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UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES

Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

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Digital Edition 03/13/98
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INTRODUCTION

Often, God does the unusual and uses the unusual. This compilation was taken from various publications within our HDM Digital Library and presents some of the more striking, unusual, and extraordinary things that God has done or used. The incidents I have herein compiled include some happenings that were phenomenal and inexplicable, some that were awesome manifestations of God's judgment, and some that were simply unusual ways in that God wrought salvation and brought help to His people. Here in is much variety. Yet all of these occurrences have one thing in common -- they were unusual -- extraordinary things that were directly wrought by God or used by Him. -- DVM

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01 -- THE UNUSUAL AND EXTRAORDINARY ARE USED BY GOD

God often uses the unusual, the extraordinary to attract men's attention to Himself and to spiritual realities. Sometimes these unusual things are in the material world. Other times they are wholly in the spiritual realm. Some of them bring Judgment, and sometimes they bring salvation.

Carradine writes:

On a steamer in the Atlantic the writer was lulled to rest and slept tranquilly on, amid the great throb and roll of the machinery in the hold of the vessel. But one night the big engine stopped, and we instantly awoke. The unusual aroused us with a big start, not to say shock.

It is the unusual connected with the spiritual that intensifies the conviction of men. If Paul and Silas had wept and groaned in the dungeon, all the prisoners around them would have slept on, for the world is used to such sounds and has learned to slumber in their midst, and is actually put to sleep by them as a lullaby. But instead of tears and lamentations, the two beaten and manacled servants of God commenced singing and praising God; whereupon a tremendous scene of

conviction, repentance, prayer and salvation took place, and to this day men have not ceased to talk about it.

In one of our western states a woman attended the funeral of her only son, who had been killed in the Philippines. His body had been shipped home by the government, and on a cloudy, rainy afternoon the interment took place. Several hundred men were present, and as the coffin was lowered in the grave in deep silence while the mother, stripped of her only child and only earthly support, stood by looking into the sepulcher, all expected bitter sobs and tears, or loud wails. To their amazement the sanctified woman turned up to the sky a face literally shining, and shouted the praises of God, who was supporting her in this hour of fearful sorrow and desolation. The effect on that crowd of men, many of whom were sinners, was beyond language to describe. We question whether any sermon on the judgment, hell and eternity could have so completely solemnized and convicted them. Not a soul present but felt that God was there, that he was in the woman, and that the strange, unearthly joy which filled her came from him.

So in this world of sighing, sobbing and lamenting, men seem to get accustomed to the sight and sound of sorrow. But if instead, they are confronted with men and women happy and rejoicing in the midst of, and in spite of life's ills and woes and tears, the effect on mind, heart and conscience is one of a most profoundly awakening and lasting nature

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From: HDM0324.tex

02 -- A LIGHT HOVERING OVER THE HEADS OF THE METHODISTS

[This is from Lednum's Methodist History, and tells of something that occurred in the early days of American Methodism.]

Mr. John Cooper, who was one of the early and leading Methodists in Tuckeyhoe Neck, used to relate, with others, a strange phenomenon which was often seen in the evening meetings, during a great revival, which was going on in Tuckeyhoe Neck, when Methodism was in its infancy in that neighborhood. An unaccountable light, resembling flame, was often seen hovering over the heads of the Methodists, when engaged in prayer and class meetings. It was seen several times, by many people, brooding over different persons. This phenomenon produced not only awe in the minds of the beholders, but it was a witness to the divinity of the work, and led the unconverted to venerate the Methodists.

The Rev. William Cooper, of the Philadelphia Conference, son of the above named John Cooper, who communicated the account to us, says, "I often sat and trembled when my father, mother, and others were conversing about this, with other strange appearances of those times."

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From: HDM0579.tex

03 -- A LUMINOUS BODY AND LOUD EXPLOSION DURING A CAMPMEETING CAUSED HUNDREDS TO SHRIEK FOR MERCY

"Very Dear Sir [To Robert Emory], -- When the number of years are considered which have elapsed since your worthy father [John Emory] and myself were colleagues upon the Cambridge circuit, in the state of Maryland, in 1811,

"There had been a camp meeting held during the year in the vicinity of Cambridge, which had contributed greatly to this general attention to religion.

"P. S. -- In the allusion to the camp meeting, I do not know whether there would have been any impropriety in mentioning a circumstance which occurred during the same. It was certainly made an instrument of producing a great effect at the time. Three of us had been appointed to preach, morning, noon, and night, on Sunday. It became my duty to perform the evening service. The camp was in a dense pine woods -- the ground illuminated by the burning of pine knots on several small scaffolds prepared for the occasion. The brilliancy of these lights was such that a candle was seldom used, even in a tent: a pocket Bible, I know, could be read in those pretty near.

"It so happened that during preaching there was a considerable rustling in the tops of the lofty pines, attracting my attention at times. But there was no apprehension of a storm, -- no sound of thunder or appearance of lightning. The congregation was immense, and as still as death, while the certainty and solemnity of the day of judgment were expatiated upon. The doctrinal part of the discourse had been gone through, and an application about being commenced, when my attention, and no doubt that of the audience, was arrested by the appearance of a luminous body descending amidst the trees, which in an instant after, having arrived at apparently half way from the tops of the trees to the ground, exploded with the most tremendous roar of thunder. Flashes of lightning seemed to pervade the entire camp. The lights were struck to atoms and extinguished. The deepest midnight darkness succeeded. But the scene which followed beggars description.

"Hundreds, no doubt, were fully confident that the day of judgment had indeed arrived, and, conscious of their being unprepared for the solemnities of that dread day, were shrieking for mercy, as though hell itself was gaping to receive them; and others (perhaps I might say, without exaggeration, hundreds) were shouting aloud in the greatest possible triumph, as though the Lord Jesus had indeed just invited them, as the blessed of his Father, to come and inherit the kingdom prepared for them. I question much whether such another scene has ever been witnessed. The concussion of the atmosphere seemed to me so powerful as almost to cast me from the stand. I, however, supported myself by holding to the fixture for supporting the hooks, and felt disposed to thank God for making such an application of my sermon as it was not in my power, nor that of mortal man, to make. A dog was found dead next day, under a bed, in a tent back of the stand, on which a person was lying, but not a human creature on the ground was injured. The results of that night will be developed in the eternal world."

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From: HDM0216.tex

04 -- A MOCKER IS SUDDENLY STRUCK DEAD!

[This occurred during the early days of Methodism in America.]

The chapel in Trenton, N. J., was occupied by troops. That of Salem was not projected till about the close of the war; it was the fourth in the state after Bethel, Pemberton, and Trenton, and was hardly better than a barn. It was often besieged by mobs, till at last the magistrates interfered and protected the feeble Society. A profane club of the town continued the persecution, in burlesque imitations of the Methodist worship, but was suddenly arrested by an appalling occurrence in one of their assemblies. While they were amusing themselves with jocular recitations of hymns and exhortations, a female guest rose on a bench to imitate a Methodist class. "Glory to God!" she exclaimed; "I have found peace, I am sanctified; I am now ready to die!" At the last word she fell to the floor a corpse. The club, struck with consternation, never assembled again, and Methodism became eminently influential in the town and all its vicinity.

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From: HDM0551.tex

05 -- HE GOT THE DRINK HE ORDERED

[This occurrence was related by Paul Frederick Elliott.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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From: HDM0043.tex

06 -- KNOCKED INTO THE KINGDOM

More from Carradine:

A lady who has attended many of the meetings was recently telling me of a couple of odd happenings that took place at some mission services. She said that a poor, lost sinner was standing just in front of the door while a meeting was in progress. He had never been in the hall, and had no idea of going. Through his sinful life he was empty in pocket and hungry. As a gentleman was passing before him, he made bold to ask him please to give him some money. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when the person he had accosted drew back his fist and struck him such a violent blow on the head that he knocked the poor fellow clear through the mission door and landed him sprawling in the aisle. At once a couple of the ushers, or brethren laid hold upon him and, seeing he needed salvation, they carried him up to the altar and dumped him down by its side. In a few minutes he began to wail and cry to the Saviour for mercy, and in less than an half hour was clearly and powerfully converted. Truly this was being knocked into the kingdom of God, and it was a blow for which a man could be thankful for having received forevermore. The man who smote him evidently had neither silver nor gold, but such as he had, he gave freely to him, and it resulted in something far better than money.

On another occasion, when the leader of the meeting called for hands to be raised of those who wanted to come to the altar and be saved, a couple of ushers or workers made a mistake and got hold of a man who had not raised his hand. As they laid hold upon him to escort him to the altar as they often did at this mission, the man protested and told them they had hold of the wrong man. But they would not release him, and fairly dragged the resisting individual to the mourner's bench, and pulled him down on his knees. Strange to say, the deepest conviction came upon him, and in a few minutes he was crying out to God most earnestly for salvation. Before the meeting closed, he was blessedly saved, and the laugh which had been turned upon the ushers, was now directed in another way.

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From: HDM0043.tex

07 -- SAVED THROUGH KATY-DIDS

Again, from Carradine:

Quite a ripple and stir was created in my morning service by a man well advanced in years telling how he had obtained salvation. He said he had come to the meeting on purpose to be saved, but the services did not reach him.

He was put to sleep one night in a bed with a backslidden preacher. He was so miserable that he could not win slumber, and lay listening to the katy-dids that were chirping by myriads in the grove. Suddenly it seemed to him that they said, "Come to Jesus." He could not rid himself of the thought; turn as he would, the song or chirp kept ringing in his ears, "Come to Jesus" -- "Come to Jesus." The backslidden preacher was asleep; and so with a groan the man knelt down in the dark and did what the katy-dids told him to do, he came to Jesus and was saved.

It would be hard to describe the effect of this simple testimony on the audience. The picture of the tossing, convicted man, the sleeping, backslidden preacher at his side, and God's having to turn from a faithless messenger and use katy-dids to get the gospel message home, made a profound impression.

I could but think of the Saviour's words where He said to the Jews, "If these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out." God is going to get His message to the people in spite of backslidden ministers and church members, and Sanhedrin laws and resolutions. He who convicted Peter by the crowing of a cock, and rebuked one of his prophets through the voice of an ass is not straightened for means. He will make the "stones cry out," and commission the katy-dids to chirp full salvation, while men who ought to do it are slumbering on toward the Judgment.

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From: HDM0131.tex

08 -- A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION AT JOHN S. INSKIP'S MEETING AT SACRAMENTO

Among the ministers sanctified, there were some remarkable cases. But on the morning of the fifth of May, -- the thirteenth day of the meeting, -- a bright, beautiful morning, when love beamed forth from the clear heavens and whispered in the gentle breeze, -- all seemed to feel that something unusual was impending. The history of the National Camp meetings has disclosed the remarkable phenomenon, that one day, sometimes earlier, sometimes later, during the progress of the meeting, is signalized by a special baptism of the Holy Spirit. So on the morning mentioned, a kind of spiritual stillness came over all. None could speak or pray, except in a soft, subdued tone of voice, and the singing was like a low, sweet murmuring song of angel from some far-off island of the blest. The prevailing spirit was that of expectancy, or waiting. The powers of the heavenly world seemed to settle down upon the people, and the ministers never seemed so inspired and filled with love and the Spirit of Jesus, who seemed to be almost visibly present. Then came the season of silent devotion and waiting before the Lord.

There were some twenty preachers, either kneeling, or prostrate on the ground. A wonderful power came upon all. Many were stricken down under the mighty shock. Many felt

themselves beginning to go down as when metal begins to melt, and seemed forced to lie prostrate upon the ground. There was an indescribable power that went surging through the soul, until life seemed suspended on a single thread. It would have been easy then to have taken another step and passed over the narrow stream that separated this from the heavenly land; the world seemed so far away, one scarcely wished to return again. Then, also, a strange thing occurred to some. It was not a light, nothing of a cloud-form; but as it were, a haze of golden glory encircled the heads of the bowed worshippers -- a symbol of the Holy Spirit; for then that company knew they were baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. The preachers seemed transfigured. All were melted into tears and sobs, and murmurs of praise and glory. Truly the day of Pentecost had fully come, -- the scene of the upper chamber was repeated, and all were filled with the Spirit. In all these services, Mr. Inskip seemed endowed with superhuman wisdom -- his spirit was tender and sweet, as a woman's love, and filled with Holy Ghost.

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From: HDM0131.tex

09 -- ANOTHER THRILLING OCCURRENCE AT INSKIP'S MEETING IN SACRAMENTO

[While this occurrence might better be termed "blessed" than "phenomenal," it was nonetheless extraordinary, and moving. -- DVM]

One of the most thrilling incidents connected with this meeting, was the discovery of Mrs. Inskip's brother -- Mr. Charles Foster. He had emigrated from Maryland some seventeen years before, where he had been an efficient and influential member of the church; went to California, became deeply engaged in business, held on to his trust in Christ for a considerable time; but his fortune became reversed; then, like many others, he sought to drown his troubles and disappointments in that sea where no calm ever comes. He fell into such a wretched state of mind that he determined that his wife, children, and friends whom he had left behind, should never know of his fate. He consequently discontinued any further correspondence with them. After many years, his friends hearing nothing from him, reckoned him among the dead. But on going to California, Mrs. Inskip indulged a faint hope that she might obtain some information respecting him, if, indeed, he were dead. Affection clings to the slenderest thread of hope.

How strange! At Sacramento, all unconscious of the fact, she was within five miles of the little cabin, where, like a hermit, he lived alone. One can scarcely imagine the surprise of this lone man when he read in the newspaper that Rev. John S. Inskip and lady, his own dear sister and her husband, were coming to California to hold a series of special meetings, and within five miles of his lonely abode. He at once made up his mind to attend the meeting at Sacramento, and see them; but he would not make himself known. Accordingly he came on Sunday morning, and took his seat where he could see his sister. Mr. Inskip preached that morning a wonderful sermon. The heart of the listener was greatly moved. All his previous life, like a vision, passed before his mind, -- wife and children seemed calling to him from the dear home he had left years before, and the sight of a darling sister renewed in his soul (though ossified by misfortune and the isolation of years) the

tender yearnings of a naturally noble heart for the love of by-gone days -- day that seemed to grow green again, and freshen into life once more.

The service closed. He lingered; but still resolved to remain unknown to them, and finally turned away. But just as he was leaving the tabernacle, Mrs. Inskip commenced to sing, "My all to Christ I've given," etc. He halted to listen for a moment longer to the sweet, familiar voice, that brought back a thousand fond recollections of other days. Then he said to himself, "I must take one more look; it will be the last time on earth that I shall see her!" He turned back, -- he looked; his resolution broke down; he could not leave. He stepped upon the platform, extended his hand to Mr. Inskip, saying, "Don't you know me?" Mr. Inskip, observing him, replied, "I do not." He rejoined, "Don't you know your brother-in-law?" Mr. Inskip exclaimed, "Is it possible! Charles, is it you?" Then calling to his wife, "Martha, here is a gentleman who wishes to speak with you." As she came upon the platform, he said, "This is the gentleman who wishes to see you, -- do you know him?" She looked -- hesitated a moment, and then exclaimed, "Why, it's my brother Charles!" She flew into his arms, and, embracing each other, they wept for joy.

