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**A CENTURY ON HDM CD LIBRARY**  
**By Russell Gordon**

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## INTRODUCTION

This is a compilation resulting from using the program Search and Replace on the HDM CD published by Rev. Duane V. Maxey. I have looked at samples covering a century. At first I attempted to search every year consecutively, but I quickly saw that such a work would become enormous in size. So this has been done a decade at a time. By typing in each year, I came up with some very interesting results. It is taken exclusively from Rev. Maxey's HDM CD. I hope you enjoy reading it. -- Russell Gordon

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1900

E. A. FERGERSON WARMLY REMEMBERED  
Compiled By William B. Yates -- hdm0773.txt

How And Where We Met

Sometime in the year 1900, while on my way to Iowa to lead the singing in a meeting conducted by Dr. Carradine, I met a man at the Union Station in St. Louis, Missouri. I am not quite sure, but I think he was holding a meeting at the time somewhere in the city. As I walked through the great Union Station to the ticket window, the eyes of that man followed me, and as the ticket was purchased and put away in a sure place, he walked up and slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Hello, Brother Yates!"

I had never met him before to my certain knowledge, and somewhat surprised, I said, "Who are you?" and quick as thought he said, "I am a high class detective looking for a song evangelist." "Well," said I, "If I am guilty here am I, but I am not much of a singer, so I presume you will not have a hard case against me, but who are you?" "Ah," he said, "I am a railroad man." Then it all dawned upon me, and I put my arms around his big neck for the first time and said out loud, "It's old Ferguson."

I checked my grips away and we boarded a Page avenue car, and went out through the city looking at the sights along the way. To me it was a great pleasure for many reasons. First, I had so long wanted to meet Brother Ferguson, and second, I was going through the city of St. Louis with a man who knew the city almost as well as I knew the way to the old swimming hole in Mr. LaRue's field when I was a boy. The time was limited, I must get back and board the Burlington for Iowa.

He looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Bill, old boy, I've been wanting to meet you for a long time. We must arrange some work together." In reply I said, "Amen, nothing would suit me better." We parted at the gate, the long train pulled out, and left my big tender-hearted brother in the city, but I had absorbed enough of his spirit to carry him in my mind and heart ever after.

Not long after that time I received a letter from him, wanting me to help him in a meeting in Cincinnati, but I could not go. He said some very kind things in his letter to which I replied telling him how he had lived in my heart since we first met in St. Louis. I think it was the year 1902, we had our first revival together in Louisville, Kentucky, at the tabernacle. I had heard him preach a few times before the meeting in Louisville, but this was our first work together as leaders in the meeting.

I shall never forget that revival. So many fine young people were converted and sanctified in the meeting. We sang and preached in the tabernacle, on the streets, at the railroad shops, in the jail, and everywhere people were blessed under his ministry. From that day until the day he went home to Heaven, we were like brothers. He knew me better than any other living man, and I'm quite sure I knew him as well as any man knew him. We have worked in churches, and camp meeting sheds, under gospel tents, on the streets and everywhere he lifted his voice like a trumpet, and the people always understood his message. He was not like the man driving the old, poor, lame horse to the rickety back crying out as loud as he could yell, "RA BA SAH."\* When questioned what he had to sell he said, "I am not selling, I am buying." "Well," said the preacher, "What are you buying?" He replied, "I am buying rags, and bottles, and sacks."

[\*It sounds like "RA" meant "rags," while "BA" meant "Bottles," and "SA" meant "Sacks," the spoken abbreviations of the words by the lazy crier being quite indiscernible to any who did not already know their meanings. -- DVM]

The preacher said he reminded him of a preacher who tried to preach sanctification without the experience. He would yell and puff and blow thirty minutes, and when he was through some good brother would ask him what he was driving at. When a look of surprise came on the preacher's face and he said quickly, "That's my sermon on sanctification."

I am saying everyone understood dear Brother Ferguson, not only when he preached on Holiness but when he preached on Hell.

I remember one night during our meeting at Waycross, Georgia, the tent was crowded to overflowing to hear him preach on the Ten Commandments. It was a cool night but the people were hot. Somewhere about the middle of the message he was telling about preaching the same sermon at other places and God was pouring His Spirit on the message, and on the people, when a man

tried to leave the tent but failed because his strength was gone, and he sank back into his pew a dead man. It seems this had been repeated more than once in his meetings while he will relating these incidents. That night there was a commotion near the center of the great crowd and pretty soon they carried a woman out more dead than alive, I do not know whether she survived or not. I have seen many people swoon while he pictured a lost soul in Hell. I wish I could write something just half as startling as it was to hear his messages.

Two years ago next November I met him in Boston, Mass. He was helping Bro. John Gould over at Lynn. Our meeting was quite a coincidence. We were going to Port Fairfield, Maine, to hold a midwinter convention. Knowing he was at Lynn, I sent him a telegram "I would come through on the 6 o'clock train," but he had figured out some better connection and promised the audience at Lynn another service, and also promised them I would be with them that evening. But now he has a job on his hands to find a little man in the great city of Boston. He and Brother Gould came over to the city, went to North station but I was not there. To wait for me to come for my train would make them too late for their service, so they started out for a chase. While walking up Main street Ed said, "Here, let's go up this street, I think we will find him." They had not much more than turned the corner till we stood looking each other in the face. He shouted aloud on the street and praised God for leading him to the object of his trip to the city. There was no getting off from them, so I went with them. We had a glorious service that night. It was at that service where I met Miss Gussie Balch, who in a short time after became the wife of our Kentucky genius, the gifted, polished Andrew Johnson.

We left Lynn by night, and after a long trip we rolled into the little snow-covered city of Fort Fairfield, Maine. The weather was very cold, twenty degrees below zero part of the time, but the crowds came and we had a good time. One night there was a group of old men, several in number, with long white beards and white hair. They were very nervous while Ed preached on Hell. He said, "They tell me you are cursed with one infidel club here in the city." He skinned them and tanned their hides and made whips out of them, and literally frazzled the infidel club. He told them that the infidel was in for Hell, and if they would never repent, the sooner they got there the better off the city would be. He offered them a thousand dollars a piece for every Irish potato they would make that would sprout and grow. Then he paid his respects to Christian Science. He said one objection he had to their doctrine, was that they were like a guinea pig, -- it was neither guinea nor pig.

After he had addressed the infidels and ridiculed Christian Science, he landed a jaw breaker to Russellism, paid his respects to the tongues people, and then settled down to the old Bible doctrine of a glorious Heaven for the Christian and a burning Hell for sinners. He said, "If the pulpits were filled with men who would preach the Bible all of this modern nonsense would never have had a place in this Christian nation." I said, "Amen" out loud.

The next morning we were going to the post-office when we passed several of the old men who were at the hall the night before and heard Brother Fergerson's sermon. A very old man squared himself on the sidewalk and said, "Well, I thought you would have gone on the other, side of the street." "Why," said Ed, "Well," said he, "We were those infidels you were talking about last night." "Well," said Ed, "I will not let a little thing like that get in my way, of anybody gets on the other side of the street let it be you. I'm at home; this is God's country. If I were you I would go

to some country where God is not preached, and where no church bells are heard, -- where no mother ever teaches her little child to lisp the name of Jesus, and have it kneel by her knee and say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep,' -- where there are no Christian homes, no religious liberty but where without the Gospel of Jesus they could feed their children to the wild beasts of the forest." He told them they had better repent of their sins and pray God to forgive them for their wickedness and help them to make restitution for the wrongs of the past. They evidently felt guilty, and one by one they went away and did not return during the meeting.

A man with a false doctrine had no rest in a small town when E. A. Fergerson unpacked his big trunk and preached about three times on Hell. While he was terrible to the man with the false doctrine, he was a great comfort to the man who had, or wanted, the truth.

We were holding a meeting in a little town in Tennessee and the fight was on, and the battle was hot. The air was full of smoke. It finally got so hot a committee came to see him and told him if he did not let up on that close preaching they would not pay him one dollar. What do you reckon he did? He jumped up and said, "I have never been scared nor bought. I'll preach the truth, and when the meeting is over, I'll have Brother Yates to put me in a goods box, nail it up and ship me to Sister Fergerson, C.O.D." He said he wanted to be true to the God who called him from railroading to preach a gospel, that made a man pay his debts, love his own wife, pray with his family, live as clean a thousand miles from home in the dark, as he would at home in daylight. The Devil hated him. Some men can go to town and stay ten days and never stir the Devil, but old split-hoof always got busy about the third day in Fergerson meetings.

