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A JULY 4TH POTPOURRI

Compiled and Edited by Duane V. Maxey

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Digital Edition 07/04/2000
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INTRODUCTION

This is literally a potpourri -- a diverse collection of things dated July 4th, from various writers, concerning different matters, and on different years. The only arrangement that I have made in the July 4th Potpourri is that of placing the entries in chronological sequence as to their respective years. The only connection between these items is that they are all dated July 4th, but it is hoped that the reader will find the perusal of this mingled miscellany both interesting and profitable. -- DVM

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PART 1

From hdm0377 -- THE LIVES OF EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS, Vol. III, by Thomas Jackson (Life and Death of Thomas Walsh)

JULY 4, 1758 [my guesstimate] "Sunday, July 4th. I was; troubled in my spirit, because of lightness of heart, and speaking 'my own words.' (Isai. lviii.) How many idle words do I speak! It ill becomes a Christian, much more a Preacher, ever to laugh.

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PART 2

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1772 -- Went to Burlington, in order to attend the execution of one S., a murderer; and declared to a great number of people under the jail wall, "He healeth the broken in heart." The poor criminal appeared penitent, behaved with great solidity, and expressed a desire to leave the world.

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PART 3

From hdm0093 -- THE LIVES OF EMINENT METHODIST MINISTERS by P. Douglass Gorrie

JULY 4, 1773 -- In June, 1773, Messrs. Rankin and Shadford arrived in Philadelphia, from England, having been sent over by Mr. Wesley to reinforce the small number of preachers in America. As Mr. Rankin was Mr. Asbury's senior, both in age and ministerial standing, it seemed good to Mr. Wesley to appoint the former in the place of Mr. Asbury, to the office of General Assistant, and giving him power also to call the preachers together in an annual Conference. Accordingly, on the 4th day of July, 1773, the first regular Conference ever held in America met in the city of Philadelphia.

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PART 4

From hdm0377 -- THE LIVES OF EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS, Vol. V, by Thomas Jackson (Life of Thomas Rankin)

JULY 4, 1773 -- Sunday, July 4th. -- I preached in the morning at seven. Blessed be God, I found freedom and tenderness, to apply the word in a particular manner to those who were groaning for pardon of sin and for purity of heart. Brother Asbury preached in the evening a home Methodist sermon, and the Lord crowned it with a Divide blessing. We concluded the day with a general lovefeast. The people spoke with life and Divine liberty, and in particular some of the blacks. The Lord was present indeed, and the shout of the King of Glory was heard in the camp of Israel.

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PART 5

From hdm1041 -- TWENTY-SEVEN HUNDRED-PLUS SERMON ILLUSTRATIONS
Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

On JULY 4, 1776, George III wrote in his diary, "Nothing of importance happened today." He, of course, had no way of knowing what had occurred that day 3,000 miles away in the colonies, in Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in particular. Other things have happened on July 4. In 1567, Mary, Queen of Scots, abdicated. In 1754, George Washington surrendered Fort Necessity to the French and Indians. In 1802, the United States Military Academy opened at West Point. In 1817, construction of the Erie Canal began. In 1821, slavery was abolished in New York State. In 1826, Stephen Foster was born and John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died, and in 1831 James Monroe died. In 1845, Texas voted for annexation to the United States. In 1848, the cornerstone of the Washington Monument was laid. In 1862, on a historic (literally) cruise and picnic, Lewis Carroll made up the story of a little girl named Alice who falls down a rabbit hole and has wondrous adventures. In 1863, Vicksburg, Mississippi, surrendered to the Union army. In 1866, half of Portland, Maine, was destroyed by fire. In 1872, Calvin Coolidge was born. In 1884, the Statue of Liberty was presented to the United States by France. In 1946, the Philippines were granted their independence by the United States. In 1954, meat rationing ended in England (after 15 years). In 1976 the U. S. bicentennial was observed.

