

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1998 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

* * * * *

THE REVIVAL SECRET
By H. Robb French

1934
Wesleyan Methodist Publishing House
Syracuse, New York

* * * * *

Digital Edition 05/19/98
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

DEDICATED

Solely to the glory of God, for without him we can do nothing.

To my parents whose Godly lives, wholesome instruction and fervent prayers have, under
God, meant more to me than words can express;

To my wife who has stood nobly by me in pastoral and evangelistic work, sharing the
major part of the burden;

To all who in these dark days yearn and pray for a great spiritual awakening.

This book is affectionately dedicated.

* * * * *

FOREWORD

This book is not a novel. It is too nearly founded upon facts and actual experiences to be
called by that name. This does not mean that any individual has been impersonated or made the
hero, but rather an honest effort is made to set forth certain fundamental laws under which a
revival operates. While it is true that the story form has been adopted as a means of expressing the
truth, yet the exaggerated and ultra sensational features, which hold the attention of the ordinary

reader of fiction, have been avoided. If neither the scars familiar to those who travel a secluded path, nor the yearning for a genuine revival have in them nothing of interest to the reader, the book will doubtless be laid aside with little more than casual reference.

The theme of this book is not a new one. It is as old as the history of revivals, but it is to be feared that it has been too often forgotten, ignored, or improperly emphasized. The great revival under Hezekiah began with repairing the house of the Lord, sanctifying the priests and Levites, and carrying the filthiness out of the holy place. Pentecost came when one hundred and twenty of one accord were filled with the Holy Ghost and that mighty river flowed out through them to Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, to the uttermost parts of the earth; and on down through the Centuries, filling every uninterrupted channel.

A synoptic statement of one phase of the subject would be as follows: if sinners are not saved, it is largely because they are not convicted; if they are not convicted, it is because the church is not burdened ; if the church is not burdened, it is because the Holy Spirit is not operating through her; if the Spirit does not operate, it is because there is a condition there which is offensive to Him.

With this thought in mind, we ask the reader to read the book prayerfully, and if any good results, be very sure to give God all the glory.

* * * * *

CHAPTER 1

It was Saturday night and late. Herbert Bothwell sat in his study with hands clinched and his haggard face betraying the hidden anguish of his soul. Suddenly as men are wont to do, when grappling with an unsolved problem, he arose and paced the floor. Obeying an unaccountable impulse, he stopped abruptly, lifted the shade, opened the window, and stood peering out into the darkness.

Far down the lighted street, nearer the business section of the city, he could dimly distinguish the surging masses milling through the congested traffic of the growing Metropolis. It was the usual Saturday night scene. The great theaters along with other places of like amusements had emptied the vast multitudes of humanity into the public thoroughfares, to seek other haunts of pleasure, or to wend their way homeward at this late hour.

To his left, about two blocks away, he could clearly see the spire of his own church towering above the buildings surrounding it. Farther down the same street he could barely outline the huge dome of the largest and most fashionable church in the city of Springfield.

A black ominous cloud was banking in the western sky. The flashes of lightning followed by the roll of distant thunder betokened a coming storm. As he turned from the open window he somehow felt that the threatening storm, soon to break with relentless fury upon the city, was but a shadow of the tempest raging within his own heart.

Herbert Bothwell was entering upon his fifth year as pastor of Central Avenue Church and until recent months had been quite contented with the progress of the work in general. His official board had frequently expressed itself as not only pleased but delighted with his work as pastor. Nothing very spectacular in the way of success had occurred in the past four years, but the membership and attendance had substantially increased, the Sunday School had grown, the finances were in excellent condition, and best of all the spiritual tide seemed to be slowly but surely rising.

A few things had occurred of late, however, which served to upset the even tenor of the pastor's way, and to bring the young minister the crisis he was certain now faced him. Only three months before, the town had been rocked by the news that a girls' suicide club had been unearthed in one of the high schools of the city. Each girl, it seems, who joined the society solemnly vowed to take her life in the way prescribed in the by-laws of the Organization. The first young lady to commit this dastardly deed was duly elected by ballot. Before she fired the fatal shot, she, in keeping with the rule, named the next in line to commit the act. The second girl's attempt, but failure, to end her life, brought the matter to light and the officers succeeded in breaking up the organization. It was true a veil of secrecy surrounded the whole affair but the above stated facts were quite authentic and generally known.

No one had been more noticeably affected by this strange episode than the pastor of Central Avenue Church. It seemed to indicate to him the rapid drift of the times and the utter helplessness of any earthly power to stem the tide. He was frightened to think of his own daughter about to enter high school being exposed to such criminal influences.

Mr. Bothwell had also been appointed as a member of a commission, sponsored by the local Church Federation, to investigate moral conditions in the city. He had accepted the appointment merely as a duty, knowing too well how his whole being naturally recoiled at the very nature of such an undertaking. He entered upon his task prayerfully, hoping that some lasting good might be the result.

The findings of the commission proved to be shocking beyond their wildest speculations. Bothwell often came home sorely depressed and almost tempted to lose confidence in human nature. Perhaps the most astonishing revelation was that sensuality was rife among all classes of society. He found himself saying again and again, "It can't exist much longer. Surely the God who overthrew the Antediluvian Age for its wickedness will soon call this generation to account." He knew too that if the investigation was carried to a certain point, it threatened to incriminate individuals high in society and even in the church.

The Federation evidently sensed the danger, for the work of the commission was suddenly changed. The members of the committee were asked to investigate the spread of skepticism among the high school and college students of Springfield. Herbert was glad, not only because his heart had grown sick at the unspeakable revelations of the past few weeks, but because he was anxious to know something of the spread of unbelief, especially among the young people.

The members of the commission were agreed that the circulation of questionnaires was not sufficient. They knew full well the disposition of young people to formulate sensational answers rather than express their true sentiments. Bothwell therefore conceived the idea of engaging in a side line, which brought him into intimate contact with the students, without their taking particular notice of his main purpose. He spent days on campus, in the class rooms, and dormitories, gathering first hand information.

The final plan was an open forum where any who desired could freely express his opinions regarding the existence of God, the Deity of Christ, the blood atonement, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and other doctrines of the Christian faith.

The coarse, hateful, and even blasphemous utterances by many of the students and teachers in this public gathering were too horrifying for reverent souls to long endure. Bothwell's heart fairly sank within him. He was especially grieved to observe how members of the Commission with modernistic proclivities, were in perfect accord with many of these blatant Atheistic utterances. It was now plain that the spirit of the antichrist governed both. Together the higher critic and the infidel marched under the same banner to accomplish a common end.

The work of the commission was over and Thomas West, pastor of First Church, and Herbert Bothwell were riding home together.

"Herb, infidelity is sweeping the world," said Mr. West presently.

"Let us hope not, Tom," answered Bothwell sadly.

"What is the use hoping, when here are the facts? We have no reason to believe conditions elsewhere are much better."

"The thing that distresses me," rejoined Herbert, "is that Atheism seems to be having the revival that belongs to the Church."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the Church should be on the offensive. We evidently need a mighty spiritual awakening that will counteract these insidious forces."

"I hope you are not so fossilized as to believe in revivals of the old type," interrupted Tom.

"If I did not these investigations would convert me thoroughly."

"Hold on there, here is where I get out."

Herbert brought the car to a hasty stop in front of Mr. West's home, bade him good by, and drove on.

And now as Bothwell stood at the open window, gazing at the spire of his church, which stood out in bold relief against the gathering cloud, he turned the question over in his mind again. What had his church done to resist the onswEEPing tides of crime and skepticism? Had there been enough spiritual power there to in any way challenge the forces of infidelity? Could he altogether blame the rising generation for their doubts, when many of them had never witnessed anything divinely supernatural in the religious circles of their day?

A still greater factor contributing to Herbert Bothwell's awakening was his study of the past month. Several of the churches of the city were planning to observe the nineteen-hundredth anniversary of the day of Pentecost. Some were planning elaborate celebrations. One was arranging a pageant. But the pastor of Central Avenue Church had hoped and earnestly prayed that the occasion might result in the deepening of his own spiritual life and that of his entire membership. In prayerful preparation for the day he had made a diligent study of the Book of Acts. As he pondered over chapter after chapter he grew more perplexed. Wherein lay the cause for the vital difference between the Church of the first century and the Church of the twentieth century? The more he studied and prayed the more irreconcilable seemed to be the simplicity, earnestness, and power of the Apostolic Church with the worldliness, indifference, and spiritual weakness of the Church of modern times. Why were the spiritual achievements of those days so little heard of today? Where had the church lost her original power and glory? How could the lost inheritance be restored? In fact, Herbert Bothwell had been compelled to recline his wearied brain upon question marks so long that the weary night vigils and days of fasting were telling upon the physical.

He looked extensively, yet in vain, for a fulfillment of his ideal. Many cults and organizations made broad claims but in the end he was sorely disappointed. It was true some churches were much larger and had grown faster than his own, and with a hopeful and unbiased mind he examined their methods. One of them had recently launched a campaign of solicitation for five hundred new members. Bothwell thought he saw the disastrous consequence of herding such a vast number of mostly unregenerate souls into the so-called Church of Christ. Another, in a very popular high-powered campaign, had apparently rail-roaded a large number into the church with only the slightest pretense of conversion. Still another had resorted to the unchristlike method of proselyting. With cunning strategy, they sought to wean individuals away from their own church and services to their particular denomination. Bothwell's tender spirit revolted against any such interpretation of the true Spirit of Christ. He often preached on the text, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." None of these methods, he thought, would stand the test of the judgment day and he determined to build something that would stand that last fiery test, or not at all.

Furthermore, it was not that the pastor of Central Avenue Church sought to build up a name or reputation in his or any other denomination, for he had died out to those things sometime before. In his earnest seeking after the truth he was happy to know that he was prompted by an eye single to the glory of God.

* * * * *

CHAPTER 2

Bothwell had seated himself once more and was aimlessly fingering the notes of the morning sermon. Again he arose and knelt or rather fell at the chair beside him. He could do nothing but groan. Cold beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. Evidently the pastor was approaching, in a limited sense, the agony of Gethsemane.

There, something unusual happened. Whether in the body or out of the body, cannot be fully explained; but his spirit seemed to free itself from human limitations and with the velocity of thought travel back to ancient Jerusalem and to the upper room. Here the centuries seemed to close together and he was permitted to live over many of the events as recorded in the Book of Acts, and at the same time observe the Church of the twentieth century in action.