He was holding a meeting in a big warehouse in Greenville, Tennessee; both sides were busy. One night while he was preaching the outside crowd corralled a cow and compelled her to go in the house. Ed said she looked about as much at home as a holiness fighter would in Heaven. He spoke to the old cow and told her she was welcome but her crowd was out in the street. Sometime after that, he was holding a meeting in Washington, D. C. One evening he was telling them how the people of the South all turned out to a meeting like that. "Why," he said, "the cows come to hear me preach in Tennessee." There was no end to his wit.

He was coming in home once tired and worn. There were not many in the coach, but some were playing cards and some were telling yarns. Ed lifted his eyes toward Heaven and thanked God for salvation and began singing a good camp meeting song. The big tears rushed down his shining face. The card players couldn't stand that, so they left the coach, and the devil said to Ed, "Now you have run those people out, and here comes the conductor to put you out," but he shouted some more and started another song. By this time the conductor had him by the hand, with tears in his eyes, and said, "Lord, bless you my brother, I've got that. I'm so glad you are in my train; go ahead and sing and shout as much as you please."

I wish I had time to tell about all of our meetings together. There were always results in his meetings. I remember being in Cincinnati at the camp meeting one night that was held in a big downtown theater. The large building was packed and jammed from the pulpit to the doors. He preached from the text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." Such crying and weeping and wailing, and not often heard. At the close of his message sixty-seven came to the place of prayer and the tide was high. The sightseers were there and one woman fell

from the back of a chair upon which she was standing and dislocated her ankle, and was taken to the hospital. The morning paper said the big railroad evangelist should be properly punished for creating such excitement as that. Well, you know that was a nice way to advertise the meetings, but I see I am saying too much.

I will now speak of our meeting in Arlington, Texas, last May with Brothers J. T. Upchurch and T. B. Talbot. It was a convention. Brother Bud Robinson was there. You know what happened with the Cowboy Buddie and Railroad Ferguson at the helm. It was a most glorious revival. We left there Monday morning, took a through train at Dallas for St. Louis. Buddie came with us as far as Greenville. We had a great time together. After riding all day and all night, we reached St. Louis where we held a two weeks meeting in the Union Gospel Mission for Brother M. B. Gott. This was our last meeting together. It was in many respects a great meeting. Sister Ferguson and the children were with him the first week of the meeting. What a comfort and delight it was to him to have them with him. I do not think the man has lived or is living who loved his family more than he. With a glad sparkle in his eye he would tell me of their extra gifts and graces. After the wife and children went home we moved to the Marquette Hotel and roomed together. We read and studied the Bible as I had never done before, He was a hard student of the Word and all good literature. He was well posted along many lines and a more companionable brother never lived.

Little did I think that afternoon when we fell in each others arms and said good-bye, we were closing our last meeting together on earth. Our engagements together reached into the fall of 1914. Again, I left him standing at the gate at the Union Station where I met him and said good-bye twelve years ago. We each went our way, but never a week without a letter from him and he one from me. I came to his home town August 14, from Guthrie, Oklahoma, on my way to Bonnie Camp. I called at his home to see the family. I found them in distress. Sister Ferguson said, "Oh, Brother Yates, Ed is sick, and I am looking for him home. Poor fellow, he is so sick." I spent the night with his father and mother. We had a good season of prayer. Each one calling Ed by name, and praying God to bless him and heal his body, if it be His will. But there was that uneasy, strange, restless feeling that cannot be described. I went back to Ed's home next day; they were looking for him more than ever. I went to the 11 o'clock train but he did not come. I went back up town, took dinner with my friend, John McPherson. After dinner we were singing when the telephone rang and I was called. I put the receiver to my ear and said, "Well, what is it?" And the excited voice of Sister Ferguson said, "Ed has come and is awfully sick." He had missed his train in St. Louis, purchased another ticket and came around the Southern road. I hurried down and found him more dead than alive.

He only spoke a few words to me. I knew he was a very sick man, yet I thought he would feel better when he rested from his long trip. He had come alone all the way from Waco, Texas. The doctor came and said he had typhoid fever. Oh, how that hurt me, -- that awful word, Typhoid. I was in its grip nine long weeks ten years ago, but still I felt Ed could pull through. I left the next morning and went to the Bonnie Camp. We heard from him every day, and we were not expecting the end. But Friday afternoon a man came with the message, "He is dead." My strength left with my hopes. Without a word we all went to prayer. The once strong giant was now helpless and cold in death. Brother A. G. Proctor and the writer were called upon to conduct the funeral.

After the two morning services at the camp we got in an automobile that had been provided, with Bro. and Sister Garrison, wife, Brother Proctor and myself. We reached Mt. Vernon in time. No tongue nor pen can tell the sadness of that hour. I had been in the house many times, but never before in the presence of cold death. After a short service in the home and the sermon at the First Methodist Church, we followed his body to the cemetery, where with songs and prayers, tears, sobs, and groans, we laid his remains in the grave and covered it with beautiful flowers, and turned away, realizing we had buried a good father, a loving, affectionate husband, a mighty man of God, a great preacher of the word, and a friend to all mankind.

We are lonely now, but with our heads above the waves and our hearts anchored in Jesus, we will press on till our day's work is done, and kind hands will minister the last sad rights here below. Then, ah, then, in that glad morning, when the dead in Christ shall come forth, amid the shouts and hallelujahs of the mighty host of all ages, we shall rise.

Sorrow and sickness, pain and cold death will be no more, thank God. That which I knew and loved in Brother Ferguson here in this world, I will recognize and love forever. Our parting here was sad indeed, but our meeting yonder will outweigh all our shadows and sorrows in this world.

I bless God for the privilege of living the life that has no death. I expect by the grace of God to join that company spoken of in Isaiah 35:10, "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

"When the old ship of Zion shall make her last trip,  
I want to be there, I do.  
With head all uncovered to greet the old ship,  
I want to be there, don't you?"

"When all the ship's company meet on the strand,  
I want to be there, I do.  
With songs on their lips and harps in their hands,  
I mean to be there, don't you?"

\* \* \* \* \*

1910

#### THE MISSIONARY PROSPECTOR

By Lula Schmelzenbach -- hdm0802.txt

We shall never forget that beautiful morning of October 3, 1910, when Brother Schmelzenbach, baby David (who was then just fifteen months old), Billy, the Zulu boy, and the writer prepared to leave. After everything was ready we all knelt down beside the wagon to commit our way unto God. We then started out on our long journey to Swaziland.

As the ride on the post cart had shattered our nerves because of the spirited little animals, so this trip proved an acid test to our patience because of the laziness and inactivity of these donkeys. They had never been in harness before, and they were too small to pull the load we had, although it was quite light. The Zulu boy whom we had hired to go with us as driver, proved to know nothing about driving donkeys, to add to the many things, which meant we had to walk miles beside the wagon. As we did not travel on Sunday, after we had traveled five days we stopped on Saturday afternoon, about 2 p.m. at a good settlement of kraals. We decided we could have a large service under the trees on Sunday. It was indeed an ideal camping place with the many trees, a field for the donkeys to graze in, and where there had been a well-kept lawn.

Since it was nearing the middle of the afternoon, we began to prepare some food, as our midday meal had been omitted. After a short rest Brother Schmelzenbach began to move about under the trees seeking for a small limb which he could use as a walking stick, this being a necessary article for the missionary when visiting the kraals. Upon finding the stick he drew near to the camp again as he removed the leaves and twigs. He stood for a moment as if uncertain what to do next. Suddenly he said, "Are my lantern and slides packed where we can get at them easily?"

"Yes," was my reply, "they are in one corner in the box under the seat."

"I am going to tell the natives to come tonight and see some of those pictures, that will help bring a larger crowd tomorrow." He then started in the direction of the large kraal.

It was quite dark when he came back, dropping down on the new soft grass, almost too tired to speak. Soon he spoke and said "Mama, we will have to have our supper soon as the natives are coming early tonight. I told them to wait until it was dark; but I saw some of them coming this way just as I came up the hill."

Before we had finished our cornmeal mush, which we ate with sugar but no milk, they began to gather in large groups. The lantern Brother Schmelzenbach had at that time was one of the old-fashioned type which burned carbide; but it worked very well. The pictures were the entire life of Christ as well as some from the Old Testament, and a few with Zulu hymns, which he had made himself.

When the pictures began to flash upon the sheet the crowd, which had been making a regular babble of noise, settled down quietly and respectfully, so that Brother Schmelzenbach could speak so all could hear him. He gave them a good gospel message as he held their attention with the pictures. At the close he asked them to bow their heads for prayer and they respectfully obeyed. Before they left he told them to return in the morning soon after breakfast, and in the next evening he had other pictures that he would show them.