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PART 6

From hdm0118, A SHORT HISTORY OF THE METHODISTS by Jesse Lee

JULY 4, 1776 -- On the 4th day of July, 1776, the United States of America were declared by Congress to be Free and Independent States.

The Methodists met with some particular persecutions this year. Mr. Asbury says on the 20th day of June, "I was fined near Baltimore five pounds for preaching the gospel." It was with great difficulty that our preachers could travel their circuits, on account of the war which was

spreading through the land. What made the matter worse than it would otherwise have been, was, our head preachers were all from Europe, and some of them were imprudent in speaking too freely against the proceedings of the Americans.

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PART 7

From hdm0093 -- THE LIVES OF EMINENT METHODIST MINISTERS by P. Douglass Gorrie

JULY 4, 1776 -- Wesley, writing to Thomas Rankin in America in a letter dated, May 19, 1775: -- "I doubt not but brother Asbury and you will part friends. I shall hope to see him at Conference (in England)

Shortly after this correspondence, the ever memorable war of, the Revolution began, which rendered the situation of some of the leading preachers unpleasant in the extreme. This was particularly the case with Messrs. Rankin and Asbury, the former of whom, soon after the issuing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, resolved to return to England. He, however, deferred his departure until September, 1777. Mr. Asbury resolved, however, to remain true to the cause of American Methodism, and "not to depart from the work on any consideration." In thus resolving, Mr. Asbury placed himself in imminent peril, arising from the fact that one of the preachers -- an Englishman by the name of Rodda -- had so far forgotten his calling as a minister of the Gospel, as to become a warm partisan and friend of royalty, and was even detected in reading the King's proclamation while discharging his duties on his circuit. This one circumstance was sufficient to awaken jealousy in regard to the political integrity of other Methodist preachers, and particularly of those from England: hence they were not even permitted to preach in many places, and Mr. Asbury, who was always exceedingly guarded in reference to his expressions of, political preference, was, at the beginning of hostilities, fined five pounds at or near Baltimore, for no other crime than preaching the Gospel. Still, however, he kept on discharging his duty as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

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PART 8

From hdm0428 -- HISTORY OF METHODIST REFORM, Vol. I, by Edward J. Drinkhouse

JULY 4, 1783 -- 1783, and Wesley at eighty years of age. He had more invitations now to preach in National churches than he could accept. A wonderful change in forty years, yet, from the point of view of the clergy, the fact that he and his were not excised is a striking proof of the conservative character of that Church, imitated by its congener, the Protestant Episcopal Church of North America. He was as ardent a Churchman as ever. He was taken dangerously ill in March, and on convalescing wrote a most tender letter to Hester Ann Rodgers, rehearsing a dream he had of his own funeral. Yet on June 11, he set out for Holland, with companions, taking as interpreter, Jonathan Ferguson, son of a preacher who had removed to Holland. He returned to London July 4 [1783]. The fortieth Conference began July 29.

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PART 9

From hdm0428 -- HISTORY OF METHODIST REFORM, Vol. I, by Edward J. Drinkhouse

JULY 4, 1785 -- No marvel that Asbury spent the 4th of July, 1785, as already quoted, reading, "I spent three hours profitably in reading the printed minutes of the Conference." They can be quite carefully read in half an hour, but they furnished food for serious reflection, and much admiration for the adroitness of his compeer in office, "superintendent or bishop," Coke. Asbury's long cherished plan for organizing an Episcopal Church was realized. [At the Christmas Conference of 1784 -- DVM]

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PART 10

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1786 -- I came to Barratt's, where God spoke to the hearts of a few souls, who were not a little moved. Here I was almost ready to drop for want of sleep.