Words are inadequate to portray the deeply affecting scene. He was to her like a brother raised from the dead. Many wept with her, partaking of the tender excitement and joy of this unexpected meeting. Mr. Foster attended several of the services, and was happily reclaimed and restored to the love and favor of God. He returned home in a few weeks. Many of his old friends who had reckoned him among the dead, came to see him. But the excitement was too severe for his nervous system. He lived but three weeks after his return, dying in the triumphs of faith, rejoicing that he was permitted to take his flight to the heavenly mansions from his old home.

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From: HDM0016.tex

10 -- HOW GOD TAUGHT HOLY ANN TO READ

"Thou didst hide there things from the wise and prudent, and didst reveal them unto babes."
-Matt. 11: 25.

Reference has been made in other places to the fact that in a very strange and super natural way Ann was taught to read. There are those who imagine that God never interferes in such secular matters. The course of human wisdom is to them the only course along which events must move. We do not wonder at this. We think that the early disciples found it very hard to believe or enter into much that the Lord Jesus taught, because it was contrary to their natural wisdom, nor did they easily recognize that He understood not only spiritual truth, but temporal matters, in a way that they could not. We imagine that it was with much hesitation that Peter bent to the supremacy of the Lord in matters that concerned his own special calling. From childhood Peter had been occupied in the fishing industry. His father was a fisherman. He had spent his life almost upon the water. He doubtless thought that he knew all that was worth knowing with regard to fishing, the best places and the best methods to adopt, and after toiling all night unceasingly and catching nothing, to his natural mind there would doubtless be something presumptuous in the suggestion that the nets be let down once more for a draft. Listen as he remonstrates, "We have toiled all night and caught

nothing." Nevertheless, we know how much of faith there was possibly hidden in that word and inward wondering whether perhaps the Christ was going to show His special power on this occasion. "Nevertheless, at Thy bidding we will let down the net." Peter learned the lesson that even in the common, everyday matters the Lord Jesus understood better than any human mind could.

We know that many will have their doubts as we record God's dealings with Ann in the matter of instruction in so-called secular things. We have recorded how after attending school for some days the teacher gave up, after striving in vain in a hopeless effort to teach Ann the letters of the alphabet. We have further remarked that, at the time of her conversion, in a strange way she was enabled to read one verse from the Word of God to bring comfort and strength to her heart. Still later, at the time when she yielded absolutely to the Lord and was filled with His Spirit, was she enabled to make out a special verse that had brought light and help to her soul. Without any human intervention this process of instruction continued until Ann could read her Bible anywhere and everywhere. In the early stage it seemed almost as though, apart from the letters, she understood the words, but in her later years she was enabled to spell out the words. The most remarkable thing, however, about the whole was that Ann to the very close of life was utterly unable to read any other book. We remember on one occasion putting a paper before her and seeing her in vain trying to decipher some of the smaller words. She found it an impossible task. Finally she put her finger on one word and said, "That seems to be 'lord,' but I don't think it is my Lord, as my heart doesn't burn while I see it." The writer then looked over the paper and found her finger upon the word indicated, but noticed that it was a report regarding the South African War, in which it spoke of Lord Roberts' achievements. We do not attempt to explain at all this strange phenomenon, but we do know on the testimony of many credible witnesses that it was so. Both in public and private Ann could freely, not to say fluently, read from the Word of God, and it was marvelous the way the truth would flow forth from her lips when speaking at her Father's bidding. While she found it utterly impossible to memorize Scripture, yet she made it so constantly her meat and drink that the Holy Spirit could bring to her remembrance just the passage suited to the occasion. A great many can testify to the aptness and point of the Scriptures that Ann would give on different occasions. It was quite a common thing for Christian people visiting the home to request Ann to ask her Father for a verse for them, and in a wonderful way, after lifting up her eyes and her heart heavenward, Ann would give forth some passage which was evidently most suited to the special need; in fact, without knowing circumstances, she became over and over again the medium for the Divine voice either to guide, comfort or correct those who thus sought her ministry.

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From: HDM0553.tex

11 -- THE SNAKE-INFESTED GRAVE OF AN INFIDEL

[Users can easily read this entire publication by C. B. Jernigan by opening HDM0553.tex. I insert it here as indeed an extraordinary thing. -- DVM]

Ever and anon for some years we have heard of an infidel who lived years ago, to a ripe old age, and when he died, his grave was infested with a den of snakes. Some time ago I was

holding a meeting, and this story was repeated to me, by a Nazarene preacher who had seen the grave and had killed snakes crawling over the grave. I, at once requested that I be carried out to see this notable grave. I spent half a day driving out to see the cemetery, and taking a Kodak along made the picture of the monument as you see it on the cover of this booklet.

We were told that this man especially delighted in ridiculing the Bible, calling it superstition, and ghost stories. He took special delight in deriding the story of Eve in the Garden of Eden, and the snake talking to her. He was often known to say that "any half-wit could write a more credible fairy tale than that given in the Bible. The idea of a dirty slimy snake crawling into the garden on its belly, and entering into a controversy with Eve. The most bungling blunder, of ancient Hebrew superstition, that an ugly snake could outwit a shrewd woman, and deceive her by his logic. Preposterous! Take a snake story like this to prove the authenticity of your Bible. The very first story in the book is ridiculous. I had rather have snakes crawl all over my dead body than to believe such rot." Such are the current stories about this man and his grave in the neighborhood where he lived.

This monument with its statue was made by him, and erected before his death, overlooking the grave of some very devoted Christian people we are told. The picture with the snakes in it was taken by a minister, who had killed these snakes off the grave lot at the foot of this monument.

The grave lot is full of snake holes that undermine the monument, and other places on the grave lot. We saw a dead snake on the grave the cold winter day that we visited the place. The cemetery is more than one hundred years old, as we found tombs there where people were buried in 1817, and many before 1830. It is one of the most beautiful cemeteries that we have ever visited, covered with blue grass, which is kept closely mowed, and we did not find a single snake hole any where else in the whole graveyard except those on this grave.

It is currently reported that any summer day one may find snakes crawling over this grave. The snakes in the picture were all killed on the grave, on a sunny November day, and hanged on the stick leaning against the monument where the picture was made, by this minister.

Explain this strange phenomenon? All that I know is what I have seen, and heard about it. He certainly sowed infidelity and reaped snakes.

Story of the Snake-Infested Grave Confirmed

In the month of March, 1930, I was assisted in a revival meeting in the great Church of the Nazarene, in East Liverpool, Ohio, by the Vaughan Radio quartet and one night in an audience of 800 I offered this book (A Snake Infested Grave) for sale, and while a member of the quartet was distributing the book through the congregation, he met a gentleman who told him that he had married the granddaughter of this noted infidel, and that he desired an interview with me.

After service, a fine looking man came up, introducing himself as Mr. B____, the manager of one of the great chain stores in the city. He said my first wife was the granddaughter of the man whose statue is on the monument on the cover page of this book. She is now dead, and is buried along side this monument. The infidel he said was a very noted character and very rich for his

time, being worth at least five hundred thousand dollars. He was notorious in his hatred for the Bible; calling it a bundle of ignorance and superstition, publicly defying people to discuss the question with him. The grave lot where he was buried was on a hill side, and filled in with stones and other rubbish, and was literally a den of snakes.

The next day the Vaughan quartet drove out 40 miles to look at this monument, and the grave of this man's wife, and found it as he had said.

The next night Mr. B____ brought us a photograph of this noted character, and the next, night Mr. B____ was at the altar, and was gloriously converted.

Truth is stranger than fiction.

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From HDM0324.tex

12 -- SPECTACULAR SIGHTS IN THE HEAVENS IN 1772

[Philip Gatch, the second American Circuit Rider tells of this phenomenon, which occurred close to the time of his conversion. -- DVM]

"In the summer of 1772 there was a strange phenomenon in the heavens. A light appeared to break through the sky in the east, to the appearance of the eye covering a space as large as a common house, varying in its different hues. This light became more frequent and awful in its appearance in the progress of time. Sometimes it would present a sublime aspect. A pillar or cloud of smoke would seem to lie beneath, while frightful flames would appear to rise to a great height, and spread over an extensive space; at other times it would look like streams of blood falling to the earth.

"While God was thus revealing his glory and majesty to the natural eye, there was great outpouring of the Spirit in different parts of the country. Many precious souls were converted; many preachers were reared up who run to and fro; and the knowledge of God was greatly increased in the earth. I could but think there was in the prophecy of Joel an allusion to these times -- chap. ii. Verse 28 -- 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men will dream dreams, your young men shall see visions;' 29, 'And also upon the servants, &c.:' 30, 'And I will show wonders in the heavens, and in the earth blood and fire and pillars of smoke.' "

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From: HDM0123.tex

13 -- AN ALARMING SILENCE

On the night of March 29, 1848, Niagara Falls completely stopped, mysteriously and unbelievably. Accustomed to hearing the constant roar of the falls, local residents were both awakened and alarmed by the unusual, pervading silence. People went to their doors, frightened by this strange phenomenon they couldn't identify. As the realization that the falls had stopped came, some hurriedly dressed and ran to the river. Flares and torches revealed, instead of the torrent, stretches of mud and naked boulders, and by the next afternoon spectators lined the banks exploring the exposed river bed. To some, the mystery of this sudden "turning off" of the river seemed to be an ominous portent, and nightfall found most of the churches packed with people praying or talking in frightened voices about the end of the world. Fear grew into the proportions of panic. Then, from up the river bed came the low growling of an approaching wall of water which soon, in an unbroken torrent, swept again over the brink of the falls. After the familiar roar of Niagara Falls returned, people began to relax. Fears subsided, and faces which had been white and strained softened. But what had cut off the river and quieted their surroundings? That..is the rest of the story, but first a comparison:

David wrote: "O Lord my rock; be not silent to me: lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like to them that go down to the pit." Ps. 28:1 Did David have his persecuting predecessor, king Saul, in mind when he penned this prayer? Had he heard of Saul's sad exclamation the night before he was slain: "I am sore distressed; for,..God is departed from me, and answereth me no more..." 1 Sam. 28:15 I don't know what David may have known about the silence of God toward king Saul, but one thing is quite apparent--that Divine silence, like an ominous portent of Saul's approaching destruction, pervaded the backslidden king's spiritual consciousness that night. He was afraid in that dark quietness. And, when God first ceases to speak and becomes silent to an individual, it should alarm that soul. God's quietness should quickly awaken one to an awareness that something is wrong. However, until the night before his death, apparently king Saul had failed to be as concerned as he should have been about God's silence toward him. Then, it was too late.

In happy contrast, is the story of Saul of Tarsus. After his encounter with Christ on the Damascus road, Ananias conveyed God's message to him, which included these words: "God hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest..Hear the voice of his mouth." Acts 22:14 To this Saul, the sound of Jesus' voice, first heard on the Damascus road, became a sweet, familiar sound which he no doubt never lost through neglect or disobedience.

What cut off the river and quieted Niagara Falls? The rest of the story is this: During the day of March 29th, tons of ice from the Lake Erie ice field had jammed at the rivers entrance, damming up the river for almost 30 hours until the ice shifted and the dam broke up. Coldness toward Christ brings quietness from Christ, but renewed closeness to "The Sun of Righteousness" can melt and move aside spiritual ice jams, release the river of God's Spirit, and restore the familiar, fear-removing sound of His voice. cf. Matt. 24:12

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From: HDM0131.tex

14 -- A "PENTECOST" AT MANHEIM NATIONAL CAMPMEETING

This meeting was held July 14, 1867, in the old Dutch town of Manheim, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

But the most remarkable service at Manheim, was held on Monday evening at the stand. It will ever be remembered as a "Pentecost." At the close of an impressive sermon on "Hindrances to Holiness," preached by Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia, the people were exhorted by Mr. Inskip to look to God for the baptism of power. Two thousand earnest hearts bowed and engaged in silent prayer. After a few moments, Dr. G. W. Woodruff commenced praying, when, all at once, as sudden as if a flash of lighting from the heaven had fallen upon the people, one simultaneous burst of agony, and then of glory, was heard in all parts of the congregation; and for nearly an hour, the scene beggared all description. It was the most sublime spectacle we ever witnessed. Those seated far back in the audience declared that the sensation was as if a strong wind had moved from the stand over the congregation. Several intelligent people, in different parts of the congregation, spoke of the same phenomenon, as it appeared to them. Sinners stood awe-stricken, and others fled affrighted from the congregation.

A minister, writing of the occasion, says: "The writer left the stand in the midst of the scene, and went up along the left-hand outside aisle. Such a sight he had never seen before. Thousands were in the attitude of prayer. An awful presence seemed to rest upon the multitude. There were suppressed sobs, and praises, too.

"There were those who insisted that at one time they heard a sound, a strange sound, as of a rushing mighty wind, and yet as if subdued and held in check over that prayerful congregation. The writer went to his tent, far back from the circle, but God was everywhere. It was an awful season. Souls were wrestling with God who was unrolling to many the long, long list of their sins. Unfaithful church members were looking and shuddering over the dreadful past. The people were face to face with God." (Penue, P. 260)

Scores were converted and sanctified and we are sure that no one who witnessed that scene need regret their not being present at the "Pentecost." It was Pentecost, with some of its external symbols wanting.

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From: HDM0131.tex

15 -- MANIFESTATIONS AT NATIONAL CAMPMEETINGS (The occurrence at the Sacramento Meeting also mentioned again)

The history of the National Camp meetings has disclosed the remarkable phenomenon, that one day, sometimes earlier, sometimes later, during the progress of the meeting, is signalized by a special baptism of the Holy Spirit. So on the morning mentioned, a kind of spiritual stillness came over all. None could speak or pray, except in a soft, subdued tone of voice, and the singing was like a low, sweet murmuring song of angel from some far-off island of the blest. The prevailing spirit was that of expectancy, or waiting. The powers of the heavenly world seemed to settle down upon the people, and the ministers never seemed so inspired and filled with love and the Spirit of

Jesus, who seemed to be almost visibly present. Then came the season of silent devotion and waiting before the Lord.

There were some twenty preachers, either kneeling, or prostrate on the ground. A wonderful power came upon all. Many were stricken down under the mighty shock. Many felt themselves beginning to go down as when metal begins to melt, and seemed forced to lie prostrate upon the ground. There was an indescribable power that went surging through the soul, until life seemed suspended on a single thread. It would have been easy then to have taken another step and passed over the narrow stream that separated this from the heavenly land; the world seemed so far away, one scarcely wished to return again. Then, also, a strange thing occurred to some. It was not a light, nothing of a cloud-form; but as it were, a haze of golden glory encircled the heads of the bowed worshippers -- a symbol of the Holy Spirit; for then that company knew they were baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. The preachers seemed transfigured. All were melted into tears and sobs, and murmurs of praise and glory. Truly the day of Pentecost had fully come, -- the scene of the upper chamber was repeated, and all were filled with the Spirit. In all these services, Mr. Inskip seemed endowed with superhuman wisdom -- his spirit was tender and sweet, as a woman's love, and filled with Holy Ghost.