With spiritual eyes Bothwell looked in upon the hundred and twenty as they waited for the promise of the Father. He was amazed to see such a large company of people willing to tarry. No one seemed nervous, in a hurry, or anxious to leave. All were intent upon remaining until granted their heart's desire. He could not but contrast this with the feverish haste of his own age. Many times in his own church, when an unusual sense of God's presence rested upon the service and time lengthened, he wondered why so many impatiently glanced at the clock. So few were willing to remain for a few minutes after service in order to reap the benefits of these special times of refreshing.

Of course he understood that this band of disciples was tarrying for the Holy Ghost who had not yet been given. Since the Holy Spirit is here, at least that phase of tarrying had lost its significance. Nevertheless he saw more clearly how the time element enters into both our seeking after God and our service to Him. It often takes time to clear the hindrances out of the way so that the Holy Ghost can come upon or operate through His people. It takes time to be an intercessor. Herein then, lay the first formidable obstacle to a modern revival; not having time.

It was truly inspiring to observe the upturned faces which were fraught with extreme earnestness, yet implicit confidence and to listen to the never-to-be-forgotten supplications. Moreover the fervent prayers were frequently interspersed with outbursts of holy praise.

What, if possible, was more impressive, was the beautiful spirit of harmony which pervaded the very atmosphere of the place. It was ineffably glorious. The oneness of purpose, the oneness of interest, and the oneness of heart hunger had brought them into perfect accord.

Herbert Bothwell had nigh concluded that the oneness as taught in the New Testament to be impossible in our day. In all the churches he had ministered to, he had never known a concrete example. He well remembered the two distinct factions in the church of his first pastorate. Most of the members of that society had been converted under the preaching of two men. These two men were of vastly different personalities and their respective converts had, in some way, partaken of the qualities of their leader. No one knew exactly why, but it was a cause for division, apparent only when the congregation was confronted by a special issue. It was another case of, "I am of Paul and I of Appolos."

In the next church the membership was made up largely of relatives which, as is too often the case, gave rise to endless jealousies, misunderstandings, and bitterness.

In Central Avenue Church two leading families were not altogether on friendly terms. The difference was of long standing and was the outcome of a business transaction involving a small amount of money.

Be it said to Herbert Bothwell's credit that he had never had a church trial or an open rupture during his pastorate. He deplored the lack of unity between the two above mentioned families, but as the trouble seemed entirely out of public notice, he was contented to let well enough alone.

But here was a new revelation. It was now plain, that not only the serious outbroken schisms, but the secret heart division, or clash of spirits, would prevent the coming of the Spirit of God. The disciples in the upper room, unlike many churches of the present day, had complied with the pentecostal condition of unity.

The waiting one hundred and twenty had now seated themselves. An air of rest, expectancy and faith characterized every word and action. Suddenly a sound, as of a rushing mighty wind, filled the house where they were sitting and like mighty surging ocean billows the illuminating, purifying, energizing baptism of the Holy Spirit filled each waiting temple. In holy intoxication they gave vent to the rapturous joy within. Tongues of fire rested upon each one and they began to speak in various languages. It was all too wonderful for mortal language to describe.

Bothwell had met with numbers, who dogmatically insisted that "the speaking in tongues" to be the only conclusive evidence of receiving the Holy Ghost baptism. Now it seemed quite clear that the evidence of receiving this baptism is rather the presence of the Holy Spirit Himself. He is infinitely greater than any manifestation or gift He chooses to bestow. Bothwell thought he foresaw the disastrous consequences of stressing a gift or manifestation in place of the person Himself.

Such a holy fire could not long remain pent up in their little assembly. It soon broke out and Jerusalem was stirred from center to circumference. The multitudes of various nationalities quickly gathered together in eager expectation and heard the gospel proclaimed in their respective languages.

Meanwhile, the apostle Peter had arisen and was addressing the multitude. It was evident that the holy flame that rested upon him was burning through his entire being.

"Ye men of Judea," he began, "and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you and harken to my words: for these are not drunken as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of My Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

The mention of sons and daughters and young men at once suggested to Bothwell another outstanding problem. How to rescue our young people from the engulfing currents of worldly pleasure, unbelief, and sin, and save them to the Church appeared to be the perplexing question upon the lips of every Christian worker. The beaming countenances and holy ecstasy of the

spirit-filled young people, scattered among the hundred and twenty, told in unmistakable language that youth needs only the fullness of God to completely satisfy. They, moreover, had taken places with the older people and were prophesying.

As the inspired apostle continued speaking he was interrupted by many who were pricked in their hearts and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter answered, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Then lifting his eyes, his clear voice rang out over the sea of faces, "For the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Yes indeed, thought Bothwell, his voice is ringing out past the rim of the crowd and down through the centuries to the end of the age.

How often he had longed to witness genuine conviction again gripping the hearts of the unsaved. He was now enabled to understand how this same cause would invariably produce the same effect in all ages. A church "filled" will mean sinners "pricked" and sinners pricked will mean sinners converted.

The scene that followed this sermon was indescribably wonderful. Three thousand were happily converted.

It would be pardonable, only to the pastor, that among these gracious scenes he should pause to consider the inevitable question of finances. Pentecost had likewise solved this difficulty. In holy intoxication many had sold their possessions, and distribution was made as every man had need. Certainly there was no need in suppers or rummage sales as long as such a spirit possessed the Church.

"And they had all things common." It was not clear to Bothwell just to what extent this practice should be carried. One thing was plain, and that was that in many instances now days things are far too uncommon. It never seemed so foreign to the true spirit of Christ that one should live in luxury with another in want. He saw how this principle of comity would pleasantly solve the problem of caring for the ministry, many of whom were so poorly paid and their families so near destitute. If things were more common the pastor would no longer be in want while his members were plentifully provided for; the missionaries and the noble cause they represent would never suffer with any funds left to divide; indeed, every arm of the work would be evenly cared for.

In fact Bothwell's spiritual vision at this moment seemed to rise to a point where he had a perspective view of the Church of God and all ages confronting her various difficulties. He now knew that the Holy Spirit filling the Church is the happy solution of all her problems.

He was next permitted to witness Peter and John entering the temple. A lame man besought them for the usual hand out of the passer-by. The two apostles eyed the helpless cripple thoughtfully. Peter finally spoke again, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I to thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Ah! what was that -- "silver and

gold have I none." It seemed to ring into the very depths of Bothwell's soul. He was far from saying that. He lived in a house furnished almost to the point of luxury. Only recently he had purchased a car more expensive than his need justified.

Of a truth the money question was becoming more and more acute in the ministerial circles of his day. And what could be said of the laymen. He knew many who lived in ease and luxury and were entire strangers to self-denial. Neither the millions of people suffering for the bare necessities of life, nor the heathen perishing without the gospel, ever seemed to disturb them. Somehow the pastor concluded that if the disciples of the twentieth century had less of silver and gold they might possess more of spiritual power.

"Silver and gold have I none." The statement had so riveted his attention that he had lost sight of the lame man who was now leaping and praising God. It was a wonderful miracle and the people were greatly affected by it.

The healing of the impotent man and the subsequent sermon aroused the animosity of the religious leaders, who immediately arrested Peter and John, putting them into custody. The following day they were released and returning to the disciples reported all that had been said to them. As the whole company lifted their voices in prayer and praise the place was shaken, and "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

As Bothwell gazed through spiritual eyes upon this inspiring scene, he did not infer that these disciples, some of whom had doubtless received the fullness of the Spirit upon the day of Pentecost, were regaining a lost experience. Rather, he understood this experience to be a refreshing in the Holy Ghost: a fresh anointing or overflow. He had had these special seasons of grace in his own experience, but alas too infrequent. He now felt keenly that he had depended so much upon epochal experiences that he had neglected to see to it that his soul was mellowed and refreshed by these spiritual overflowings. As a result, his ministry had often lacked the glory and unction.

Once again the disciples were assembled together. Into their midst walked a suave, attractive looking gentleman and laid a bag of money at the apostle's feet. The appearance of the man marked him as one of considerable business and executive ability. He was of that type often sought for to fill some responsible position in the Church. The apostle Peter discerning the deception of his heart said to him, "Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost and to keep back part of the price?" A few other words followed when instantly Ananias fell down and gave up the ghost. It was a dreadful tragedy and great fear came on all that heard about it. It seems that Ananias was not compelled to sell the property or to give any part of the price but his sin lay in the wicked attempt at deception.

Sometime after, his wife not knowing what had taken place, came in. If Bothwell was impressed with Ananias he was still more so with his wife. Her remarkably intelligent, and as he thought, saintly face would have made her quite at home, organizing church auxiliaries or addressing a religious convention. Upon being questioned by Peter regarding the transaction she affirmed the untruthful statement of her husband. An awful solemnity settled over the little company. The apostle spoke again, "How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the spirit of the

Lord? behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door and shall carry thee out." She straightway fell dead at the apostle's feet.

Suddenly Herbert Bothwell's entire inner being was seized by a mighty convulsion. If some one had been in the study that moment they would doubtless have noticed a shudder pass over the kneeling form. He was experiencing the strange sensation of the soul about to be overwhelmed by a stupendous truth, before which the ideas of a lifetime are to crumble into ashes. Here was a fearful divine judgment necessary because the early Church, just forming, must be protected from hypocrisy at any cost and a terrible example must echo down through all time to come as a warning to the Christian Church.

Bothwell could not help but feel that Ananias would have been gladly welcomed into his own church and because of his ability, elected to some important office. He remembered that at the last election of church officers, neither he nor apparently any of his members felt any grave concern as to whom should be given places of leadership. Some were elected for mere courtesy sake. One man, he knew had been involved in a very questionable business transaction and yet was chosen by a large majority to fill an important place. He felt grieved at the time and wondered at the lack of discernment, but only because he happened to know the facts.

Discernment! The word itself was much in reproach. A few people had suspicioned, imagined, and misjudged until the very idea was distasteful to many devout people. Nevertheless, the pastor was now discovering the absolute necessity of a genuine spirit of discernment among the people of God, if the Church of Christ is to carry on successfully. He found himself trying to conjecture what the outcome would have been if Ananias and Sapphira had been accepted by the early Church and probably lifted to some place of leadership. Without doubt, the Holy Spirit would have withdrawn His endorsement from the Church, and the spiritual work of that body largely come to a standstill.