Quite early the next morning we noticed small groups of men and women appear and then disappear around our camp. We were beginning to wonder if all these people were there just to give us a visit of inspection, and we would not have an opportunity to give them the word. Brother Schmelzenbach became so anxious about them that he asked why they did not stay until others came and he would tell them something wonderful that they would not soon forget. The group he spoke to along this line just smiled and said, "We have not eaten nor have the boys milked." They then



turned and went away on the run. He called to them to return after they had finished these tasks, but they did not answer a word. One man, a little later, took time to stop and tell us that they would return. He said that the people who were looking around were just curious and wanted to see what you look like in the daytime, since they had been here only at night.

True to the word of the old man about one p.m. they began to come from all the kraals until a large crowd were seated on the grass about Brother Schmelzenbach. He gave them a message with a burden upon his heart, such as only he could carry for the lost of dark Africa, and then closed with a season of prayer that brought heaven very near. Conviction settled down upon that crowd until a number of them began to pray aloud and tears were seen on their faces. They left the service, not running, romping and laughing as they had done in the morning hours or the evening before. There seemed to be a holy hush upon every man, woman and child present. They reverently promised to return to see the remainder of the pictures that evening and slowly and quietly turned in the direction of their homes.

That evening the crowd was larger than it had been in the afternoon. Brother Schmelzenbach gave them the pictures of the life of Christ. We felt that God was glorified that day.

After it was all over Brother Schmelzenbach prayed with a broken heart for that large company of people, who had gone to their kraals to retire. There was not one believer or Christian among them.

This was the way we spent each Sabbath on that long journey, however we were not always privileged to have such a fine camping place.

Most of the roads through the Natal and Transvaal were well built and in fairly good condition. Our real difficulties did not begin until we had traveled nearly three weeks and came to our first unbridged river.

Here neither the boy nor the donkeys would make a move. Billy said he knew these rivers were full of crocodiles. He further declared that he would turn back rather than venture through that water. From the expression on his face we knew that he meant what he said. There was nothing for Brother Schmelzenbach to do but to remove his shoes and socks, roll up his trousers and wade into the water. Here he spent quite a bit of energy and strength cracking the whip and shouting at the donkeys before he could make them move. The donkeys did not try to turn back, but must have decided that it would be better to die for when they reached midstream one of them lay down in the water and would have drowned himself had not Brother Schmelzenbach been close and grabbed the bridle of the donkey and pulled him to his feet. Hardly had he succeeded in getting this one to stand when he saw another one getting ready to lie down. But he caught the second before he was down. After he had succeeded in getting them to stand he then wondered how he could get them started pulling before they should lie down again. Billy was sitting on the high seat in the wagon looking very much frightened, as if he might be the next one to topple over into the water. Brother Schmelzenbach handed him the long whip and he cracked it above their heads. Brother Schmelzenbach pulled on the two front donkeys by the bridles, and they managed to pull us out of the river.

This all seems amusing as we think of it now, but not so at the time.

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1920

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS AND MODERN MIRACLES  
Through Prayer And Faith By G. C. Bevington -- hdm0015.Txt

I see here recorded, in 1920, several cases of the flu. One family had two doctors all night. As they were sinking fast, they sent for me. I went, and anointed them; soon they showed signs of life, so I held on. The woman opened her eyes, and smiled, and said, "I am healed." In a few hours she was out of bed, and gaining strength. The next morning she got breakfast for the family, and there was no more flu in that home.

I was called to a sister who was very low. Her husband had just gotten out of bed after a long siege of it, and she was well worn out from caring for him. He was still very weak. Two children were in another bed with the same disease. I felt awful darkness -- it was, oh, so dark. I sat there wondering what could be done, and was almost persuaded to leave. Oh, such a pressure! There was nothing congenial, no encouragement. The sister was unconscious. She had not lived any too close to the Lord, as she had many hindrances in the home, unsaved girl, and an unsaved husband. Well, as I sat there, I said, "Oh, God, what can be done?" I seemed to get no answer, no light. But there I was; I had been sent for by the daughter. There was a possibility, and should I ignore that? I had not been where there was such a heavy pressure, in a long time; but I was held by the power of God. There she lay, giving no sign of life. The medicine sent out its fumes, and had a stupefying effect on me. But I rallied, and said, "Well, God is able." At that the man raised his head from an apparent stupor, and nodded assent.

Satan was there surely, and warned me about remaining there in that atmosphere, as there had been severe cases for four weeks, and the rooms had not been fumigated. Well, all this was logic and rather hard to meet, and I was having such a hard time in breathing that I could scarcely get my breath. But could I leave one of my sisters, who was needed in that home, and who was evidently at the point of death? Could I leave her? Would God get any glory out of my leaving? Then came more logic. "But you surely can't stand it long in here with this flu odor so thick, and you were up all night last night. If you undertake to pray through, you will smother in here, hence fail; it would be better never to have come. Then you must remember that it was the unsaved girl who sent for you, and did it through simply human desires to have mamma get well. God has nothing to do with your coming here." Well, I tell you all these were staggering, and it was getting very difficult for me to breathe.

But I compared the sister's usefulness to mine. I said, "Mine is of little importance; but there are three babies and two in their teens, all needing her." I stepped out onto the porch, got a whiff of fresh air, and called for a drink. But I had to get it myself, as there was no one to wait on me nor others. I fell on my knees, but never undertook such stifling environments. I could scarcely get a word out, but I pushed through, cried to God mightily from my heart if not with my voice. I said, "O God, Thou wilt hear! O God, Thou wilt hear!" I got that out audibly, and that encouraged

me; so I proceeded up the hill, grabbed a root here and there, and saw that I was coming out. That gave me courage, and I tell you I did some earnest scrambling. As the foot holds and hand grabs were more frequent, I could see that I was making better progress, and was actually climbing the steps. I began to breathe freer. Soon I realized that I was nearing the peak. I could see glimmers of light up the hill, and believed I was soon going to have an over-the-top experience. This encouraged me to work the harder. Soon the sister threw the covers, and bounded out of that bed, shouting, "I am healed." And so she was. So it pays to venture.

One thing that made it harder for me was that I had been informed she had sent for several saints to meet me there. But they did not come, which gave Satan a good opportunity to throw a wet blanket over the proceedings; as he will plan and execute all sorts of maneuvers. He said, "Now, you see those saints were wiser than you, as they knew the danger and wisely stayed away." Then another thing, I had asked the daughter if her mother had ever been anointed, and she had said, "Yes." I was impressed to anoint her, but her having been anointed seemed sufficient, and I must avoid all indication of self. So I had a struggle at that point. I well remember that I did not get light until I laid all reasoning aside, just closed my eyes, got still, and pulled the curtains down. Then I had strength to meet the Goliaths. Hallelujah! I anointed her as I was told to at first, as often we have to do the ridiculous. We must learn to mind God whether conditions are favorable or not. I went from this home into the home of an other woman who was confined to her bed with the flu. I anointed her, and in forty minutes she was sitting up, a healed woman. Next night she walked three-quarters of a mile to our street meeting, and gave a thrilling testimony to God's healing power. This testimony proved a great blessing in that meeting, as did her life after that.

The next note of interest is dated April 27, 1920. I took my departure for Kingswood, Kentucky. I mention this merely to show how God looks after us. It was raining when I woke up at Ashland, and I was to take an early train. I said, "Now Father, I have two grips to carry to the depot, so, please, slack up the rain until I get there anyway." When I got about ready to go, it was still raining. Satan, as usual, was there to remind me that I had prayed for it not to rain while I was going to the depot. "Well," I said, "I haven't started yet." I got my traps, and went down to say good-bye to the people. "O Brother Bevington, it is raining too hard for you to start out." I said, "It will stop." So when I got outdoors, it stopped. Praise God! It rained while I was on the train. I had two transfers, but had prayed to have it dry while I had to be out; and God answered. The weather was quite cool, and in the evening it rained all the way from Louisville to Irvington. I had to transfer there, and get my suit case, but it did not rain there. I got on the car to go to Harned, the end of my railroad journey, from where I had five miles to go in a jolt wagon. As soon as I left Irvington it began raining, and Satan said, "Now you will have a long, cold, wet drive in this rain." I stuck to it that it would not rain, though up to within twenty minutes of our arrival at Harned it was raining. It was then dark, and this was my first trip to Kingswood; but as I got off the train, I said, "Oh, praise God, no rain!" We had a beautiful ride by moonlight all the way to the home of dear Brother and Sister Shelton, whom I had met at Rockdale, Kentucky.

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1930

LIVING IN THE HEAVENLIES by J. M. Hames

## Chapter 5 BEHOLD HE COMETH

This sermon was preached in Camden, N. J., on September 21, 1930. [Please remember this fact as you read this. There may be some views expressed here which time has proven to be mistaken, but the basic message is relevant to our time. BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!] Russell Gordon

"Behold, He cometh with the clouds and every eye shall see Him." Rev. 1:7.