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From: HDM0131.tex

16 -- COLEMAN SEES AN OVERWHELMING MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST WHILE PREACHING AT THE SANTA CLARA MEETING

Rev. Mr. Coleman, the senior member of the association, -- sublime in faith and moral heroism, -- a veteran champion of the doctrine of Christian holiness, -- was terribly buffeted, and wrestled one whole night with the prince of darkness. While in this fearful conflict, his mind became bewildered and so oppressed, that he was strongly tempted to believe that he had lost all his religion, if indeed, he ever possessed any. It seemed to be an attack, such as Luther had while translating the New Testament in the castle of Wartburg -- when the devil intruded himself, at whom that heroic saint threw his inkstand. Mr. Coleman had been so wrought upon, and the struggle had been so protracted and terrible, that when he came upon the platform, his steps were feeble and tottering, and when he began the service, his thoughts were so confused and obscured, he could call nothing coherently to mind; he seemed in total mental darkness. This state of mind continued without relief until he commenced to preach; then the light began to dawn. and to illuminate the Word. Then also a remarkable phenomenon occurred, somewhat after that recorded of St. Paul, when the Lord appeared to him during the night in the castle at Jerusalem, saying, "Paul, be of good cheer; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." So also, Mr. Coleman said the Saviour appeared to him (soon after he began to preach), standing first in the door of the tabernacle, smiling and looking lovingly upon him; then He advanced a few step forward and sat down; and he preached his sermon thus in the presence of Jesus, who continued to look and smile upon him until he had finished his discourse This was the great sermon of the meeting. It was a sermon of inimitable beauty, clearness, tenderness, and power. Few who listened to it will ever forget its effects. The blessed old man, towards the close, became so filled with the Spirit, and overwhelmed with the glory and presence of Christ, that his

physical strength was also overpowered, and he was unable longer to stand. Such was the power of the spiritual shock which he received, that his stalwart frame trembled and became as weak as that of a child for several days afterwards. But this was the hour of victory in advance, -- Christ had come! It was a victory that melted all hearts, however hard; dissolved all doubt, and scattered fear away. It seemed to make it a joy to submit, and give one's self to Christ, to be wholly and fully His to bear reproach, and if need be, to suffer for His name. It was a marvelous baptism of the spirit of faith and love!

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From: HDM0095.tex

17 -- A STRIKING MIRACLE RELATED IN M. L. HANEY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Father Lewis was an old local preacher, who in younger years had been an active worker. He was highly prized as a man of sterling integrity and trusted by his brethren. He was born and reared on the Susquehanna River, in Pennsylvania, and recognized as an old time Methodist. He now lived two miles north of Amboy, Ills., having moved with his family to this State. For many years his house was a preaching place in Pennsylvania. His daughter, Lurena, was wondrously converted when a child of seven years, and both parents testified to me that she had walked with God from that time on. When she was at the age of sixteen years, the junior preacher on the circuit had preached, and the class meeting followed. It was in cold weather, and heat was furnished from a large fireplace. That day the fire had been made with hickory wood, which had been largely consumed, leaving a bed of coals with blue flames coming up as from hard coal. As the class proceeded, Father Lewis had gone near the fireplace and was listening to the testimony given by his classmates. The minister led the class that day, and on reaching Lurena he asked her to speak. She gave in her testimony and was so moved while speaking that she began to shout the praises of God, as was more common then than now. With that she stepped out from her place, with face and hands uplifted, making a backward movement toward the fire. Her father stood between her and the fire, and the preacher was sure Father Lewis would protect her from all danger. But as she approached him he stepped out of her way and she went backward onto that pile of coals. Four persons stated to me they saw the blue flames come up both sides of her head! Father Lewis made no motion to rescue her, but the preacher sprang forward and violently drew her out. Her arms were outstretched, and as she was drawn from the fire one arm caught under an old fashioned andiron, which was red hot, and drew it clear out on the hearth! and there was not the smell of fire on her person nor garments!!! Not a hair on her head was hurt. The minister was tremendously moved, and when the child was rescued he turned to her father, saying with excited tone of voice: "Why did you not take your child out of the fire?" And Father Lewis answered: "I thought if God had put her there He could preserve her, and if she was a hypocrite, let her burn!"

I have aimed at an exact recital of what occurred, as given to me by four reputable Christian people who were eye witnesses to it all. These were Father and Mother Lewis, and the two Brother Hales, all of whom were then above fifty years old, and members of the church of which I was the pastor. I seriously regret that I did not procure their written statements to the above facts, which ought to have been done, but it is too late! There are a few persons still living who heard these statements, as I did; but the eye witnesses are not here, as the occurrence took

place fully eighty years ago. "Aunt Reney," as she was called in after years, had the confidence of the whole people as a superior Christian, and was a great power for good when I knew her. When she prayed, saints and sinners gave attention, and I found her one of my best helpers. Her godly life was a special inspiration to my early ministry. I feel I should rescue this marvelous occurrence of God's grace and power, from oblivion, with the hope that some of His doubting children might be led to see that the days of miracles are not past.

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From: HDM0095.tex

18 -- HANEY'S EXTRAORDINARY MEETING WITH ONE WHO WAS A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF THE FIRST BORN

When Vicksburg fell, I had strength enough to hold myself up by clinging to the limb of a tree till I witnessed the surrender, and then passed through the most serious sickness of my life. My regiment had gone with Sherman to East Mississippi, in pursuit of Johnston and returned to Black River, where they went into camp during the hot weather. I was weak when disease left me, but was anxious to rejoin the 55th. So I began by riding a little each day, preparatory to the longer ride. The day before leaving, I rode down into a valley, where I watered my horse, and to the right of me saw a slave woman washing clothes. I felt a suggestion within to turn aside and talk with her about her soul. Looking all about me, I saw no human being but her, and it seemed questionable whether I ought to go, Satan can impress God's people in the name of the Holy Spirit, and anybody who will follow every impression which is made will be pretty sure of ruin. I asked the Lord if this impression was of the devil that He drive it away, but if of Him, to let it settle into conviction and I would obey.

On returning I became clearly convinced that I should go, and turning aside, came to where she was. She was, I suppose, short of fifty years old. I accosted her and she responded, but looked a little confused, as I was a stranger. To relieve her of all fear, I asked: "Colored woman, do you enjoy religion." And, staring at me, she said: "Sir?" Thinking her so ignorant that she did not understand what I said, I changed the question, asking, "Do you belong to any church?" She answered quickly, with force, "No, sir; I don't belong to any church on this here lower earth, but I do belong to the church of the First Born in heaven!" Her answer moved me deeply, and the question came to me: How could this poor woman find out this deep spiritual truth of the New Testament? So I asked: "Aunty, what church have you where you live?" "There was no church, sir." Thinking the dear soul surely did not understand me, I asked: "Were they Baptists or Methodists where you lived?" "There was neither, sir." And I was well nigh confounded. "Well Aunty, won't you tell me something about where you have lived?" "Yes, sir; I was born off yonder on old Master ----'s plantation, in Southern Mississippi, and he was a good man, sir, and the Methodists had class meetings in the quarters, but when I was eleven years old, old Master broke up, sir, and we were all sold by the Sheriff, sir. I was sold to old Master ----, over in Central Mississippi, and he was very wicked, and allowed no religion to come on his plantation!" The names of both her masters were given, but they have gone from me.

The whole story is this: Her first master was a good man and gave his slaves opportunities to be religious, but they were all sold when she was either nine or eleven years old. She had never known a letter of the alphabet, nor read a syllable of God's word, and since she was eleven years old, at the farthest, she had not seen the face of a minister, heard the gospel preached, nor been in a gathering for prayer. Her last master had prohibited all religious people and religious service on his immense plantation.

"Well," I said, as I was bewildered with her knowledge of God, "how did you find out you were a member of the church of the First Born?" "O, sir," she responded, "seven years ago I was in the cotton field, and there was a great load of sin on my soul, and I prayed and prayed! One day I went down into a deep hollow and got down by the side of an old log, and prayed and prayed! The load on my soul was so great that I thought I would die. But, sir, there came a great light, and with that light there come a voice, and that voice told me I was a member of the church of the First Born! Since that time, sir, whenever there's great trouble, and I feel I can't go through, that voice comes back and tells me, 'You are a member of the church of de First Born!'"

I found by after inquiries, and talk, that she had stumbled into the experience of heart holiness, and was revelling in the joy of perfect love. There are millions of intelligent Christians who claim they have not sufficient light to get wholly sanctified; but this slave woman had! She had no learning, no Sunday School, no Bible, no preacher, no church, but she found God! John 6:17.

I felt I would never be in that valley again, and God opened my mouth to pour out His truth on His lone child, who had now been such a blessing to my soul. Having bade her good-bye, I rode off in unspeakable gladness, and a hundred yards away I faced about to take a last look at my bloodwashed sister, and, sitting on my horse, I said audibly and God heard it: "You blessed saint ... I love you, and I will see you in the morning!"

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From: HDM0231.tex

19 -- HOW GOD GAVE ONE MAN THE BRAND HE WANTED

One of our young men gave me the following experience. He said, "An old gentleman and a young man, who was the driver, stopped at Ringgold, Georgia, to get a lunch. They asked for a certain type of beer. They were informed the proprietor did not have this brand; so they left the restaurant and went to another. They gave their order with the call for this same beer. On being informed that they did not have it, they left in a rage. The young man angrily said, "We will have it [calling the brand] if we have to go to hell to get it." They then drove rapidly away toward Atlanta. In making one of those curves their car collided with a beer truck loaded with the brand he had demanded, and there was a fearful wreck and crash. They were both instantly killed and buried in broken bottles of the beer the young man had demanded."

He got his beer, and doubtless went to hell in so doing. Some things God will not stand for.

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From: HDM0043.tex

20 -- AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE THAT SILENCED AND CHANGED A POLICE COURT

This comes from the pen of Beverly Carradine.

Speaking of things of moral beauty, we were deeply impressed a few days since by reading in a paper the description of a recent occurrence in a police court in one of our largest cities. We scarcely ever read anything that affected us more profoundly. We give the paragraph entire as we saw it in the morning journal.

"Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before the judge of the court. It was the regular morning company of drunks and disorderlies. Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame.

Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could avoid the sudden shock at the thought the song suggested. It went on:

"I stood in old Jerusalem
Beside the Temple there
I heard the children singing,
And ever as they sang,
Methought the voice of angels
From heaven in answer rang."

The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on.

"And once again the scene was changed,
New earth there seemed to be;
I saw the Holy City
Beside the tideless sea.
The light of God was on its streets,

The gates were open wide,
And all who would might enter,
And no one was denied."

Every man in the line showed emotion. One boy at the end of the row, after desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face in his folded arms and sobbed, "Oh, mother, mother!"

The sobs cutting the weary hearts of the men who heard, and the song still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush. At length one man protested.

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We are here to take our punishment, but this--" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the Court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest.

The song moved to its climax:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Sing for the night is o'er;
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was a silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred.

He did not call the cases singly--a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could ever have accomplished."

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From: HDM0047.tex

21 -- HOW A MAN'S LOST MENTAL POWERS WERE REPEATEDLY RESTORED DURING FAMILY DEVOTIONS

[Related by Beverly Carradine]

The writer was a young preacher when he first heard this pulpit giant; and to this day recalls the intensely thoughtful face, the flashing eye, the glow of the countenance, a peculiar tremulous note in the voice when at his best, the wealth and aptness of his synonyms, the wonderful

fullness of his vocabulary, and, above all, his tremendous power over an audience, which he stirred and swept as a wind would a field of wheat.

Two things we never failed to observe about this man when he was on his feet speaking; one was that the instant he opened his lips people listened; another was that upon all his auditors rested the conviction that the preacher had barely touched the store of his mental and spiritual wealth. He had the unmistakable look and bearing which comes from conscious reserved force. Some speakers sit down after a sermon leaving the impression that they, the audience and the subject itself are all exhausted. But L., after flooding the minds of his hearers with new light and enriching their hearts with treasures from the opened up Word, would conclude, leaving the congregation with the delightful feeling that they had been granted, figuratively and comparatively speaking, just a crossing over the threshold; just an entrance into the hall or upon the first floor; while galleries, corridors, rooms and upper stories remained still for future exploration and possession.

Many were the sinners he turned to God, and wonderfully did he build up God's people in faith and service. The simple announcement that he was to preach at Conference was sufficient to crowd the church to suffocation, while the one predominant feeling of the assembly, when he closed the Bible after a sermon of an hour and a quarter, was that of regret that he was ceasing to speak.

Whether from overstudy, overwork, or something else unknown to the writer, a peculiar disease attacked him when in middle life, and in the zenith of his usefulness. His great intellect went under some kind of shadow, a partial blindness fell upon him, and he had to be led about and cared for almost like a child. He could not recognize faces, and did not know loved ones who were nearest and dearest on earth to him. He could not be trusted alone on the street, and could not find his way from one room to another in his own home. The magnificent mind became almost a total wreck, and all who knew, loved and admired him in his palmy and glorious days, could not refrain from tears as they now contemplated him in his helplessness and childlikeness.

There was one thing, however, that remained about him of his former life and power, and which, whenever witnessed, filled all beholders with wonder and praise as well. This strange thing was that the instant the hour of family worship arrived, and the good wife placed the Bible on his knee, the strength of a spiritual Samson seemed to come upon him, and, after fervently quoting a number of Scripture passages, he would kneel down and pour forth a prayer as tender and full of unction, so remarkable in its felicity of expression, so towering in spiritual thought, and so torrent-like in its sweep from him upon others, as to fill the hearers with amazement and delight. Grace asserted itself above all the ruins of Time, as beheld in the mind and body, and behold! the soul was seen to be greater than all. What some thought were dying flashes of a sinking sun, was really the glorious beams of a marvelous morning, whose light was even then peeping over the rim of another and eternal world.

This strange occurrence taught also a most important truth, and that was, that the work wrought by the Almighty on this soul in the forests of Mexico was not only a blessed but a lasting one. When the weeping penitent fell on his face and cried, "O Lord, do the best you can for a poor sinner!" that prayer was wonderfully answered.

Such was the character of the divine performance that day in the southern wilderness, that forty years afterward when the mind was shattered and the body swiftly tottering to the tomb, the beautiful blessed work of grace rose victoriously above all, as a lovely banner has been seen floating majestically and triumphantly over a riddled and crumbling wall.

