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ALONG THE TRAIL

By Leo C. Davis

175 Illustrative anecdotes, sayings, observations,
usable quotes (both amusing and otherwise) from
the notebook of Leo C. Davis, who for 69 years
has served God and the Church as a minister of
Christ's Gospel.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I certainly consider it a privilege and an honor to write these words about the author of this book.

I have known Leo C. Davis for nearly fifty years -- first, when he was pastor of Bloomington, Indiana First Church of the Nazarene. Our acquaintance and friendship has endured and increased through the years. In 1948 he became District Superintendent of the Southwest Indiana District. During these years we saw the number of churches nearly double. Indeed he has been a leader of churches and preachers.

I am sure it would be interesting for you to know a little more of his life and ministry: Born September 22, 1895, in Indiana; received his first preacher's license in 1918; attended Olivet College; ordained an elder by Dr. John Goodwin in 1922; pastored Winchester, Ind., Miami,

Florida, First, Bloomington, Md., First, Denver, Colorado, First Westbrook, Indianapolis and Elkhart First.

His long ministry has taken him into many and various experiences, which you will notice in the book: 27 years a pastor, 18 years a District Superintendent. And now more than 20 years an evangelist and writer. Surely he has had a full and busy ministry for his Lord and the Church of the Nazarene.

AND THE END IS NOT YET

The other day Dr. Ross Lee and I were conversing and we agreed, Dr. Davis has not changed in character, convictions and courage. These words pretty well describe the author of this book, *Along the Trail*.

It could well be said of him as Adam Clark, a best known Bible commentator, said of himself when nearing the end of his ministry: "I have seen the buds of spring, the flowers of summer and the fruit of autumn. Now it is winter but I shall not be forgotten of men or God."

I would say, "So shall it be of Leo C. Davis."

Clyde Montgomery, Evangelist
Church of the Nazarene

* * * * *

FOREWORD

To know Dr. Leo C. Davis is to know a man characterized by holy living, a keen mind, strong convictions, abounding energy and a compassionate heart. For 68 of his 91 years he has been busily engaged in the ministry as pastor, evangelist, district superintendent, author, lecturer, counselor and above all, as Wesley wrote, a man "out of breath pursuing lost souls." He is a beloved Christian brother.

To hear him preach you hear a man with a deep resonant voice, a scriptural content, with timely personal applications, all authenticated by the Holy Spirit's anointing, and validated by souls seeking the Lord.

To read his writings is to recover some of the best from the past, to enjoy the blessings for the present and to anticipate the beckonings toward a glorious future. He has been a prolific writer of books, tracts, articles and letters.

I am ready to learn from one who has succeeded so superbly. He touched thousands of people's lives through the large churches he pastored, through the sixty churches he organized, through the hundreds of evangelistic meetings and conventions he has held.

Now, in this publication, 175 Illustrative Anecdotes, Incidents, Sayings, Observations, Usable Quotes (Both Amusing and Otherwise) From The Notebook of Leo C. David, you have a distillation of some of the riches garnered in 68 years of gospel ministry.

I commend this book to every preacher and layman for your profit and enjoyment.

B. G. Wiggs, District Supt.
Bedford, Indiana
August 29, 1986

* * * * *

TO CLARIFY

An accident which confined me to my home and to inactivity for some ten weeks caused me to raise the centuries old and oft repeated question, "Why?" Perhaps a partial answer is that I might have opportunity to relay in writing a few incidents (together with other subject-matter) that took place during our long period of service to God and the church that would be of interest to the reader. In some cases they touch my acquaintance with our past leaders and illustrate the faithfulness of our wonderful Lord to all who will walk in His light and claim His promises. We trust by a recall of all such, many today will receive encouragement to press on in the conflict of the ages and fulfill His calling: "Holiness unto the Lord."

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JUST A MOMENT PLEASE

Whatever proceeds may be gathered from the sale of this publication (above actual expenses) is to be donated to Nazarene Compassionate Ministries Hunger and Disaster Fund.

Should this treatise be instrumental in edify the body of Christ, awakening us anew to the fact that God is, and that the faith "once delivered" (Jude 3) is worth contending for, we shall consider ourselves well paid for our effort.

To the best of our knowledge we have correctly recorded all the subject matter contained herein Should there be even the slightest error we apologize in advance to any who might be interested in a correction.

L. C. D.

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ALONG THE TRAIL

Said Farmer John to his wife (their marital relationship being strained), while he beheld a neighbor driving along with his team pulling together in harmony, "Why can't we get along and pull together as our neighbor Jones' team?" To this she made reply, "I think it must be that they have only one tongue between them."

* * * * *

2

During a revival in Winchester, Indiana (1928?) the personal workers were endeavoring to persuade John (a rebellious backslider) to go to the altar. Lum Jones -- effective Nazarene evangelist of yesteryears -- observed their seemingly fruitless efforts, and passing by the workers exclaimed' "Just let him go to hell; if that is what he wants to do, let him do it." John became enraged but behold he was at the altar next night and prayed through to victory. Pointed reproof sometimes works when soft talk utterly fails.

* * * * *

3

In making our rounds among the churches during the years of our superintendency we were delightfully entertained in the home of one of our pastors. Seated about the table with the parents and the five children we remarked, "Children, you are certainly very nice and orderly; we are enjoying your company," only to hear an explanation from one of the smaller ones, "We got a good talking to before you came." Moral: Be careful ma and pa; the kids may give you away.

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4

"He is getting along well in the world" -- thus observed a conversationalist of a successful business man. to which Grandma from her rocking chair inquired, "Which world?" (Havner)

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5

Said the robin to the sparrow
"I would surely like to know,
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

Said the sparrow to the robin
"I think that it must be
That they have no heavenly Father,
Such as cares for you and me."

* * * * *

6

While on tour among our churches in Scotland (1960), we ran across this story: A professed infidel challenged the small group meeting in their quaint house of worship with the words, "If God will perform a miracle and blow these (coal oil) lamps out, I will become a Christian." God gave to one of the elderly worshipers a devastating reply. She arose and said, "Mister, God is not in the business of blowing out lights but if you will repent and turn to Him He will blow a light into you that all eternity will not be able to blow out."

* * * * *

7

Three men were walking on a wall,
Feeling -- Faith -- and Fact --
When Feeling got an awful fall,
And Faith was taken back;
So close was Faith to Feeling
That Faith fell down too,
But Fact remained and brought Faith up
And Faith brought Feeling too.

* * * * *

8

"God is bigger than anything that's the matter and anything that's liable to get the matter." --
Evangelist M. M. Bussey.

* * * * *

9

Rev. Canton Gollither, Nazarene pastor in Paoli, Indiana (years ago), remonstrated with a profane man sitting on the river bank fishing. "You will never catch a single fish sitting there cursing; hear me, I'm throwing in my line and I'm going to catch 12 fish: one for every one of the Apostles of Christ." After a very short time, true to his anticipating faith, he walked away with his catch (of exactly twelve) to the utter bewilderment of the profane man whom he had challenged.

* * * * *

10

"Why are you here?" we inquired of a young student at Olivet Nazarene College. "I am called to preach and I'm here making preparation for the ministry and furthermore I'm here because of you." We were indeed puzzled until he explained. "I once heard you preach on the Rich Man and Lazarus and while you did so the Holy Spirit dealt with me. "That's what I want you to do in life, warn men not to go to that place of torment." We certainly clipped a gold edged coupon on that! We never know the results of a message preached under the anointing of the Holy Ghost "sent down from heaven" (I Peter 1:12).

* * * * *

11

During one of our pastorates a member was ever requesting to be anointed for healing. Even if he had a toe ache (we are tempted to think) he would do so. Finally, with a bit of disgust we said, "Go on your way, Otis, you will get all right anyhow." We have wondered if the good man's attitude wasn't an application of Eccl. 7:16, "Be not righteous overmuch." We do not know. We do know that reason should guide us in far more instances than it does.

* * * * *

12

One of Wesley's axiomatic statements: "What is new in religion is not true." We wonder what those among us who seem to have lost their respect for the ancient and the traditional, ever clamoring for the new and the novel, propose handling Wesley on this one. Perhaps they prefer to be classified with the Athenians who "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing" (Acts 17:21).

* * * * *

13

"Are you sick, Brother Davis?" This came from a four or five year old. We had preached during one of our district superintendent visits in Terre Haute First. The lad kept pressing his mother, "I want to talk with Brother Davis." Seeing and hearing the lad we encouraged the mother to permit him to come and say anything to us he desired. Given the opportunity he shyly began to explain, "I thought since your ears were all swelled up (large ears characterize my anatomy) you must be sick." (I'm sure the mother really felt like trouncing him.) Years later after he graduated from college, we met him. "Do you remember me?" he inquired. How could we have forgotten? We never know just what a child has on his mind.

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14

One ship sails east and one sails west

By the self same gale that blows;
'Tis not the gale but the set of the sail
That determines the way she goes.

* * * * *

15

In preaching in Jerusalem (1960) we remarked to our congregation, "Since we have arrived in The Holy City we have looked upon many holy monuments, holy scrolls, holy whiskers, and holy places, but is it not wonderful to know we can have holiness within -- holiness of heart where it is needed most."