"Behold, I come as a thief." Rev. 16:15.

And at midnight there was a cry made, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." Matt. 25:6.

"Shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." Acts 1:11.

"The second coming of Christ, the one event, the one doctrine bound up with and fulfilling every fundamental doctrine, every sublime promise, every radiant hope, giving inspiration to every practical exhortation, and furnishing the basis of Apostolic appeal to the highest type of Christian living." (Halderman).

A theme so important as this, we would naturally expect to find holding a prominent place in the Old Testament. Listen! Enoch the first prophet, who amid the slime and corruption of the antediluvian world, shaded his eyes and looked beyond the flood and on into the New Testament age and said, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints." When we come to the New Testament, we find this blessed theme and doctrine mentioned over three hundred and eighteen times. Notice the manner of His coming: "Behold I come as a thief." This is the vivid figure expressing the fact that His coming will be a surprise. The thief does not come openly, but comes when the least expected. He comes quietly and unwarranted. He comes in secret. This explains the difference between the two appearances of the Lord -- the Parousia and the Epiphany.

The thief comes not only quietly, but to make a rapid visit. So the Lord's rapture will only be a short visit in the air. The thief comes only for jewels and to take away treasures. He does not come for old furniture and second-hand things. So when the Lord comes in the air, He will come to take away His waiting Bride. And just as a thief leaves a great deal more in the house than he takes away, in like manner, Christ will leave a lukewarm church and a wicked sinful world, to go through the horrors of the great tribulation.

In the fourth chapter of the letter of first Thessalonians, we have a picture of the rapture. Listen! "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout -- and the dead in Christ shall rise first." "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air." The words, "caught up" mean to carry off by force, as a wild beast carries off its prey. The word is used as Philip being caught away and Paul caught up to Paradise. Some may ask, "How can such a thing be?" Suppose we had here in this tabernacle, a number of

steel filings buried in the shavings around this altar. Those filings, if they could talk, would say, "It is impossible from a natural, standpoint to rise from where we are; the law of gravitation keeps us down." But suppose a powerful magnet was brought to bear upon these filings, they would fly to the power that attracts them. The law of attraction would overcome the law of gravitation. So when Christ comes, those who have the steel of the Spirit life will respond to the magnet of Christ's attractive, glorified body, and will fly to meet Him and all hell cannot keep them down.

The word "shout" in Thess. 4, is a very peculiar word. We are told it is taken from an old custom of Bible times. When a shepherd of Palestine desired to call his sheep, he lifted his voice and gave a shout, and immediately all of his sheep lifted their heads and came running to him. There might have been other shepherds with their sheep near by, but this shout meant nothing to them. Just so when the Lord comes in the air, and gives a shout, all of His blood washed saints will rise to meet Him. Notice again, "And the dead in Christ shall rise first," not a word is said about the wicked being raised at this time.

According to John, the Revelator, there is to be one thousand years between the raising of the righteous dead, and that of the wicked. A special blessing is pronounced upon the holy in heart. "Blessed and holy is he that has a part in the first resurrection." The word "holy" is the same in other places that is translated "sanctify." So the verse could read, "Blessed and sanctified is he that has part in the first resurrection." God is going to reward the sanctified for the little reproach they bear for Him, by raising their dead bodies one thousand years before the other dead ones come forth.

One of the gifted writers and preachers of the early Holiness Movement commenting upon the first resurrection so graphically, portrays this scene as follows: "The fact is, we cannot allow prejudice, man fear or anything else, to keep us from a grace or blessing that is to usher us into the superior joy and glories of an early rising from the dead. Oh, some of us long for the time, when we shall stand upon our graves, and shout and rejoice in the face of the devil, who introduced death into the world, but who will then see the power of death overcome and destroyed in the mightier strength of the Son of God.

What a luxury it would be to get up a thousand years ahead of the general time, and stand on one's own grave, and shout the victory in the face of the Devil. What an experience to read the inscription on one's own tombstone, and walk among the myriads who slumber on, until the sound of the last trumpet." Let me call your attention to another fact. During the world war, when things were looking dark and gloomy, and the faith of the people was being shaken, I was driven to my knees. When I was in prayer, the Lord began to talk to my heart about the near coming of Jesus. Among the things He showed me was the beautiful analogy between the first and second coming. There is a wonderful analogy between the coming of Christ as a babe, and His coming as a King. No one knew about His first coming. It was quiet; no prophet heralded His coming; no one cried in the streets and said, "A Saviour will soon be born." The religious world was too busy in ceremonies and creeds to be ready for His first coming. Not a person on earth, except Joseph and Mary, knew about it until it had come to pass.

Now notice the second analogy between the birth of Jesus and His coming as the King. It is said that when Herod heard there was a child born; "The King of the Jews," he was greatly

troubled, and all the rulers in Jerusalem were stirred because of this babe. Now whenever the saints meet Him up in the air, there is going to be an awful commotion down here. Do not tell me everything will be quiet and lovely. There is going to be an awful time of trouble, and men's hearts failing for fear of the things which are coming upon the earth. Families will be divided -- one will be taken and another left. Whenever the salt of the earth is taken out of this world, society will rot. There will be nothing to hold back the wicked forces that are smouldering like a volcano, throughout the whole world.

The next point of comparison I want you to notice, between the birth of Jesus and His coming as the King, is that God knew that Herod would seek to destroy His Son, so He spoke to Joseph in a dream and said, "Take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt." There is a picture of the saints taking a flight in the air, before the tribulation begins here. Thank God, we will be safe before the tribulation begins. You remember that as soon as Noah entered the ark, the flood began on the earth, which is a type of the great tribulation.

Another point I want you to see is, that, when Herod saw that he was mocked by the wise men in not coming to him; he sent out his soldiers and had all the baby boys, from two years and under, put to death. He had hoped to slay Jesus, but God had Him safe in Egypt, until the storm of his wrath was over. There we have the picture of the saints being protected while the awful tribulation is raging on earth. Here is the most beautiful thing of all. After Herod was dead and those that sought the young child's life, had been removed; God said, "Take the young child and his mother, and go back to the land of Israel." In this we see the picture of the saints coming back to earth with Jesus. "Amen!" That is going to be a great day for me. I want to call your attention to one word mentioned in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, in connection with His coming, and that is the word "midnight." It says, "And at midnight there was a cry made, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

I used to think when I was a young preacher that the word "midnight" meant twelve o'clock, but I found out that the word "midnight" has no reference to our twelve o'clock; it has a spiritual meaning.

Now it says that Jesus is coming at midnight. What kind of midnight? A spiritual midnight. I know that there is a crowd that goes all over the country, who will tell you that the world is getting better and brighter every day, and will call everybody pessimistic, who does not agree with them. But I would rather be a sensible pessimist, than a blind optimist who cannot see facts. Anybody with any spiritual discernment, can see that it is getting dark, spiritually.

I remember thirty years ago, when I joined the Methodist Church, they had their "Amen" corners and their old-time shouting, and you could hear the fervent "Amens" while the man of God brought the message. I tell you the Holy Ghost light is going out. You can take the great places of learning, that used to be Holy Ghost centers; there the light is being driven out and the darkness is settling down, and the supernatural is being laughed at and ignored. There is a darkness that is settling down in these last days, that is awful. God help us tonight, for Jesus' sake, to see that we are nearing themidnight hour.

Think of the antediluvian age. When she reached her midnight darkness, the flood came. God destroyed the cities of the plain when they reach their midnight hour and the clock struck twelve. Jesus wept over Jerusalem and said, "Your house is left unto you desolate." And forty years later, when she reached her midnight hour, destruction came. When is Jesus coming? If that holds good, He is coming whenever this world reaches her midnight darkness. I tell you, it is getting dark in some places. There are preachers all over this country who have not sense enough to know the difference between the light of the Holy Ghost and the light of science. They talk about the world getting better. If they mean that the light of education is increasing and we are improving on that line, I will agree with them. But, if they mean that the Holy Ghost light is increasing, I deny it. I tell you that the Holy Ghost light is gradually being driven out of the modern church today. You have to go to little churches and camp meetings and missions to find the Holy Ghost working in these last days.

Then I want to call your attention to another great fact in connection with His coming: the signs of His coming. They are divided into three classes. The first is "the domestic" signs, the second, "the religious" signs, and the third, "the national signs."

The domestic signs take in the home. Say folks, listen to me! There is no use trying to deny facts. The average American home is drifting; and unless something is done, she is headed for the rocks.

I want you to notice Paul's description of the last days, in the third chapter of the second letter to Timothy: "This know also, that in the last days, perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection."