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From: HDM0047.tex

22 -- HOW TWO FACES IN THE CEILING LED A HOLINESS OPPOSER TO BE SANCTIFIED WHOLLY

[This also is from Beverly Carradine. Please note: Carradine's first story leads to the second and main story. -- DVM]

There are many strange things taking place all around us, that are as remarkable as any creation of Fancy or labored work of fiction. There are happenings at times in human lives which so encroach upon the supernatural as to defy all explanations of human reason. If narrated by persons of excitable and nervous temperament, we might obtain some light on the peculiar transactions, but told by persons of acknowledged level heads, steady nerves and unquestionable character, the matter reaches a point of mystery beyond all comprehension.

An Incident Introductory to the Main Story

Once in a meeting led by the writer he had a morning audience of fully one thousand people, while a half dozen preachers and laymen of the community sat in chairs upon the platform just behind the speaker.

At the conclusion of the sermon in one of these day services, we left the stand to talk and work with the seekers at the altar. As we did so a lady literally staggered toward us and, clutching our arm with a face as white as death, and turning a pair of horror-stricken eyes on one of the persons sitting on the platform, she fairly gasped:

"Oh, my God, Brother C., God has revealed yonder man to me! Oh, his face! It is all--all--oh, horror! horror!--" And the woman, trembling all over and unable to speak another word, covered her face and looked as if she would fall to the ground.

We said in reply, "My sister, what on earth is the matter with you?"

She lifted her face and, casting another look of consternation, amazement and loathing upon a certain man on the platform, said:

"Must I tell you what I see? Must I tell you about his face?"

And again the expression of fear and disgust sprang up into her eyes and voice, while she looked like she would die with mental agony.

Seeing that her agitation was attracting attention, we replied:

"No. Say nothing and calm yourself. God can manage the man who so troubles you."

She obeyed tremblingly, but since then we have wondered whether we did right in checking her. As Peter exposed one character and Paul another enemy of the Gospel, how do we know but that the Spirit of God intended confusion, conviction and salvation from the incident?

The Main Story

All this is but an introduction to a curious circumstance which took place five or six years ago in one of the Southern States. The main party concerned was a minister of the Gospel in the Presbyterian Church. For years he had been an active, zealous servant of God, when the great temptation of his life arose, began its assault, siege and sapping work.

While no criminality stained his soul, yet an infatuation had set in, drawing his thoughts and affections in forbidden directions, until a frightful moral peril, increasing daily in danger, threatened his character and salvation.

The mutual weakness of the two began to be observed, and some, with watch and almanac in hand, placed themselves, so to speak, to note the expected crash and downfall.

At this critical time the preacher, now almost vanquished, retired one night to his room. He was sitting in a chair near a center table, upon which rested a lighted lamp, when, happening to look toward the fire-place, he beheld to his unutterable horror, an agonized human face just over the mantel and thrust partly out from the wall! It was the countenance of the man whom he was on the verge of wronging in the darkest and most dishonorable manner. The face was convulsed; the eyes were turned upon him with such fury and hate that they looked as if they would burst from the head; the veins were swollen and the whole appearance that of a man longing to murder the being upon whom he was gazing.

The spectacle was so horrifying to the guilty conscience that the convicted man drew a large knife from his pocket and drove the blade into his breast just over the heart. As he did so he fell upon the floor, face uppermost, with the blood gushing from the wound, while the knife handle quivered and shook with the beating of the heart just beneath.

Momentarily expecting death, the unhappy preacher was afraid to look toward the mantel lest he should see again the dreadful apparition there, but, in a kind of mingled despair and supplication, cast his eyes upward, and to his amazement beheld a face, holy, pitiful and yet aggrieved, looking down upon him from the ceiling.

The lamp from the table threw a ring of light on the wall above, and right in this circle, which seemed like a halo, appeared this loving, melancholy, rebuking countenance. There was a

peculiar glory resting upon it, and he felt in his inmost soul that it was Christ who was casting upon him that sorrowful, reproachful gaze. The face, while showing compassion, yet had also a commanding, protesting expression. Translated into language it would have read, "Do thyself no harm."

At this moment the wounded man lost consciousness, and the next morning was found by the members of the household lying on the floor and weltering in blood which trickled slowly from the wound, while the knife thrust up to the haft in the breast was still giving that quivering, oscillating movement in answer to the throb of the miserable heart close by.

The stab was not a fatal one, and in the course of a few days the subject of this sketch was out again, but bearing a deeper wound on his soul than the blade had given his body.

Up to this time he had been a great ridiculer and opposer of holiness, insisting that no man could live without sin in this world. But there was something in the two faces that looked upon him that night which made him wish to leave all sin forever. He conceived an unutterable horror of going to a world where agonized spirits glare on each other, and came into as great a longing for a country where the King's face, in its love, purity and truth, is the light and glory of the land. The fight against sanctification and sanctified people was all taken out of him, and he became the most thoughtful and melancholy of men.

At this time the papers announced the holding of a holiness convention in a large city not far from where the preacher lived. Without declaring his intention to any one, he made his arrangements to attend, determining, if there was truth in the doctrine and experience, he would find it out, and get rid of a "body of sin and death" which seemed to be located in his spirit somewhere, and that kept him bowed down as with a load almost continually. He had before this received pardon for his sins of thought and desire and for his attempted suicide. It was not forgiveness he wanted now, but deliverance, freedom, purity, holiness!

So he came to the city, arriving on the third night of the meeting. As he took his seat in the Tabernacle, he heard the people speaking in whispers around him of the power that had already come down. He found arising in him a strange interest in and desire to see the evangelist who was conducting the services. The building began to fill up rapidly, while the hands of the clock were approaching the minute when worship would begin. Preachers and laymen came in and took seats upon the platform, while whispering people would say, "There he is," "No, that is not the man," etc., etc.

At last, just as the hands pointed to half-past seven, a man walked upon the platform from a side door, and knelt for several minutes by a chair, with his head bowed low. For some reason the visiting preacher felt his eyes riveted on the kneeling figure. He could not account for it, but his interest was almost a breathless one in a person whose face he had not yet seen. He felt without being told that the man praying was the evangelist, and there was a strange thrill upon him that this man was to affect his life in some powerful way.

Suddenly the evangelist arose and took his seat with his face toward the congregation and fronting in a straight line with the visitor. To the preacher's unspeakable amazement he saw shining

on the countenance of the evangelist the same peculiar light and glory he had beheld on the face which had gazed upon him from the ceiling!

His emotion was so great that he could scarcely control himself, and but for the opening volume of song would have doubtless cried out. Little by little, however, the strange fact translated itself to his mind after this manner:

"God is in all this. There is His servant and he will bring me a message. The light and strange glory I see upon him is the Lord's endorsement and introduction of His messenger, and is a bidding to me to listen, believe and receive. By the grace of God I will."

And he did. As the sermon proceeded and the truth was unfolded, he saw the human need and the divine supply, the plague and the remedy of sin. He saw the possibility of obtaining a pure heart filled with perfect love, not as a development, but as an instantaneous work of grace wrought in the consecrated and believing soul.

At the conclusion of the sermon, he came all broken to the altar, and went again and again, until, on the fourth night of his public seeking, he found the pearl of great price, full salvation from all sin.

This was six years ago; and it was only last summer that we met him and had his story from his own lips. And, judging from the light in his face, the gladness in his eyes and voice, and the unmistakable peace in his soul, he was undergoing no regret whatever, that he had sought with all his heart, and given up all that he was and possessed, and had received in exchange the blessing of a restful, holy heart.

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From: HDM0186\Aba--Awa.tex

23 -- HOW AN UNWELCOMED PROVIDENCE WAS FINALLY UNDERSTOOD

One morning a Christian farmer in Rhode Island put two bushels of rye in his wagon and started to the mill to get it ground. On his way to the mill he had to drive over a bridge that had no railings to the side of it. When he reached the middle of this bridge his horse, a quiet, gentle creature, began all at once to back. In spite of all this farmer could do, he kept on backing until the hinder wheels went over the edge of the bridge, and the bag of grain was tipped out and fell into the stream. Then the horse stood still.

Some men came to help the farmer. The wagon was lifted back, and the bag of grain was fished up from the water. Of course it could not be taken to the mill in that state. So the farmer had to take it home and dry it.

He had prayed that morning that God would protect and help him through the day, and he wondered what this accident had happened for. He found out, however, before long. On spreading out the grain to dry he noticed a great many small pieces of glass mingled in with it. If this had

been ground up with the grain into the flour it might have caused the death of himself and family, But Jehovah-Jireh was on that bridge. He made the horse back and throw the grain into the water, to save the family from the danger that threatened them. --Henry T. Williams

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From: HDM0325.tex

24 -- A GREAT BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT AT A NATIONAL CAMP

The most sensible manifestation of the Holy Ghost, which some of the preachers and people had ever witnessed or experienced, came upon the waiting company in the "Board Tent," on Sabbath afternoon. Brother Thompson had suggested that the disciples of Jesus here might reach a position of dependence and humble faith, in which "the promise of the Father" would be fulfilled in a most extraordinary manner. "Get down low at His feet," he continued to exhort. "The power is promised: Jesus is in the midst; God the Father is willing; the Holy Ghost is waiting; it is coming -- O Lord, fill us now!"

The people by scores sank to the ground. Some were utterly overpowered with "speechless awe," and others realized the mysterious action of the sacred fire on their inmost nature, purging away the dross, and purifying them, even as gold is refined.

The reporter we sent in to the meeting to take notes, failed to bring us a connected or coherent narrative. His pencil and note book fell among the straw, and soon he was "laid out" himself, with the tide of mighty grace running over him. When we asked for the particulars, Brother Selah W. Brown replied: "Glory to the Lamb!" This is all we gleaned from him: but from others we learned what we here, without presumption set forth -- the occasion was "Pentecost repeated." It may have been on a smaller scale, but it was "The very same fire," and "the very same power Jesus promised should come down."

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From: HDM0546.tex

25 -- CHRIST MANIFESTED TO T. M. ANDERSON

I am a witness to this living truth. During the peaceful hours of the morning, in January, 1950, I was praying and waiting in worship before the Savior, when suddenly He stood before me, and I saw Him clearly with the eyes of my understanding. I ceased praying and remained silent in His Presence. The moment was too sacred for me to speak to Him. I do not know how long He continued with me; the passing of time was not noticed: to me, eternity had begun, and time had ceased.

When my Lord manifested Himself to me that eventful morning, He opened a door into the heavenly world to me; and by His good grace, I have not lost sight of His Blessed Face for one moment since that momentous hour.

The manifestation of the Savior marked an epoch in my life; it was an entrance into a new realm of eternal light to me. I had come into a world of unlimited possibilities in spiritual achievements. I remembered the promise, "Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." The Eternal Christ is the Door: and He had opened to me a measureless expanse of moral and mental development. From that hour of gladness, my soul has felt no restrictive limitation; I am free to explore the infinite resources of God; for He has set my feet in a large room.

This gracious revelation of the Savior enabled me to understand what David meant when he said, "I foresaw the Lord always before my face, for he is at my right hand, that I should not be moved." (Acts 2:25, Psalm 16 :8) No language can adequately express my boundless joy when the Savior stood before me that morning. I know it was not a beautiful dream, I walked about the room and rejoiced in His Presence.

Someone may ask if there is a scriptural basis for believing that the Savior will reveal Himself to us in this age of reason. I asked myself the same question, and began to seek diligently for a word of revealed truth to support my faith in the reality of the experience which I had received.

Was I a misguided soul, led astray by my own over-wrought imagination? Was I a hapless victim of a mental disorder? Could it be that the vision was a hallucination created out of my wishful thinking? These were some of the questions presented to my mind.

My searching of the Scriptures was rewarded by finding revealed truth to assure my heart before Him. I recalled the words of Jesus spoken to His disciples: "Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also ... He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him." The Savior spoke these words following the request of Philip, "Shew us the Father."

These words of the Savior glowed with a new light, and imparted a new meaning to my rejoicing heart. This promise was sufficient to confirm my faith in the reality of the Savior's manifestation. I needed no other promise to support my faith, and substantiate my sincere claim.

The Scriptures affirm that the disciples did see the Savior after His passion: "He shewed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of things pertaining to the kingdom of God. (Acts 1 :3)

It is the fact of a living Christ that establishes the foundation of our faith for eternal life: because He lives, we shall live also. How could one know that Christ lived if He never revealed Himself at any time after His death? The fact of a living Savior makes the new birth a reality to an immortal soul. It is a living Christ that makes the experience of entire sanctification a vital reality in life.

We know that the Savior manifests Himself to a penitent soul seeking for pardon. We do not doubt the fact that Christ reveals Himself to the believer seeking to be sanctified. In view of

these fundamental facts, shall we say it is incredible to think that the Savior would manifest Himself to an humble seeker in prayer?

Shall we take the unwarranted position that the only time the Savior manifests Himself is in the two epochs of grace known as pardon and purity? God's infallible Word declares He did manifest Himself to His people in the ages past. A prophet foresaw Him revealed in the flesh, and called His Name Immanuel, which means, God with us.

If the only time that men have seen God is in the dateless past, then we, in this age of the gospel are deceived in our hearts; and there is no truth to support our faith in a risen Savior. If God has clothed Himself in perpetual silence, and wills to remain invisible to mortal man in this dreary world, then our faith is vain, and our hope of life is a delusion. I am not presenting these truths from the Word of God to defend my claim to have seen the Savior while praying in the early morning. I was not seeking such an experience: I was praying and worshipping when suddenly He manifested Himself to me. To my own heart it was a confirmation of the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matthew 28:19)

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From: HDM0008.tex

26 -- HOW GOD WORKED ON BOTH ENDS OF THE LINE TO FURTHER THE GOSPEL ON LONG ISLAND

The following narrative respecting the introduction of Methodism into Southold, Long Island, strikingly illustrates the truth of the above remarks, and evinces that the good hand of the Lord is ever with his people. It is related on the best authority:--

In 1794, a Mrs. Moore, who had been converted by the instrumentality of the Methodists, removed to Southold. Being destitute of a spiritual ministry, she united with two other females of a like spirit with herself every Monday evening in holding a prayer meeting, in which they prayed especially that God would send them a faithful minister. Twice they met at the house of a Mr. Vail, who, though not a professor of religion, was willing that the meeting should be held in his house, as his wife was one of the three, engaged in this pious work. A circumstance occurring one evening which caused them to omit their social meeting, each one retired to her own house, determined to pour out the desire of their souls to God that the primary object of their prayers, namely, the gift of a faithful preacher, might be granted them. During the exercises of this evening they felt an unusual spirit of prayer; but more particularly Mrs. Moore, who continued in strong prayer until near midnight, when she received an assurance that God had heard them, by the following word being deeply impressed upon her mind:-- "I have heard their cry, and am come down to deliver them:" and so strong was the conviction upon her mind that she praised God for what she believed he would most assuredly do.