* * * * *

16

"Little is much if God is in it. "During our first pastorate (1923) Rev. Orville Maish, a neighboring pastor (later to become a district superintendent of the Michigan District), and I, together with Evangelist James Miller, conducted a revival in an abandoned church building in a rural area known as Rogersville. The only fruit coming from our endeavor was the salvation of a prominent couple named Ernest and Hazel Gold. They were called into the ministry and both became elders in our church, giving to it some thirty or thirty-five years of service. Wherever they labored the work grew and prospered, their Sunday Schools running up to two and three hundred at times. After many years we listened to Brother Gold's final District Assembly report to the Indianapolis District. He was now infirm and afflicted. Perhaps it meant more to us than to any others present. It recalled the time when in our Model T (with flapping side curtains and a heated brick for a real heater), we drove across the countryside (some 60 miles round trip) in the dead of the winter, amid innumerable difficulties, and conducted the Rogersville campaign. Yes, "little is much if God is in it" Eccl. 11:1, 6. "Cast thy bread upon the waters... for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

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17

"The Lord will pull a feller through providing he can hold together while He does the pulling." (Bud Robinson)

* * * * *

18

"Come back to the Mother Church," said a Roman Catholic to a Presbyterian layman "after all there is only one monk between us" (Martin Luther). To which the layman replied, "Yes, but

what a monk!" (man of iron). Lest we forget, had it not been for Luther and other Reformers we would still be in the embrace of the Harlot Church of Revelation seventeen.

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19

"In today's religious world we see multitudes of church members inoculated with such a mild form of religion that they are immune from the real thing." (Levi Cox, Winchester, Indiana)

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20

You cannot purify the water down in the well by giving the pump handle a new coat of paint.

* * * * *

21

A notice (loosely quoted) in the Gospel Minister, Westfield, Indiana, reads: "Should the Rapture occur before your subscription expires there will be no rebate from the price of the subscription paid by the publishers." We also believe in the Imminence of Christ's Coming. He could come right now! Glory! Hallelujah!

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22

The surest method of climbing to the top is to remain on the level.

* * * * *

23

A man never gets too busy to attend his own funeral.

* * * * *

24

Some who drop their quarter into the collection plate might consistently sing: "When we asunder part it gives us inward pain, but we shall still be joined in heart and hope to meet again."

* * * * *

25

An elderly man, during a weekend revival we conducted (May 30, '86), arose and said: "I want to go to the altar for prayer; I have discovered I have more religion at church than I have at home." As a result a dozen or more others followed him in confessions and repentance. Is not "home religion" in short supply?

* * * * *

26

"Patience is a virtue;
Possess it if you can,
Never found in a woman
Always found in a man.
-- Man's version

"Patience is a virtue;
Possess it if you can,
Always found in a woman,
Never found in a man."
-- Woman's version

* * * * *

27

After forty years of river boat navigation the captain was given an Honorary Achievement Award. "You must know every sand bar, rock, and dangerous shoal in the river bed," declared the speaker, "seeing you have successfully plied your vessel for all these years without an accident." "No," replied the captain, "I only know the deep channel." Without question holiness of heart and life is the deep channel. Abiding therein, we are not disturbed by all the current wild dreams of the false prophets.

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28

"Sin will take you farther than you want to go, cost you more than you planned to pay, and keep you longer than you planned to stay." (Dr. Ross Lee)

* * * * *

29

As you ramble on through life, brother, whatever be your goal, keep your eye on the donut and not on the hole.

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30

When we sing our own praises we usually get the pitch too high.

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31

Every heart without Christ is a mission field; every heart with Christ is a missionary.

* * * * *

32

If you have failed, pick yourself up, dust yourself off, and start all over again.

* * * * *

33

A smile is a carnation in the buttonhole of life.

* * * * *

34

A small church was in difficulty; two rather prominent members were not getting along too well. The official board requested us (their district superintendent) to meet with them for healing purposes. (A district superintendent, you know, has all the answers.) As we entered that meeting we had no idea what we should say but we were certainly in prayer so we proceeded, the Lord Himself being our helper: "Mrs. A., did you ever invite Mrs. B. into your home for a visit? Perhaps if you did you would become better acquainted and fellowship be restored." "Come if she wants to," she hatefully replied. Then we turned to Mrs. B. with the same exact question. With obvious meekness she gave reply: "No, Brother Davis, I have neglected to do so and I apologize to Mrs. A. for my failure." By the two answers all could plainly see where the fault lay. God had given to us the proper approach and the very right words to say.

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"What nation is there so great, that hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is, in all things that we call upon him for" (Deut. 4:7).

* * * * *

36

"The same old baffling questions
O my friend, I cannot answer them --
I have no answer for myself nor for thee,
Save that I learned at my mother's knee
All is of God, that is, and is to be, and God is good.
Let this suffice us still.
Rest in childlike trust upon His will.
He moves to His great ends unthwarted by the ill."
(Whittier, Quaker poet)

* * * * *

37

"We've had everything in this General Assembly except a bullfight. "This remark came from Dr. J. B. Chapman (who later became General Superintendent Chapman), at the close of the 1923 General Assembly in Kansas City. That evening an invited colored choir had sung "Everything's all right in my Father's house." They were dressed in loose flowing choir robes with wide sleeves. They had demonstrated their singing with characteristic movement of body. We are wondering what Dr. Chapman (long since gone to his eternal reward) would think of some of our special singing today accompanied many times with its electronic gadgetry that drives us "to the wall" unless one has a strong nervous system! Amen!

* * * * *

38

We enrolled in Olivet Nazarene College in 1919 (old location). General Superintendent John W. Goodwin (serving as evangelist) had preached for several nights with no results; all was tense. Distressed, a number of students gathered for an all night (if necessary) prayer meeting (Saturday night). At about 4 a.m. (Sunday) "the bottom of heaven" fell out -- the heavenly witness had come -- and the remaining students departed for their rooms shouting the (prayed down) victory. On Sunday (next day) the altars were lined at both services with no place at all for Dr. Goodwin's messages. We are not to forget -- in the midst of all modern unbelief, there is a prayer that gets all the way into the throne room and prevails.

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39

The Bible contains
2 divisions
66 books
1,189 chapters
31,175 verses
810,697 words
3,568,489 letters.
All inspired by the Holy Ghost.

* * * * *

40

"I am willing,
-- To take what He giveth
-- To lack what He withholdeth
-- To relinquish what He taketh
-- To go where He commandeth
-- To be what He requireth;
I am, O Lord, wholly and forever thine."
-- Susan N. Fitkin

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41

A bell is not a bell until we ring it,
A song is not a song until we sing it,
Love is not love until we give it.

* * * * *

42

Husbands should understand that a woman is not a side issue just because she was made from the rib of a man.

* * * * *

43

Noah Webster at first started to write a new Version of the Scriptures not being content with the King James Version. As he proceeded he became confused and gave up the project. From that he employed his linguistic skills and compiled his famous and renowned dictionary. (Paul Harvey, August 8, 1985)

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44

Were half the breath that's vainly spent To heaven in supplication sent, Our cheerful song would oftener be "Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

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45

Caskets come in all sizes and for all ages!

* * * * *

46

Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops on yourself.

* * * * *

47

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky
Thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

(Ode to a Waterfowl -- William Cullen Bryant)

* * * * *

48

A good mother can write upon the heart of her child what the rough hand of the world cannot erase.

* * * * *

49

Many a church member sitting in his pew is so lifeless he has the appearance of warmed over death.

* * * * *

50

Paul Harvey (1-24-79) tells of a dream a man dreamed. He saw footprints where he and the Lord walked side by side. He also saw where one set of tracks had disappeared and he wondered. "That's where your burdens became so heavy I had to carry you," came an explanation from the still small voice.

* * * * *

51

Sassy, Sissie, Susie -- Woman's Lib Strayed away from Adam's rib -- Pitiful, so 'tis.

* * * * *

52

Shake him over hell, Lord, shake him over hell. This prayer was not prayed by a heathen against a heathen, but by a Nazarene backslider against his district superintendent -- one Leo C. Davis. It had fallen our lot to administer to him a correction due to a problem that had arisen in his local church. By now he was visiting me at the district parsonage. In his prayer at the close of his visit he prayed the above vindictive. The good sequel to this episode is that after a short time he returned with his apology saying, "That was no way for a man to pray for a district superintendent." To this we agree!

* * * * *

53

On another occasion an unworthy minister grew vindictive because I would not permit his transfer from another district to be received. He wrote me a real scorcher, threatening me with the judgment. So, I've been both shook and threatened with the fires of perdition! But rest assured this consignment "has been greatly exaggerated" for at last report (at the age of 91) I am out of the infernal pit and have very strong evidence that I'm headed toward that city that John saw coming down. We might add for the benefit of any who may be aspiring, "It's fun to be a district superintendent."

* * * * *

54

"Gum chewing girls, cud chewing cows
What makes the difference I cannot allow,
Ah! I have it now -- it's the contented

Look on the face of the cow."

* * * * *

55

"When tempted to find fault with the other feller, just begin on yourself and you'll get no farther."

* * * * *

56

We do not understand too much about the upcoming new money plan for the nations but be it known by all men everywhere it will not have "In God We Trust" engraved upon it.