I want to lift up out of this just three words, "without natural affection." When I was a boy it was an honor for a mother to have a large family. A mother who had six or eight children was proud of them. But now a baby -- shall I say it -- in some of the homes of wealth, is regarded as a nuisance. Poodle dogs and pet parrots are being substituted for babies. Rev. John Stratton, of the Calvary Church in New York City, that great pastor and soul winner, said that he could go for blocks on certain streets in New York City, and not see a single child. What does it mean! It means that children are unwelcome these days, and are being strangled and killed.

Some years ago, while in revival work in Florida, at the close of the meeting, I took a midnight train for home. Just as our train pulled out, I heard the cry of a little boy in the front part of the coach. He kept crying as if he was broken-hearted. I walked down and found that he was alone. I said, "Little lad, what is the matter with you?" He looked up at me and said, "Oh, Mister (and the tears were just rolling down his cheeks) my mamma has given me away to some people who live five hundred miles away in Tennessee, and I was just wondering if they would be good to me." Then I had a crying spell in my heart, and I said, "What did she give you away for?" He said, "Because my step-father doesn't love me." I said, "My God, what is it that can possess a mother to part with her own offspring, in order to please a beastly, lustful, so-called husband?"

Some time back, a London paper published and exposed the crimes of a wealthy society lady in Austria, that old country that was torn by the World's War. She had opened her mansion for

the little war orphans, thousands who had been left without homes. But it began to be a noticeable fact, that these little children were never seen again after entering this home, and the officials raided it, and found a long cable across the double parlor, to which she had strapped these little tots, and whipped them to death. This old, degenerate devil seemed to get pleasure out of the cries of those little orphans. "Without natural affections."

Another sad sign is the breaking up of the home. The old divorce mills are running day and night; men and women are tired of each other; they have no affection for each other. After a man's money is gone; then a divorce. I am glad I married for love and not money. Love has sweetened every bitter cup that has ever come into our lives. A woman is a fool who will marry a man for a meal ticket; that is all some of you women get. A man is a fool to marry woman for beauty, or anything under heaven, outside of love.

I call your attention then to the next sign, the religious sign. Do you know we are living in an awful day of backsliding? There is a fearful tide of worldliness that is sweeping over the churches today. Revival fires are dying out, "and the love of many is waxing cold." When I began to preach, just a little over twenty years ago, you could have a revival almost anywhere. Altars were filled; revival fires were falling. I know I have not cooled off, nor toned down, but it is almost impossible to have results as we did in those grand old days. Every evangelist with whom I talk, tells me it is the same with them.

What does it mean? It means that the Holy Ghost is being grieved, and is just about ready to leave this Gentile age. In my meeting at Lily Lake Camp, some two years ago, Brother Kilbourne, of the great Oriental Missionary Society, said, "Bro. Hames, we saw over forty-five thousand people kneel at our altars last year." I said, "Where in America could you see that?" A missionary from Korea spoke in one of our southern cities sometime ago and said, "We counted in a little church at four o'clock in the morning, four hundred and fifty men with their hands raised towards heaven, crying to God. Oh brother, what does it mean? It means the Spirit of God has been insulted in this part of the world. He is gradually leaving us and going back to the old country, to give those people a chance, before the coming of Christ. The Holy Ghost is scoffed at. The scriptures are denied. Preachers think that it is a sign of learning to tell you that they do not believe in the virgin birth and the inspiration of the Scriptures. I see the index finger pointing to the near coming of Jesus.

Then again, there are the national signs, distress among the nations. All you need to do is look at the daily papers and read of the events that are taking place, to see that prophecy is being fulfilled. There is not a nation under heaven that is safe from the spirit of anarchism. There is distress the world over. There has never been so much distress as there is in the world at this very hour. Since the Armistice was signed there has been over six thousand strikes, and a great many of these wound up with blood-shed. Distress among laboring people, distress among the nations. Just look at poor old infidel, God-forsaken, blaspheming Russia. She certainly cuts a big figure in prophecy. Did you ever stop to think why Russia is called the "Red Army?" Turn to the 12th chapter of Revelation and the third verse, and read, "And there appeared another wonder in heaven, and behold a great red dragon."



I look for Russia and the Yellow Race to unite in the last days, and bring on a world-wide war, such as was never dreamed of in the past. The colored race hates the white man with a hatred of which we have no conception. Moscow's one great reiterated hope is that the innumerable millions of colored races will rise and massacre the white man. They have used feverish propaganda to accomplish this. They count cunningly on Japan. Also Japan is equal with the western nations in the war of commerce. The white man insultingly treats her nationals as an inferior race.

The old Red Dragon of Bolshevism is surely crawling her way into the political and social life of the nations of the world. At present she has just about poisoned poor old darkened China. I tell you the index finger is pointing towards the near coming of Jesus.

Now come to one of the most striking signs of all, one that I know you cannot deny if you know anything about the Bible, and that is the budding of the fig tree, or the signs among the Jews. Did you ever stop to think that God has his hand upon the Jews? They are God's chosen people to this very hour. I know they have sinned, but so have you.

The Jews gave us the Bible, and they gave us the world's Redeemer. And woe be unto that nation that mistreats the Jew.

God promises that before that great day of all days He is going to stretch forth His hands and gather the sons of Abraham back to Palestine, their home. It is the Jew's home; God gave it to Abraham and his children's children forever. No nation has any right in Palestine except the Jews. It belongs to the Jews and soon after the Armistice was signed the Jews began to go back to their country. I don't know just how many have gone back, but every year thousands upon thousands make their way back to Palestine. (A voice from the audience; "155,000 are back there now." This was in 1930). Well, away back before the World War, there were just a very few Jews in Palestine.

As soon as the Turks lost their hold on Palestine, the Jews began pouring back by the thousands. And one of the most remarkable things since they began to go back is that God gave them the latter rain. It is said that it has not rained in some parts of Palestine for over 1500 years. In 1925, I believe it was, they had their first snow that left the soil mellow and fertile. God is certainly preparing that country for His chosen people, and they are cultivating that land and it is blooming like the Eden of old. One of our preachers has just returned from there and says that just outside the wall of Jerusalem, the city is like a modern American city.

That brings me to the last point of this great subject, and that is, Who is He coming for? He is coming for a bride. Then the question to settle is, Who is the bride. There are several names given for the bride. Let us pick out a few. One name for the bridehood saints is the "Overcomers." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am sit down with my Father in His throne." If we will be overcomers we must die to all man fear, Church fear, priest fear, preacher fear and all other kinds of fear, and dare to do even if we are misunderstood by our best friends. Another name that is applied to the bride is the "Elect." Now look that word up and you will find that it means the select ones, the anointed ones, the sanctified ones. See 1 Pet. 1:2. Still another name for the bridehood saints is the "Church of the First-born."

This carries back to the days of Israel of old, when they left Egypt for Canaan. God gave them a set of laws and in them we are told that the first born male child from each tribe was to be the Lord's. Now, all Israel belonged to God as a nation, but the first-born were to be His in a special way. Then later the Lord set apart the tribe of Levi and instead of taking the first-born male child from each family of each tribe, the whole tribe of Levi was to be the Lord's. They were to have the charge and care of the tabernacle; in other words they were the religious leaders of Israel. Now when we come to the New Testament, we find the Apostle drawing a contrast between Mt. Sinai and Mt. Zion. He says, "Ye are not come into the Mount that might be touched. But ye are come into Mount Zion . . . to the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are within heaven." Now when you put all the references together what have you? The Church of the first-born in the New Testament sense means the set apart ones, the sanctified ones.

Again in the letter to the Ephesians 5:25 we have a real picture of the bride: "Husbands love your wives even as Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. That he might present it to Himself a glorious church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

So you can see that the bridehood are the sanctified ones. They are to have garments without spot or wrinkle. Spots are the result of sin, and are removed by the washing of regeneration. Wrinkles are removed from a garment by the hot pressure of the iron. But if it is a sack: then fill it full and the wrinkles will disappear. In like manner when a believer is filled with the Spirit and all of his faculties are flooded with Divine love and the gales from the heavenly pentecostal skies fan his soul; the devil cannot find a wrinkle in him or his wedding garment.

Peter says when He comes we are to be found of Him in peace, self-possessed, recollected, calm, and undismayed. This is the true Christian temper. "What if He would come, would He find you fretting? What if He should find you angry? What if He should come suddenly, would He find you worrying? John Wesley said he could no more worry than he could swear. Have you got that in your soul that gets riled, gets stirred up? Is there a move in your soul when somebody has a place or position that you ought to have? No time to shout, 'All quiet on the Potomac.'"