At this very time, Wilson Lee, one of the early Methodist preachers, was at New London, Connecticut, and had put his trunk on board of a vessel with a view to go to his appointment in New York: Contrary wind prevented his departure on the same night in which these pious females

were praying in their separate apartments on Long Island, for God to send them a "shepherd after his own heart," this man of God, detained by contrary winds in New London, felt an unusual struggle of mind for the salvation of souls, attended with a vivid and powerful impression that it was his duty to cross the Sound and go to Long Island. Powerful, indeed, was this impression, that though he tried to resist it, he at length resolved that if a way opened he would proceed. On going to the wharf next morning, he found, to his surprise, a sloop ready to sail for Southold, and without farther hesitancy he immediately embarked and on landing, in answer to his inquiries, was conducted to the house of Mrs. Moore. On seeing him approach the house, and recognizing him from his appearance for a Methodist preacher, though a total stranger, she ran to the door, and saluted him in the following words:-- "Thou blessed of the Lord, come in!" They mutually explained the circumstances above narrated, and rejoiced together, "for the consolation." A congregation was soon collected, to whom Mr. Lee preached with lively satisfaction. God blessed his labors -- a class was formed, and from that, period the Methodists continued, with various degrees of prosperity, in Southold, and gradually spread through the length and breadth of the island.

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From: HDM0209.tex

27 -- HOW HOLY FIRE BROKE OUT DURING A SCHOOL SESSION

In the great revival of 1858 in the north of Ireland, they had sent a Committee to investigate the great revival then in progress in America. These men returned with a glowing account that inspired hope and faith for a real revival. Companies were formed to pray with that objective, but as the days and weeks went by, these praying ones dwindled until there were but two that held on. Then after some weeks the number increased until there were two bands. Then, occasionally, someone would be powerfully converted. One day in the day school the unusual happened. The master noticed a lad become restless, and lose all interest in his studies. Thinking the child was sick, he sent another boy who had recently been converted, to accompany him home. These boys crawled into some bushes by the roadside, and the lad prayed through. Together they returned, just at the time of recess. Soon the master heard unusual sounds of voices. He peaked out the window to see the entire school in prayer. He soon recalled them to their studies, but to no avail. In spite of all he could do the revival had broken out in his school room, and he dismissed school. Then during the afternoon, evening, night and until sun-up and on through days and weeks on the streets, in the homes, around places of business, the attention of the people was occupied with one question, "What must I do to be saved?" This movement spread from city to city, from county to county, in churches, in homes, in parks, and at public gatherings, until ten thousand were added to the Presbyterian Church and multitudes converted who were already members. The narrator says, like numbers were received by other denominations -- Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalians and various dissenters.

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From: HDM0015.tex

28 -- HOW GOD FED G. C. BEVINGTON IN A HOLLOW LOG

I was holding another meeting in Ohio, and was invited to another place. So, when through with this meeting, I went to the woods to settle this call. I crawled into a hollow log, as it was quite chilly, in the fall; and there God told me to go, so I went. I preached three nights, when I was notified that I could not preach any more in the schoolhouse. Knowing well that God had told me to come, again I went to the woods, and into another hollow-log.

I lay there five days, and then came a puzzling circumstance. I began to get hungry, which usually means that the fast is called off; but I knew that I did not have the victory I was praying for, so I decided to remain in there until I heard from Heaven, or died in the log. My hunger was increasing and I was feeling weak, both of which were usually good evidences that the fast was called off, or that I was through. I mention this to show the danger of getting in ruts, as God works entirely apart from ruts.

The log was somewhat small, so that I was slightly cramped, and occasionally stretched out as best I could, by extending my arms out in front of me. While I had been telling the Lord that I was hungry and also that I was not satisfied thus far, on the second twenty-four hour watch after I began getting hungry, as I stretched out my arm, my hand struck something unusual there. I found more like it and, gathering them up, I concluded that they were acorns, and was impressed to eat them. Well, I never was fond of acorns; but, oh, they tasted so good. But I said, "How could acorns get in here?" as these seemed fresh. How long had they been in there, and how did it come that I had not felt them before, as I had been extending my hand out that far for some time? These questions came up and had to be met some way. Well, I ate the six acorns, and felt refreshed. This was at 6:00 p. m. -- I struck a match to find out the time. I lay there all night, and the next morning in stretching I found six more acorns. I felt all around but could find only the six. Now, I found six fresh acorns in that hollow log three times a day for four days, until I had prayed the matter through, making in all ten days that I was in that log. Well it became quite a curiosity to me to know how these six acorns got in there, so on the last day I crawled out of the log, left my shoes at the entrance as a pretense that I was in there, and went some distance to a hollow tree and there concealed myself.

At 11:45 there came six large gray squirrels. Each one jumped up on that log and dropped his acorn down a knot hole. I said, "Wonderful, wonderful, my God, here Thou hast been feeding me through these six squirrels;" and I just wept for joy to think that He was so mindful of my needs as to have these dumb animals obey Him. I said, "Elijah isn't the only one who was fed by animals." I crawled back in, oh, so humble. I have often wished that I could live feeling as humble as I have felt at times like this!

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From: HDM0047.tex

29 -- SUDDEN JUDGMENT ON AN UNGODLY PHYSICIAN

In perfect harmony with what has been written in this sketch comes another occurrence of kindred nature which transpired in a Southern State. We give it as related by a Methodist preacher.

There lived in a town where he was stationed as pastor a physician who was a moral blight to the community by reason of his skeptical views and sinful life. His influence was especially baneful among the young men, some of whom he led to embrace infidelity, and a greater number to become openly and shamelessly wicked.

One Sabbath morning the preacher felt deeply impressed to preach from Proverbs 29:1: "He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." His subject was the swift and terrible judgments of God upon those who resisted His calls and warnings.

While opening up his discourse and in the act of glancing over the audience he was profoundly surprised to see the infidel doctor sitting in the congregation. No one had ever beheld him, or even heard of his attending a church before. So there was not only genuine wonder with the pastor, but among the people at the man's presence among them.

When first observed he was about two-thirds of the way back towards the door, and in the following peculiar position: His body was bent forward with his chin resting on his hands that were folded one on top of the other, and laid on the edge of the bench immediately in front of him. He had raven hair, a heavy mustache of the same color, and coal black eyes which he fixed steadily upon the minister in the pulpit. As the preacher proceeded with his discourse, enlarging upon the calamities that befell men who strove with and against God, the big mustache would curl and the teeth gleam for a moment under the incredulous smile of the infidel. The whole mocking face seemed to say, "Do you think you can frighten me with that kind of talk? Do you imagine for a moment that I believe what you are saying?"

The preacher said that he could scarcely go on with his sermon, the man's appearance was so infernal, and his presence so paralyzing. He added that he never looked into a countenance that seemed so Satanic. The horrible thought took possession of him and could not be shaken off that the Devil was in the man and looking at him through his eyes, and mocking him through his hell-surrendered countenance.

To all appearance the preacher was the more troubled of the two, and the skeptic was having the best of the situation so far as mental burden and spiritual distress were concerned. And yet at the same time, and all unconscious of the fact, the doctor was hearing his last warning; and he was receiving it from the lips of the very man whom he was jeering at in his heart, and scorning with every line of his sinister face and position of the defiant body.

When the sermon was finished, the doctor walked out of the church, mounted his horse and rode away. Meantime the congregation scattered to their homes, while a few of the stewards remained standing by the door conversing with the pastor.

While thus engaged, suddenly the sharp report of a rifle or pistol rang out on the air from some point several hundred yards distant down the road. All were surprised at the sound and

commented on its unusualness on a Sabbath morning and near a quiet country town like their own. They had, however, dismissed the thought, and were speaking of some church matter of common interest, when they saw a man running up the road towards them and crying out, "The Doctor's killed! The Doctor's killed!"

Hurrying back with him they found the physician's horse browsing on the grass, and close by, lying stone dead on the ground was the doctor with his face upturned to the sky, his black eyes wide open and staring aloft, as if he was watching the flight of his lost soul as it sped on its way to the Judgment Bar of that God whom he had resisted and grieved and insulted up to the last hour of his life.

A bullet shot from a thicket had entered the back of the skull and came out through the forehead, producing instant death. The victim evidently did not see his murderer, nor is he known until this day.

The man led a wicked life, and died as he lived, just as most people do, according to the Bible and history, and our own observation. What possessed him to visit the church that Sabbath no one ever knew. His contemptuous face and manner showed that it was for no good.

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From: HDM0047.tex

30 -- THE COURAGEOUS DESTRUCTION OF AN IDOL

Another Carradine story:

Among the ten or twelve Methodist pastors located in the metropolis, was one who was greatly given to pastoral work. His great victories were not in the pulpit, but about the firesides, and in the stores and shops of his parishioners.

In the membership of Brother L. was a devoted Christian woman, married to a man in the liquor business. Her husband's occupation was a source not only of profound mortification to her, but agony as well, as she thought of the harm he was doing to the community and the danger he himself was in, before God.

Hoping to influence him for good, she persuaded a pastor who preceded L. to take her husband into the church. And there the new preacher found him, an unsaved man himself, and a stumbling stone to many others.

L. was too wise a preacher to publicly expose and lash an individual in the audience, especially in view of the history of the case. He felt he needed some ground to stand on to accomplish what he desired; and praying much for divine guidance, swept quickly through mere acquaintanceship into friendly and kindly relations with the man whose soul he was after.

As it happened, in a few weeks L.'s family went away on a visit for a month, and naturally the pastor received invitations from his members to eat and sleep at their different homes. The one he was burning to obtain came toward the last, and was cordially accepted. He was to take supper and breakfast and spend the night at a place he was sorely needed.

The man of God was much on his knees all the afternoon that preceded that important visit, where not only a soul but souls were at stake. Of course the transgressor and church law breaker could be tried and promptly cast out from the membership, and this would have to be done if his plan failed. But the preacher's heart sank at the thought that even this proceeding, right as it was, would mean a lost soul, and the liquor business still going on, and numbers of men falling into hell as a consequence of the continued traffic. Oh, if God would be gracious to him, and anoint his lips, and bless his very manner, and help him to order his case, that the Devil might be defeated, a crushing life burden lifted from a woman's heart, a man's feet plucked from the brink of hell and a great victory won for Heaven that would bless not only one family but scores and hundreds of others! This was the man's constant thought, and equally frequent heart cry and prayer.

It would be difficult to describe that social and pastoral visit combined. Taught and helped by God, the preacher made great advances into the esteem and affection of both husband and wife.

After supper was over, and sitting in the pleasant library the painful subject of the man's business was brought up so naturally and easily that no one could tell how it had been effected. At once the host took the alarm and threw up his fortifications with the old time worn excuses, and arguments of sophistry; but the guest with quiet manner, gentle voice, heart all warm with the Holy Spirit, and brain and tongue alert and touched of Heaven, leveled every breastwork, spiked every gun, got possession of the flag and quietly surrounded the silenced enemy.

With a husky voice and eyes filled with tears the preacher added:

"There is something more about the case that I have not yet referred to; and it is bound to come close to your heart, for it will affect the welfare and happiness of those who are nearest and dearest to you. Do you know, my brother, that the Bible says 'Woe to the man who putteth the bottle to his neighbors' lips.' This woe is certain to come, for all God's warnings and threats take place. His word never fails. The 'woe' spoken of in the Scripture may fall upon you, or upon your family. If it comes on you, it will crush them; and if it overtakes them, that will crush you. In either case you are doomed. Then above all remember that you are diametrically opposed in your life and business, to the work and business of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He is trying to save men, and you are endeavoring to ruin and damn them."

The house in which the preacher was entertained was a three-story brick dwelling. The first floor was devoted to the liquor traffic, mainly a wholesale business; the second consisted of parlor, sitting room, dining room and bed chambers, while the guest was given an apartment in the third story looking out upon the street.

With heart all stirred and brain fired by the conversation and scenes in the library, the preacher after retiring found it impossible to sleep. He tossed and turned an hundred times, but

unable to compose himself to slumber listened hour after hour to the striking of distant town clocks.

More than once through the night he imagined he heard strange rumbling sounds in the house, but dismissed the thought as a fancy and continued his restless exercise.

Just before day, however, he was so certain that he heard a jarring sound on the pavement, and that something unusual was taking place in or from the building, that he arose and glancing downward through the closed blinds of his window, beheld to his amazement several long rows of whiskey barrels ranged on the brick walk and in the street immediately in front of the store. As he stood wondering at the sight he saw his host appear at the door with still another cask which he rolled into line with the rest. After this he disappeared and was gone several minutes, when he returned with an axe in his hand, and took his station at the head of one of the lines of barrels.

The starlight had that indistinctness peculiar to the coming of the day, but still every attitude and motion of the man was plainly discernible by the preacher.

Suddenly he saw him raise the axe and with a tremendous blow stove in the head of the first barrel, when with a great gush, the red whiskey poured over the pavement, ran into the gutter and flowed away in the direction of the river. Stepping up to the second cask, the axe again rose and fell, a second barrel head crushed in and sixty more gallons of the crimson liquid of hell which impoverishes and beggarizes the household, breaks the hearts of women, bruises the bodies of innocent children and damns the souls of men, went on its rushing way through the ditch towards the Mississippi.

The man never hesitated, but went on smashing cask after cask, until five thousand dollars, every cent of his stock in trade, had poured into the gutter, and swirled and swept on its way through the street to the river.

Day was breaking in the East when the man completed his work, and day was breaking in him at the same time. He stood leaning on his axe contemplating the scene of havoc before him, ignorant that he himself was being beheld and rejoiced over from the third window. Then there was still another window, much higher, and opening from Heaven itself, that we feel convinced was crowded with angelic and redeemed faces looking on in joy at a man who impoverished himself for the truth's sake, and became poor that he might get right and rich with God.

He stood still for a full minute as if studying his own work, and then looked up to the sky! The light was in the East, and a brighter light was in his face. Pardon and peace had come to him when he struck the last blow on the last barrel; and now for the first time in his life he could give the upward gaze to Heaven, assured that it was received, and thrilled with the consciousness that it was returned by Him who dwelt in the sky. It had cost him all that he possessed to obtain the upward look, but judging from the happiness that was beaming in the man's face, he had come out gainer in the transaction beyond figures in arithmetic to compute and words in any language to describe.

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From: HDM0601.tex

31 -- BURNING THE BROWN GOD

It was in the tobacco belt of western Ohio in a little rural church in late winter or early spring. We were in an old-fashioned revival. The truth was being given out with no uncertain sound by two young lady preachers - Helena Saneholtz and Celia Bradshaw (the writer).

Many who were convicted of sin did not yield to Christ because of their raising tobacco. They made big money by this and were unwilling to give it up. Once when Miss Bradshaw was preaching a fiery sermon on sin she said, "I wish someone would get enough religion to burn their brown god before their eyes."

Paul Applegate and his wife had attended the meetings every night and were pierced through with the gospel sword. They decided to seek the Lord Jesus. Lydia, the wife, had been brought up in the Old Order Dunkard Church, known in that country as "the horse and buggy crowd," because they refused to have cars or any modern inventions, thinking it to be a sin. As Lydia sought God over and over at the altar, it all seemed so far away and hard for her. Paul was a thrifty young farmer from a well-to-do farm family.