At once his vision swept over Christendom and he wondered how many Ananiases and Sapphiras, or people of worse character, are quietly working in the various churches and often occupying places of prominence; while the blessed Holy Spirit, whose infinitely pure character will not sanction hidden sin, has withdrawn His presence. Bothwell concluded that if we could look upon many of our religious bodies today with God's vision, we would be amazed that any Divine power rests upon us rather than wondering why we do not have old-fashioned revivals.

Following this sad occurrence, the work of the Lord went on with increasing interest and power. The sick and afflicted were healed, demons cast out, and multitudes added to the Lord. The apostles were again thrown into prison and again miraculously delivered and finally beaten.

Bothwell had often wondered why the disciples of the twentieth century know so little of persecution. It was hard to understand how mere religious toleration would abrogate the emphatic statement, "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." He had no special hankering after persecution but still wondered. Here was the answer. The disciples of the early Church were in the true sense militant. Their uncompromising attitude brought them into conflict with the spirit of the world and a holy aggressiveness enabled them to win three thousand from the enemy's ranks in the very first service. And so it continued on. As long as the Church of today goes

complacently on her way and the world on his, or speaking more truthfully, goes hand in hand, there is obviously no cause for opposition. When the disciples of the present day assume the radical aggressiveness of the New Testament followers of Christ, they will not advance far without encountering the same antagonizing spirit of the world.

As the tide of persecution continued to increase, Stephen was apprehended and cruelly stoned. Finally James was killed and Peter thrown into prison. "But prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him." Prayer was certainly the only recourse and the important key-note in the Apostolic Church. At one time some zealous social workers had sought to draw the attention of the disciples from things most important, to the care of widows. The apostles quickly saw to it that deacons were appointed to have the oversight of this welfare work and declared, "But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word."

It was truly inspiring to Bothwell as he watched, with inner vision, the large company gathered at John Mark's house, praying for Peter's deliverance. For a long time he had yearned to see his own church united in a prolonged season of intercessory prayer. He felt confident that mighty prison doors could again be opened and captive souls set at liberty. The more he was privileged to observe the working of the early Church and to learn the place that intercessory prayer had in its program, the better he was able to comprehend the cause of the barrenness of the modern Church with whom prayer is rapidly becoming a lost art.

The night before Peter was to be brought before the people, as he was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, a light shone in the prison; the angel of the Lord aroused him and led him out through three iron gates and to freedom.

Thus the work of God went on apace. The revival fires were spreading rapidly. Saul of Tarsus, a pronounced Pharisee and extremely bitter against the Christians, had been gloriously converted and called to be an apostle. Another Christian center had sprung up at Antioch, in Syria, which eventually became the leading center of missionary activity for the early Church.

It was while the church at Antioch was following the usual order of ministering to the Lord and fasting that the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Paul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have called them," and when they had fasted and prayed and laid their hands on them, they sent them away.

Herbert Bothwell's soul seemed to recoil as if stung to the quick by an unexpected accusation. Had he always acted in these important matters under the leadership of the blessed Holy Spirit? He felt he could truthfully say that his coming to his present pastorate was in the will of God, yet at the same time he could remember other moves he had made when he saw mercenary or social advantages to himself.

At various times in their annual gatherings he had acted as a member of the stationing committee and now wondered to what extent the Holy Ghost was recognized as the chairman of that committee. What a serious blunder if the wrong man were sent to the wrong place, out of the will of God. He could not remember that he had ever fasted and prayed or carried any special burden in seeking the mind of the Spirit in these all important matters. Was it possible that other

ministers like himself had accepted calls in view of increased salary or larger congregations, instead of in obedience to the Holy Spirit speaking through the church or to him personally?

Bothwell distinctly recalled some of the letters he had received from ministers while assisting a certain church to secure a pastor. Those letters of inquiry relative to the financial condition of the church, the number of members, the salary, the parsonage, if sanitary and modern, would have made strange reading if added to the Book of Acts.

He fancied the apostle Paul writing to the Macedonian Brethren as follows: "Dear Brethren: I have had strong leadings to put on an extensive evangelistic campaign in those parts, but hesitate to do so until I am assured that I will be properly compensated for my efforts. You have doubtless been appraised of the fact, that owing to my popularity as an evangelist and Bible expositor, I am at present much in demand. While I do not make any stated charge for my services, you will appreciate the fact that my expenses are heavy, and due to my physical condition, I must have the very best of entertainment. I suggest that you call the officials together and see what can be done. If you desire any further recommendation please write to Dr. Simon Peter or John Boanerges, D.D."

The Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Paul and Barnabas." This passive recognition of Divine guidance was another key-note of success in the Apostolic Church. Philip went down to the desert and Peter to the house of Cornelius because God spoke to them. Paul would not go to Bithynia because the Spirit suffered him not.

The pastor suddenly felt himself overcome by a peculiar sickening sensation, familiar to the individual who unconsciously leaves the main highway and travels a road apparently parallel to the right way, only to find himself stranded in the mire and hills far from the correct route and farther still from his destination. Had the disciples of the twentieth century become so intensely human in the daily routine of life and service that the Holy Spirit was actually crowded out and His leadership seldom recognized?

The pastor of Central Avenue Church was no extremist or fanatic. He was wholly out of sympathy with anything like come-outism or free lancing. While it was true, times had changed, it was also true that Christ is still head of the Church and the Holy Spirit, the Chief Executive. He still believed with all his heart in ecclesiasticism, but his spiritual apprehension could foresee the danger of well-timed ecclesiastical machinery functioning independent of the direct supervision of the Spirit of God.

It was to be regretted that many visionary people were led astray by wild impressions, but he seemed to see a main highway running through the Acts of the Apostles and on to the end of time, over which, if individual or church chose to travel, they could expect the sanction of God's Holy Spirit.

Glancing far off from this route, he thought he saw a number of religious bodies unable to ascend the steep grades before them because of the lack of the Spirit's endorsement, and therefore, the lack of spiritual power.

The storm had now broken over the city of Springfield. Bothwell was aroused by some one violently pounding on the door and calling above the roar of the storm. He opened his eyes and stared bewilderedly about the room. Suddenly he remembered that he had locked the door of his study. Staggering across the room he opened it and his wife stood before him, weeping convulsively. "Where have you been?" she sobbed, "I was awakened by the storm and when I saw the light, but could get no answer, I feared you were dead."

"Not dead," he replied, as he patted her gently, "only sleeping, or rather," he spoke slowly, "unconscious to my surroundings."

* * * * *

CHAPTER 3

Sunday was an ideal day. As Bothwell arose to speak that morning, he faced an unusually large audience. After reading most of the second chapter of Acts for the scripture lesson and text he began: "Friends, we have met here today to commemorate the nineteen hundredth anniversary of the day of Pentecost. Personally I have looked forward to this occasion with great anticipation. I have hoped and prayed that it would mark a new epoch in my own spiritual life and that of our beloved church.

"There has been so much misapprehension and fanaticism on the one hand, with indifference and unbelief on the other, regarding the true significance of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost nineteen centuries ago, that many have come to treat the matter with shameful neglect. There are others, thank God, whose hearts still yearn for a similar revival of religion; and I might add, the record of Pentecost confirms the Biblical grounds for that expectation. With my own heart, this desire has of late become an insatiable passion.

"My recent study of the Book of Acts compels me to acknowledge that my ministry is very far from being what it should have been. In view of the gracious possibilities here revealed, I am living beneath my privileges. It is encouraging to remember that we are living in the same dispensation ushered in nearly two millenniums ago. The God of Pentecost and of the apostles is our God today. While times have changed considerably, the dispensation has not. The Holy Ghost is here today, but I fear too often we have failed to honor and recognize Him. It is a grief to me that I have been too contented with meager results. I am assuming all the blame for this failure and as your pastor," Bothwell's voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he spoke, "I humbly beg your forgiveness.

"It hardly seems to me," he continued, "that many of the achievements of Central Avenue Church could be added to the Book of Acts. Not that we haven't enjoyed the rich blessings of God upon our services; not that we haven't as noble a band of spiritual people as most anywhere to be found. Nevertheless, standing today as it were in the shadow of the day of Pentecost, and the many days that followed for that matter, reminds us that there is too great a variance between the Church of the first century and the Church of the twentieth century.

"Take for instance our last revival. It was conceded by most of us to be the greatest meeting held in this place for years. This is doubtless true. The evangelist was certainly at his best. There were earnest prayers and expectfulness. The meeting was well advertised. The attendance was splendid. The backsliders of previous meetings were nearly all reclaimed. Some chronic seekers received definite help and the membership generally was greatly blessed. A few from the outside were saved and some were added to the church. Please understand that I am not criticizing. Far be it from me to speak disparagingly of these gracious results so indispensable to the very existence of a church. A true revival should, among other things, establish the people of God as well as make new converts. But summing up the results after a month has passed and comparing them with what should have been accomplished, the revival is a disappointment. The reason must be that we did not meet conditions necessary to demand results. If a piece of machinery fails to operate properly, we immediately seek to find the cause and remedy it. It would be inconsistent then for the church that fails to function at its best not to seek to discover the hindering cause."

Bothwell then spoke briefly of some things brought so vividly to his mind in the strange experience of the night before.

It was interesting to note the varied response of the audience. Aunt Sarah, sitting on the front seat, cried softly and nodded assent. It was strange the pastor had never before understood her attitude. She was by no means censorious, but her hungry heart longed for greater manifestations of God's presence in their services. Some were leaning forward, eager to catch every word. Still others stared as usual out of blank faces and soulless eyes. A few gazed aimlessly about the room, their eyes following the direction of every movement or sound. Like corks on the water, their heads bobbed and twisted and turned to gaze at any one passing in or out the door. Two or three, with drooping eyes, were settling down for their regular Sunday morning nap.

The pastor continued. His soul had caught fire. "What is sadder still, the Church generally is failing to accomplish the purpose of God in the world. The Church of today, in my humble judgment, has reached a serious crisis. The mighty cross-currents of worldliness, unbelief, and false religion are surging in upon her and threatening her very existence. Not that the true body of Christ will ever become extinct, but the organized churches which have been so marvelously used of God in the past centuries are fighting with their backs to the wall. Nothing will save the day, as I see it, but a great awakening among the professed followers of Jesus Christ and a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit upon us.