Oh, that God may help us to see that there is a holy tranquility, a Sabbath rest in the soul. We are commanded to be without blame. That is a constant sense of His approval. We may, like Enoch, have this testimony that we please God. Last of all, the bride is without spot. Spots show on white very easily. We need to take a bath in the fountain to keep our robes spotless, so if He should come, right now, we would not have to change our garments, but rise to meet Him in the air.

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1940

THE RICHES OF HOLINESS

By Henry E. Brockett -- hdm0025.txt

I regularly performed fire-guard duties at various buildings in central London. I shall always remember the night of September 7, 1940, when the Germans made their great attack on the London docks. From a high tower of the building in which I was on duty, I looked around and saw in the distance the red, angry, glowing patches in the sky which denoted the terrible destruction beneath. On another occasion I was paired off for fire-guard patrol duty with an officer who was a stranger to me. It was a night of severe bombing, and one bomb crashed into the building not very far from where we were stationed. While talking together in the midst of the falling bombs, we discovered that we were Christians. Needless to say, we joined together in prayer and realized in a wonderful way the presence and wonderful peace of the Lord. I also have special reason to remember another occasion, namely, December 29, 1940, when the great incendiary fire bomb attack on the city of London took place and Paternoster Row was reduced to rubble and millions of books were lost. It was then that the remaining copies of the first edition of *The Riches of Holiness* were destroyed by fire.

It is not, however, of these things that I specially desire to write. They are mentioned only to indicate the general background of my life during the second world war. What I do desire is to bear witness to the wonderful way in which the Lord strengthened and encouraged me during that very trying period.

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1950

#### PREVAILING PRAYER

By Tony Marshall Anderson -- hdm0546

In the Month of January, 1950, I entered into a covenant of prayer with the Savior. At the time this covenant was made I was teaching in the Department of Bible at Asbury College. It was my purpose to do some writing on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and I had made plans to begin this work in January. In order to have the time to devote to my writing it was necessary for me to arise early in the morning, because my schedule of teaching began at eight o'clock. I arranged my daily work so that I could retire early in the evening, and arise about two o'clock and begin my writing.

At the beginning I realized the need of special help from the Lord; and I prayed earnestly that He would enable me to understand the Scriptures; and help me prepare a written message that would glorify Him, and enlighten His people. On January the sixth I was suddenly awakened at midnight: at the time I did not know what had aroused me so suddenly, and knowing that I had a full day of work before me, I felt it necessary to sleep a few more hours. At that moment the Savior spoke to me: He asked me if I could remain awake long enough to give Him time to talk with me in the quiet hours of the morning? He reminded me that there is a fast in denying ourselves of sleep, even as there is a fast in abstaining from food.

For five hours I waited before the Savior in holy worship and communion. My soul did greatly rejoice in His Presence, and my spirit was refreshed; and my body felt no weariness from loss of sleep.

It was during the quiet hours after midnight following the visitation of the Savior that I entered into a covenant of prayer with Him. I took account of my time spent in prayer during the average day. I felt ashamed before the Lord when I discovered how little time had been given to prayer. It had been my daily practice from the time I was converted to pray evening and morning.

The family altar was established at the beginning of my married life. In my pastorate, and in my calling to the field of evangelism, I had not failed to pray and rest my soul on the Savior. But in all of these years of ministry, I had never known the power and pleasure of prevailing prayer like it was revealed to me when I waited five delightful hours in the Presence of the Savior.

Since making this covenant of prayer, my cares and concerns of daily life rest upon my soul lighter than the clothing on my body. I have discovered the secret of casting all my cares upon Him; I have found the place of His rest. My body is often weary in His work; but my spirit knows no weariness, my soul dwells at ease, and my heart is quiet and undisturbed in a world of trouble.

There was a time when the burden of preaching was almost more than my body could stand. I was restless in the night, and would awaken with the distressing responsibility of the work hanging over me. It took sleep from my eyes, and greatly impaired my health. It is clear to me now that I had not learned the secret of rest. I was pushing and pulling in my own strength, and was not trusting to the Spirit of God to bring things to pass.

I have the same responsibilities of preaching, and have the same concern about the victory in the work of the Savior: but I have found rest unto my soul, and have learned that His yoke is easy, and His burden is light.

When I entered into this covenant of prayer it was not as an experiment; it is an imperative necessity in my life. It has been a delight to my heart to meet Him at the throne of grace while the day is young. It has become a fixed habit of life to pray; I consider it to be more important than my daily bread.

I am persuaded that a covenant of prayer is the norm of spiritual living. The Psalmist yearned for the abiding place with the Lord; for he said, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he will hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me upon a rock." (Psalms 27:4-5)

When I made the covenant of prayer with the Savior it was necessary for me to arrange the plans and pursuits of my personal life so that there would be no conflict with my time devoted to prayer. I discovered that the things of daily living were crowding and congesting my spiritual life, and like Martha, I was careful and troubled about many things.

The legitimate things of life are not evil, but when we permit them to master us it is wrong in the sight of the Lord. In a very real sense, I emptied myself of all earthly possessions and cares before the Lord. I took my personal interests, such as my teaching, and my preaching, and my time for a vacation, and my home, and placed them in a heap before the Savior; and I separated my heart

and mind from them. I reckoned myself to be dead to all earthly things. I made a solemn promise to the Savior that I would not allow the temporal things of life to interfere with my worship and praying. I made a vow to take sufficient time to wait in His Presence, and watch with Him in prayer. I considered it to be far better to sacrifice my personal affairs, and count all things loss for Christ, rather than gain the whole world, and suffer spiritual loss to my soul.

I have adopted the words of a Psalm in my covenant of prayer. "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord: in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." (Psalm 5:3)

It has been my practice for many months to keep the morning watch with the Savior. Some amazing results have been obtained by prevailing prayer during the silent hush of the new day. The achievements of these sacred hours spent with the Savior have exceeded my greatest expectations.

I know that I have not fathomed the depth of God's infinite goodness made available by prayer; neither have I explored the vast reaches of His mercy disclosed in the promises of answered prayer.

It is not my purpose to overlook the necessity of praying at all times. The Psalmist said, "Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud." (Psalm 55:17) However I do not believe it is possible to place too much emphasis upon the value of praying in the still hours of the morning. The Savior evidently made this a practice of His life, for it is recorded, "In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." (Mark 1:35)

The hours between midnight and six o'clock in the morning are the most peaceful hours of the entire day. The duties and distractions of the preceding day have ended, and the cares and burdens of the new day have not begun. If one has retired at a reasonable time; and the body has rested for a few hours, and the mind has been cleared and relieved of the confusions of the day, then he can prevail with God in prayer, as at no other time.

I find the most practical time of the morning is from three o'clock to five. If one cannot spend but thirty minutes in prayer, I suggest that four o'clock be the chosen hour to meet God. To put off praying until a later time, one will often be hindered by the labors and engagements of the new day.

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1960

## THE SALVATION OF GOD

By Rev. Kenneth H. Fay -- hdm0096.txt

In the winter of 1960 we were in a revival meeting doing all we knew to assist the evangelist and help souls find God. I scarcely ever enjoyed a greater burden of prayer than I did for the success of that meeting. Things were continuing, however, in much the normal way.

The writer remembers so well the evening while washing dishes at the kitchen sink, that a peculiar Presence brooded about him, shutting other voices out, and causing him not a little discomfort. A strange, sickening, sensation immediately settled upon my heart, and in those moments an indelible impression fastened itself upon my mind that God the Holy Ghost was bringing me to a crisis in my religious career. To my consciousness the words were very plain -- "Ye are called unto holiness." I became so weak I thought I would fall, so dumb I could not speak, and in those moments of death-like stillness all my former professions to entire sanctification were broken and thrown to the ground never to raise their voices again.

That night as the call for seekers was given, I fell in at the altar like a ringed bull being led to the slaughter house, my coat coming off with a twist and a heave, and seekers on the right and left giving a wide berth on the rail for the death charge. In a minute the die was cast, carnality was cornered, my pride humbled, and both opportunity and hope for recovery fully gone. I was a seeker for holiness!

I was an earnest seeker, aware of what I lacked and fully persuaded of what I could and must have. I would have it as soon as possible. Yea, that very night! But, to my great surprise, instead of finding my soul at that time walking the grand highway of holiness, it was found crawling down that dark and lonesome trail we have since learned to know as the death-route -- a term well-fitting and so correct for the seeker of heart purity.

We held a protracted effort to rout the Old Man some call "taking it by the job," and to aid our seeking we commenced to number on paper the various traits and manifestations of carnality. And how this monster of self did writhe, and squirm, twist, shuffle, and turn. Darting here and there for a hiding place and now and then rearing back its ugly head to strike, and now feigning death. But, the Spirit would have none of it, and as I began to tell on it, calling it what it was, the tide began to turn in our favor, and self began to give ground under the encounter. Things never dreamed of, and others only faintly suspected were turned up under the all piercing eye of the Holy Spirit. It was a sight well adapted to frighten any man, and it frightened me.