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PART 11

From hdm0093 -- THE LIVES OF EMINENT METHODIST MINISTERS by P. Douglass Gorrie

JULY 4, 1789 -- Mr. Lee had now fully opened his mission in New England, and he continued going from place to place, preaching the gospel of peace to the inhabitants of those lands. On the 4th of July we find him at Stratford, Conn., where he put up at a tavern, and then went to the man who kept the key of the townhouse, and obtained his consent to preach therein. The man told him he did not know much about the Methodists, they might be like the New-Lights. Mr. Lee in reply, said he did not know much about the New-Lights, but some people thought that the Methodists resembled them in their preaching. "Well," said the man, "if you are like them, I would not wish to have anything to do with you." Mr. Lee inquired what objections he had to the New-Lights. "Why," replied the man, "they went on like madmen; there was one Davenport that would preach, and hollo, and beat the pulpit with both hands, and cry out 'Come away, come away to the Lord Jesus Christ. Why don't you come to the Lord?' till he would foam at the mouth, and sometimes continued it, till the congregation would be praying in companies about the house." "For my part," said Mr. Lee, "I wished that the like work was among the people again." Mr. Lee accordingly preached in the town-house, and was hospitably entertained by the people.

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PART 12

From hdm0118 -- A SHORT HISTORY OF THE METHODISTS by Jesse Lee

JULY 4, 1790 -- It will, no doubt, be satisfactory to many of the inhabitants of Rhode Island, to know the time when the Methodists first came to that state. The first Methodist sermon

was preached in Charles Town, Rhode Island, on the 3d day of September 1789. The first in Newport was on the 30th of June 1790. The first in Bristol was on the 2d of July: and the first in Providence was on the fourth of July, 1790. The first Methodist sermon preached in Cranston, was on the 11th day of November 1791.

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PART 13

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1793 -- Being the anniversary of the American independence, there was a great noise among the sinners. A few of us went down to Shawanee; called a few people from their work, and found it good for us to be there. If we are Christ's we are free indeed.

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PART 14

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1794 -- Was the anniversary of Independence. I preached On 2 Pet. 3:20, 21, wherein I showed: 1. That all real Christians had escaped the pollutions of the world; 2. That it is possible for them to be entangled therein again and overcome; 3. That when this is the case they turn from the holy commandments delivered unto them; 4. That the last state of such is worse than the first; for God is provoked, Christ slighted, the Spirit grieved, religion dishonored, their understanding is darkened, the will is perverted, the conscience becomes insensible, and all the affections unmoved under the means of grace; they keep the wisdom of the serpent, but lose the harmlessness of the dove. At dinner Mr. Pilmoor spoke word in favor of Mr. Glendenning (who was once with us, as also he has been); this brought on an explanation of matters. My answer was, 1. That I did not make rules, but had to execute them; 2. That anyone who desired me to act unconstitutionally either insulted me as an individual, or the Conference as a body of men. I hardly knew sometimes where to set my foot; I must be always on my guard, and take heed to what I say of and before anyone.

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PART 15

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1795 -- Being the anniversary of Independence, the bells ringing, drums beating, guns firing, and orations on liberty, and equality too, are not forgotten. I see the need of being more watchful among the best of men; a spirit of love exists among the preachers, but we are far from being as spiritual as we ought to be. The Rev. Mr. Ogden was kind enough to present me with his first volume, On Revealed Religion. It contains a soft, yet general answer, to the deistical, atheistical oracle of the day, Thomas Paine, and is a most excellent compilation, taken from a great number of ancient and modern writers on the side of truth, and will be new to common readers. So far as I have read, I can recommend it to those who wish for full information on the subject. I met

the official members of the society; and had some close talk on the doctrine and discipline of the Church. I asked if they wished to be Methodists; but how could I suppose anything else, when they had been a society of nearly thirty years' standing?

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PART 16

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1797 -- I was taken in a chariot to Perry Hall, in company with Sister Fonerdon. I felt the effects of my exertions on the Sabbath, the want of rest, rising early, and riding to Mr. Gough's. In my mind I felt almost as in old times. God hath not left this house. I felt great love to the family in praying for them in the family and in the closet. I had an open and free conversation with Mr. Gough about his soul. I conversed with the servants also, and had freedom in prayer, although I felt weakness of body. I wrote a few letters and read a little in the Bible. How precious is the Word of God!