"In our investigations of moral and spiritual conditions in this city we were confronted with the rapid spread of false religions. Take for example, Russellism headed at present by Judge Rutherford. Literally, millions of people are eagerly devouring the pernicious literature scattered most everywhere by this unscriptural cult. Perhaps as many more are being weaned away from the true faith by the sermons broadcast over the radio by these false teachers.

"Look at this nation," he shouted with a dramatic gesture, "She too faces a moral crisis. It occurs to me that we are drifting toward the repeal of all prohibitory laws of a moral nature. Society is gradually demanding the removal of all restraint. It certainly looks as though we were getting in readiness for the coming of the man of sin. Strangely enough, amid these gathering storm

clouds, a few statesmen are actually turning attention toward the Church in hopes that she can point the way out of the chaos. Awake! O Church of God, awake! Let us pray, prepare and pay the price for a revival."

When the preacher glanced at the clock he was surprised to see that it was twenty minutes past twelve. He had not been in the habit of preaching that long. He closed with the announcement, "After dismissal I wish to meet in the lecture room, to my right, all who would like to wait upon God in prayer and humble heart-searching, as a preparation for the coming of the Holy Ghost upon us as a church. This does not exclude any who have a personal need. We invite all to come."

Bothwell did not follow his usual custom of going to the door to give those passing out a welcome handshake. The burden weighing down upon him seemed to forbid any movement for the time being. Mrs. Bothwell, observing the situation, took his place at the back of the church. With heavy heart he stood for a few moments watching the people passing out. The class leader, with smiling face, was shaking hands and crowding toward the door. Mrs. Bothwell overheard his wife say, "Do hurry, husband, it will be after one o'clock now before we can have dinner." She heard a prominent worker in the Missionary Society remark as she passed out, "Dear me, sitting in church tires me more than anything I know of." Mrs. Bothwell thought so too, as she had more than once observed this woman sit on a cushionless chair and talk by the hour with no sign of fatigue.

The pastor's heart grew heavier. He loved his people ardently. It especially pained him to notice the class leader, the spiritual shepherd of his congregation, hurrying home to his dinner and an afternoon nap, leaving the few who were willing to wait upon the Lord for the revival so sorely needed. He wondered, if after all, his people actually cared more about filling their stomachs than having their hearts filled. It was late to be sure, but this was a special occasion.

Finally he walked slowly to the lecture room where about fifteen had gathered. They knelt in prayer and Aunt Sarah was the first to lead. "O God," she cried, "We must have-," here she broke down and sobbed. "A revival," she continued and burst into tears again. "At any cost," she finally added. The tone of this prayer revived the pastor's sinking spirit somewhat.

When Aunt Sarah finished praying a half dozen or so went out. Another prayer and all left except Aunt Sarah, the pastor and his wife. Bothwell was disappointed but he remembered the promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Soon Aunt Sarah slipped out and another promise came to mind, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father."

Bothwell began to pray. It was hard work. He stopped suddenly, went over to his wife and putting his arms tenderly about her began to confess. He begged forgiveness for his thoughtlessness, his unkind words, and the unchristlike spirit he felt he had often manifested. Instantly something broke loose in his soul. He recalled other people he needed to confess to, and promised the Lord to do it. He began to pray again. How it came to pass cannot be explained, but billows of Divine glory so infinitely great came sweeping through his soul till he wondered if he could live. He seemed to sink completely out of self and into God. The emotions of his soul were varied. At one moment he was fairly lifted into the very presence of God; while a sense of cleanness thrilled his entire being. Again he sank to depths of soul compassion and agony for the

lost, never experienced before. It marked the beginning of days for the pastor of Central Avenue Church.

When the tide at last subsided he was weak in body but calm and peaceful. As he opened his eyes, Mrs. Bothwell sat with tear-stained face gazing at him in unconcealed wonderment. Together they retired to the parsonage to rest and prepare for the night service.

Bothwell preached an evangelistic message that night which was followed by an appeal to the unsaved. One young man came forward and knelt at the altar of prayer. A number came forward to pray with the seeker, but no amount of persuasion would induce him to pray, look up, or believe. He knelt first on one knee, then on the other, and again on both. His face wore a troubled expression and occasionally he sighed. After a long but fruitless attempt, the meeting was dismissed and the pastor went home disappointed with the results of what he expected to be the first night of the revival. Alas! poor Bothwell was to learn that the work of a genuine revival is not always the work of a day or a week, but often of many months.

Monday morning found the pastor preparing to leave for town at an unusually early hour. When he announced this fact to his wife he was astonished to hear her reply emphatically, "I will go along. There are some matters to which I wish to attend." He afterwards learned that she was carrying out the scriptural injunction, if "thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother." She had gone not to explain, argue, or defend herself, but humbly to assume the blame for a misunderstanding and beg forgiveness.

Bothwell's intention was to go to the garage where he had some repair work done, and ask pardon for the uncharitable way he had spoken to the mechanic. It seemed to be the most difficult task he had ever undertaken in his life. He dared not reason or hesitate, so he drove straight to the repair shop and after briefly explaining his mission, with faltering voice, he asked the mechanic to forgive him. The workman at first stared, then drawing his greasy sleeve across his cheek wiped away a falling tear. This man in overalls had known better days. Of late he had come to look upon his fellow men as hard-boiled. This was the first time a preacher had ever offered him an apology and it was too much for him. Bothwell kindly invited him to the services and left.

It was a happy couple that drove back to the church that day. A meeting for prayer had been appointed to meet at 10 o'clock each day, except Saturday, in the lecture room. The pastor and his wife were the only ones present at this first service; so they knelt together in prayer.

Without any hesitation Mrs. Bothwell broke out into a fervent petition. It was his time now to look on in perfect amazement. He knew that she had spent the most of Sunday night in prayer and that she was displaying an earnestness unknown heretofore, but he little dreamed that his timid wife was, under God, about to assume a leading role in the revival soon to come. There she knelt with upturned face, displaying an expression of heavenly glory that Bothwell thought was akin to a transfiguration. She appeared to be perfectly unconscious to her surroundings as she communed face to face with her Lord. At last she arose to her feet, and in rapturous notes of triumph, shouted the high praises of God. It was a beautiful sight that, and doubtless the angels looked on and announced that two disciples were with one accord, spirit-filled, and soul-burdened.

The revival had begun.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, the morning prayer meetings were better attended and were blessed seasons of waiting upon the Lord. A certain lady, who had been more or less of a problem to the church because of her penchant for gossip and faultfinding, confessed the sinfulness of her heart and prayed through to an experience never before enjoyed.

The Bothwells had eagerly looked forward to the Wednesday night prayer meeting; in hopes that the revival fires so recently kindled in a few of their hearts would break out in the church. The attendance at this service indicated, they thought, an increased interest in spiritual things.

After prayer, scripture reading, and a brief exhortation, the meeting was opened for testimonies.

Mrs. Bothwell was the first on her feet. She had so recently learned the true meaning of the text, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." In taking the humble place in a few confessions she had been exalted in the Lord beyond anything she had thought possible in this life. At first, tears flowed so freely it was quite impossible to speak. Then she began acknowledging to the church her indifference, her lack of compassion for the lost about her, and a lack of unselfish devotion which, she declared, should characterize every disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. "I have professed to be a Christian from childhood," she continued, "and I cannot truthfully say I have ever won a soul to Christ. My life seems to have been one endless round of selfishness. How could I have been so blind as not to have seen this before! Thank God it is all under the blood, but if I had lived a truly sanctified life I would have been a greater benediction to this church, and therefore I want to ask this congregation to forgive me."

As she sat down a number of faces were wet with tears.

Aunt Sarah was the next on her feet, and was begging forgiveness for being critical. "It is not so much what I have spoken, but I fear I have harbored in my heart a critical spirit. I never saw till now how that must grieve the tender Holy Spirit. I intend to go to some personally and make the necessary adjustments." With that the old soul was quite overcome and sat down weeping.

Bothwell then arose, repeated the confession of Sunday morning, adding several details, and resumed his seat. The atmosphere of the service up to this point was wonderful. The warm breezes of paradise, wafting in upon the service, were like the fragrance from a garden of spices.

Then followed a lull. Why, oh why! could not every one understand that the Holy Spirit, by His unmistakable endorsement, was clearly leading at this time along the line of humble confession? Since we are commanded to confess our faults, why was not every one willing to take a stand against themselves, and join heartily in the spirit of this service which God was so singularly blessing. The Bothwells, along with other spiritually minded people, were made to ask that question in more than one service. Strange as it may seem, this great truth was to dawn upon the members of Central Avenue Church by degrees.

Eventually a gentleman arose and gave a lengthy exhortation while the atmosphere of the meeting chilled perceptibly. Following this unedifying speech two or three more testified.

Then an elderly lady arose and remarked, "Well, I reckon it is about my time to confess. As far as I know I am walking in every ray of light. I am serving Him the best I know how. I am careful not to do anything I am ashamed of." Evidently the good woman had mistaken self-brag for confession. She continued, "I see folks in this church doin' things I can't do. I told the pastor the other day I didn't see how the class leader could stay away from these here prayer meetin's." She was confessing to be sure, but other people's sins. She concluded, "If I have done anything out of the way I am sorry."

Another frigid breeze swept over the audience.

Another arose and began, "I have made mistakes. We all have." And then availed himself of the opportunity of publicly censuring a number present. The Holy Spirit had plainly withdrawn His sanction from the service.

Bothwell called for volunteer prayers. It was hard sledding. As they arose he thought best to dismiss. He called upon Mrs. Bothwell to pronounce the benediction, something he had never done before. She began with trembling voice. Her soul fairly took wings, and pierced the heavy atmosphere enshrouding the service. When the prayer ended, the glory of God again rested on the people.

The next afternoon the Bothwells were making pastoral calls. The pastor had it on his heart to talk confidentially with the class leader, and find out if possible why his interest in the work appeared to be waning. Mrs. Bothwell planned to stop at the leader's home while her husband went on to his place of business. Herbert found his man in the office busily engaged. He greeted his pastor in the usual friendly way, and motioned him to a seat.