With some of the traits the Holy Spirit would cause our minds to travel back memory's pathway until we could once more see those horrible creatures flouting their horrid deeds. Instances were refreshed even back into early childhood as the Spirit gave an amazing brightness to our memory. It would break us up and the tears would freely flow as we lingered at the scenes again and watched self display its ancient wares.

A deep and well-founded revenge sprung up within us to be rid forever of this 'life of self' and though it would cost much humiliation, yet the fact that we could be free and clean was thrilling and encouraged us on! Life will spring up out of death, and for the joy of the resurrection we would endure the cross!

Down, down, down, ever deeper. Deeper than I deemed necessary, but the Holy Spirit knew well His work and we were determined to have it done. At times our soul would fall into much despair, but holding steady the Lord would bring it out. At times we seemed to be seeking in the dark, but again the Lord would come and reveal just where to seek. He knows the way and is a

competent Guide. At times we were weeping over our condition and at other times shouting over our promise of the coming Comforter! The confessions continued to mount up until some fifty-one were arraigned on paper, the work of three and a half days.

Somehow now we knew that we were on the bottom and very near the long sought for blessing. Coming up out of the dark Death-route, though still not sanctified wholly, we were made to feel like David, "He hath brought me into a large place." It seemed as though we were standing on even ground never known before, and over yonder we recognized the fair table land of Canaan. Unbelief gave way to faith and we cried, "Lord, I believe, I believe -- NOW!"

The Holy Spirit Himself gives witness to the operation of sanctification. He chooses, therefore, for reasons best known to Himself, to manifest His presence within believers in different ways. No two cases may be exactly alike. To one He may come as a burning-fire; to another with melting mellowing love. To another with a deep hallowed brooding of wonderful peace and calm; to still another with a sunburst of rapturous joy, etc., Reader, He is Sovereign! Let God be God!

As I recall, I was kneeling at the altar in a motionless position, alone, when the unmistakable "witness" came upon me. I experienced the Spirit, Word and Blood wash out of my mind, purge my lips, and pass as a refining fire throughout my heart. It filled me with purity, peace, and power. I knew now why Jesus referred to this experience as the "Baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire."

I became so quiet and peaceful. After a while I started running and jumping about the church, shouting and laughing, and Oh! Such joy welling up within me like a river. The witness was clear -- the Comforter had come to abide. I have lived to see to my own amazement and satisfaction that the work was genuine. Glory to Jesus and the precious blood for the great work of entire sanctification.

As the happy days roll on, we are want to re-echo the words the poverty-pinched Appalachian uttered when he, for the first time, gazed upon the mighty Atlantic. "Thank God," said he, "for something there is enough of!"

And let each reader thank God for "something there is enough of" -- that "grace that reaches deeper than the stain has gone" -- our plenteous redemption -- both free and full -- that saves, sanctifies, and keeps.

"Living here with my Lord  
In a holy Union,  
Day by day all the way,  
Holding sweet communion.

Oh, what change grace hath wrought,  
In my lowly station,  
Since my soul has received,  
Full and free salvation."

\* \* \* \* \*

1970

W. M. TIDWELL (A LIFE THAT COUNTED)

The Life Of William Moses Tidwell

Compiled and Edited By J. E. Cook -- hdm0079

A BRIEF OBITUARY

REV. W. M. TIDWELL, Born October 22, 1879 -- Died November 30, 1970

GRADUATE, Trevecca Nazarene College

MINISTER in Chattanooga for 64 years

FOUNDED: First Church of the Nazarene, Main & Willow Streets. First Bible Missionary Church, Duncan & Beech Streets.

MEDICAL HISTORY -- Suffered stroke in 1966, has been confined to Parkwood Nursing Home for almost 5 years.

SURVIVORS Son -- Willard Tidwell, N. Hollywood, California Sisters -- Mrs. Georgia Fussell, Mrs. E. B. Shaw, Chattanooga; Mrs. Fate Allen, Charlotte, Tennessee; Grandchildren -- 2; Nieces -- 7; Nephews -- 10

PALLBEARERS -- Rev. A. L. Knight, Douglas Thompson, Rev. Robert Land, Carl True, Bill Knowles, and Herschel Irwin

HONORARY PALLBEARERS -- Rev. Roy Betcher, M. E. Ruffner, H. T. Evans, Sr., Dwightman Brand, and E. S. Carden

OFFICIATING MINISTERS -- Rev. M. E. Perkins, Pastor, First Bible Missionary Church  
Rev. John H. Andrus, Pastor, First Church of the Nazarene.

FLOWERS -- Family requested that in lieu of flowers, donations be made to World Missions. Checks should be mailed to First Bible Missionary Church, 1916 Duncan Avenue, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37404.

FUNERAL -- Arrangements by Chattanooga Funeral Home. Funeral service to be conducted at First Bible Missionary Church

FUNERAL SERVICE PROCEEDINGS

By M. E. Perkins



The First Bible Missionary Church of Chattanooga, Tennessee was filled to capacity at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, November 30, 1970, for the memorial service of Rev. William Moses Tidwell who passed to his eternal reward on November 28, 1970, at the age of ninety one years, one month, and eight days. The fact that he was widely known and greatly loved by the citizens of this city, and the surrounding areas, in which he labored untiringly for sixty four years, accounts for the large number in attendance.

The service opened with the announcement of a request by the senior General Moderator of the Bible Missionary Church, Rev. Elbert Dodd, that a recording be made of the service and sent to him, since he could not be present for the service.

Rev. A. R. Cameron, who served as assistant pastor to Brother Tidwell, and his wife sang the first song, the title of which was "Zion's Hill".

Rev. John Andrus, pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene, where Brother Tidwell labored so long, read portions of Scripture from Revelation chapter 21, verses 2 through 4, and chapter 22, verses 1 through 5. Brother Andrus led the congregation in an earnest prayer that caused many of us to realize the added responsibility which rests upon both preachers and laymen, to continue the work of propagating the gospel of Bible holiness, with Bible standards.

A male quartet, which was composed of Rev. Carl Thompson, Herschel Irwin, Raymond Bean, and Creed Hedrick sang the song entitled "The Eastern Gate", after which General Moderator Rev. Joe E. Cook spoke in reference to Brother Tidwell as his good friend in the Lord across the years, and of the inspiration he had been to him and to the many lives he had touched for God and good by his life's ministry, stating that he had been befriended by this great man of God as a young preacher, when he brought him to Chattanooga as his associate in the work of the Lord. Though he was with him just one year, Brother Cook again spoke of his deep appreciation for this privilege of fellowship, and of the good influence of such a great pastor and good preacher, one who loved the Word of God and had deep insight into the inspired truth of the Bible, and who had unusual ability to make it live. After making mention of the spirit of sacrifice, which Brother Tidwell had, reference was made to the last meeting they had together, which was just three weeks before he died, at which time he gave information of the several thousand dollars which he was leaving for foreign missions. A telegram was read, by Brother Cook, from Rev. Elbert Dodd, who was on the west coast and couldn't be present, in which he referred to Brother Tidwell as an outstanding preacher and soul winner. Mention was also made of his ability as a writer of books, tracts, and articles for religious periodicals. Brother Dodd stated that the memory of Brother Tidwell will live on through his writings. Rev. Cook closed his remarks by saying he counted it a privilege to be present on this memorable occasion.

One of Brother Tidwell's favorite songs was "Meet Me There". Rev. and Mrs. Cameron used this for their second number. Following this special song, the pastor read portions of Scripture from Hebrews chapter 11, verses 24 and 25; II Timothy chapter 3, verses 10 through 12; also chapter 4, verses 6 through 8; II Kings chapter 2, verses 12 through 14; and Isaiah chapter 6, verses 1 and 8.

Reference was made, by the pastor, to the privilege, which seemed providential, of his being located just around the corner from the First Church of the Nazarene when he came to the city of Chattanooga, Tennessee. No better location could have been chosen for a young man, who was a backslider with a desire to attend church. The church in the community, which was located on the corner of Williams and Sixteenth Street was chosen, and it proved to be the one ordered of the Lord. It was here the good Holy Ghost, through the prayers of God's people, led a hungry lost soul back to God. The experience of entire sanctification was sought and received, and the call to preach was answered.