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PART 17

From hdm0610 -- RICHARD WHATCOAT AN EXAMPLE OF PERFECT LOVE by Duane V. Maxey

JULY 4, 1800 -- The weather is damp and very warm. We came on to New Haven, where they were celebrating the Fourth of July. I fear some of them have broken good order, and become independent of strict sobriety. Bishop Whatcoat preached in the Sandemanian meetinghouse purchased by the Methodists.

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PART 18

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1802 -- We concluded with a love feast, sacrament, and the ordination of five elders, to wit: Comfort Smith, Epaphras Kibby, Daniel Webb, Asa Heath, and Reuben Hubbard. They kneeled outside at the door of the house, and received the imposition of hands from myself and the elders present. May they open the door of the church of God in discipline, and the way to heaven, by preaching the gospel! Five sermons were preached through the day. The women chiefly occupied the inside, while the men stood without. Of the multitude congregated on the occasion, allowed to be between two and three thousand, we hope many went away profited.

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PART 19

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1807 -- We were great crowded in a small house in Lyons. My subject was Matt. 17:5. After meeting and dinner we rode on to the sulphur springs, near Canandaigua, and lodged at the widow Ferguson's.

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PART 20

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 3, 1808 -- (Pennsylvania). I preached at Uniontown, on James 5:20. We started away for the widow Henthorn's, where we spent a solitary Fourth of July in reading and drafting Conference plans as far as Baltimore. My mind is wholly devoted to God. On Tuesday I read Thomas a' Kempis, and copied off a list of preachers for the Western and Southwestern Conferences. Brother Boehm preached to the people in English and German; he also preached at Middletown on Thursday. I spoke for about half an hour at the widow Stephens' on Friday; my subject was I Cor. 6:19, 20. On Saturday I read a part of the seventh volume of Wesley's Sermons. Confinement is excessively irksome, but the rain for four days past is tremendous, and I feel my old rheumatic affections.

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PART 21

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1809 -- (New York). We kept along down Burgoyne's Road to Fort Edward. At four o'clock I preached in Dr. Lawrence's store, to about five hundred attentive hearers. I feel the effect of riding thirty or forty miles a day, fasting long, and expected to preach every evening. I spoke on Rom. 8:1, at McCready's barn. Thursday brought us to Father Hart's, on Saratoga Lake, to dinner. After refreshing we went out under a plentiful rain, and, mounting our beasts, directed our course away to- General Clark's. Here I preached in the barroom, and had life and liberty. We have made nine hundred miles since we left New York, as we compute. There will be an increase of eleven thousand this year. On Saturday I visited Ballston Springs buildings, approximating in elegance to those of Bath in England. The water has a taste of beer, of lemon juice, and of salt of tartar.

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PART 22

From hdm1586 -- THE LIFE AND LABORS OF ADAM CLARKE by John Middleton Hare

JULY 4, 1809 -- The following is an interesting extract from a letter, dated July 4, 1809, and addressed by Dr. Clarke to one of his daughters at school:-- "Youth is the time, and the time alone, in which learning can be attained. I find that I can now remember very little but what I learned when I was young. I have, it is true, acquired many things since; but it has been with great labor and difficulty: and I find I cannot retain them, as I can those things which I gained in my youth. Had I not got rudiments and principles in the beginning, I should certainly have made but

little out in life; and it is often now a source of regret to me that I did not employ that time as I might have done, at least to the extent that my circumstances admitted; but, for my comparative nonimprovement, I can make this apology, -- my opportunities were not of the most favorable kind; for I was left to explore my way nearly alone, and was never informed how I might make the best use of the understanding God had given me."