They talked for a time somewhat at random, the conversation being frequently interrupted by the class leader running here and there directing the details of the work. Bothwell remembered that for some time there had been dissatisfaction because the class was not receiving the spiritual oversight it had in former years. It was evident just now that his business was in no way suffering for want of supervision.

At length Herbert timidly ventured, "We missed you at the prayer meeting last night."

"Yes, yes," answered the class leader with his characteristic smile, "you see it's this way, I am under the doctor's care. He tells me that I have a weak heart and must curtail my work as much as possible."

Herbert felt a strange dizziness creep over him. Had this once deeply spiritual man boldly decided to keep on with his own work and curtail his activities in the Lord's service?

The leader was nervously shifting papers and calling to first one, then another.

The pastor ventured again, "But do you not think the work of God claims your first interest?"

"Quite true," he responded, tapping a pencil on the desk, "I hope in a year or two to have my business arranged so as to devote more time to Christian work."

The truth was, the class leader, though not wealthy, had enough to keep himself and wife as long as they lived. He simply wanted to leave a substantial sum to his children, not one of whom were saved, to spend in the service of sin.

The pastor shook hands warmly and left with a feeling of depression.

He next visited a poor but ambitious family who had absented themselves from the Sunday morning service. The mother made bold to assert, that since her girls wished to attend the large, fashionable church, so as to more easily get into society, she had decided to send the children to that Sunday School.

Bothwell knew that the pastor of the church in question was a pronounced modernist. He gently reproved the mother, had prayer and left. Had he known that the oldest girl was soon to be killed in a car wreck while returning from a wild party, he would have spoken more vigorously.

The pastor's wife had little more to encourage her. She found the class leader's wife busily engaged in completing a dress to wear to the wedding of her youngest daughter. She seemed completely engrossed in plans for the coming event. When Mrs. Bothwell reminded her of the special efforts in behalf of a revival she answered curtly, "Oh, yes, church is all right but our first duty is at home. I never could see the sense in losing one's head over religion."

They visited another family and found them in a pouting mood. After proceeding to give the pastor a piece of her mind, the lady demanded their church letters. Because the husband had not been elected as usual to some office in the church they had become offended, and thought to take revenge in this way. This was by no means the first time these sensitive people had caused trouble. To one of Bothwell's magnanimous disposition, such conduct was extremely disgusting, and he wondered how any one could belittle themselves with such childish behavior. He was sad, not in losing these troublesome members, but he knew that regardless of where they went, disaster was sure to overtake such a course.

He was all the more surprised to find that a brother pastor, who cared more about the quantity than the quality of his membership, was actually seeking to aggravate the situation in hopes of getting some joiners.

The pastor and his wife, endeavoring to put the best possible construction upon the events of the day, and fighting discouragement, called at another home. The lady came to the door with eyes swollen, but a happy face. She had just completed the third day of fasting and prayer for her only son, and a few minutes before had received the assurance of his salvation. Together the three

joined in praise to God for answered prayer and were not surprised when the young man was soundly converted soon afterwards.

At the last home visited the Bothwells found four united in earnest prayer for a revival. And so it came to pass that an abundance of sweet was intermixed with the bitter experiences of the day.

Thus the week passed and Sunday came again.

* * * * *

CHAPTER 4

Bothwell read for the text of the morning sermon, II Peter 1: 4, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." He dealt first with a number of promises having to do with our temporal, physical, and spiritual needs. Then he called attention to a group of promises relating to our service to God.

Again he found himself talking about a revival. In fact, this had become the theme of his sermons, the topic of his conversations, and the subject of his prayers. It possessed him. He quoted Daniel 11: 32, "But the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." The preacher referred to the mighty acts performed by Gideon, Samson, and David. "If these men," he continued, "could accomplish such great things with the Holy Spirit coming upon them for specific purposes, what should we be able to do in this dispensation with the Holy Ghost abiding in these temples?"

It was interesting to note a slight change in the receptive mood of the congregation. A goodly number showed, by their hearty response, that they were in full sympathy with the sentiments of the sermon. Several eyed the speaker critically as if their conservative pastor was about to lose his mental balance. The number of gazers and sleepers had not changed noticeably.

The preacher dwelt at length upon the promise of St. John 14:12, "Greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father." "This wonderful promise has been a severe test in my own experience. It was while meditating upon this text that the enemy tempted me to unbelief."

Here the faithful showed signs of alarm. Even the class leader looked astonished.

He proceeded. "Are we to understand this text to mean what it says, or has it been repealed? If we are to expect a fulfillment of this promise, then which way can we look for an example. As we observe the Church of today at work throughout Christendom, it hardly seems that we are living up to our privileges in the light of this text.

"I am happy to say, however, that my disturbed faith has found rest in the growing conviction that the difficulty lies at our own door; and therefore there must be a remedy. If we work a pump and no water comes, one of two things must be wrong: either the well is dry, or

something is wrong with the pump. Blessed be God! None of these wells are dry as yet; so the only consistent position to assume is that the failure is on our part. To find out wherein this failure lies is the unspeakable burden of my own heart.

"Let me say just here, that I do not believe that this verse refers, primarily, to physical miracles. I do believe we will experience more of those miracles as we live closer to God and believe His word implicitly; but in my humble opinion, there are no greater physical miracles than the opening of the eyes of the blind or the raising of the dead. This promise must then refer, more especially, to the salvation of souls: the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. That surely happened when three thousand were converted in one service. And I believe it will take place more today, when hindrances are moved out of the way. I feel free at this time to say that one of those obstacles is that the Church of Jesus Christ is too self-satisfied.

"My faith has received a new inspiration in reading the history of the revivals occurring in the early days of Methodism; and later, under the ministry of Charles Finney; and in more recent years in Wales. What a coveted privilege to witness such marvelous demonstrations of God's power in the conviction and salvation of sinners, the sanctification of believers, and the upbuilding of God's kingdom. It is reported that during a camp meeting in the pioneer days of this country, seven preachers were on their feet preaching at one time, while the power of God surged through the great multitudes; and literally hundreds were slain under the mighty power of God. Such scenes would be regarded as the wildest fanaticism by many today; but Bishop McKendree, and a host of other true and tried warriors, were quite at home amid such outpourings of the Holy Spirit. I grant you that times and people have changed somewhat. Those primitive people, with little of pride or formality, and often of this world's goods, or much to wean them away from the worship of God, gathered in the woods with hearts hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and were filled.

People in this age are doubtless more gospel hardened; but it seems to me if we could be emptied of our pretentious dignity and of things that pertain to this world, and be so filled with God that our spirit of prayer and burden for the lost could be increased in proportion to the increased hardness of men's hearts, we could still have old-fashioned revivals.

"One impressive feature of the revivals of Finney's time was the great volume of intercessory prayer and soul travail accompanying those meetings. Father Nash, Abel Clary, and many others, would spend whole days and nights in prayer for the salvation of souls. Abel Clary was licensed to preach, but Finney says, 'His spirit of prayer was such, he was so burdened with the souls of men, that he was not able to preach much, his whole time and strength being given to prayer. The burden of soul would frequently become so great he was unable to stand, and he would writhe and groan in agony.'

"The revival at Utica began with a lady praying almost incessantly for two days and nights. Mr. Finney declared, 'She had literal travail of soul to such an extent that when her own strength was exhausted she could not endure the burden of mind unless somebody was engaged in prayer with her.'

"Is it any wonder then, that conviction as a cloud would settle over a whole community until sinners, after sleep and appetite had gone from them, would penitently seek forgiveness of

sins? Is it any wonder that these revivals with irresistible power would sweep through a city and change the moral tone of the whole place?"

At the conclusion of the sermon, a large number retired to the lecture room for prayer. These meetings had grown in interest and power until a number eagerly looked forward, each day, to this sacred hour. The services, for the most part, were informal. Often at the very beginning there was an outburst of intercessory prayer which continued to the close. At other times there were periods of silence, which invariably indicated seasons of deep heart searching. Such times were usually interspersed with humble confessions of various sorts. One would deplore the dryness of his religious profession; another a lack of concern for the unsaved; still another would acknowledge a critical spirit and beg forgiveness. The Spirit's presence was so prevalent in these gatherings, that Bothwell began to look upon them as the power house of the church.

The thing that puzzled him was why more of this Divine power was not transmitted to their public services. This led him to strike at what he conceived to be the very heart of the difficulty. After some delay, he succeeded in getting the two men, who were at variance over the business transaction, together. Both men were courteous, especially the one suffering the greatest injury. Each confidently affirmed the trouble had been long ago settled; and they considered the chapter closed. Upon close questioning, they admitted that they did not have confidence in each other; but had left that matter with the other party and his God. Following a season of prayer the two gentlemen in question shook hands coolly and left.

Bothwell felt that he had been outwitted.

It was while praying earnestly over this matter, a few days later, that the pastor and his wife felt their first leadings to launch a special evangelistic campaign. They prayed until this impression became a settled conviction. They had never before appreciated the importance of this phase of evangelism. An evangelist, unfamiliar with conditions, and in an atmosphere created by much prayer and protracted services, could deal with such problems more effectively than the pastor.

Their next concern was to secure the right evangelist. They felt they could no longer depend so entirely upon their best judgment, but in such important matters must have the leadership of the Holy Spirit. Strangely enough their minds were directed to an evangelist not so well known to them.

The matter was presented to the prayer band, which the Bothwells had also come to recognize as a means of solving problems and ironing out wrinkles. The matter was ultimately presented to the official board. The chairman of the board of Stewards opposed; a few were non-committal; but the large majority voted in favor of the plan.

Providentially, the evangelist had an open date, so arrangements for the special meetings were made.

During the intervening weeks the public services were at times victorious and fruitful; at other times difficult and barren. The daily morning prayer meetings continued with increasing

power, but not without severe testings. Sometimes the attendance sifted down, and it seemed so hard to get through in prayer, that the pastor wondered if the dreaded reaction had actually set in. At such times the faithful would give themselves more devotedly to fasting and prayer, and the victory invariably ensued.

For all these blessings the Bothwells were truly grateful, but like the mountain climber, who catching a glimpse of the lofty peaks, declines to stay in the foothills; so they refused to be satisfied with only mediocrity.