* * * * *

57

"Before this day is over My conversation with you will be confirmed. "Thus spake the Inner Voice to us on the day (Wednesday) we were elected district superintendent of the newly formed Southwest Indiana District, August 25, 1948. At the time these memorable words were spoken we were driving from Elkhart, Indiana (where we were pastoring) to Ft. Wayne for a Home Missions Committee meeting. We were engaged in prayerful worship at the moment of the divine disclosure. We knew nothing of any definite interest in us as a prospective district superintendent. In great ecstasy of spirit we returned to our parsonage home (having finished our committee meeting) and announced to our wife, "We are going to change our line of work." After a few minutes the phone rang and we announced, "That is it." On the other end of the line Dr. Gene Phillips, the district superintendent of the Indianapolis District (which was being divided into two districts), notified us of our election. In arriving at the seat of the Assembly we were curious about the election of a district superintendent on a Wednesday for always (in those days) they were conducted on a given Thursday. We found that due to the accumulated business necessary in dividing a district, General Superintendent H. V. Miller had moved the election a day ahead of time (Wednesday). We then understood the wording of the Inner Voice, "Before this day is over." During the eighteen years of our superintendency we were ever mindful of the supernatural disclosure God had given us as we traveled from Elkhart to Fort Wayne, Indiana. It has remained an awesome wonder to us even until the present moment.

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58

God's acts are not determined by His power and ability but by His wisdom and will."
(Willingham)

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59

An emergency had occurred. A whining, careless church member complained that God hadn't answered his prayer for assistance, only to be rebuked by one nearby with: "Perhaps He was busy looking after His regular supplicants."

* * * * *

60

"It doesn't strike me very often but when it does it hurts awful bad." This information came from an elderly woman when asked, "How is your religion, grandmother?" "Oh," said she, "I thought you said how is your arthritis." Is not religion to multiplied millions just that? A pain to be endured. (Quoted from Doug Slack)

* * * * *

61

We felt assured of God that if we accepted the call of the Mohawk, Indiana church to become their pastor (1923) and would be willing to move into their (most uninviting) parsonage, He would certainly bless our decision with the Spirit's outpouring. And for a three year pastorate it was so very true. The parsonage (so-called) was a small shot-gun, three roomed house, with weeds grown up around its premises some four to six feet tall, yet we moved in with a shout of praise. (Salary \$15 weekly.) All this is a far away cry from present day lust for fine parsonages and high salaries. The secular has a greater hold upon us than we like to admit. Think on this!!

* * * * *

62

If the liberalists are correct and the devil no longer exists, who is doing the work the devil used to do?

* * * * *

63

The Jew! God's prophetic timepiece! Some ten years past, the Eternal Voice inquired, "What is that in your hand?" "A pen," we answered. Then came the admonition, "Get busy and use it." For these years we've endeavored to do so (with full realization of our lack of ability). The Prophetic Word has been one of our themes. We deplore the lack of such among us today. We introduce nice little stories of individuals and things in our church literature (interesting in their place) as substitutes, when according to "the times of the signs" and the signs of the times" we

should be loudly proclaiming Christ's Coming is "even at the door." Should any be doubtful of it the modern day return of the Jew to his ancient land (Palestine) and the nation of Israel's Declaration of Statehood in 1948 (as a result of The Balfour Declaration in 1917 by the victorious Allied Powers), should cure him of such. And should any be in doubt that such world-shaking event is to precede and co-exist with the Rapture (followed by the Great Tribulation) (Psa. 102:16), he is simply making a confession that he does not know his Bible. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory."

* * * * *

64

"A little bird am I
Shut from fields of air
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth Thee."
(Madam Guyon)

* * * * *

65

Beware temptation -- trifling with sin; you will ere long reach for the brakes only to discover they will not hold.

* * * * *

66

God permits some things to happen He does not propose; He allows some things He did not intend.

* * * * *

67

Some folks like you and me
Are builders for eternity;
To each is given a bag of tools
A shapeless mass and a book of rules
And each must build ere life has flown
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

* * * * *

68

It is SO WISE and so fraught with COMFORT when we can commit the tangles of life into the hands of the all-wise God and leave them there.

* * * * *

69

We are told of three colored lads conversing after a tornado had passed through their town. "I sho' done a lot of prayin' last night," said one, while another declared, "I think the Lowd heard a lot of strange voices last night He never did hear befo'."

* * * * *

70

Let us not fear the obstacle; Goliath was David's greatest stepping stone to grandeur.

* * * * *

71

Faith is the hand that reaches up to receive that which God sends down.

* * * * *

72

Faith is an inwrought persuasion of the reality of things to come.

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73

Faith is trusting in God when questions cannot be answered by the knowledge available to us.

* * * * *

74

"Brother Davis, you have undone everything these Modernists have done all summer long." This was spoken to me by a fundamentalist Christian lawyer in Bloomington, Indiana at the conclusion of the season's final service. Each church had taken its scheduled turn in conducting

their assigned Sunday night service. IT WAS NOW NAZARENE NIGHT. A great crowd had assembled in the city park for the open air service. Our large Bloomington First Church choir sang lustily and with unction, "Faith of our Fathers Living Still." Shouts of victory and loud amens were heard all over the place. God helped us "to lay it on the line." At the close we noticed one of the "big" preachers limp away in disgust and disarray. Why permit the formalists and the liberalists to walk away with the laurels when we can open our mouths and wrest them from them?

* * * * *

75

"Hot time in the old town." (Another episode during our Bloomington pastorate). A small class had been organized under Indianapolis District supervision in Bloomington Eastside, seat of Indiana University, with Rev. B. F. Wineinger the pastor. A lot had been donated by a Presbyterian woman; the church had applied to the city authorities for a building permit, only to be opposed by a group of some thirty remonstrators from Bloomington's east side. We met in Mayor's Court -- three Nazarene ministers -- Wineinger, myself, and an army chaplain (in uniform) (forgetful of his name) to defend our cause over against the thirty who thought the Nazarenes should be content to remain over on the west side (across the proverbial tracks) and not invade the seat of Bloomington's intellectual courts. (Our coming would decrease property values, declared one individual.) The newspaper carried the proceedings from session to session. Letters to the editor (all favorable to our cause) began coming in thick and fast. The liberal preachers got in on the act. One of them, by large display ad, announced his Sunday sermon title "Danger of Enthusiasm," another, "Don't Disturb Us," while I announced "The Noise of the Nazarenes." We won the Court's decision, the church was built on the lot donated to us and it has stood as a monument to God's faithfulness throughout the years. What the remonstrators did not know was that the Mayor's sister was a devout Nazarene and his father an old-line Pentecostal! In those days those who were identified with the Nazarene cause saw anything but a dull time! As a pleasant sequel to it all the day came when one of the leading remonstrators acknowledged openly his regrets for his attitude, and we suspect others of them felt the same way but did not acknowledge it.

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76

"Let the swift seasons roll; I have the Eternal in my soul."

* * * * *

77

"O Lord, thou hast made us for Thyself, and we find no rest until we find it in Thee." (Early Church Father)

* * * * *

78

Earth's static does not bother the man whose heart is enraptured with the music of heaven.

* * * * *

79

God has nothing new to say, other than that which He hath said. He did not write several Bibles -- all different. Everything He needed to say has been recorded for centuries. A curse is pronounced upon "any man" who will add to or take from these words. (Rev. 22:18, 19; Deut. 4:2; Prov. 30:6).

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80

We notice the preacher's time for preaching the word is becoming shorter and shorter. Is the fulfillment of Amos 8:11, 12 bearing down upon us? (A famine for the word of God). Religious entertainment, special programs, musical concerts, prolonged announcements of "this, that and the other," fund raising, etc., etc., is crowding our ministers into presenting little fifteen minute sermonettes, which in turn produce little, spineless Christianettes. We are not to forget I Cor. 1:21: "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." There are congregations that have enough talent and know how to operate the church without a sermon, in fact without engaging a preacher at all! They are satisfied with a mere social club. How can we as laymen with another world -- heaven or hell -- in view clamor for shorter sermons when there is such obvious ignorance of THE BOOK OF GOD (with its 1,189 chapters filled with truth) -- the very guide all our ministers are ordained to preach and without which all of us will lose our way?

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81

God has not lost sight of us even when we find the smoke of battle so thick that it all but suffocates us.

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82

Patience is the ability to idle your motor when you are tempted to strip its gears.

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83

"It is a mighty dark night and the world needs our flame." (E. Stanley Jones)

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84

We need to keep right on believing in the dark what our hearts have been assured of in the light.

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85

"We by prayer and supplication borrow from God's throne and all but make omnipotence our own." (Prof. Shaw, Taylor University)

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86

"As long as the church wore scars the Kingdom of God advanced but when they began to wear medals it languished. It was a greater day for the church when Christians were fed to the lions than when they bought season tickets and sat in the grandstand." (Havner)

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87

"Eney, Meney, Miney, Mo --
To which Version shall I go?
Know all men by certain note
Only one book has God ever wrote.

"Eney, Meney, Miney, Mo --
To which Version shall I go?
Some say here, some say there,
As they seek to climb the golden stair.

"Eney, Meney, Miney, Mo --
To which Version shall I go?
We've had that Book in English giv'n
Since the year of 1611!

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88

Old time Holiness people believed in a holiness that scraped off paint, stretched a woman's skirt, melted jewelry, and grew long hair.

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89

Mark Twain was asked to buy a \$5 ticket to hear Bob Ingersoll on the subject: "The Mistakes of Moses." Upon his refusal we are told he said, "If Moses was able to return to scenes of earth I would pay \$100 to hear him lecture on the mistakes of Ingersoll."

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90

If new light does not come to us it must be because we have pulled the shades.