At last, Paul made up his mind to pray and get converted. He went to the altar, confessed his sins, prayed in earnest, and was gloriously saved. He heard the preaching on holiness -- that a really saved man or woman will go on into holiness "without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14). Paul went to the altar again and sought the second blessing, or second benefit, as the Apostle Paul calls it.

He prayed very earnestly for some time. Then, all at once, he knelt there like a stump, doing nothing. One of the preachers went to him and said, "What is wrong, Paul? Why do you stop praying?" For some time he seemed stranded, but finally, about midnight, he told what was his trouble.

In that part of the country, most of the farmers made a better-than-average living by raising tobacco. Paul was one of them. He told the preachers, "God has shown me that I cannot be a holy man and raise tobacco. I will have to give it up." But he did not see how he could do it. Besides, this was during the depression days. Farms were scarce and men were walking the streets begging for jobs. It was the time of year when most farms for rent were already taken.

When Paul and Lydia left the church at midnight, things surely looked dark. Their faces were pictures of despair. They drove several miles to their home.

Paul went to bed, but not to sleep. He was fighting the battle of his life and did not close his eyes in slumber all night. He always got up at five o'clock in the morning, but that morning he did not get up. Lydia went out and did all the chores which he usually did, and came back. She went upstairs to his room and there he lay, still in bed. He had never done that before. She said, "Paul, what are you going to do? Aren't you going to get up?" He said, "No, I am not going to get up

until I settle this." Though Lydia herself was not saved yet, she said, "Paul, you mind God and I will stand with you." Thank God for such wives!

Lydia worked about the place until the middle of the forenoon when she again entered his room and said, "Paul, this is worse than a case of flu. What are you going to do?" He looked up at her and smiled and said, "It is settled." "What do you mean?" "I am going with God whatever the cost. But, Lydia, I have to tell our landlord that we cannot raise any more tobacco for him. Will you go along and do the talking for me? I just cannot talk to him, as mean as he is." Lydia agreed to do it, and they crossed the field to his house. Once in the house, Paul found his tongue loosed and such boldness possessing him that he did not want for words. Lydia did not have a chance for one word.

The landlord was very angry and said, "If you live on my farm, you will raise tobacco." "But God has shown me that I cannot be a Christian and do it." "Nonsense! You will raise tobacco." "I cannot, and I will not do it any more." "Then you will move off my ground." To do so, where would he go? How would he support his family? But he said, "Then I will move." You will move off my place; I do not want such a crazy man on my farm."

Paul and Lydia knew the verdict had come. They were as a man without a country. It did not change their purpose to mind God at any cost. It is one thing to say it, and quite another to execute it.

By this time, the evangelists had moved from the Rural Beach church to the other church on that circuit, which was in the town of Greenville, Ohio.

That night, in the revival service, Paul came to the altar. Now he could pray, and pray he did, in earnest, with crying and groaning. He felt that if he did not receive the blessed Holy Ghost, he would die. He did die to self and time and all, for he passed from the earthy into the heavenly. When God's holy Spirit came in sanctifying power, he cried and laughed and praised God. He did not know he was in this world, he was so filled with God. He was stretched out on the floor with his lovely, refined mother on her knees beside him. They mingled their tears of joy and praises to God. Suddenly, a gust of unspeakable joy struck his soul. He arose and ran the aisles, hugging the men, and what a shout was in the camp!

Then he seemed to come down to earth a little. It began to dawn on him what a favor it was to have such preaching, such light, and such an experience. He knew that Miss Bradshaw, especially, had carried an awful burden for his soul. He leaped to the front, stood erect -- six feet tall -- his arms out full length to both sides. He said, "Where is Sister Bradshaw?" Seeing her in the crowd, he made a lunge for her. She knew that the man was so happy he was almost out of this world, but she also knew that the infuriated tobacco raisers of that country would love to get something to start a scandal with. God gave her heavenly wisdom and lightning agility, for as he lunged at her with open arms; she ducked and he went sprawling on the floor. She then ran to the back of the church and stayed there until he came down to earth again. God always has a way, if we will follow His leadings.

The last Sunday night of the revival, Paul came up and said, "Girls (that is what they all called the girl preachers), God has shown me that if I cannot raise tobacco, I cannot sell my last year's crop." This was stored in the barn, all boxed and ready for sale. Finally it was decided, and announced, that Paul Applegate would burn his crop of tobacco the next Tuesday night, and that a service would be held there in the field while it burned. Miss Bradshaw said, "I want to see that." Others standing by said, "I do, too; I do, too."

Some of the tobacco-raising church members criticized and found fault. Many outsiders grew very angry. It was talked of in the streets and shop. Some said, "They ought to put Paul Applegate and those women preachers in jail before they get a chance to burn it." Paul's wife's people, hearing of the plans, felt certain that Paul was mentally sick. They went to his home and begged him, "Let us get a doctor, Paul; we will pay for it." Paul laughed and said, "I am all right. I do not need a doctor." But they insisted he did. Some of his brothers tried to dissuade him, but to no avail. Then they said, "Well, if you must destroy it, don't burn it; give it to us." Paul said, "God said to burn it, and I must burn it."

On Tuesday, the day set for the much publicized fire, it poured down rain most of the day. The devil said, "You see, you cannot burn it in the rain. The angry people will have the laugh now." Toward the middle of the afternoon the weather cleared, but the fields were ponds of water.

The Applegates' activities went according to plans. She prepared a lovely chicken dinner. The lady preachers, "The Girls," came. Paul was busy with his mud-boat hauling the brown weed out of the barn, opening the large boxes, and hauling the contents out into the field.

Finding an elevated spot where no water was standing, he put a layer of straw and a layer of tobacco, alternating thus until he had it all out -- a great mound ready for one of the biggest smokes the devil ever had. He really had a pipe full that time.

Everything was ready, and they gathered in the dining room. Just as they were seated around the table, a perfect and unusual rainbow draped the sky most beautifully. It appeared to be a symbol of Paul and Lydia's future.

By now, cars were lining the road on both sides as far as one could see. People came for miles around and from the adjoining state. Some curious, some happy, some very angry.

Some religious tobacco raisers, as a last resort, said, "Paul, you believe in paying God ten percent of your income. If you burn this tobacco, you will rob God of the tithe." For a few minutes Paul was stumped. Then he threw his head up and said, "I will pay that amount to the Lord extra." At that, one of the girl preachers asked for a man's hat, and passed it. The offering, when handed to Paul, amounted to more than the tithe of the crop.

Paul was on top of the world and everybody -- tall, handsome blond that he was, standing in the gathering shades of night beside the sacrifice he was about to offer to the Lord and Saviour. Every eye was upon him as he took a large can of oil and thoroughly sprinkled the heap. Then he stood back, lighted an oiled cob and threw it into the tobacco as the Christian people were singing:

"Jesus, see me at Thy feet,
With my sacrifice complete.
I am bringing all to Thee
Thine alone I'll be.
Have Thy way, Lord, have Thy way,
This with all my heart I say,
I'll obey Thee, come what may,
Dear Lord, have Thy way."

Then excitement was on for sure. Paul testified and praised God. Others joined in. The people thronged around till it looked more like a Ku Klux Klan meeting than anything else. And emotions were about as diverse. Fancy city ladies losing their highheeled shoes in the mud, old farmers with gum boots, all crowding together to get a better look at the strange happenings. One hymn after another was sung as the devil's big pipe smoldered and burned. Some disgruntled person called out, "Let them women preachers work a little," as they were still throwing some last-load bits on the fire. The girls stepped up and said, "We never would work in tobacco, but this is one time when we will be glad to do it." At that, they helped to throw some on.

Then the spirit of the Lord came on Miss Bradshaw. She began to preach a fiery message to the great crowd, using the old mud-boat for a platform. Right at this point the infuriated landlord came bursting through the crowd, railing on the preacher and crying, "Stop this! Stop this! Get off my field or I'll have you arrested," etc. But the preacher was so inspired and blessed she did not even know he was there, or that he had said a word. All the time the Christian people were shouting her on. It was indeed like a Mount Carmel scene, re-enacted in modern days. The fire consumed the sacrifice and the Lord was glorified before the people.

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From: HDM0074.tex

32 -- HOW THE CHANCE FINDING OF A COIN FURTHERED ADAM CLARKE'S EDUCATION

"But to return to the remainder of my short stay in Kingswood.

"I have already noticed that, for the sake of exercise I often worked in the garden. Observing one day a small plot which had been awkwardly turned over by one of the boys, I took the spade and began to dress it: in breaking one of the clods, I knocked a half-guinea out of it. I took it up and immediately said to myself, this is not mine; it belongs not to any of my family, for they have never been here; I will take the first opportunity to give it to Mr. Simpson. Shortly after, I perceived him walking in the garden, I went to him, told him the circumstance, and presented the half-guinea to him; he took it, looked at it, and said, 'It may be mine, as several hundred pounds pass through my hands in the course of the year, for the expenses of this school; but I do not recollect that I ever lost any money since I came here. Probably one of the gentlemen has; keep it, and in the mean time I will inquire.' I said, 'sir, it is not mine, take you the money, if you meet the right owner, well; if not, throw it in the funds of the school.' He answered, 'You must keep it till I

make the inquiry.' I took it again with reluctance. The next day he told me that Mr. Bayley had lost a half-guinea, and I might give it to him the first time I saw him; I did so:-- three days afterwards Mr. Bayley came to me and said, 'Mr. C. it is true that I lost a half-guinea, but I am not sure that this is the half guinea I lost; unless I were so, I could not conscientiously keep it; therefore you must take it again.' I said, 'It is not mine, probably it is yours; therefore I cannot take it.' He answered, 'I will not keep it: I have been uneasy in my mind ever since it came into my possession;' and, in saying this, he forced the gold into my hand. Mr. Simpson was present: I then presented it to him, saying, 'Here, Mr. S., take you it, and apply it to the use of the school.' He turned away hastily as from something ominous, and said, 'I declare I will have nothing to do with it.' So it was obliged to remain with its finder, and formed a grand addition to a purse that already possessed only three half-pence.

"Was this providential? 1. I was poor, not worth two-pence in the world, and needed some important articles. 2. I was out of the reach of all supplies, and could be helped only from heaven. 3. How is it that the lad who had dug the ground did not find the money: it was in a clod less than a man's fist. 4. How came it that Mr. B., who knew he had lost a half-guinea, somewhere about the premises, could not appropriate this, but was miserable in his mind for two or three days and nights, and could have no rest till he returned it to me? 5. How came it that Mr. S. was so horrified with the poor half-guinea that he dared not even throw it into the charitable fund? 6. Did the Providence of God send this to me knowing that I stood in need of such a supply?

"The story is before the Reader, he may draw what inference he pleases. One thing, however, I may add. -- Besides two or three necessary articles which I purchased, I gave Mr. Bayley 6s. as my subscription for his Hebrew Grammar: by which work I acquired a satisfactory knowledge of that language, which ultimately led me to read over the Hebrew Bible, and make those short notes which formed the basis of the Commentary since published! Had I not got that Grammar I probably should never have turned my mind to Hebrew learning; and most certainly had never written a Commentary on Divine Revelation! Behold how great matter a little fire kindleth! My pocket was not entirely empty of the remains of this half-guinea, till other supplies, in the ordinary course of God's Providence came in! O God! the silver and the gold are thine: so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.

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From: HDM0551.tex

33 -- AN UNUSUAL AND DEEPLY TOUCHING REUNION

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

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

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

As in all great revivals, many came only for curiosity's sake, and others to point the finger of scorn and to scoff. Those who have wandered far away from the fold of God have become His meek followers, and now dare to face old friends and testify in unmistakable words of Christ's wonderful saving power. The Holy Spirit has always, in time past, and will in the future, use such incidents as that which took place here, which almost compel sinners to feel themselves lost, and make them cry aloud to God for mercy. It was the most heart-touching scene I ever saw.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It seems more as if we had just arisen from an awful dream than that it should be something real. No greater sinner than I ever lived. My father and mother lived ten miles from

Nashville, on the Gallatin pike, on a small farm. Father and mother were the best parents a boy ever had. It was their desire that we two should have a good education, and they worked hard to help us, never seeming to become weary.

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

"A short time after I entered college I fell in with a lot of companions who walked not in the ways of God, and made light of my father's and mother's religion. At first I would not listen to them, but at last I yielded, and from that time I date it that I started on the downward path. I also became a scoffer at religion. I soon started to drink and gamble. I was found in company where no man should be.

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

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

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

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

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

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

to tell him that his father forgave him. Those were the last words he spoke. And,' he said, lowering his voice, 'as mean as Brother Daniel was to father, I have been to mother.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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From: HDM085.tex

34 -- IN ANSWER TO WESLEY'S PRAYER GOD SUDDENLY CHANGED THE DIRECTION OF A CONTRARY WIND

Obliged at length by in appointment at Bristol on a particular day to leave Guernsey whatever wind was blowing, Mr. Wesley availed himself of an English brig touching at the island on her way from France to Penzance. Mr. Clarke had obtained liberty to return with the party for a few days' visit to England. The wind blew fairly for their course to Penzance as they sailed out of Guernsey road, but soon slackened till it died away, and then, rising in the opposite quarter, freshened into a stiff contrary breeze; and much time was spent in frequent tacking before they could well clear the island. I will now recount what followed in Mr. Clarke's own words: "Mr. Wesley was sitting reading in the cabin, and, hearing the noise and bustle occasioned by putting the vessel about to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above, and inquired what was the matter? Being told the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged thus to tack, he said, 'Then let us go to prayer.' His own company who were upon deck walked down, and at his request Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. Wesley broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong faith than of mere desire, in words remarkable as well as the spirit, feeling, and manner in which they were uttered. Some of them were to the following effect:-- 'Almighty and everlasting God, Thou hast Thy way everywhere, and all things serve the purposes of Thy will: Thou holdest the winds in Thy fists, and sittest upon the waterfloods, and reignest King for ever. Command these winds and these waves that they obey THEE, and take us speedily and safely to the haven whither we would be." The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his knees, made no kind of remark, but took up his book, and continued his reading. Mr. Clarke went upon deck, and what was his surprise when he found the vessel standing on her right course with a steady breeze, which slackened not, till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount in Penzance Bay! On the sudden and favorable change of the wind Mr. Wesley made no remark: so fully did he expect to be heard, that he took it for granted he was heard. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and therefore to him the occurrence was not strange.