Brother Tidwell like Moses of old, made his choice to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than take the popular easy way. Moses had observed the sufferings of the Israelites which Pharaoh and his taskmasters had caused them to endure, but he chose the way with God and His people anyway. Brother Tidwell, like Moses, was recognized and given a place of responsibility as a young man, and was elected to the office of Steward in the Methodist Church at the early age of seventeen. He could have stayed with the home church and life would have been easier, but he too had made his choice to go with God and His holy people. Two offers, which would have been attractive to most young preachers, were made to Brother Tidwell during his ministry. One of them came very early in life. While he was living in the cupola of an old church that leaked, when the rains came down upon it, when he was buying two loaves of stale bread for five cents, and spending his last nickel for car fare to visit the sick, and walking back to town, a church with three thousand members, a two-story brick parsonage, and a fine team of beautiful horses and surrey with which to make pastoral calls, were offered him. The second offer was that of an honorary degree, Doctor of Divinity, by his Alma Mater, which is now Trevecca Nazarene College. The recognition and honor was indeed appreciated, but this was not his ambition or goal in life. He had made his choice to go with God, taking the narrow way, and to suffer the afflictions that were permitted to come to him. Many have been made glad that he did not take the way of least resistance and ease, for had he done so, their needs, both material and spiritual might not have been met.

As Elisha so much desired to carry on the good work that Elijah had done, may the Lord help us to desire to carry on the genuine work of heart holiness that the founder of the holiness work, in this area, has done across these many years.

Isaiah seemed to feel as long as King Uzziah lived, he had one upon whom he could lean, and I am sure many of us felt the same way about Brother Tidwell. As long as we had him, we had a wonderful source, yes, and a dependable source to which we could go for counsel and advice. May we, like Isaiah, see the Lord, hear his voice, and volunteer to be sent by Him.

The time of departure for the Apostle Paul came, so has the time of departure come for the loved one of the Tidwell family, the spiritual father of many present here today, and the friend of every man, woman, young person and child. These men of God fought a good fight, kept the faith and without doubt are wearing the crown which was laid up for them. Let each one of us heed the admonition we heard so often which came from the heart and lips of William Moses Tidwell, to "be true". The time of departure will soon come for all of us.

The message was brought to a close with some words of personal testimony which were given by Brother Tidwell. Feeling that his earthly life would soon be over, he quoted the following words from an old hymn, "My latest sun is sinking fast, my race is nearly run. I thank God there is a better world. I thank God for heaven, where we never get sick and where we never get old and never die. And as the song says, 'When we've been there ten thousand years' -- Oh make it ten million, ten billion, ten trillion, ten quadrillion, ten quintillion, ten sextillion, ten septillion, ten octillion, ten nonillion, ten decillion. Why you say, 'Brother Tidwell, that staggers me.' Yes, it does me too. Thank God that's just before breakfast. Heaven is how long? For ever. I think if heaven would end sometime out in the dim eternity it would lose its glory. I think if hell would ever end, it would lose its horror. If out in the dim eternity somewhere hell would end, it would not be quite so bad; but after all, friends, heaven is everlasting; and so is hell for ever and ever. Thank God for this good world, though I feel like my day will soon be over, and I am going to meet God. But if I know my heart now, it is all fixed up; and if I didn't feel it was, I would want to stop and get it fixed right now. I would be afraid to lie down and to go to sleep if I didn't feel that the blood of Jesus cleansed from sin, but I believe it does now. I think of that old song,

'On the happy golden shore  
Where the storms of life are o'er,  
Meet me there.

Here our fondest hopes are vain,  
Dearest bonds are rent in twain,  
Where we'll have no throb or pain,  
Meet me there.'

There is a land where we'll never say good-by, never get old, burdens, cares and sorrows will never come. God help us to be true whatever comes or doesn't come. May we not miss that good land above. May we meet again one day where parting will never come. God bless each of you is my prayer."

He is in that good world today and awaits those who survive him: one son, Willard Tidwell, of North Hollywood, California; three sisters: Mrs. Georgia Fussell of Chattanooga, Mrs. E. B. Shaw Sr., of Signal Mountain, Tennessee, and Mrs. Fate Allen, of Charlotte, Tennessee; two grandchildren, seven nieces and ten nephews, and countless thousands of friends and those he has influenced to make preparation for the coming of the Lord, and the good world which He has gone to prepare for all that love Him and are ready for His coming.

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1980

ORCHIDS ON A WASTE HILLSIDE  
By Marilyn Lavy Sturtevant -- hdm0464.txt

Attending missionary camp meeting in 1980 at Kauapena was like no other experience for us as new missionaries. We found it a great delight to gather there with the other EBM missionaries.

The skies poured rain down upon us relentlessly. The grounds became waterlogged. We sank in the mire as we walked from building to building.

The electricity gave problems the first night. Again and again the lights would go off. But no one seemed much concerned. Someone just turned a flashlight on and proceeded with the service. I thought they would not be able to finish the service. But after a few months in Papua New Guinea, I learned to react with the same degree of nonchalance to electricity problems.

In spite of the torrential rains and the power difficulties, the Lord's presence was with us. Gerald Bustin was the evangelist. His gift of drawing the national brethren in with the missionaries yielded great dividends among us before the camp ended. He aroused interest among the nationals and missionaries alike by announcing ahead of time that he was going to preach on Papua New Guinea's biggest problem on Friday night. When his audience was assembled that night, he gave a very clear message of eternal salvation through Jesus Christ. The major problem the world over is that men reject their saviour. The altar was lined that night. Many received help in their souls -- nationals, missionaries, and missionary children alike.

The crowning service was the last Sunday evening. There was no preaching that night -- no need for it. The Holy Spirit was doing the preaching. Before the special song was finished demonstrations of holy joy were changing to prayer burdens bringing tears of contrition and repentance. The room was crowded with nationals, many of whom could not understand English. But they could understand the power of the Holy Spirit. And they responded. The altar area was packed with seekers till there was room for no more.

That night victory came. Several whom the missionaries had been burdened for found their way back to God and right living at that altar service. There was much rejoicing as sinners and backsliders made peace with their Creator. Camp meeting 1980 ended in triumph!

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1990

## MY LIFE AND WRITINGS

By David A. Davis, Father of Dorothea Maxey -- hdm0260.txt

When I was seven years old my family moved to a homestead in the middle of the prairie in Alberta Canada. We were all alone there so there was no church to go to for many years. My father was a Christian and believed Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week so that was the Lord's day for our family and no unnecessary work was ever allowed on Sunday on our farm but of course we fed the animals and milked the cows.

Sometime during the day father gathered the family around and read the Bible and had a season of prayer so we had our own church services. It was at one of these services that the Lord spoke to me and gave me my first promise which today at 93 is still true and I still believe but since then I have had many more promises given and fulfilled praise His name I know I can trust Him all the way.

When I was sanctified the Lord promised me some rough times ahead, I have had many down through the years and the Lord has always helped me over those times and kept me. The year 1990 has been one of those times but my hope is that the year 1991 will be easier for me health wise and also financially .I plan to keep busy till the Lord comes.

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2000

TWO DANGEROUS PRESUMPTIONS REGARDING SECOND-COMING PROPHECY  
By Duane V. Maxey -- hdm1535.txt

2 Peter 3:3-4 "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days SCOFFERS, walking after their own lusts, 4 And SAYING, WHERE IS THE PROMISE OF HIS COMING? for since the fathers fell asleep, ALL THINGS CONTINUE AS THEY WERE FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE CREATION."

Deuteronomy 18:22 "WHEN A PROPHET SPEAKETH in the name of the Lord, IF THE THING FOLLOW NOT, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but THE PROPHET HATH SPOKEN IT PRESUMPTUOUSLY: thou shalt not be afraid of him."

The Internet is now awash with prophecies and skepticism about prophecy. Today is December 8, 1999. Only 23 days remain until that momentous time when 12:00 p.m. December 31, 1999 shall pass and the world shall see a new second, a new minute, a new hour, a new month, a new year, a new decade, a new century, and a NEW MILLENNIUM with the arrival of Y2K -- YEAR 2000.

The Internet -- the WWW (World Wide Web) -- is awash with warnings of what shall come with the dawn of the 3rd Millennium, and the dark, doomsday-type predictions of some apparently go far beyond the problems arising from the Y2K Millennium-Bug, and predict the Apocalypse with all things pertaining thereto. At the same time, the Internet is also flooded with a number of Web Pages containing the writings of those who are skeptics of Deity, skeptics of Christianity, and skeptics of Second Coming Prophecy.

Twenty centuries shall have passed in the Christian era, 2000 years, and at the dawn of Century 21 and the 3rd Millennium, perhaps as never before, many will be strongly tempted to gravitate toward one of TWO DANGEROUS PRESUMPTIONS REGARDING SECOND COMING PROPHECY. [We refer the reader to the article by Rev. Maxey to see his views on this. -- Russell Gordon.]

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THE END