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91

"We should be deeply and scrupulously careful not to use any of the words of God in any sense in which He has not spoken them." (Clark)

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92

God smote Dathan and Abiram who offered strange fire before the Lord, Uzziah when he attempted to steady the ark, and struck dead on the spot Ananias and Sapphira for lying to the Holy Ghost. All this is a warning to Moderns, who in impious arrogance, would set aside God's ordained plan of salvation and substitute for it one of their own vain imagination. The old-time blood and fire way is still God's plan for no flesh is to glory in His presence. (I Cor. 1:29).

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93

A preacher may not be a carpenter or a carpenter's son but he should be skillful enough to know when he hits the nail on the head.

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94

"Yes, I see the clock but I am not going to pay too much attention to it." (Dr. Hardy Powers)

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95

'Tis true, many will not accept God's truth though it be served them upon a silver platter, but they will readily accept whatever the devil serves them though it be served them out of a garbage pail.

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96

"Old Tag is sure wore out with the journey," said Ma to Pa upon their return home from their trip into town to do their trading. "No," said Pa, "It was not the journey that wore him down but it was chasing all those tom cats he encountered along the way." -- (Rev. Earl Singhurse). And would not our journey through live be far more pleasant and useful if we were not so concerned with the trivia? "There is only one thing needful," said the Saviour to Martha, much troubled with serving. "And Mary hath chosen that good part" -- that of resting it all in the hand of God. (Lk. 10:42).

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97

We are told of the largest and of the smallest clock in the world -- on exhibit at the World's Fair. The small hand of the giant clock weighed a ton while the hand of the tiny one could barely be seen even with the aid of an ordinary magnifying glass. Yet when twelve o'clock noon came around both registered it exactly alike. We are far from absolute perfection but in Christian perfection our hearts are made to beat in unison with the Infinite.

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98

God never calls us to tread rough paths without providing us with strong shoes.

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99

"The buzzards will get you. " Rev. James Blume tells of being present in a service when a woman became very happy and declared aloud, "I feel like I could just fly away to heaven." Her husband, who obviously was not much impressed with his wife's profession of religion, responded

to her testimony openly, "Noad, it wouldn't do you any good; the buzzards would get you before you got halfway there."

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100

"Owl Soup." The cook at the boarding house was selecting meats for her menu when she espied a certain displayed portion and upon inquiry was told it was "dressed owl." "That will do," said she to the clerk, "it's just for the regular boarders." There are times when the preacher (too indolent to present to his flock something fresh from the Book of God) settles for a few dry crumbs (owl soup), reasoning, "Well, it's just for the regulars, it doesn't make much difference anyhow." -- Tidwell.

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101

When John Hatfield (renowned evangelist) lay dying, his family about his bedside declared, "There was so much of life about him that it seemed there was no death."

* * * * *

102

"If! die don't get excited. I died once. I know what it is to die." Thus spake Rev. N. B. Herrell, prominent Nazarene leader of a past generation, district superintendent of the Kansas District (probably others), and the author of that marvelous song "The Unveiled Christ" (a mature man). He had become very ill. Some four or five ministers gathered about his bed to pray for his recovery. (And God in mercy did restore him to give to the church several more years of service.) It was to us he spoke the above words. Then he quietly explained: "While district superintendent of the Kansas District I was in an auto accident. They laid me out on the hospital bed as for dead. I was conscious of departing from my body and of standing before God and of hearing His voice, 'Your work on earth is not done.' I was also conscious of returning to my body and opening my eyes I exclaimed to the nurses, 'It's a dreadful thing to have to return to this mess.'" "Brother Herrell," we anxiously inquired, "what was your first reaction upon leaving your body?" "I opened and closed my hands (bringing fingers and palms together), thereby realizing more fully my identity -- I was the same N. B. Herrell I was when I lived in my body of flesh." We can make of all this what we may but before becoming too skeptical let us recall 2 Cor. 12:2-4, "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth);... How that he was caught up into paradise ." Reader, heaven is a real place, not a mere condition. It consists of permanent, eternal substance as real -- and more so -- than this earthy, temporal substance with which we are now familiar.

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"I shall know him, I shall know him... by the print of the nails in his hands ." During one of my pastorates a most blessed, sanctified member -- a Mrs. Thomas Lindsey -- lay dying. She lapsed into a coma. No communication was possible between her and the family as they stood about the bedside. No response when children cried out, "O Mamma, can't you say a last word to us?" But in just a short time before making her exit from this life she rallied and sang out that glorious song, part of which is quoted above. What a glorious consolation to be sure that when death comes and they can no longer communicate with us, to be sure I say, of a nail-scarred hand reaching down to bear us "over the tide." Praise the Lord! Who (or what) can separate us from the love of God?"

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The Angel Visit. We read the account of Dr. W. B. Godbey (holiness warrior of bygone days) of the visit of an angel to a country home located in western Ohio. In 1928(?) we (in company with two others) visited this home to inquire more of the story. Mrs. Hettle, the mother, related it to us in detail. She and her husband had gone to the holiness church leaving the children at home, with the words, "God and the angels will take care of you." Upon returning they found the children enraptured and declaring that an angel -- a real angel -- had visited them. She administered a mild rebuke only to be reminded of her words, "God and the angels will care for you." One of the children (now perhaps forty years of age) sat by her mother while she related the incident. Said she, "I shall never forget the power of God I felt in my body when the angel blessed me by laying his hands upon me. (We understand she in after years became an instructor at God's Bible School.) The room had been preserved throughout the years -- very clean and neat with the same rag carpet, the same stove and rocking chair in which the angel sat. When this was related Mrs. Davis (Lela) shouted aloud, realizing she was now sitting in the very same chair (a witness of the Spirit that the story was true). Yes, we believe it all, and why not? Many an incident is recorded in Sacred Writ of angels and angel hosts visiting scenes of earth.

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"What would we think of ourselves should we set ourselves down and watch ourselves go by?" -- Thelma Davis

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Story of Lonely "Old Jim." Every day at twelve he was seen by the caretaker entering the door of the church. When questioned he explained he went in to pray. "I can't pray much so I just go in and stand before the altar and say, 'Lord, this is Old Jim.' "An accident occurred; he was

taken to the hospital. After awhile the nurses noticed a great change in the attitude of others in the same ward -- not so difficult to minister unto. When they inquired of the why of the change in attitude they were told, "It's because of Old Jim over there. He is always cheerful and uncomplaining." Jim explained why he was kept so peaceful and uncomplaining, "Every day at noon I have a visitor who comes and stands by my bed and says, 'Jim, this is Jesus.'" Is not this story a fitting reminder of our most blessed and true Lord's faithful attitude toward the poor and rejected if they will but place their confidence in Him? -- Thelma Davis

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107

"I need \$20, Lord" -- this was my earnest prayer while a student in Olivet College (1920). We were distressed, we had no outside help. We desperately needed various articles. We thought \$20 (quite an amount in those days) would suffice. The phone rang, "Can you come to Marion (our home church) and preach Sunday?" Without hesitation we affirmed "Yes." We borrowed \$5 from Mr. Hirshbruner (the town's merchant and friend to poor boys) for my bus fare. After the morning service we were handed \$5 and again during the afternoon service someone gave me fifty cents. (We thought, Thanks Lord, we are on our way toward the \$20.) The youth during their evening service announced, "We believe the Lord would have us give our offering to Brother Davis" (\$10), and we might have replied, "We think so too." The church gave us \$10 after the night service. We collected \$5 of an outlawed loan we had made to "a friend?" some time before, and when we arrived back in Olivet we counted our money (after repaying Mr. Hirshbruner) -- it was \$20 (plus a few cents)! Yes, we "had a shoutin' spell" (who wouldn't?) and rejoiced that God had not forgotten a "poor kid" struggling to prepare himself for the ministry.

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108

The will of God will not lead us where the grace of God cannot reach us.

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109

"He is no fool that exchanges that which he cannot keep for that which he cannot lose."
(Elliot)

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110

Rev. James Miller, prominent evangelist of former years (father of Mrs. Delores (Personett) Bowsman), was hailed into Court while conducting a tent revival. He asked to plead his own case. He won valiantly by raising a single question. "Your honor," said he, "the Scriptures

declare 'there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked' (Isa. 57:2 1). How can my accusers say I am disturbing their peace when they have none to disturb?" "Case dismissed," intoned the judge.

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111

"Oh doctor, don't give me that hypo to help me to die easy. I am not ready to die." Thus cried the dying 16 year old "Curley" Gullely of Winchester, Indiana from his hospital bed. Curley had been in attendance at a revival meeting and was under conviction of the Holy Ghost, but refused to yield. The venturesome lad went out from the revival and attempted to hop a fast freight. Yes, you guessed it; he missed his hold. The ambulance rushed his mangled body to the hospital. His loud screams could be heard even outside the hospital building -- and thus he died. "He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy" (Prov. 29:1).

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112

"You are cleaning up your holiness, are you?" This from the lips of an impudent scoffer as he observed us taking down our tent, hauling away the benches and touching up the premises where we had been conducting a revival in the Unitarian-Universalist neighborhood of Oaklanden, Indiana (near Indianapolis) during our second pastorate. To the scoffer's remark we countered, "No, we are just sweeping up the tobacco quids you church members spit out as you stood round about the tent listening to the gospel." We trust our repartee penetrated his thick skull and gave to him a "new idee."