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PART 23

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1811 -- On the opposite shore they are firing for the Fourth of July. What have I to do with this waste of powder? I pass the pageantry of the day unheeded on the other side. Why should I have new feelings in Canada? Friday I preached at the German settlement; I was weak in body, yet greatly helped in speaking. Here is a decent, loving people; my soul is much united to them. I called upon Father Dulmage, and on Brother Hicks -- a branch of an old Irish stock of Methodism in New York. I lodged at David Breckenridge's, above Johnston, Canada.

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PART 24

From hdm0560 -- THE HEART OF ASBURY'S JOURNAL by Ezra Squier Tipple

JULY 4, 1815 -- Happy at Mother Boehm's. A pleasing providence, according to my wishes, had brought Henry in a few minutes before us. Ah, the changes we witness My long-loved friend, Judge Bassett, some time past a paralytic, is lately restricken on the other side, and suffers much in his helpless state.

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PART 25

From hdm1600 -- SKETCHES OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH, AND ITS BIBLIOGRAPHY by T. H. Colhouer

JULY 4 1823 [by my guesstimate] Levi R. Reese, a son of David and Mary Reese, was born in Harford County, Md., on the 8th of February, 1806. Shortly after his birth, his parents removed to Baltimore. Here he received a good English education, and, at the age of seventeen, was employed as assistant teacher in a highly respectable Academy, where, by diligent study, he added greatly to his literary attainments. Resolved upon professional life, he was desirous of entering the Naval Service, and had made important influence in that direction, when, by the circumstances I am about to relate, the whole course of his life was changed.

A Fourth of July fishing party, composed of young men with whom he was intimate, had been formed, and Levi had made his arrangements to accompany them down the Chesapeake. A day or two previous to the Fourth, his father made known his opposition to the excursion and insisted upon his son's remaining at home. The father, not altogether free from superstitious fears,

had, by reason of a dream concerning this, his favorite boy, a strong presentiment that something terribly adverse would befall the party. To disobey him was not the habit of his children; -- but in this instance, Levi, thinking the demand unreasonable, resolved to set it aside. The mother's pleading, however, prevailed, and he was compelled, greatly to his mortification, to forego the anticipated pleasure and make the best apology to his companions that he could. The party left Baltimore in fine spirits; but, in the course of the day, the oar in the hand of young R____, Levi's bosom friend, slipped from its place, and the sudden impulse, thus given to the body, caused the oarsman to fall from the boat, and sink to rise no more. This sad event produced a deep seriousness in the mind of young Reese, which continued for several months, until it was finally matured in the commencement of the Christian life. While in this anxious state of mind, he took his accustomed place, one day, in the choir of a Methodist church in Baltimore. The preacher was a plain, blunt man, whose inelegances of style were anything but a luxury to the critics. In the midst of his discourse, he abruptly turned to the choir, and pointing directly to the place where this young man was sitting, said: "Take care, young man, lest the voice which has this day sung God's praise in the sanctuary, be lifted up in hell where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Criticism was at once disarmed. The directness and solemnity of the appeal, in connection with the awful impressiveness of the manner, smote Levi's heart. like lightning, and it was probably then and there that he made his first effectual resolve to seek salvation through Christ. A few months after this, his mind was brought to rest in the precious promises of the Gospel, and he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, being then about twenty years of age. In a few weeks after, he began to exercise in the public meetings as an Exhorter; and his first efforts were thought to give promise of extensive usefulness in the Church of Christ.

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PART 26

From hdm0092 -- HAZARDED LIVES by Edith P. Goodnow

JULY 4, 1825 -- George Dana Boardman and Sarah Hall took their marriage vows on July 4, 1825, and saying goodby at once to their friends in New England, journeyed to Philadelphia. On July 16 they sailed for Calcutta. On arriving there on December 2 they found the war between England and Burma made entering their chosen field of Arrican impossible, and so they settled at Chitapore, a village near Calcutta, for "the duration," which proved in this case to be fifteen months. They spent the time happily and profitably, though, of course, they were anxious to begin work on their own field.