Upon answering the telephone one day, Bothwell recognized the voice of the class leader's daughter. In broken sentences she struggled to make herself understood. Her father, she said, had been brought home a few hours before unconscious and had just passed away. It was a great shock to the Bothwells and they felt their loss keenly. They hurried over to the house to offer what consolation they might, and be of any possible service to the stricken family. Arriving just as the body was being carried from the house to the ambulance, they looked upon the mute form with mingled feelings.

At times the pastor felt convinced in his own mind that his class leader had made the landing safely; then again doubts and questions knocked persistently at the door refusing to be ignored. He thought of the man cast into outer darkness for burying his talent in the earth. The class leader was a man of special talents, which in former years had been wonderfully used in the service of God; but of late were deeply buried in earthly pursuits. Again and again he thought of the charge against the Ephesian church, "Thou hast left thy first love."

The leader's wife was overwhelmed with inconsolable grief, and refused to be comforted. Poor woman, she had lived so entirely for this world, she found no comfort in anticipating anything beyond comfortable surroundings here. Her only wish, at this dark hour, was to die and be buried beside her husband. Bothwell could not help but feel that if she had been a spiritually minded woman, all would have been different.

Returning from the funeral, the pastor and his wife agreed that the world had never before looked so small to them. They felt no need of reconsecrating, as that had been definitely settled before; but they did feel like reaffirming their determination to live solely for God's glory.

In due time, Evangelist Gay arrived and the special meetings began. The Bothwells found him to be a retiring, humble, and sweet-spirited man; and withal, an exceedingly close preacher.

The pastor thought he had never before heard such a complete analysis of human nature, such a bold exposure of the sinful heart, such a practical presentation of searching truths. One night he preached from Psalm 139: 23, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts." He actually seemed to hold up to public gaze the hidden life of every individual present. At another time he spoke from the text, "Ye are yet carnal." The evangelist so graphically pictured the outcroppings of the carnal heart, until many were smitten with conviction; and others were made to rejoice, as never before, in the cleansing power of the blood of Christ.

Formerly, Bothwell would have objected to such close preaching, in fear that many conscientious people would cast away their confidence. But now, his dissatisfaction with the past, and his burning desire to see the church on a sure foundation, made him fairly reckless in endorsing this type of preaching.

The results of the first week of the campaign were disappointing. The crowds were not large; less than half a dozen seekers came forward; and the services were hard.

The pastor determined to advertise more extensively and to launch a vigorous campaign of house-to-house visitation. He and Mrs. Bothwell made a number of calls on Monday afternoon. They thought they had never listened to as many falsehoods before. It was strange how professed Christians could juggle with truth in making such flimsy excuses. One was not too sick or nervous to do his work, go shopping half a day, or visit, but was unable to come to church. Others had time for everything else but were too busy to attend the revival. One party was planning to spend the day at a family reunion, but had too much to do and was too tired to come to the house of God. A few boldly declared they liked neither the evangelist nor his preaching: he was too personal.

The pastor reflected, half humorously, half mournfully, "If the poor man would only preach more about telephone or telegraph poles, rather than touching their pet sins, they would like him better." He concluded we must be living in the time the apostle wrote about, for the majority of people surely had "itching ears" for a soothing doctrine.

The Bothwells returned with heavy hearts. After all, had they made a mistake in the course they were pursuing and in the choice of an evangelist? No, their leading was clearly from the Lord.

The pastor determined to talk things over with Mr. Gay. To his surprise he found him greatly burdened; but not disturbed by the poor attendance, the few seekers, or the tightness of the services.

"Is not a revival a time to reach the unsaved?" questioned Bothwell.

"Not until we are ready for them," answered Mr. Gay simply. "A lasting revival must begin in the sanctuary. The absence of sinners in the congregation is quite often an evidence that the Holy Spirit has something to accomplish in the church first. The tight, oppressive atmosphere usually indicates something in our midst that is grievous to Him. We must seek to clear the channel before the revival will reach out very far in a substantial way. I am fully convinced that is our task now.

Bothwell felt encouraged. Faint glimpses of the same great truth had touched his vision at times, but it was entirely too new to comprehend all at once.

The second Sunday morning service was an unusual one. Mrs. Bothwell, unbeknown to any one except those in the Sunday School room, had burst into tears and begged forgiveness for the lack of spiritual interest in the members of her class. She loved these girls passionately and they fully reciprocated that affection. Under this new awakening, however, she was coming to realize the true meaning of being a Christian. Just as one drawing nearer to the compassionate heart of the Lord Jesus Christ is made to realize the coldness of their own heart; so she was deploring the

years spent in little more than nominal service for the Master. There was scarcely a dry eye in the class. One young lady arose and asked for prayer. Together they knelt and she was brightly converted. The class was dismissed, after all had promised to remain for preaching.

Something similar took place in the main auditorium at the close of Sunday School. It was time for dismissal but the superintendent hesitated. Finally, with quivering lips he spoke of how, while searching his heart, the Lord had showed him his indifference to his great responsibility; and how little burden he had carried for the salvation of his Sunday School scholars. "God has forgiven me," he said, "and I am sure I owe the entire school a humble apology. By the grace of God my life will mean more to this school than ever before."

During the appeal, at the conclusion of the sermon, Mrs. Bothwell led five other members of her class to the altar of prayer. The superintendent moved quietly among the audience bringing several more scholars. The meeting ended in a gracious season of rejoicing.

To the surprise of all, the night service was again tight. Most of the services during the week were difficult and with little visible result.

On Friday night the evangelist brought a stirring message on Hell, with telling effect on the audience. Mrs. Bothwell stepped across the aisle and spoke to the wife of the leading offender in the business transaction. After some persuasion she knelt at the altar and prayed earnestly for some time. Eventually she arose, went to the family against whom she held an unforgiving spirit, and made her confession, while her husband looked on disapprovingly. She was soon rejoicing in the forgiveness of her sins.

The following Sunday morning the evangelist delivered a powerful message on the text, "Take ye away the stone." He said in part: "I doubt if it is necessary for us to pray for the Spirit of God to come. Rather we need to pray that God will help us to get obstructions out of the way, so He can come upon us and operate through us. The stones are too numerous to mention; but if we will humble ourselves before the Lord, He will point out the ones which must be removed. In many places the stones of indifference or coldness of heart, the stone of doubt, the stone of strife, the stone of unconfessed sin, has hindered the work of God. The stone of selfishness or desire for worldly honor prevents us from having success, lest we take the glory to ourselves. All self, the flesh, and the human must sink entirely out of sight, that God alone may be glorified. There stands Divinity ready to do for us abundantly above anything we can ask or think, but Jesus Christ commands us to do our part first. When we get to the end of ourselves, He will step in. If we expect the Lord Jesus Christ to call dead souls back to life in this revival, we as individuals, and as a church, must roll the obstructions out of the way. Will we do it?" The evangelist paused while his eyes swept appealingly over the audience.

There was a moment of tense silence. Presently, Mr. Smith staggered slowly to his feet and, turning abruptly toward the audience, began speaking. "Friends, I deserve the blame for all the failures of this church for the past five years. I know now that the blood of souls that might have been saved, if I had not been a hindrance, is dripping from my fingers. I have had bitterness in my heart toward a brother in this church, and worse still, I have gone on professing to be a child of God. Can you, will you, forgive me?" Turning about, he hurried across the building, and putting his

arms about the offended man, took the blame for the misunderstood business deal. There was a general confession between the two families and they knelt together at the altar.

Mr. Wilks was doubtless the chief offender in the affair yet, as is usually the case, the most blatant in declaring his innocence. He and his family had succumbed to a critical spirit and, like one of old, were in the gall of bitterness. To make matters worse they were extremely sensitive. Ever and anon their childish feelings were hurt over some trivial thing and they would absent themselves from service for weeks at a time. It was no small task for such a man to repent. He would pray a while, then confess, first to one and then another, until at last the victory came to his soul.

It was by far the greatest service of the revival up to this time. The people of God left the church with light, joyful hearts, and giving the Lord all the glory. They afterwards learned that the Wilks family, upon returning home, had another breaking up and confessing time around the family altar, in which every child, except the oldest boy, was saved. He had heard his parents criticize other people until he had lost confidence in the church, his parents, and religion. It was another sad case of parents paving the way to perdition for their children and coming to themselves when too late.

The praying people were expecting a victorious service that night. They were more than ever confused when they again encountered that same oppressive atmosphere. Bothwell expressed regret as he walked home after church with Mr. Gay.

"There are other stones to roll away," he answered quietly; "we must not be discouraged, but pray more earnestly."

Monday night the air seemed fairly charged with satanic power. On Tuesday night the evangelist took for his text Numbers 32: 23, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Bothwell had never heard such a withering denunciation of sin delivered in such a melting spirit. He felt his own soul possessed with a slight conception of God's utter abhorrence of sin. He saw as he had never seen, that God could no more endorse sin in the church than in the theater, or anywhere else. He noticed a young lady in the rear of the building turn deathly pale and feared she was sick or about to faint.

The next morning after family worship Mrs. Bothwell remarked, "I must go and see Alice at once; she is in trouble." "Have you heard anything?" questioned her husband.

"Nothing at all, but God has put a burden upon my heart for her." Two hours later Mrs. Bothwell returned looking pale and worried. She said nothing of the visit until after the prayer meeting. When alone with her husband again, she recited the incident of the morning visit. A confession had been made which seriously involved Mr. Luke, the chairman of the board of stewards.

"You must go and see Mr. Luke at once," she said. "Hard as it is to believe, the girl seems to be perfectly sincere and penitent."

Herbert, stunned almost to insensibility, stared blankly at his wife.

"Let us pray," she said presently, and fairly dropped to her knees. As she prayed with that same characteristic fervency, Herbert began slowly to recover himself and join in the petition. He there resolved what to do and prayed for courage and wisdom for the unwelcome task.

After urging his wife to pray as she never had, he went directly to the store and found Mr. Luke waiting on a customer. A few moments later both were seated in a secluded place in the warehouse and the pastor began: "You understand, Mr. Luke, that the revival meeting now in progress is some different than any we have ever had. It is searching us all to the very depths, and we are seeking to get every hindrance out of the way. A number of confessions have been made, and one has involved you. I knew nothing else to do but to talk the matter over with you confidentially." Mr. Luke winced slightly, but listened with no further show of emotion. Bothwell, without mentioning any names, explained the nature of the confession.