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113

"It isn't what you would do -- If a million should be your lot, But pray, what are you doing With the dollar and a quarter you got?" -- Marcellus Crider

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114

God knows how, when, and where to place the ram of deliverance into the thicket of our troubles. (Gen. 22:13).

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115

In one of our pastorates it became our lot to become the building pastor. In soliciting funds from one of the merchants of the city, he without hesitation declared, "Yes, I have an offering for your new church because every time you have a revival someone comes in and pays up an old account I never hoped to collect." He contributed \$450,

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116

"Sunday's A Comin'!" Thus spake the colored minister in delivering his Good Friday sermon. He would picture the drab of the crucifixion and intersperse with "But children, Sunday's a comin', the Resurrection and a brighter day is to follow." It behooves us all to keep this great truth in mind.

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117

Granddad was pointedly instructed by his daughter (as he consented to baby-sit in her absence), "Do not take baby out of his play pen no matter how much crying he may do in order to get out." As time went along sure enough the child all but prevailed and might have done so had not Granddad thoughtfully crawled over into the pen with the child. How often we find ourselves shut in with our loneliness, with our frustrations with no way out, but just as often Christ comes to our troubled hearts and warms us with the assurance of His presence. We are often shut in but Jesus our wonderful Lord cannot be shut out.

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118

A grand old hymn of the church:

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee --
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity."

How inclined we are to pass over the great hymns of the church and substitute for them the light and the chaffy -- the kind that drives many of us "to the wall" (often accompanied by electronic gadgetry) with nervous prostration (or pinch nigh). May God forgive us for our thoughtlessness.

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119

The seven covenant-redemptive titles of our God (sermon outline):

- a. Jehovah-jireh (Gen. 22:14) -- "The Lord will provide."
- b. Jehovah-rapha (Ex. 15:23, 26) -- "The Lord that healeth."
- c. Jehovah-nissi (Ex. 17:8-15) -- "The Lord our banner."
- d. Jehovah-shalom (Judges 6:24) -- "The Lord our peace."
- e. Jehovah-raah (Psalm 23) -- The Lord as shepherd.
- f. Jehovah-tsidkenu (Jer. 23:6) -- "The Lord our righteousness."
- g. Jehovah-shammah (Ezek. 48:35) -- "The Lord is present."

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120

"Once I was a tadpole
A beginning to be --
Then I was a tree frog
With movement so free --
Then I became a monkey
Up in a bamboo tree --
Now I'm an (unbelieving)
Teacher with a Ph.D."

-- Dedicated to Evolutionists --

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121

"I met him along the trail." We attended a revival conducted by Bud Robinson and L. Milton Williams with Virginia Schaffer (converted opera singer), held in Bluffton, Indiana in 1918 or '19, in the renowned Big Brown tent (famous in that day). "Who is that young man taking care of the tent and playing his trumpet during the offertory?" we inquired. "Why," said one, "that's a young student from Olivet College by the name of Hugh C. Benner." Years later while General Superintendent Dr. Hugh C. Benner was conducting one of our Southwest Indiana District Assemblies, we related this incident -- interesting to all present. We have met many of "the greats" of the Holiness Movement, having received our first Minister's License in 1918. According to the respective Minutes of the four Districts in the state of Indiana, we are the oldest Elder in the state from the standpoint of years in service and (we think) from the standpoint of age likewise.

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122

From an ancient catechism: "The chief duty of man is to glorify God and ENJOY HIM FOREVER."

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123

"I wanted to pray a big-un." After his sermon the youthful minister, longing for a complimentary word, exposed his desire to a plain, elderly woman, who, after an embarrassing reluctance to express herself, finally said: "Well, your effort reminded me of Gracie's prayer." Grace was a small child who during family devotions had prayed, "Lord, send us a cow. And Lord, send us a pasture field for her for there is no use having a cow if we do not have a pasture field to put her in. And Lord, place a fence around the field or she will run away." By this time the father had heard enough; he administered the needed rebuke for such an outlandish prayer only to hear the child's defense, "Daddy, I just wanted to pray a big-un." 'Nuff said!

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124

We were told of a former governor of the state of Texas who inquired of his wife, "Wife, do you know how many truly great men there are in the world?" only to be rebuffed by her reply, "No, but I'm sure there is one less than you think."

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125

Ill timed. One of the stalwarts of the Holiness Movement was the renowned Henry Clay Morrison, editor Pentecostal Herald, President Asbury College. What a character! He related an incident both amusing and instructive. While he was lying on his hospital bed, very ill and past the age of eighty, two young ladies visited him and before leaving his room sang a song in which the words "Angels, get my mansion ready" occurred. Later upon recovery, the great leader opined, "Now those young ladies meant well, but that was the poorest of times for such a song to be sung to an old man with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel!"

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126

"Brother Baxter, you must see to it that Betty, your daughter, is kept in Sunday School and in church for God's hand is upon her and He has a special work for her to do." Thus we spoke at

the close of one of our Vacation Bible Schools during our pastorate in Bloomington, Indiana (we had an enrollment of 504 and an average daily attendance of 375 one year) to the father of Betty, a nine-year-old who had been at the altar, along with fifteen or twenty others. The Spirit had fallen upon her in a very pronounced way. True to my prophecy, Betty grew up to serve the Lord and became a renowned evangelist (in another denomination) and has by now spent perhaps forty (or more) years in the ministry preaching to crowds both large and small. Not too long ago she said to us, "The workers in that Vacation Bible School made Jesus so attractive that I could not help but love Him." Preacher man, don't neglect those children!

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127

"We are not going to church this morning, we are going berry picking." Thus spake William Peters to his wife Laura who was right then preparing herself to go to church. In spite of her objections the unconverted husband drove the faithful family horse to the gate when lo! the horse, never before known to balk, did just that, until after much scolding and cajoling, William gave it up and turned her back toward the house. Shamefacedly, he announced to Laura, "Come on, wife, we are going to church." There was no balking this time; they soon arrived at the church. The husband didn't stay unconverted too long after this episode.

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128

Another "great" of the Holiness Movement we were privileged to hear was Dr. Joseph Smith (Methodist). We heard him during the great camp meetings at God's Bible School, 1918-1920. What a teacher of God's Word! His personal life adorned the gospel he so clearly taught. This is illustrated by an incident we heard him relate publicly. While conducting a revival in a rather formal congregation and earnestly desiring to get the Holiness message across, he was continually bothered by an unfortunate man who was ever shouting his amens to the distraction of the service. However he patiently endured. While crossing a river on a ferry after the close of the meeting who should he meet but the same man, who was conducting a shoe shine chair on the ferry. "Doctor Smith," he began, "in prayer the Lord told me you had a certain sickness. I once had it and if you will go to the drugstore located on the street by where the ferry docks and get (a certain remedy) it will cure you as it did me." This he did and true to the little man's prediction his malady was cured. That which convinced Dr. Smith of the reality of it all was the fact nobody on earth except his wife knew of his malady -- yet here was a little boot-black man who knew all about it! And Joseph Smith was meek enough to listen to him. There are times we profit by information coming from unlikely sources. Are we too proud to listen?

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129

"We came to see a miracle." Thus spake two half drunken mockers as they entered the hall where a revival was being conducted with Rolla Morgan, evangelist. He soon became weary with their interruptions; he decided to stop it. In those days there were many places where the evangelist had to serve as policeman. He left the platform, seized each one (Rolla was a very strong man physically), and forcing them down the aisles, hurled them out into the street with the clear-cut announcement, "We don't perform miracles here but we do cast out devils!"

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130

Amusing yet soul-searching. Children and grands knew very well that Grandmother was ever reading her Bible. They also knew by observation that many of its pages were tear stained, worn, and torn. They were puzzled at her continued, deep interest in reading from the Book of God, until one of them volunteered the information, "She is cramming for her final examination." Selah!

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131

How about this? In Rev. 13:14, 15 we are told of a speaking image located in a rebuilt temple in Jerusalem. The fulfillment of this scripture will be during The Great Tribulation era, after the church has been caught away. Unbelievers today laugh at the prophecy but Behold! Stop! Listen! Yesterday (8-18-86) we rode with Mr. Clifford Emmons in his late model Chrysler. We were amazed when we heard the mechanical voice speaking: "Buckle up your seat belt," "Door ajar," etc., etc. "Coming events are casting their shadow before the time." Even today's automotive gadgetry clearly demonstrates the possibility of the speaking image of Rev. 13:14, 15.

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132

While preaching in our Bible School in Beirut (in 1960) to an Arab Nazarene congregation, we stalled the interpreter. We were telling of a man who stood up in prayer meeting and confessed he was only a poor weak worm of the dust, but before the week was over he engaged in a fist fight with a declaration that when he became angry he was a veritable wild cat. After the close of the service he explained his stalling; "for," said he, "we have no word in our language for wild cats." So he explained to them, "I think Mr. Davis means by wild cat just a tame cat strayed away from home."