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PART 27

From hdm0443 -- THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE PECK by Himself

JULY 4, 1829 -- This year, 1829, at the invitation of Herman Camp, I delivered, at Trumansburgh, my first Fourth of July oration, selecting for my special theme the Temperance Reform. Some years afterward I heard a gentleman in New York, who was supposed to be well informed in such matters, state, as an historical fact, that the first temperance celebration of the national anniversary occurred in that city about, the year 1832. If the date of the New York

celebration is correctly given, that at Trumansburgh occurred three years before it, and was probably the first instance of the kind. I also spoke on the same theme the next year at the celebration held at Speedsville.

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PART 28

From hdm0011 -- A HISTORY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH by Nathan Bangs

JULY 4, 1830 -- I remember well that, when stationed in the city of New York, in 1830, [Samuel Merwin] was called upon to preach a sermon in the Forsyth Street church, on the 4th of July, and a proposition to take up a collection in favor of the American Colonization Society had been declined by the trustees; -- on this occasion brother Merwin, warming with his subject, rising with the importance and grandeur of his theme, now soared away into the regions of bold thought and vivid imagination, and then melting into the tenderest strains of pathetic and impassioned eloquence, his hearers were alternately raised with expanded and elevated views of truth and duty, and overwhelmed with deep and softened emotions of joy, love, and gratitude. Such, indeed, was the power which he exerted over his audience, that he had them under complete command, and taking advantage of this state of feeling, he suddenly turned from his subject, and asked, "Shall we take a collection for the American Colonization Society?" The appeal was irresistible. "Yes! yes!" responded from every part of the house, and the trustees were compelled to reverse their own decision, and present the plates to receive the free-will offerings of the people, whose hearts had been made generous by the powerful appeals of the orator of the day. An acquaintance of mine, not a member of the Church, who was present, came to me and asked me to lend him a dollar; as he had no money with him, that he might put it in the plate. All were filled with rapture, and the more pleased for having an opportunity to let their alms accompany their prayers and praises. The amount of the collection told the rest.

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PART 29

From hdm1609 -- ADAM CLARKE PORTRAYED Volume III By James Everett

JULY 4, 1830 -- One object of the Doctor's return to Dublin was, (agreeably to previous arrangement,) to preside at the Conference, whose sittings commenced July 4th 1830 [my guesstimate]. On the advantage of his presidency, Mr. Langtree thus observes, -- "The examination of characters was conducted with great strictness: our doctrines, discipline, and ministry, after a lucid explanation of them by the president, were faithfully, as in the sight of God, brought home to the bosom and business of every preacher."

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PART 30

From hdm0324 -- A HISTORY OF THE RISE OF METHODISM IN AMERICA by John Lednum

JULY 4, 1831 -- In fitting up a place of worship for sailors by this band of young men, a of July excursion on the Delaware river; some of them said that the money would be better applied in fitting up a place for religious worship; it was argued successfully; and when the Fourth of July came, these young men, instead of gliding on the Delaware, were seen using saws, planes, hammers, and nails, making benches for a congregation to use in worshipping the Lord, and receiving religious instruction.

This meeting was kept alive for nearly three years by those who founded it, assisted by local preachers, and occasional visits from the preachers stationed at St. George's. In 1834 the Rev. D. W. Bartine was sent, who served it efficiently. In 1844 a brick church was erected, and finished off since very neatly. This meeting has as much, if not more, of the primitive spirit of Methodism, as any one to be found in this city. It has sent out some preachers of the first order of mind, such as Dr. Wythe, and the Rev. W. H. Brisbane.

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PART 31

From hdm0292 -- A MEMOIR OF WILLIAM CARVOSSO

JULY 4, 1832 -- After a tour of nineteen weeks the Lord has once more brought me in safety to my own home; for which I praise His holy name. I spent seven weeks at Mousehole, where I had again the pleasure of seeing many sinners brought to God. Several penitents received the Spirit of adoption while I was explaining to them the way of believing in order to be justified; six of them indeed before I had bowed my knees with them in prayer. This, I think, is more than I could ever say before.