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From: HDM0240 BROWNING

35 -- HOW STUMBLING OVER A TOMBSTONE STARTED A REVIVAL

A cousin of Dr. Morrison's lived in the blue-grass section of Kentucky. He was a handsome, attractive man but pleasure-loving and ungodly. He owned a fine farm, had a good home, and kept a string of race horses. One day he was riding on a spirited saddle horse when he came to one of those fine old country churches you often see in central Kentucky. They are usually painted white and have a tall steeple. Nearly always there is a large graveyard adjoining, and the place is enclosed with a white limestone fence. Suddenly he reined up his horse and dismounted and walked into that churchyard. He had thought of a friend who had recently passed away and whose funeral he had been unable to attend. It occurred to him that he would like to see the grave. Soon he located it and there before him was the fresh-turned dirt, the withered flowers, and the new tombstone. He read the inscription. It was in the early fall. Flowers were still in bloom and the mockingbirds were singing, and as he stood there in the quietude of that lovely churchyard he began to talk aloud.

He said, "Bill, old boy, I'm sorry for you. I'm afraid you've missed it. The trouble with you, Bill, is that you drank whiskey and played the races and went all the gaits -- just like I'm doing. Then you died -- just like I'm going to die; and you've gone to hell -- where I'm going. I'm sorry, Bill, but you've missed it."

He turned to walk away, and his eye fell on a tombstone that was tilted over a bit. The grave had sunk down and was matted over with honeysuckle vines. Out of curiosity he stooped to read the inscription. It was the grave of an old minister named Lasley. The man said, "I remember old Brother Lasley. It seems only yesterday, but it has been twenty-five years since he held a revival in that old church. I was just fifteen years old and I remember that I went to the altar one night. That seems strange now; but I was young then, and my heart was tender, and I cried. I haven't been to church in years, and I couldn't cry if I wanted too. My heart is as hard as a rock. I don't care for God nor man. I cried that night. Old Brother Lasley saw me and came around and put his hands on my head and prayed for me, and all the burden left me and I was happy. But all that is in the past and I just don't care. Life's a strange thing. I thought when I got my race horses that I would be happy, and now I sometimes wish they were all dead. I've got a good farm and a good wife and children, and yet I'm not happy -- but I know I was happy that night. I know I'm wrong and on my way to hell; but, bad as I am, I'd give every foot of Kentucky land that I own, every race horse on my farm, and every dollar I've got in the bank if I could go back twenty-five years and could get down at that altar once more and if old Brother Lasley could once more put his hands on my head and pray for me. If I could once more feel in my heart what I felt that night, it would be worth it all, but I can't. My heart is dead. I couldn't shed a tear if I wanted to."

He put his hand to his face and then looked at it in astonishment. "O Lord," he said, "just look at this. I'm crying." He started to take a step and his foot caught in the honeysuckle vines and he sprawled across that grave. He buried his face in his arms and prayed, "Lord, if I haven't gone too far, if there is any hope for a fellow like me, please take me back and let me feel once more what I felt in my heart when old Brother Lasley prayed for me."

Soon his wife heard him coming through the house like a storm. She had started into the dining room carrying a tray of dishes, when he met her and seized her in his arms, scattering chinaware all over the floor. He jumped and shouted and, as soon as his wife could get her breath, she said, "Husband, what in the world is the matter with you? Have you gone crazy?"

"No, honey," he said, "I'm not crazy. I've got religion."

She said, "Dear, I'm so glad, but I didn't know there was any revival going on."

"Oh, yes, honey, a wonderful revival! Old Brother Lasley and I had one down yonder in the graveyard."

The people had laid Brother Lasley to rest many years ago, but somehow they couldn't bury his shadow. No tomb can ever intern a good man's influence.

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From: HDM0139.tex

36 -- THE REMARKABLE SPREADING OF MARY MCAFEE'S SANCTIFIED INFLUENCE

[The holy influence of Mary McAfee is worthy of note. I give it in three sections:]

Part 1

HER INFLUENCE IN STAMFORD KENTUCKY AREA

By Dr. H. C. Morrison

It was at Stanford that I met with one of the first persons I was ever closely associated with who claimed the experience of entire sanctification. Her name was Mary McAfee. With her widowed mother and another maiden sister, they kept the tollgate on the Crab Orchard Turnpike, at the outskirts of Stanford. Mary McAfee was a member of our church.

Brother McElroy, the Presbyterian pastor, called to see me and I asked him, about the spiritual atmosphere of the town. He said they were in great need of a revival, that there was not the spiritual life in our churches that there should be. He said, "You have one member in your church that is a most remarkable woman. She's a bit peculiar, perhaps, but she's a saintly soul. Mary McAfee. Have you met her yet?" I had not. I talked with the Baptist minister about the religious life of the town and community and he said there was great need of a revival. As we talked it over, he said, "You have a member of your church who is a very remarkable and saintly woman. Have you met Mary McAfee? She lives down at the tollgate. She certainly is a true disciple of Christ, and has a gracious testimony."

Reading the town paper, I saw that there were some twenty-odd prisoners in the county jail. I went down and asked permission to preach to them. I had only been in the place a short time and had not yet met the remarkable member of my church. They let them [the prisoners] out in a large hall in the jail, and I preached to them. When I got through preaching, I said, "Well, boys, what about the religious life of this town?" To which, one of them replied, "This is not the place to find about the religious life of the community. If we had known more about that we wouldn't be where we are. The Lord knows we've got one saint here. She keeps the tollgate on the Crab

Orchard Pike, Miss Mary McAfee. If we boys had some of what she's got, we wouldn't be where we are."

They had an infidel doctor in the town. He had his office upstairs over a livery stable. I called to see him. He didn't greet me very warmly. I said, "Doctor, I'm the new Methodist preacher and I'm just knocking around, thought I'd come up and shake hands." "Well," said he, "I reckon they told you I am an infidel. The Christians always tell the preachers about me when they come to town." I said, "Yes, some one did tell me that, but you are a citizen here, and so am I, and thought we might be friendly with each other." "Yes," said he, "sit down." pointing to a chair. And we fell into conversation.

By and by the doctor said, "I think, Mr. Morrison, I'm perhaps about as straight a man as some people you have in your church and I have my doubts about some of your teachings. But I will say if I could have the peace and joy of a little woman down here at the tollgate named Mary McAfee I'd like to have it. She is the best and the happiest woman I have ever known."

In these conversations, I was reminded that "a city set upon a hill cannot be hid." I soon met with her, a very plain maiden woman. We became well acquainted and when preacher's would visit me I would take them down to the tollgate to see Mary and she would talk to us and pray for us. I believe every church member in the town knew that woman and believed in her and I know many people profoundly wished that they had a religious experience like hers. She was a great power in revivals and no doubt led many souls to Christ. One night during a protracted meeting, I said, "Well, we must close now." She was in the back of the church talking to a group of young men who had only standing room! and she called out, "Don't give us the benediction yet." I waited. We sang a song and she came down the aisle with a great group of young men following her, who dropped on their knees about the altar.

There are two ways of preserving fruit; one with vinegar, the other with sugar. There is a vast difference between pickles and preserves. In a long life and wide experience, some people claiming the blessing of entire sanctification seem to have gotten into the vinegar barrel and others in the sugar hoghead. Mary McAfee, beautiful soul, had a sweet experience that would win and draw. She never tried to drive.

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From: HDM0047.tex

37 -- THE REMARKABLE SPREADING OF MARY MCAFEE'S SANCTIFIED INFLUENCE

Part 2

HER INFLUENCE SPREADS FAR AND FULL CIRCLE THROUGH
THE CHANCE DISCOVERY OF AN ARTICLE ABOUT HER

By Beverly Carradine

[This is perhaps the most remarkable part of Mary McAfee's story.]

If ever a woman had need to exercise faith it was Mary McAfee, after she begged God with strong cries and tears for the revival. For years there was not a sign that the petition had even been noticed by heaven.

True it was, that a long while after several preachers confessed that during those very years they were deeply moved to hold a meeting in the town where this woman supplicator lived, but they allowed the impression to pass away. The solitary pleader for the community however, did not know this, and so kept on in her praying under an obviously impenetrable sky, and to a God who did not seem to hear, and certainly did not answer.

In the Bible we read that when the Lord could not find a prophet in Israel to carry a message of rebuke and warning to His idolatrous people, He reached His hand down in Judah and brought forth a man of God from that country to do His will.

In like manner there was a scarcity of human instruments in the land where Mary McAfee lived, and God looked around in vain to find a man who would bear a message to the town of Stanford, Kentucky, which would make that community to sigh and weep over its sins, and cause at the same time his daughter, who had mourned so long, to cease her crying and go to rejoicing over the fulfillment of her often uttered supplication.

So the divine eye was turned in the Judah direction, and the divine hand began to prepare other instruments outside of the town of Stanford, Kentucky and beyond its county boundaries, and far from the state itself, who were to bring salvation to the people and prove to that grieving servant of His that God was still, as He has always been, One who not only hears but also answers prayer.

In the State of Mississippi and removed from Stanford by fully six hundred miles, was a young preacher named W. W. Hopper who was hungry for full salvation, but did not entirely understand the nature of his own longing. He prayed much, and even agonized, but there was no Philip passing along this desert portion of his life to ask him as he read and supplicated if he understood his own reading and prayers. No Ananias came into those days of spiritual bewilderment and at times blindness and darkness, with the command to arise, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.

While W. W. Hopper was in this state of mind, a newspaper reporter in the city of Louisville wrote a brief sketch or religious item about a holy woman who lived, as he stated, in a small town in the hill country of Kentucky. He mentioned several things concerning her, making in all an ordinary sized paragraph. But little as it was, it held in its narrow limits, in a strange way, the sanctification of the Mississippi preacher, and the long prayed for revival at Stanford, Kentucky

Many thousand copies of that issue of the paper, the Courier-Journal, were scattered over the country and lost to view forever. But one sheet of the publication God determined should survive the general destruction. It fluttered South, and like a Messenger Bird as it proved, nestled

in the hand and under the eye of W. W. Hopper Carelessly glancing down its columns the preacher read the following words:

"There lives in Stanford, Kentucky, a woman named Mary McAfee She dwells in a small yellow cottage in the edge of the town and keeps the Toll Gate. She claims to have been sanctified, and..."

This was all he read, but it was all God wanted him to see, and was all indeed that he needed. Like Eleazar when he recognized the hand of the Lord in confirmatory providences which guided him on his way to secure Rebecca for Isaac, so W. W. Hopper stood thrilled, and worshipped God as he felt that in a bit of printed paper he had beheld the directing finger of heaven.

He said to himself, "That is just what I need. I want to be sanctified."

In his case the instructing Philip was six hundred miles away, and if interview was to be had he would have to seek it, and be the traveler. Distance, however, was not the only drawback, but the lack of funds to meet railroad expenses stared him in the face.

This naturally brought forth the prayer, "Lord, if this thing is from you, and you desire me to see that woman and obtain instruction from her, grant that the means necessary for the trip will be provided."

In a week's time, a railroad pass and money necessary for incidental expenses were placed in his hands without any hint or solicitation on his part.

A few days later this seeker after truth alighted from the train at the place of destination and asked for the "yellow cottage" at the Toll Gate. Knocking at the door he inquired if Mary McAfee lived there, and was answered in the affirmative. Invited in the house he told her what he had come for, and as it does not take Holiness people long to enter upon business, the faithful woman and her sister began to instruct him in the way of the Lord "more perfectly," and in a few minutes were pleading mightily in prayer in his behalf, while he himself wept and prayed and groaned upon the floor.

On the second or third day the fire fell, the long-desired blessing of sanctification swept into the emptied and completely consecrated soul, and W. W. Hopper, full of joy and the Holy Ghost, was on his way back to Mississippi.

It was after this that the writer began to hear much of W. W. Hopper. Of course he was misunderstood by his congregation, and Conference, and so became acquainted very soon with the "Fiery Furnace," obtained a great deal of positive light on the history and experience of Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego. He also received a kind of mental geographical chart of the Island of Patmos with a marvelous amount of insight into the life of the famous exile on that wave-washed and solitary shore, a man who had been sent there on account of the Word of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ! We heard that he was "clear off," "a fanatic," "usefulness ended," etc., etc. But at the same time we were informed that he had constant revivals wherever he went. We do

not know at this time of spiritual greenness and ignorance in our life, how we reconciled the two reports. Perhaps we did not try to harmonize them. The thing was high, and we had not then attained unto it.

One rumor reached us that he, W. W. Hopper, while preaching a great convicting sermon, had thrown a chair off the platform. Of course, to some who had never knocked the devil out of their church, nor kicked a sin out of their lives, nor hurled a sinner into the kingdom of heaven, all this was perfectly dreadful. In fact, it was the unpardonable sin. Preachers could smoke their cigars and pipes, church members could break the Sabbath and tell impure stories, and all that could be readily overlooked. But for a man to overturn a chair in the sacred pulpit, while illustrating some truth under the power of the Spirit; Oh, that was fearful! terrible! sacrilegious! and not to be forgiven in this world nor in the world to come!

At a session of an annual conference several members became exceedingly violent on the floor toward W. W. Hopper. Two were especially bitter. One of them, turning towards the quiet-looking, peaceful-faced victim, shook his finger at him and vociferated to the chairman:

"Bishop, I would rather the devil from hell should preach on my circuit than that man!"

The editor of a Christian Advocate, who afterwards became a Bishop was present during this stormy and heart-sickening scene. His eyes, with the gaze of many others, rested upon the accused man; and in commenting upon the occurrence when all was over, he said: "The face of W. W. Hopper was the quietest and most peaceful in the entire Conference!"

Soon after the scene related, W. W. Hopper was fairly driven by ecclesiastical pressure to take refuge in a distant Western Conference. The Spirit, however, followed him, and so, wherever he went, revivals sprang up and salvation flowed. One or more years passed away in this manner, when opposition similar to that from which he had fled became so great in the West that he turned back homeward again.

At this time we heard again of him. It was the same old story of revivals and opposition, and opposition and revivals. The man seemed to be on the best terms with God, but somehow he could not please his brethren in the ministry.

Meanwhile the writer, as pastor of a large city church, was hungry for something in the spiritual life that he did not know the name of, nor its exact nature. He was conscious at this period of desiring two things very ardently; one was a satisfying blessing for his own soul, and second a great, gracious, old-time, old-fashioned, Wesleyan, apostolic, Scriptural Revival in his Church.

While praying about the matter and mentally casting about for human help, the face of W. W. Hopper was quietly and steadily presented to his mind with an unmistakable impression, "Send for him."

The invitation was forwarded, the invited came, and the meeting opened. The power of God fell on the fourth day. In the eight days' meeting, one hundred souls were converted, twenty-five sanctified, and four young men entered the ministry.

While listening to the third sermon of W. W. Hopper the writer suddenly saw not only the possibility but the actuality of the Second Work of Grace. He promptly bowed at the altar, came six times, and, after a complete consecration, unquestioning faith in the Word of God, and three days of almost continuous prayer, one morning at 9 o'clock, on June 1, 1889, the Baptism with the Holy Ghost and Fire fell upon, filled and literally overwhelmed him!

All this may appear irrelevant to the subject of this sketch. It may seem that not only God had overlooked Mary McAfee, but we, her biographer, had also forgotten her. But so far from this being the case, the circumstances just related made the highway along which was to come the long-deferred blessings of heaven to Stanford, Kentucky God was preparing servants to bring the message of gladness to the heart of Mary McAfee, who had been praying faithfully and persistently for ten years for the community she loved and in which she lived.