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133

The Mystery Bag. There are many mysteries in life in all areas; we cannot hope to understand them. Life has many tangles, strange providences, endless tests we must all endure, and we inquire "Why?" Right here are treacherous sandbars where many a ship has been wrecked. We must learn to carry a Mystery Bag much like the hunter of small game. We ordered one years ago and requested of the Lord that He make it elastic for we knew we would encounter much we could not understand. Have you learned this secret, Mr. Reader, or do you stumble over mystery? We must persevere "in spite of." We as finite beings cannot expect to comprehend the Infinite. Yet in faith we await that blessed day when the mists have rolled away and we are privileged to see all things clearly. Even here we accept the mysterious in the natural and think nothing of it. Who understands electricity? Yet we do not turn off the lights for the lack of understanding. Who can fully understand just how we can eat dead chicken, cow, or pig, and the organs of the body digest it, turning it into living muscle, nerve fiber, red and white corpuscles, etc.? Yet we do not stop eating! It is only in the supernatural realm that we allow mystery to wreck our faith.

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134

"Inviting trouble into our town." "We have been informed that if we sell those lots to the Nazarenes we are inviting trouble to our town." Thus spake the owner of the lots we desired to purchase for building purposes (a new church had been organized) during our interview with him in his home. We assured him we wished him well even though he did not sell to us. Before leaving we prayed for his good fortune and for all that appertained to him. As we started to go (with one hand on the door knob), he called out, "Wait a moment, please; my wife wants to talk with me." (She had been in the kitchen all the while, overhearing our conversation and our prayer.) In a few moments he resumed conversation: "We have decided we are the sole owners of those lots, our own money has paid for them, and we have the right to sell them to whom we please. You can have the lots." We departed from the home rejoicing in answered prayer and in the realization (anew) that "a soft answer turneth away wrath" (Prov. 15:1). We bought, we built the church and it has been functioning throughout the years to God's glory. Later on we found it was a "sister" holiness denomination that had coached the seller not to sell and that he was "inviting trouble to our town" by so doing.

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135

"Building your new edifice will not cause you Nazarenes to lose your distinguishing characteristic, will it?" This pointed question was asked us by the Honorable James P. Goodrich, Governor of the State of Indiana when we solicited him for his contribution to our Winchester, Indiana building fund. We had outgrown our smaller church building; we were in the process of expanding and building anew. Governor Goodrich resided in Winchester; during his term as Governor and during our term as pastor (1926-30), he attended our services perhaps three or four times. He (a Presbyterian) believed in the fundamentals of the gospel. He was intrigued by the marked freedom of the Spirit manifest in the Winchester congregation. He was concerned lest we lose it by an overemphasis upon the material aspects of the Kingdom of God. He had seen this shift

away from the spiritual in his own denomination. His question shocked us and it still does. Churches by the hundreds have sacrificed the old time glory for that which is temporal! No, we do not think this must needs be so; we do not think smallness is a virtue but nevertheless does not church history witness that an emphasis upon the material entails danger? "Israel hath forgotten his Maker, and buildeth temples" (Hosea 8:14).

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136

"Thank God they are a hittin'." Thus spake an elderly woman in her public testimony. She began by lamenting the fact that she had lost all her teeth except two, but lest this loss detract from God's goodness to her, she hastily added, "Even though I only have two left, one above and one below, thank God they are a hittin'." Let us not forget to thank God for small favors.

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137

A clear spot amid the scum. We remember reading from the pen of E. Stanley Jones a most meaningful illustration. He wrote of a small lake or pond covered over with much green scum, while out in the center appeared a clear, clean spot produced by a bubbling spring down under the surface which pushed back the scum. The application is obvious. Thank God for His amazing grace and the energizing power of the Holy Ghost that keeps the dirt and filth of this polluted world pushed back and away from the trusting heart!

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138

From the Psalm of Life:

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream
And the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not the goal --
Dust thou art and to dust returneth,
Was not spoken of the soul."

From The Village Blacksmith:

He goes on Sunday to the church and sits among his boys; he hears the parson pray and preach, he hears his daughter's voice singing in the village choir and it makes his heart rejoice."

What a sad day when the great poems and works of soul-building literature were taken from the textbooks used in the public schools of our great land! They were replaced by sex education, sports events, secularism, and a hundred other demoralizing influences that drag down into the gutter. And aren't we paying a dear price for it!

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139

Most Instructive. It has been our great privilege to know and to hear the renowned evangelist, Nathan Cohen Beskin (a Jew), of the Free Methodist Church. On one occasion we inquired, "Brother Beskin, the Bible speaks of the Urim and Thummim (stones) woven into the breastplate of the High Priest (Ezra 2:63, Ex. 28:30, Deut. 33:8). Just how did these stones give guidance and instruction to the children of Israel in those days?" "Oh," said he, "when they were in divine order there was a supernatural glow upon them and when they were out of order they were dead -- no glow." What a comment! Do we not have the counterpart today? To be sure! Is not the glow of the Holy Spirit upon us when we are stepping in the light? But what doubt and confusion, and deadness when it is absent. "In thy light shall we see light" (Psa. 36:9). "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness" (Matt. 6:23).

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140

Bud Robinson and the liberal young preacher. "Uncle Bud," as he was familiarly called (we have had the privilege of hearing him many times), was "something else" when it came to sanctified repartee. A youthful liberal minister began a tirade against John Wesley in his presence. "And what is your name, young man?" Uncle Bud inquired. When informed, the young man was forever silenced (we think) by Robinson's retort: "I have preached the gospel all over America and in every place, I have seen a monument to the name of John Wesley in the form of a Methodist church. Young man, what did you say your name was?"

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141

The Shekinah! We invited our Jewish friend, Max Rosmarin, to hear us speak of the prophetic significance of the return of the Jew to his ancient homeland -- Palestine. The house was crowded; we had him sit on the platform with us. A particular manifestation of the Holy Spirit was present throughout the service (perhaps for his benefit). This presence was especially upon one

Nazarene couple sitting near the front (making their countenance to fairly beam). It caught the attention of our friend and at the close of the service he inquired, "Rev. Davis, what made that man and woman look like that?" How were we to answer that question asked by a Jew? Immediately the Spirit flashed the word "Shekinah" across my mind and I replied, 'Max, you know about the Shekinah; it is a Jewish word.' "Oh yes," said he, "it means God's presence." We rejoiced in the fact that the God of Israel had convinced one of his "wondering Jews" that He still manifested Himself to the children of men.

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142

Five Acres of Coconuts. "Behold the goodness of God" (Rom. 11:22). We have read of a lad who (in bygone days) planned to buy a delicacy -- a coconut -- with the 10 cents he had in his pocket, but instead (being prompted by God's Spirit), he bought a cheap New Testament and gave it to a boy who was without one. We are told that he, in later years, became a missionary. Upon landing in the missionary compound provided for him, he discovered he was in the midst of a five acre plot filled with coconut trees! A wee little bit is much if God be in it! "Cast thy bread upon the waters" (Eccl. 11:1).

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143

30,000 people died! "Behold the severity of God" (Rom. 11:22). History records one of the most devastating volcanic eruptions (with accompanying earthquake) of Mount Pelee on the Isle of Martinique (1902), ever known in modern times. One-tenth of the island was destroyed, including the largest city, Saint Perre. 30,000 perished. Furthermore, we are informed that every 4 1/2 years since (on an average) a repeat devastation has occurred on the Isle in the form of tor-nado, volcanic eruption, earthquake, etc. Few, however, know "the rest of the story" (secular history would of course not record it). It is as follows: Missionaries had been preaching on the crucifixion of Christ. The natives in arrogance, fun-making, mockery and blasphemy killed a pig and dragged it through the streets of their city in imitation of it. Yes, the above recorded devastation occurred within hours thereafter. "Behold the severity of God."

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144

Evangelist C. B. Fugett was, in his day, one of our most winsome, fruitful evangelists. We were good friends. We chided him a bit on one occasion while conducting a revival for us. Preceding the meeting we had encouraged personal work. An unfortunate man amid the congregation took us at our word and by the time of Fugett's arrival he had gathered together ten or twelve of his kind and they were occupying the front seats amid a crowded house including balconies. They were untidy, unkempt and unclean (really smelly). Evangelist Fugett (bless his memory) said, "Brother Davis, are these some of your members)" We replied, "No, Brother Fugett,

they are some who follow the big evangelist around when he comes to town." All this in merriment, no offense. Yes, we succeeded in solving our problem without hindrance to the revival. We had problems -- a plenty -- in those days.

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145

"Our people die well," said Wesley of his Methodists. We of the Wesleyan persuasion differ (most definitely) from the theological views held by John Calvin (1509-1564), yet we, along with all other Protestants, consider him one of the great theologians of his time. He did not teach the doctrine of Holiness as did Wesley. History of the Christian Church (Fisher) records that when approaching death he called together some of his associates and begged forgiveness for "the wild beast of anger" that had been in his bosom for his many years. Again, one of the leading proponents of Calvinism in America came to his deathbed in a Chicago hospital. We are informed through a male nurse that attended him that he spent the last three weeks of his life trying to determine his acceptance with God. And now, we come to the dying bed of Wesley. He taught freedom from all sin, a sanctified heart and life -- "Holiness unto the Lord." As a few Methodist preachers gathered about him he lifted his hand toward heaven and exclaimed, "Best of all, God is with us." What a difference in these deathbed scenes! If there is no deliverance from Adamic sin, no cleansing from the "old man of sin" in this present world, then the gospel is inadequate for the most basic need of mankind.

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146

Amusing things sometimes happen in a Holiness meeting. While pastoring Denver First (1941) the District Camp convened. A great crowd had gathered for the Sunday a.m. service with Dr. R. T. Williams, the general superintendent, as special speaker. He was a bit late for the preliminaries; all were tense, awaiting his appearance. When he entered, an unfortunate man (sitting on the front seat) placed himself on the welcoming committee. He gave a leap into the air, turned a somersault therein, and alighted back on his seat quite correctly. Dr. Williams proceeded to the platform in his dignified, senatorial manner, undisturbed by the maneuvering of his acrobatic admirer.

