent that he must retire from the active ministry, and would probably take up some line of commercial work. He drifted down the long road strewn with human wrecks until he was lost in the suck and swirl of money-getting. Memory often recalled a striking design in one of the stained-glass windows on Euclid -- Judas selling Jesus for thirty pieces of silver.

First Church had learned a few lessons. They were now well rid of the spiritual element, hence those still loyal to modern ecclesiasticism decided to make their church the most fashionable and popular on the Avenue. Accordingly they petitioned the bishop to find the man to fit the desires of the membership. Strolling by First Church some beautiful Sabbath morning, one might have read the well-lettered announcement:

Welcome
Morning Sermon
"Intellectual Dainties"
Mlle. Tremolo Trillum
Prof. Profundus Bassum
Will Sing.

Evening Sermon
"An Exploded Hell" (Humorous)
The Rev. Duem Smoothly, D.D., Ph D.

Thursday Night
Edison Kinephone Entertainment
Refreshments

This man was one of the most brilliant in the entire connection. He knew how to cope with radical holiness. In fact, he was so highly accomplished that he would draw to First Church the most fashionable and highly educated, which alone would smother the fires of extreme spirituality. Once the elite-tone had been established, "cranktification" would never dare to rear its head.

And so it proved. The aristocracy and those high in social circles -- the progressive euchre and poodle-dog crowd -- became regular pew-holders at First Church. The membership roll, somewhat abbreviated by the withdrawal of the holiness people, soon grew to a respectable length under the learned doctor's ministry.

The kitchen in the basement is used more than ever before. Booths and baths, billiards and balls, and a thousand other attractions, are employed "to keep the dear young people." The altar lies, split and weather-scarred, on the rubbish behind the building. The graveyard stillness is now more noticeable than ever

before. The anxiety over and trouble with the fanatical doctrine of "entire sanctification" has disappeared under the tactful, brilliant ministry of Dr. Duem Smoothly.

The little church on the hill is still a center of activity for holiness. They have a revival there the year round. From their number have gone forth sanctified preachers not a few of both men and women, and missionaries to the foreign field. The pews are cheap but comfortable. The poorly dressed and better dressed sit side by side or shout down the aisle together in holy ecstatic joy. They have learned that God's old gospel wagon was built without a brake.

Those blessed with means help the needy ones among them, thus fulfilling the law of "do unto others," etc. The line of separation is now so clearly defined that all can see the difference between the false and the true. When the fraternal organizations want some clerical luminary to lend sanctity and dignity to their social functions, they invariably send for Dr. Duem Smoothly. When some soul is about to make the last crossing at life's sunset they send for the holiness preacher.

A number of years have passed with their many changes. We recall the sad condition of things in our opening chapter. Dense ignorance relative to things spiritual prevailed. No one seemed to know anything about vital godliness or holy living. The query how to be rid of that strange, uncontrollable Something so dominant in periodic outbreaks found no answer in the hireling clergy. Strangely, providentially, timely, the clear light of holiness streamed out, not from temples of mortar and stone, but from a stretch of white canvas held up by a few poles and guy-ropes.

Let us return there before we close the book and wander over the familiar ground made sacred by the operations of grace. It is night on the eden farmstead. Crickets chirp in the gate-side lilacs. The same moon that shone on that never-to-be-forgotten night of years gone by filters through the window and falls in mellow light on the floor. A new piano stands where that other one of the strange, sad life-incident stood, and see! a beautiful lamp throws its subdued light over the well arranged room. Shep, an old dog now, still sleeps in his corner, and the cat purrs contentedly on the rug.

Wreathed and overflung with a wealth of wild climbing roses, the low-thatched cottage still stands in its farmstead glory. The two of our opening chapters sit tonight, he reading by the light of the lamp, she coaxing from the ivory keys some sweet campmeeting melody that makes the heart grow tender and the soul rejoice. Then, "Wife, do you remember a night like this some years ago?"

"I remember it well," comes the soft answer from the piano.

Then he continued, reminiscantly: "What a change has come over us since that awful night?"

"What a change!" added she. Then they sat there thinking of the time when they had been overcome by that inward power; when the storm had burst; when the fury had fallen; the chuckle in the shadows; the chiding of conscience; the bitter repentance; the return of peace, Then, of the inward enemy, the campmeeting, the blessing obtained, and the delightful victory since. Her hand stole into his, and they sat there a long time thinking, thinking. Finally he broke the silence, and said: "My dear, shall we kneel here in the moonlight and breathe out our heartfelt gratitude to our heavenly Father for this wonderful deliverance? I want to thank Him again that He ever sanctified us wholly."

Together they knelt where the silvery moonlight fell on the floor and poured out their praise and gratitude to Him who had led them so unerringly into the beautiful experience of entire sanctification. A heavenly peace pervaded the hour. Then, as they closed, and remained on their knees in the solemn, sacred hush a while, he exclaimed: "Thank God! O, thank God that we ever heard of holiness -- of heart-purity -- of the cleansing power! The volcano in our breasts has not been subdued -- not suppressed -- to break out again under provocation; it has been removed! The carnal mind has been destroyed -- the Man in Black is dead!"

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THE END