"And I suppose you believed it," answered Mr. Luke with a sardonic smile.

"I am inclined to doubt it of course, but certainly you owe it to yourself, your family, and the church to face the accusation."

"That has always been the trouble with that bunch down there; somebody gossiping, and others believing what they say."

"That is not the question, Mr. Luke. The question is, are you guilty?"

"Mr. Bothwell, haven't I stood by you and the church as loyally as anybody? I doubt if anybody gives more to your support than I."

"That is doubtless true and I greatly appreciate it, but the question is, are you guilty of this charge?"

"They have no business talking about me."

"Are you guilty?" persisted the pastor.

"Not of all they accuse me of."

"Now Mr. Luke, nothing is gained by being evasive. If you are innocent you will be anxious to face the accusation and clear yourself."

With that the chairman flew into a rage and cried angrily: "No! I will face nobody. This is what I get for working my head off for that church. I have never done anything I am ashamed of. Just scratch my family's name off the roll. I am done with the whole business." Mr. Luke was standing on his feet now, his face flushed, and eyes flashing. The pastor tried to reason, but to no avail. A few broken sentences followed and the chairman left the room abruptly.

Poor Bothwell, his sensibilities almost overcome, was only able to drive his car back to the church by the mercy of God. Could it be only a dream? Would he soon wake up and dismiss the whole affair as a terrible nightmare?

He knew not why, but he opened the side door and went at once to the prayer room. Seating himself, he buried his face in his hands and counted the cost anew. His beloved church might get some unwelcome publicity out of this, that would mean a stigma on the work of God so near to his heart. "Strike my name off" kept ringing in his ears.

Mr. Luke was a man of wide influence; a number of his close friends and relatives were in the church. They would probably leave with him and literally disrupt the church. The chairman was a man of iron will, and so set in his way that Bothwell had little hope that he would ever humble himself enough to confess his guilt. After all, would it not have been better to have gone on in the uneventful way without stirring up so much trouble? He shuddered at the thought of countenancing such hideous sin in the sanctuary of God. Notwithstanding, it was the darkest hour he had ever seen. It seemed he had lived ages in the past few weeks.

At last he found relief in tears. He was so engrossed he did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

'Ah, my dear brother, what can be the trouble now?' It was Mr. Gay speaking tenderly.

"Brother Gay, set down, will you please? God has sent you." Then followed a full account of the burden, the confession, and the conversation with the official.

"Just think," the pastor was saying, "if this gets out what a reproach it will be."

"Never mind about that," said Mr. Gay confidently. "In the first place such things should not be noised abroad. In the second place this old world is too deep in vice to throw any stones effectively. If any religious organization is wicked enough to make capital out of a thing of this sort the answer is, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.' Best of all, you must remember that this is God's work, and He will take care of His own. I have never seen it fail, and I have no fear upon that point."

"Why, Brother Gay, you don't mean that such a condition exists everywhere?"

"Not exactly, yet it is a sad fact, that while the Church is the greatest institution in the world, too often wolves in sheep's clothing have presumed upon her lack of spiritual discernment, and actually found places of leadership in the very sanctuary. Thus the Holy Spirit is grieved, and the power of the Church neutralized. But we must not discuss that here. We must deal with the case in hand. 'Scratch my name off' is an easy way for a man, who has sinned so grievously against his fellowman and the church, to wash his hands of the responsibility. He must be dealt with kindly, but firmly."

Time and space will not permit a record of how the chairman, when pressed by the tactful evangelist, sought refuge: first, in bluffing, then in the sympathy of a friend, and finally in a camouflaged confession.

While this conflict was going on, though very few knew anything about it, the burden of intercession intensified in the hearts of the praying people. Often the prayer meeting would continue far into the afternoon. Some of the little band were entrusted with the sacredness of genuine soul travail. One man was stricken down with agony of soul for the salvation of his brother. Bothwell had witnessed such scenes in his childhood days. He had read too much about such manifestations of God's power in early Methodism, in the ministry of Jonathan Edwards and Charles Finney, and especially in the Bible, to be alarmed.

With the battle going on in this way, they came to the last Sunday morning service of the special revival. The congregation was engaged in the final prayer preceding the sermon. The spiritually minded people could sense an approaching crisis of some stupendous nature. The very elements seemed to indicate the moral conflict between the forces of light and the powers of darkness. The Sunday School superintendent was leading in prayer. At first it was a struggle; then he seemed to mount up on the wings of faith to the very throne of God; and lay hold upon the horns of the altar. At the conclusion of the prayer the people of God instinctively felt that the victory was won.

There followed a few moments of tense silence when suddenly the chairman of the board of stewards walked to the front of the church and faced the audience. "Friends," he began, "I have sinned grievously against my family, my fellowman, and the church. My greatest sin is in professing to be a Christian, with sin covered in my life. I want you to forgive me and I am going to kneel, here and now, at this altar and seek forgiveness of God."

No one will ever be able to explain just what happened at that moment, but something fairly broke loose in the very atmosphere itself. The pastor was quite overcome. The weary hours and sleepless nights he had spent hoping, praying, and then despairing that this would ever come to pass, had left its mark upon the physical. He leaned his head upon the song book poised upon his knee, and when he lifted his head he saw what he never dreamed he would live to see. The aisles were crowded with people surging to the altar of prayer. The official who had taken part in the shady business transaction was climbing over seats in his eagerness to get to the place of prayer. The altar filled rapidly, then the front seats, and finally the whole front of the church became a place of seeking God. Still they came! not moved by any hysterical frenzy; but rather the Holy Ghost, as on the day of Pentecost, had found an unhindered channel and through that channel was pouring out a river of conviction and salvation. Many for whom the Bothwells had prayed for years were praying through to definite experiences of grace.

The pastor glanced across the church and saw his wife standing, with hand raised heavenward, and upon her upturned face that same halo of Divine glory that once before caused him to think of the Transfiguration. Mr. Gay was leaning his head upon the pulpit and trembling with deep emotion. The pastor heard him repeating, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." The faithful evangelist had carried a burden almost threatening his life. Now, that the victory was won, he felt for the moment satisfied to lay

down the armor and go to be with his Lord. Aunt Sarah had at last found her element and was shouting the praises of God. Bothwell was about ready to believe that the millennium had dawned at last.

The altar service lasted until the crowd began to gather for the afternoon service. The news of the morning meeting had spread rapidly and the auditorium was taxed to its utmost capacity. A remarkable sense of God's holy presence was reflected in the reverence and awful expectation of the entire audience. The echoes of the last strains of the second hymn were just dying away, and the pastor had arisen to call the congregation to prayer, when he was interrupted.

"Pardon me, Brother Bothwell, may I say a word?" It was the superintendent speaking. "Certainly," nodded the pastor approvingly. "I have been quiet so long, my friends may have to have extra patience with me if I seem a little over zealous. In fact, I have lived a nominal Christian life so many years, I feel I must in some way make up for lost time. My purpose in this bold interruption, however, is to request this people to unite with me in this prayer for my unsaved boy. I know not where he is at this hour, but a burden is on my heart for him, almost too heavy, long to bear."

Suddenly there was a commotion in the rear of the building. Every eye was trained in the direction of the unusual sound. A stalwart young man weeping convulsively, came hurrying down to the front, and fell into his father's arms. Together they knelt at the altar of prayer. Instantly, the tide broke again, and like a mighty ocean current, the seekers again surged forward to fill the altar and the front seats. There was no confusion, but an earnest seeking after God, which resulted in many happy finders. Mortal language is inadequate to describe services of this kind; suffice it to say, after a fruitful service that night; a large number received into the church; the largest love offering ever given by them to an evangelist was handed to Mr. Gay; by far the greatest revival ever held in Central Avenue Church came to a close.

There was one question which Bothwell felt, as related to his own future, was momentous. He therefore determined to put this question to the evangelist before he left the next morning, as they drove leisurely toward the station, the pastor asked timidly, "Brother Gay, do you have this same success in all your meetings?"

The question was a surprise to the evangelist. He made an effort to smile, but the sadness of his heart quickly erased it. "Most assuredly not," was his emphatic reply.

"But why wouldn't the same causes produce the same results anywhere?" continued Bothwell.

"But what if you haven't the causes. I fear there are but few churches willing to pay the price for such a revival. You must remember, there are a number of things figuring into the success of this meeting. In the first place, there was much fasting and prayer preceding and accompanying this revival. Jesus made it very plain that the work of faith comes only by fasting and prayer.

"In the second place, you and your wife have taken the lead in humble confession and restitution. It is not always easy for us preachers," he said with a twinkle, "to take the medicine we

prescribe for others. I usually find that the most spiritual people are the first to assume this humble attitude; which not only brings untold blessing to their own soul, but enables the Spirit to convict those who are the most guilty. Humility! How hard it is on us to humble ourselves," he said with a sigh.

"Then again, the willingness of the leaders to stand by and endorse such a method of conducting a revival has been indispensable. I have no doubt you were tempted, at times, to regret such a method of procedure." Bothwell nodded affirmatively.

"I must be charitable, but I am sometimes tempted to believe that some churches would rather be content with only a limited measure of God's power, than to clear the channels through which He seeks to operate. Herein is the glaring inconsistency of the greatest of all institutions. If this car," tapping the steering wheel as he spoke, "hasn't enough power to carry you over an ordinary hill, you do not blame it on the humidity of the atmosphere, or the kind of cement in the pavement; but you conclude something is wrong with the machine, and you go in for repairs. But the Church of the living God, in this Holy Ghost dispensation and with all the promises at her command, is being defied by worldliness, skepticism, and false religion; yet is satisfied to blame her failures on the times in which we live, and it seldom occurs to her that something has broken the Divine current. God was the same at Ai as at Jericho, but the Babylonish garment and wedge of gold made the difference. I was afraid for a long time to mention anything about Achan, for fear people would become suspicious and start out in search of the Achan. But that is superficial. If the Achan is there, he is there whether we talk about him or not and the work of God will certainly stop. But that is not the question. The point is, every one must be made to feel that their duty is to examine their own lives; and when, in humble heart searching, they clear their own dooryard, the Lord chooses to reveal the obstacle, He will show the way out. Removing the beam out of our own eye first is a sure cure for carnal suspicion, or unwise and false accusation. The fact remains, however, that if sin is in the camp the church will again suffer an inglorious defeat. Doubtless, if we could look with God's vision upon many churches and see the hidden things that He can not endorse, the surprise would be that He blesses us at all

"As the Lord Jesus looked upon the seven churches of Asia, at least five were severely censured for allowing conditions which He could not sanction.