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147

Adorning the gospel. In the Incarnation, God wrapped Himself about in tiny baby form. What a mystery and what packaging! How attractive! As a result millions have sacrificed all and bought up this pearl of great price. As His representatives today we are called upon to present the gospel in an attractive way, that others may be constrained to buy. But how short many have fallen at this point. The produce is perfect but it has been so poorly packaged. An ugly disposition has

lost many a sale (if we may state it after that manner). Help us, O Lord, to adorn the gospel in such a way that some will be constrained to buy.

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148

A great sales talk. While pastoring Miami First (1930), we challenged our own good old mother (at that time unsaved) to close up her Marion, Indiana home and spend the winter with us. "If you do," we declared, "you do not need to attend the church services unless you desire." That proved to be the best sales talk we ever made because it resulted in her salvation, at the age of seventy-five years. The first engaged evangelist after her arrival was the Rev. Howard Sweeten (together with his wife Renie). Who remembers them? Great souls they were! They endeared themselves to Mother by taking her about the area through the day and showing her their beauty. After hearing him a couple nights she presented herself at the altar and was brightly converted. We have been forever grateful to the Sweetens for so adorning the gospel, for so packaging it, that constrained our own good mother to buy it!!

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149

Rev. Mason Lee was another of our great evangelists in former times. He told of a man who violently opposed any who attempted to lead him to Christ. Said he, "If I go to hell I will go with my eyes wide open." He was a painter by trade and within a short time (while at work) his scaffolding gave way and when the ambulance picked him up they found both eyes out of their sockets and laying on his cheek bones! Friend, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God" (Heb. 10:31).

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150

Baptized pocketbooks. During our Winchester, Indiana pastorate we well remember two outstanding baptismal services (along the river bank). Perhaps 1500 were in attendance; there were above 80 who were baptized. The community at large had a strong Quaker background, but nevertheless a few of them decided in favor of water baptism. One of them -- a Mr. Frank Byrd -- walked out into the stream (prompted by the Spirit of God), although he had not come prepared for baptism. He had worn his ordinary suit and returning to the bank he remembered he had not laid aside his pocketbook. Upon reflection he declared, "It is a good thing that our pocketbooks may be baptized." Yea, verily, the golden calf has kicked many out of the Kingdom of God. (Ex. 32:1-14).

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151

Not forgotten. We knew well the father of Dr. Fred Hawk, former district superintendent of the Michigan District, now of Brooksville, Florida. We became assistant pastor of Hammond First in 1922. While there we met the father. He was a praying, blest man. We were a needy young man in those days, just out of college. After preaching on a given Sunday morning, Brother Hawk, seeing our patched trousers, peeled off a \$5 bill from his wallet and said, "Take this and buy yourself a new pair of pants." (They could be purchased for that amount in that day.) Do we remember him? How could we forget? We hear a great deal about sharing today. The father of Dr. Fred Hawk knew about it in 1922!

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152

Our Greatest Asset. "The joy of the Lord is your strength" (Nehemiah 8:11). Our first contact with "The Holiness People" was in Marion, Indiana (an interdenominational group), during a street meeting they were conducting on the steps of the County Court House (1918?). We hid ourself behind a large (in diameter) flagpole (we did not want to get too close to them at that time), and listened. We were arrested by their boldness and zeal. We found our way to their (plain) house of worship. We became intrigued with the joy manifest among them -- among both young and old. Age grouping -- a developing of one church for the youth and another for the elderly -- all under the same roof, had not yet developed as it is in this our day! We could not avoid seeing her who was called "Mother Hibbler." She was a Free Methodist (wearing a deaconess bonnet), with the picture of the peace of heaven all over her countenance. Then there was "Brother Watson," a converted gambler, who always began his testimony with a loud, ringing Hallelujah! Then at times elderly "Mom McGuire" would "get blessed" and spin around like a top in the church aisle, causing me to "move down toward the front" to determine what made that old woman tick like that! Yes, the joy of the Lord is our strength even in today's modern world. Mere "fun" and worldly pleasures are the poorest of substitutes. "In thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psa. 16:11).

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153

George B. Kulp. We are the richer for having known him -- a great leader, a preacher of righteousness that "shook the mud sills of damnation" wherever he went, general superintendent of the Holiness Christian Church (before it merged with the Pilgrim Holiness Church). During our Miami First pastorate we were blessed in having him in our congregation at times during the winter season -- now retired from active duty. During one of our Sunday morning services (we remember), we called upon him to lead the public prayer, and what a prayer! As he dropped upon his knees he cried out, "Lord, we have come here to meet with Thee," and the heavens opened! Never can we forget our Holiness heritage!

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154

A Notable and an Outstanding Providence. Among God's great books we can list those of Nature, Conscience, Reason, and Providence. It was none other than God -- in His great providence -- that brought to us our present district superintendent and wife, Dr. and Mrs. B. G. Wiggs, who have served us with distinction during the past nine years (elected July 28, '77). AND HERE COMES THE PROVIDENCE! Seymour Church of the Nazarene was negotiating for a pastor. We had met with their official board several times. We were not able to make a strike; hesitancy seemed to be in the saddle. Nothing seemed to click until Mr. John Roberts spoke: "Brother Davis, do you know of a pastor by the name of Bob Wiggs? He was on our district recently in the interest of Sunday School work. He is now pastor of Ashland, Kentucky First Church." All hesitancy immediately disappeared. Within minutes a phone call was made. Proper arrangements were made and within a few days he was installed as pastor. He served with this great church for a period of nineteen years at the close of which he was elected our district superintendent. What a providence! When we work in accord with the leadings of the Holy Spirit we cannot lose. We mortals want everything done in a hurry but there are times when "waiting on the Lord" (so far even as the time element is concerned) becomes the wise course.

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155

A bit of friendly banter. It has been our privilege to know and to associate with (at times) Dr. T. W. Willingham, a leader of deep piety and of a brilliant mind. We arrived a bit late for an afternoon camp meeting service he was conducting. "Here comes Brother Davis, a good man but a little odd," he announced. We continued walking toward the front and locking arms with him we replied: "Yes, Dr. Willingham, I've read so many of your writings and heard you preach so many times, that a part of you has rubbed off on me." He made no further comment.

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156

God knows how to interpret. "O Lord, come down and shake hands with me," cried Frank in great distress while engaged in intense prayer at the camp meeting altar. Not a becoming prayer but God who knows the heart knows how to interpret! If God should mark our ignorance and our human frailties, who could stand?

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157

The Arrow of God Found Its Target. We had preached on the grace of forgiveness during a Sunday night service in one of our student pastorates (1919?). As an illustration we spoke of a Christian whose crippled brother died as a result of a blow from a burly assailant. The Christian forgave and furthermore, endeavored to minister the gospel to the culprit. We knew nothing of what had happened in that rural community during the week previous. At the close of the service

we were all but bodily attacked by an enraged man coming out from the audience. He had come to the church for the very purpose of assailing the man who had stolen his chickens a few days before. He assumed we knew all about the incident. It was only by the intervention of two of the men of the church that our accuser was convinced of our innocence. The protecting hand of the Almighty was upon us enabling us to escape the blows of our assailant.

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158

Rev. James Miller, a most successful evangelist of the yesteryears, was saved from a drunkard's life. He had returned to his home town (English, Indiana) to conduct a revival. Loafers would gather at the local blacksmith shop to discuss "Jimmie's meeting." They would try and explain away everything he had preached the night before, only to be rebuffed by the old blacksmith who arose before them and inquired, "I have heard all your arguments against him and I want to raise just one question: where did he get that shining countenance?" Friend, the unbeliever has, even throughout all the centuries, had a hard time trying to outwit the voice of a vital experience with God.

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159

"Tell it like it is." A revival spirit was upon the church and it was reaching even the children. The pastor's six-year-old son came through with a clean-cut confession of need: "Daddy, I'm as mean as the devil, but I could make a change." What openness! What honesty! But it is this very route of rugged repentance and confession that brings the victory, whether made by young or old.

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160

"Uncle Bud. " Those who have missed hearing and knowing Evangelist Bud Robinson have indeed missed that which would have enriched their lives. On one occasion we entertained him in our Winchester, Indiana parsonage home (1928?). Mrs. Davis had prepared an elaborate dinner in his honor of many dishes including a platter of fish -- his favorite meat. He bargained with all the other dinner guests, "If you will permit me to eat this platter of fish I will permit you to eat all the rest." We believe his request was for the most part granted.

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161

A Nickel on the Drum. The great Camp Meeting at Olivet Nazarene College (old location) was being conducted. The missionary offering was being taken but with little response. God spoke

to a poor student, "Go and place your (only) nickel on the drum" (which was set out and being used to receive the offering). The lad, being ashamed to give such a small amount, turned to a friend and borrowed \$5.00 and proceeded to lay it on the drum only to be reproved by the Spirit. The student acknowledged the reproof, walked down the aisle again, this time with his nickel, and made a public confession of his sinful pride. Immediately the atmosphere changed; hearts were humbled and pocketbooks opened amid shouts of praise. Is not obedience "better than sacrifice"? (I Sam. 15:22).