Four years passed away after the writer received the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, which were spent by him in city pastorates. Meantime Mary McAfee prayed on for the town of Stanford, Kentucky

Finally we entered the evangelistic work, and began to circle about the nation. After almost a year had been thus spent, the pastor of Mary McAfee, a devout man, suddenly felt impressed to write to us to hold a meeting in his church. We accepted the call and came. Whereupon a gifted editor-evangelist said in his epigrammatic and culminating way: "When Carradine jumped off the train one morning with his valise in his hand, the revival had come!"

What need to speak of that revival, which has gone already into the history of the holiness movement? Suffice it to say that the power of God fell upon the people; that salvation rolled; that the meeting had to be moved twice to obtain larger quarters; that the brass band of a traveling troupe played in vain in front of the theater to secure an audience; not a dozen came; while at the largest church in town the people filled the seats, jammed the vestibule and aisles, crowded the chancel, lined the altar rail and sat on the floor in the pulpit to hear the Word of God, while scores and scores, with tears, laughter, shouts and clapping of hands, were swept into reclamation, regeneration and entire sanctification.

The revival had come!

The prayer of Mary McAfee, ascending for fifteen long years, had been heard at last!

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From: HDM0240.tex

38 -- THE REMARKABLE SPREADING OF MARY MCAFEE'S SANCTIFIED INFLUENCE

Part 3

HOW MARY MCAFEE'S INFLUENCE IMPACTED
J. O. MCCLURKAN AND TREVECCA COLLEGE

By Raymond Browning

[Raymond Browning gives his own version here of part of the story already related above by Beverly Carradine, but he relates a bit more about Mary McAfee's indirect influence on J. O. McClurkan and Trevecca College.]

Once there lived near the town of Stanford, Kentucky, a maiden lady named Mary McAfee, who enjoyed and constantly testified to the experience of entire sanctification. She collected fares at an old tollgate on one of the turnpikes. Her job could have been very commonplace and her life quite dull except for the fact that she turned that tollgate into a sort of pulpit. She encouraged the people as they passed by, told them of the goodness of God, and the sweetness of salvation. The folks all had confidence in her and somebody wrote an article about "Mary McAfee: The Sanctified Tollgate Keeper" and gave it to the county newspaper. It was printed and other papers passed it on. Months later a Methodist circuit rider down in Mississippi was walking along a path to the village. His head was down and his heart was heavy, and as he walked he began talking to the Lord:

"Lord, I'm a failure. I just can't do anything with these people. It hasn't been long since we had a good revival, and already most of the converts are backslidden. It was like that last year and the year before that. Now, Lord, I know You saved me and that You called me to preach; but I'm a failure and, if there is any way You can get me to heaven without making me preach, I want You to do it."

That poor preacher was in a bad fix, but as he walked along he happened to see a piece of newspaper lying by the path. Out of curiosity he picked it up and his eye fell on the article about Mary McAfee. He read it and hope came into his heart. He looked toward heaven and began talking to the Lord again.

"Lord, I believe that Mary McAfee has an experience that I don't have. Maybe if I had what she's got I could do something for my people. Now, Lord, if that woman has an experience that will help me, please, let me go to see her." Then he added, "If it is Thy will please send me the money for the trip."

A few days later one of his members came to him and took out a roll of money and handed five ten-dollar bills to the preacher.

As soon as the dear fellow could get his eyeballs back into their sockets and recover his speech he said, "Brother, what is this money for?"

The man said, "It's just for you."

"Shall I put it on missions or the preacher's salary?" he asked.

"No, preacher," said the man. "That money is yours. Three days ago the Lord told me to give you fifty dollars, and I've not been able to rest since then. Now I've done what the Lord told me to do, and you can burn up the money or throw it away if you want to."

Then the preacher, Brother Hopper, shouted, "Glory to God! Here's my trip to Kentucky."

He took the train for Stanford. There he hired a horse and buggy and drove out to see Mary McAfee. As he told his story, she listened quietly. She did not seem surprised nor did she consider his case unusual. When he finished she looked him over for a moment and said, "My dear brother, all you need to do is to get sanctified wholly." She did not suggest a course of reading nor tell him about the camp meeting to be held next summer where he might get the blessing. Mary McAfee was ready for action. She turned an old split-bottomed hickory chair around on that porch and made an altar of it. She said, "Kneel down, Brother Hopper." She knelt beside him and put up one hand like a lightning rod and began to pray. It wasn't long before the lightning struck. Brother Hopper jumped, shouted, and ran from the porch, rejoicing.

Finally he said, "Miss Mary, please excuse me for hurrying away, but I've got the blessing I came for and now I've got to get back to Mississippi and tell my folks about it."

He jumped into the buggy and was gone. He went back to Mississippi and set his circuit afire with holiness revivals. A brilliant Methodist pastor in New Orleans named Beverly Carradine heard of Brother Hopper and invited him to his church for a revival, and in that revival Dr. Carradine was sanctified wholly and later traveled throughout the United States and in England as a flaming evangelist of full salvation. He visited Nashville, Tennessee, and under his ministry Rev. J. O. McClurkan, a devout Presbyterian, was sanctified and later built Trevecca College.

I was preaching one time in the old campmeeting tabernacle that stood on the former campus of Trevecca College, and I said to that great congregation, "Friends, do you know why this camp meeting has been here through the years and why that old college on the hill has sent its hundreds of preachers and missionaries around the earth? It is because the shadow of a little sanctified tollgate keeper reached down to Mississippi, across to Louisiana, back to Tennessee, and then to the far corners of this world." Mary McAfee sleeps beneath the soil of old Kentucky, but her shadow still moves like a benediction.

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From: HDM0230.tex

39 -- THE CONVERSION OF A CRUEL MASTER

In the state of Virginia, in an early day in the history of Methodism in the western country, there lived a wealthy and influential planter, who owned a large number of slaves. He was a kind master, and treated his slaves with respect and affection, regarding them as members of his own household. As an evidence of this he procured for them every advantage of intellectual and moral culture within his power. When the neighborhood was visited by Methodist ministers, he invited them to preach on his plantation, and not only gave all his servants an opportunity to attend

preaching, but was particular in urging them to go. It was not long till the Gospel, preached in simplicity and power, reached the hearts of the colored people, and they embraced religion. And not only were the servants brought to taste the joys of pardoning mercy, and made happy in a Savior's love, but the master and mistress were alike included in the happy number of the converted. If before the relation of master and servant was one of respect for the rights, and concern for the happiness of the latter, now that they had been baptized by the same Spirit, and made one in Christ Jesus, there was a bond of union far more powerful than could possibly grow out of any natural or social relations.

Among the number of the servants who had obtained religion and joined the Church, was one noted for his piety. This servant, whose name was "Cuff," was not particularly remarkable for any loud profession, though he was always ready, in the spirit of meekness, to be a witness for Jesus; but for unbending integrity and open, straightforward consistency of conduct, he had few superiors any where. For one who enjoyed no greater advantages, he possessed an order of intellect superior to most of his colored brethren. All having the most unwavering faith in his piety, he was unanimously selected by his brethren to lead in religious exercises at the meetings when no preacher was present. Every thing went on pleasantly and happily in this religious family for years. The religion of Jesus, which is adapted to all, and designed to bring the highest blessings to mankind in general, proves of especial benefit to the slaves; and that Church which is the most actively engaged in preaching the Gospel to this portion of our fellow-beings most certainly gives the strongest evidence of being the true Church of Him who said, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." A Church having been established on this plantation, through the influence of Methodist preachers, meetings were kept up regularly, and when the intervening Sabbaths would come, at which time the preacher was absent at another appointment, the voice of praise and prayer would ascend from the humble chapel, and Cuff would pour out his full heart in exhortations, with an eloquence and power none could resist. Often have the hearts of proud and wicked masters, from adjoining plantations, who had been attracted out of mere curiosity to attend the meetings, been made to tremble, while the falling tear from proud and haughty mistresses would betray the emotions his eloquence had produced. Many a conscience had thus been smitten by burning words which had been proof against the Gospel in the fashionable Churches of the city.

The happy seasons enjoyed at the little plantation Church were fearfully broken in upon by a most melancholy event. The old master was called to pronounce upon his faithful servants his parting blessing, and then to pass away to that world where such relations are unknown. Death came to the aged patriarch, and he was followed by his weeping family and friends to his silent home. This event, as is often the case, broke up the family, and the servants were divided among the children. Cuff fell into the hands of one of the sons. This young man commenced the world as many do in similar circumstances, whose parents are affluent. Having formed no habits of industry, and wholly unfitted for business, improvident and careless, believing that tomorrow would be as today, and much more abundant of blessing, he was not long in squandering the estate left him by his father; and becoming hopelessly involved, an attachment was sued out by his creditors on all his property, and the servants, with the rest of the estate, were advertised at public sale. In that neighborhood there lived a young man, who had recently married, and was making preparations for keeping house. To complete these preparations it was necessary for him to purchase a good servant; and having knowledge of the sale, he accordingly attended. He was by profession an infidel, and carefully avoided going to any religious meetings, though his wife, previous to her

marriage, had often attended, and had listened with unusual interest to the eloquent slave. Having gone round and inspected the slaves, as was customary among buyers, he was struck most favorably with the appearance of Cuff and believing he would suit him, he began to question his master in regard to his good and bad qualities. The young master informed the infidel that Cuff was the most honest and upright slave he ever knew, and he could only think of one fault which he had that might make him objectionable to the purchaser, and that was, that "he would pray and go to meeting."

"Ah," said the infidel, "is that all you have against him? I can soon whip that out of him."

He made the purchase and took him home. Cuff, with a sad heart, left the old homestead, and his brethren, and the little chapel, where he had enjoyed so much religious comfort. When he had performed the duties of the day enjoined by his new master, he started out to seek a place for private prayer. Adjoining the garden was a nursery, and it being a secluded spot, he retired amid the thicket of young trees with which it was filled, and there alone he kneeled and poured out his burdened spirit to God. While engaged in his devotions his young mistress, who was walking in the garden, overheard him, and, drawing nigh to listen, she soon recognized the eloquent voice that had thrilled her at the Woodland Chapel. She was chained to the spot, as the low and melancholy tones of the supplicant were breathed into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth; and when, with fervor, he prayed for the blessing of God to come down upon his new master and mistress, the unsealed fountain of her heart poured forth its tears.

On the ensuing Sabbath Cuff went to meeting, and also at night, but returned so as to be ready for duty early on Monday morning. He was not aware of the infidel character of his master, though, from what he had seen and heard during the short time he had been with him, he knew that he was a stranger to grace. Knowing, also, that there are many irreligious people, who, nevertheless, have a great respect for religion and its institutions, when Cuff was asked the next morning by his master where he had been, he said, "I have been to meeting; and, bless the Lord, it was a good time, master."

"Cuff," said the master, in a gruff, angry voice, "you must quit praying; I will have none of it about the place."

"Master, I will do any thing you tell me that I can do; but I can't quit praying. My Master in heaven commands me to pray."

"But you shall quit it, and promise to do so or I will whip you."

"I can not do one nor the other, master."

"Follow me, then, you obstinate slave," said the master, greatly excited, "and we shall see whose authority is to be obeyed in this matter."

The slave was led out, and, after being stripped of the few tattered garments that covered his person, he was tied to a tree in the yard. With a rawhide the master inflicted twenty-five strokes upon his bare back. The master then said, "Now, Cuff, will you quit praying?"

"No, master," was the reply, "I will pray to Jesus as long as I live."

He then gave the slave twenty-five more lashes, and the blood ran down to the ground. At the close of this horrid scene in the brutal tragedy, the master exclaimed, "You will quit now, won't you?"

Meekly as his divine Master bore the cruel scourge before him, he replied, "No, my master, I will pray to my blessed God while I live."

This so enraged the infuriated fiend, that he flew at him with all the rage of a tiger thirsting for blood, and plying the bloody weapon with all his remaining strength, he stopped not till he was obliged to give over from sheer exhaustion.

"Will you stop your praying now, you infernal slave, you?"

The same meek voice replied, "No, master, you may kill me, but while I live I must pray."

"Then you shall be whipped this much every time you pray or go to meeting."

He was untied, ordered to put on his clothes, and go about his work. When out of sight and hearing of his master, he sang, in a low and plaintive tone,

"My suffering time will soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away
To sing God's praise in endless day."

While this cruel scene was transpiring, the young mistress was looking through the window weeping, and when S_____ M_____ came into the house, she said, "My dear husband, why did you whip that poor slave so, just for praying? I am sure there can be no harm in that."

"Silence," shouted the enraged husband; "not another word on the subject, or I will give you as much as I gave him."

All that day S_____ M_____ raved like a madman, cursing the slave and all his race, and cursing God for having created them. Night came. He retired to his chamber, and fell upon his couch to rest. In vain he courted sleep, if for nothing else than to shut out the horrid visions of his tempest-tossed mind. He turned from side to side with unutterable groanings. Just before day he exclaimed, "I feel that I shall be damned! O, God, have mercy on me!" he then said to his wife -- the first word he had spoken to her since his threat -- "Is there any one about the house that can or will pray for me?"

"None," said she, "that I know of but the poor slave you whipped yesterday."

"O, I am sure he will not, he can not pray for me!"

"Yes," said the weeping wife, "I think he will."

"Then, for God's sake, send some one to call him!"

A servant was soon dispatched; and when Cuff heard that his master wanted him, expecting a renewal of the scenes of yesterday -- for he had been praying all night. He went from his low, dingy cabin into the chamber of his master. What was his astonishment, when he entered, to find his master prostrate on the floor, crying for mercy

"O," said he, at sight of his injured slave, "will you, can you pray for me? I feel that I shall be damned before morning unless God have mercy upon me."

"Yes, master, I bless God, I have been praying for you and mistress all the night."

He then fell upon his knees, beside his prostrate master and kneeling wife, and, with a fervor and a faith that opened heaven, he wrestled hard with God for the guilty man. Thus he continued in prayer and exhortation, pointing the guilty to the guiltless one, till morning light, when God, in mercy, stooped to answer prayer, and set the dark, sin-chained soul of the infidel at liberty, and wrote a pardon on his heart. Soon as the love of God was shed abroad in the master's soul, he embraced his servant in his arms, exclaiming, "Cuff, my dear brother in Christ, from this moment you are a free man."

Great was the joy and rejoicing in that house on that day. The wife had also found the pearl of great price, and now one in Christ, as they were before one in flesh, their souls were dissolved in the bliss of heaven. The slave was freed, and employed by his master as chaplain at a good salary, and Cuff went everywhere among his scattered brethren preaching the word. The master himself became a zealous and successful minister of the Gospel, and lived many years to preach that Jesus whose name he had blasphemed, and whose disciple he had scourged.

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THE END