"Well, here I am about to preach a sermon: but just let me mention one more thing which has contributed vitally to the success of this meeting. The work of cleaning away the rubbish began long before the revival. Too often, all this has to be done in the special meetings, and is fairly started when it is time to close.

"Now, Brother Bothwell, there is a marvelous spirit of genuine unity in this church, which God invariably honors. Genuine I say, for as you know, there are perhaps more spurious notions as to what constitutes unity than any other needed equipment of the church. How absurd to think that the merging of all denominations on the one hand, or coming out of the Church and denouncing organization on the other, will effect any thing like scriptural unity. Neither can we compromise Bible doctrine and God-given convictions for the sake of a superficial harmony among all professors of religion. All of these methods are delusive and fail to strike at the root of the trouble. Truth should never be sacrificed, but personal feelings and personal interests should every time

and everywhere be trampled under feet for the sake of unity. Next to the carnal tongue, pride and self-will are doubtless responsible for more divisions among professing Christians than any other cause. If every one was willing to take the humble place and shoulder the blame for our misunderstandings and difficulties, how easy it would be to settle all our differences. Then the sanctifying baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire will purge the heart and weld us into a oneness, not merely in name or pretense, but in spirit and in truth. I believe this church has taken the latter course and in my humble opinion, the revival has only begun. You may expect greater things, but don't forget that the devil recognizes the invincible power of a united church. He will seek in every conceivable way to bring in division, or to get uncleanness into the sanctuary. It will require much prayer, wisdom, and Divine guidance to carry on.

"Good-by, let us give God all the glory," the evangelist shouted, as he disappeared in the coach.

* * * * *

CHAPTER 5

Bothwell had come to dread the reaction of these special campaigns, and he was especially apprehensive of the one just closed, in spite of assurances. He had yet to learn that a revival that begins at the foundation and builds up, does not vanish with the departure of the evangelist.

It was arranged to continue the morning prayer meetings each day, except Monday and Saturday. The pastor was happy to observe the ever increasing fervency in the spirit of these services.

The Wednesday night prayer meeting went beyond his fondest hopes. After a refreshing song service, followed by a scripture lesson, the pastor called for volunteer prayers. Every one was apparently waiting for this opportunity to express their heartfelt gratitude for blessings received, and to pray out the burden yet upon their hearts. It all seemed so wondrously different from the cold, formal midweek meetings, to which they were accustomed. God came down their souls to greet, while glory crowned the mercy seat. The beautiful spirit of harmony reminded Bothwell of his vision of the upper room. A number of clear, ringing testimonies followed. The shining faces, the rapturous notes of victory, eventually touched a responsive chord in Aunt Sarah's heart, and she started gracefully down the aisle shaking hands. Many, who once complained of her being too emotional, now smiled approvingly through tears of joy.

A young man arose, and as tears trickled down his handsome face, said, "Friends, I have been having a controversy with God for the past week and it must be settled tonight. Will you pray with me?" He knelt at the altar, while the saints of God gathered about him and settled his call to the mission field that night. As he sprang to his feet to joyfully witness to the great victory won, his eyes rested upon an unsightly looking man who, attracted by the unusual sound, had stepped in unnoticed and taken a seat in the back pew. With true missionary spirit the young man hurried down the aisle and putting his arms compassionately about the wayward brother, soon led him to the altar of prayer. This prodigal, once a prosperous business man, had been overcome by the

appetite for liquor which had reduced him to poverty and the gutter. He sought the Lord in dead earnest that night and was soon happy in the forgiveness of sins and a genuinely transformed man.

Thus ended a service proverbially known as dull and drab, but in this instance the most remarkable midweek service many ever attended.

The following Sunday morning service had proceeded in the regular order. In his sermon, the pastor appealed to the congregation to do everything in their power to continue in the spirit of the revival. "It is not," he said, "that we desire anything big, or spectacular, in the eyes of the world. We are traveling a narrow and unpopular way, which few choose to travel; but we must have the Spirit of God in our midst, and we must have souls. Could we widen the gate we would get the quantity, but it is the quality we are after. Again, I say, we must be a soul-saving church." In spite of the spirit of the message, the pastor was about to dismiss when interrupted again by Mrs. Bothwell. "May I take the liberty," she said, "to ask the Christian people to unite with me in prayer for the few remaining names on my prayer list? I rejoice that most of those on my list have been converted, but I cannot be satisfied until all are saved." Quickly a large man arose, and with faltering voice said, "Friends, I don't know whether I am on that list or not, but this has been the most miserable week of my life; I can stand it no longer." As he walked forward, his wife and daughter followed. Two other penitents knelt beside them, and all but one were joyfully converted.

And so the revival swept on, with growing fruitfulness and power. It was all so wonderful that Bothwell began to dream again of the dawning millennium. He was soon to find out that the devil had by no means resigned in his favor. A few in the church who remained passive during the revival, but failed to join with the rest in humbling themselves, were left high and dry spiritually. They finally assumed an antagonistic attitude and endeavored to sow discord among the brethren. Others on the outside, from whom the pastor had expected encouragement, were loathe to endorse a revival not sponsored by them to begin with. Two or three churches, possibly out of jealousy, had no sympathy with any work of grace outside the pales of their own denomination. All this grieved the heart of the true saint, but failed to impede the progress of the revival.

There were others who persistently flaunted the charge of fanaticism in the face of this unusual work of grace. Bothwell abhorred fanaticism with his whole heart and he well knew the danger of this very thing, especially in these last days; but as he looked the ground over he felt happily assured that they could yet travel a long way without even touching fanaticism. He knew, moreover, that many people were so steeped in dead formality, that the least sign of spirituality would be looked upon as rank fanaticism.

A few months later, an evangelist was secured and another special campaign held. A number of sinners were converted and believers sanctified, and the spiritual life of the church deepened in this revival. Central Avenue Church had come to appreciate these evangelistic meetings as never before.

As they neared the Christmas holidays, the pastor was afraid he detected a slight waning of the revival fervor among his people. As he prayed over the matter, he was reminded of the liberality of the early Church, and determined to lead his people out along this line. He announced a special missionary offering for the next Sunday, and such a service he had never witnessed. They

gave so freely, so hilariously, and God so poured out His blessings in return, that many declared they never expected to be nearer heaven in this life.

But the Bothwells were not satisfied. They wanted to see their people undertake something more akin to self-denial. Each family in the church, as far as possible, was urged to seek out some needy family in the city, and provide them with a bountiful Christmas dinner. The pastor exhorted them not to administer charity, by proxy, but to deliver the provisions to the home in person, have prayer, and minister as well to their spiritual needs. He requested them to appoint themselves as sort of spiritual guardians over this family. They must see that they had a way to get out to church, and if they were not saved, labor incessantly for their salvation.

The result was more than they had expected. A number of new faces appeared in their own congregation, many of whom were gloriously converted soon after. It served also to bring new fire and blessing to all who took part in this rather novel undertaking.

Some time after, a building was rented down in what was commonly called "The Bottoms," and a revival started. Because of the criminal nature of this neglected part of town, it was often referred to as "Little Hell." The Bothwells, and their faithful flock, began this effort with courage and faith. It was a long, hard fight, but broke at last. Many notorious drunkards and gamblers, some with a police record, were powerfully converted. The radical change in their lives stirred the whole city. The pastor rejoiced that the church was at last on the offensive; and infidelity was finding in these transformed lives some unanswerable questions. The revival swept on and threatened to change the whole moral complexion of this section of the city.

In the course of time it was decided, in order to make the work permanent, to purchase a lot and erect a building. A misunderstanding arose concerning the location and type of the building, which, on the part of some, developed into a bitterness. It became a topic of conversation, then of gossip, and at last of heart division in Central Church. The pastor saw the fearful outcome and sought to check it, but in spite of all a cool breeze crept in upon their services and slowly the revival fires smothered down. Two of their most promising young converts backslid. It was a dark hour.

As the weeks lengthened into months, the regular services, which had been so singularly blessed of God and fruitful, were again barren and with little evidence of the Holy Spirit's presence.

As if to add to the dilemma, the pastor was compelled to kindly reprove a young man who persisted in disturbing the public services by his misbehavior. The parents of the boy foolishly sided with him against the pastor and sought the sympathy of the public by broadcasting a distorted report of the affair. They threatened to leave the church and, worse still, to resort to the courts. It was a sore trial to Bothwell, yet he sought to assume an humble attitude and to make amends in every way possible without compromising the stand he had taken for the right. He tried to show the parents how that in defending the guilty, they were partakers of his sin; while by taking a stand against properly constituted authority, they were breeding contempt in the boy's heart for both law and religion; but all to no avail. They had settled back into the gall of bitterness and seemed determined to reap revenge upon all those who opposed their unwonted course.

With a heaviness upon his heart, crushing him to the very earth, the pastor closed the door of his study and determined to fight it out on his knees. He had not prayed long until a quiet rest filled his soul and he arose with the assurance that all would be well.

The final result was the boy, encouraged by his parents defending him in the wrong, was soon ruthlessly breaking the rules of the school and was punished. This shocked the father and mother somewhat, but failed to deter them from again opposing those in authority, and siding with the culprit. At last the young man schooled in the art of law-breaking committed a misdemeanor and after standing trial was sentenced to thirty days in jail. This brought the unwise parents to their knees in true penitence and full restitution. The boy, following his release confronted by the law and the gospel in his own home came under submissively and was soon converted.

After days of fasting and nights of prayer, those who were in any way involved in the other difficulty humbly confessed and made restitution. Confidence and fellowship were again fully restored and the revival fires began anew. Thus it came to pass that Bothwell discovered the secret of a revival is to keep the avenue through which the Holy Spirit seeks to operate clear of any encumbrance. He saw that so often sinners are not saved for want of conviction; conviction does not come because the church is not burdened and lack the drawing power; the church is not burdened and is powerless, because the Holy Ghost does not come upon her; the Holy Spirit does not come because of something within her offensive to Him. The pastor concluded that a clean, united, spirit-filled church is invincible on any battlefield.

* * * * *

THE END