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162

My First Brush with an Infidel. During our freshman year in college at Indiana State Normal School (now known as Indiana State University, Terre Haute), we grew weary with the professor's remark, "The mind of man is never acted upon; the mind of man is always the actor." (How he would enjoy grinding out this foul-smelling lie!) Although a stranger to God and religion at that time, my common gumption rebelled against the thought. Since then we have learned that it was the faithful Holy Ghost who prompted this rebellion (prevenient grace). We are in bad shape indeed if the "mind of man is never acted upon." Christians know better. We think the mind of the Apostle Paul was acted upon when he (on his way to Damascus) was knocked down to the ground by the power of God (his very eyes being blinded by the brightness of the Person of the Son of God) while he wailed, "Who art thou, Lord?" May God hasten the day when every infidel will be silenced and when every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord!

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163

"Are You a Religious Man?" We have for years maintained what some might call a "Coffee-cup Ministry" in a nearby cafe. On one occasion two teenage girls sitting at a nearby table inquired of me (courteously), "Sir, could you tell us what time it is?" Without forethought, we immediately replied, "It is time to seek the Lord." Of course, they were puzzled. Their question, "Are you a religious man?" followed. By now the way had opened for a bit of discussion about religion. Upon my questioning they affirmed they had never heard anyone say that "it is appointed unto man once to die" (we had quoted it unto them). Neither had they heard but one time the quote "remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." They said they thought there was a Bible at the High School where they attended but that nobody ever reads it! What a tragedy -- this teenage poverty in religious instruction. Sex and humanism is thrust upon them from every quarter but no voice speaking for Jesus Christ! May we be stirred anew to a greater concern for their welfare.

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164

A Request Seldom Made. While serving on an Advisory Board during the years of our pastoring, the District Superintendent requested us to accompany him on a not-too-pleasant

mission. A pastor had proven himself to be unworthy because of sex familiarity. The church board was reluctantly negotiating for a successor. One elderly woman could not believe her pastor could be guilty of such; she remonstrated against every accusation. "But if we must get another preacher, Mr. District Superintendent" (she finally with irony declared), "send us a dirty preacher; send us an ugly preacher; send us a preacher that no woman will even want to look at!" Quite an order! We are sure the Superintendent made no attempt to fill it.

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165

A Banker and a Poor Ragged Lad. Yes, this Christian banker in his personal calling had invited the lad to attend Sunday School and Church. The boy responded in his own quaint language, "I never did go, but I guess I could, and I'd just as leave as not." Later, during the church service, this same nicely dressed banker (still pursuing) further inquired of him, "Wouldn't you like to go forward and become a Christian?" To his amazement the lad readily answered with his same quaint wording, "I never did; but I guess I could; and I'd just as leave as not." It is our understanding that this lad became an established Christian and later on a pastor! Have we invited anyone to Christ and the church lately? There could be others who would say, "I'd just as leave as not."

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166

Preaching a hound dog in and the electric lights out. While conducting the Eckerty, Indiana Camp Meeting it fell to our wife to conduct the final (Sunday night) service. The open tabernacle was well filled. As she came to the close of her message a hound dog appeared, aimlessly ambling across the auditorium, looking perhaps for a friend. All eyes were upon him of course. Upon his removal the electricity failed and all was in darkness. In such excitement nothing could be done except pronounce the benediction; meeting was out! We opined to the speaker, 'It takes a strong preacher to preach a hound dog in and the electric lights out!'

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167

"I will uphold thee" (Isa. 41:10). Returning from our Holy Land trip (1960), while over the Mediterranean we encountered a fierce storm; the plane lurched and then began to drop. Though gripped by fear we remembered the Isaiah passage and began to quote it. The pilot was enabled to right the plane and we came out into the sunshine. What an appropriate occasion to lay hold upon the promise, "Fear thou not I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness"!

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168

"I Got the Berries. " We have spoken repeatedly of our work in organizing and developing the Nashville, Indiana Church. In those early days Rev. Naomi Downs became its pastor. At the District Preachers' Meeting she gave a report of her work using the above quote. She compared her work to that of berry picking -- reciting the many instances when she endured the many briar scratches in her quest for souls. In spite of it all she "got the berries." All this is indeed apropos. There is simply no way of saving others and saving ourselves at the same time.

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169

A Lesson in Grammar. While pastoring Miami First we were privileged to hear a world-renowned Baptist divine in one of Miami's great churches. The large auditorium was crowded; we were obliged to sit on the back seat. To my great surprise the minister's text was I Thess. 5:23, laboring more particularly on the wording "the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." My joy of anticipating a holiness sermon was soon dissipated for he informed his audience the work of sanctification would be wrought in the heart of the believer at the Rapture of the church -- not before. However, our disappointment did not last for the Inner Spirit began to deal with us by way of a lesson in simple grammar. He reminded us that the very first word "and" at the beginning of the verse was a connecting word uniting all the wording preceding such as "Pray without ceasing," "Quench not the Spirit," "In every thing give thanks," etc., with the wording which proceeds. We began to "catch on" immediately. If that which goes before the word "and" is for right now so is that which occurs after it! What a lesson in theology even from rudimentary grammar! While the great preacher was laboring to establish his denials we were enjoying a "Benjamin's Mess" while occupying a rear seat in the great auditorium.

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170

Practice. Upon our return from our Holy Land trip aboard the famous Queen Mary we became quite well acquainted with one of the ship's nurses who attended Mrs. Davis at times ministering to her prevalent "stomach disorder." She was a high-type lady but obviously a stranger to saving grace, evidenced by her open admission: "I am a member of the church of England but I'm not a practicing member." Perhaps through our association (which was always cordial), she caught a glimpse of "the better way." Is not this the blight of modern Christianity -- much of head knowledge (theory) but little from the heart (practice.)

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171

Honesty Pays Off. While our Mitchell, Indiana Church was engaged in their building program something happened -- we do not know just what -- but their expected loan source failed them. Pastor Marvin Patton informed us of their difficulty and in our endeavor to assist we thought

immediately of The First National Bank of Bedford and recommended to the pastor he apply for the loan through that source. It was with this bank that our District had been dealing for many years. We had always met our bills punctually. The loan was applied for (\$60,000 and later raised to \$80,000) and granted without hesitation. Our Nazarene reputation for honesty had been established. 'Tis said that debts, dirt and the devil are the three greatest enemies of the church. Refusal to pay an honest debt has wrecked many a church. Honesty is not only the best policy but it is the only policy.

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172

"Take this, Mrs. Davis, and buy you a hamburger." Thus spake a small lad after hearing Mrs. Davis speak in our revival in Ft. Smith, Arkansas. He continued, "You sure did shell down the corn tonight and I enjoyed every minute of it." Mrs. Davis still has that quarter the lad gave her; we have often wondered what ever became of the lad who so willingly gave it to her.

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173

"Did I Do My Best?" We became a warm friend to a Jewish business man -- Mr. Max Rosmarin of Bedford -- heretofore mentioned in this treatise. He was killed in a horrible auto accident. Upon hearing of the tragedy we were struck with the soul-searching thought expressed by the above words. Were we true to his soul? We had conversed quite freely about things religious. His belief in Old Testament scripture gave us a cross-over to his Judaism and then back to Christianity. But did we say enough? Did we (out of respect to his Judaism) refrain from pressing him to an acceptance of Christ as Saviour? Where is he now, etc.? Are we not all confused at times just how far to go with our witness? Are there not times when we permit timidity to overrule?

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174

Separation from the Old Crowd. In our beginning days we made a profound and a lasting decision. While in Atlantic City, New Jersey (walking down its famous Boardwalk, 1917), God dealt with us in pointed definiteness. As we listened we also reasoned: "If I'm going to become a Christian the first thing to be done is to break with the old crowd." This God by His prevenient grace enabled us to do. We resigned our position at once, fled from that "city of sin," and landed in Marion, Indiana where we met up with "the Holiness People." (Blessed be God!) There is a popular notion that we can serve God and still drag Hollywood (the old gang) along with us. It is an utter impossibility. We must cut loose! "Evil communications corrupt good manners" (I Cor. 15:33); "Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and I will receive you" (II Cor. 6:17). That's the condition; we must meet it or else. Associating with the old sinful crowd "in

order to win them" is usually an experiment in futility. It more often results in damnation rather than in salvation!

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175

My Finale. As we bid our reader adieu, may we do so by way of a testimony? We sustained a broken leg (near the hip joint) June 24, '86. We were confined to the hospital for eleven days. We are now (August 8) at home using a walker, in our seventh week of convalescence. We were given unusual liberty in the Holy Ghost to witness and to "talk religion" to all our visitors, nurses, aides, doctor, and attendants while in the hospital. Believe me or not, the divine presence was so real that the hospital experience seemed more like a church service at times. In our praying we have continually addressed our God by one of His titles -- Jehovah-rapha, healer (Ex. 15:23-26). True to His title we have suffered no discomfort with no pain pills necessary even though three pins were used in the operation. Further, while convalescing we have written the manuscript for this book! So adieu for now, my friend. In view of the nearness of the great airlift of the church, and also by nature the fact that we are coming to the exit of our life, it may be appropriate for us to sing:

"O meet me there, meet me there,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
Meet me there.
On that happy golden shore
Where the faithful part no more,
When the storms of life are o'er,
Meet me there."

"Now unto the king eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever" (I Tim. 1:17)

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THE END