One day as I was walking in the street, a person came after me in haste, and requested me to visit a woman who was in great distress of soul. When I came to her she instantly exclaimed, "If I die in this state, I am lost! I am lost!" and continued repeating those words for some time. I asked for a Bible; and while I was explaining to her the precious promises of the Gospel, she was enabled to believe and rejoice in the God of her salvation. This woman had never attended the chapel for several years.

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PART 32

From hdm0290, THE BLESSING OF PERFECT LOVE, Experience 62, by Dexter S. King

JULY 4 1840 -- Memorable day! spent in delightful social intercourse, in prayer and praise, and holy conversation with a beloved member of the household of faith. While conversing on doing the whole will of our Father, we found our minds enlightened, and increased in spiritual understanding and knowledge of his will. Such interviews, where heart meets heart, are grateful indeed, and refreshing even as the streams of water to an eastern traveler. Sometimes I have questioned, whether I did not neglect too much the customary social intercourse. If so, it arises, in part, from a fear of finding such intercourse unprofitable to myself and to others. There are visits

of mercy, to the sick, the poor, the afflicted, which admit of no question, and which I hasten to perform; but other calls, the customary calls of society, admit of a question in my mind, Can I thereby do good, and glorify God? Still I would not restrict myself to any rigid rule of duty, knowing that wherever the Lord calls his children to go, he can there bless, and make them a blessing. But to be "unspotted from the world," without a mark or sign of worldliness, and yet in the world, is a difficult lesson.

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PART 33

From hdm0602 -- THE LIFE OF ALFRED COOKMAN by Henry B. Ridgaway

JULY 4, 1843 -- [From a letter by George Cookman, brother of Alfred Cookman, to his grandfather in England]

"Baltimore, July 27, 1843

"My Dear Grandfather, -- I have for some time past been wondering how I could make a letter interesting to you, and now I think I have succeeded in gaining my object. In the first place, I wish to tell you how we spent the 4th of July, the anniversary of our country's independence. The Sunday School to which we belong assembled about 7 o'clock in the morning, and started from the school-house. We arrived at the place of destination about 8 o'clock. It was a beautiful grove, about a mile from the city. Our exercises commenced with singing and prayer, after which the children played for about an hour. We then again met at the stand, and, after singing and prayer, the Declaration of Independence was read. Alfred, who was the orator of the day, rose and spoke an original oration. There were several addresses and dialogues by the boys. We had a plentiful repast, and about 4 o'clock returned to the city, highly delighted by the exercises of the day. Alfred gave us some very good advice on patriotism, temperance, and duty to parents, and various other subjects. He was highly applauded for his youthful effort. At an exhibition of his school about a week ago, six judges awarded him the first prize for declamation. Our school broke up last Friday for the August holidays. I expect to start for the country in a day or two, where I hope to have a fine time in the various amusements of the country. I wish mother would move in the country rather than live in a crowded city.

"Your affectionate grandson,
"George Cookman"

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PART 34

From hdm0602 -- THE LIFE OF ALFRED COOKMAN by Henry B. Ridgaway

JULY 4, 1843 -- [From a letter by Alfred Cookman, to his grandfather in England]

"Baltimore, July 27, 1843

"My Dear Grandfather, --At the request of dear mother, I purpose writing you a short letter on matters and things in general. For the last month I have had my time very much occupied in writing, committing, and delivering speeches, which I do assure you is no very easy task. On the 4th of July last, at the request of the teachers of the Eutaw Sabbath School, I assembled with them in a most delightful grove, for the purpose of addressing them on the very interesting theme of the emancipation of our beloved America from the weight of British laws and British subjection -- of the glorious 4th of July, 1776, when we declared ourselves a free and independent people, and to which day every true American ought to recur with feelings of veneration and patriotism. After numerous addresses and a plentiful repast, the children repaired to their respective homes highly delighted; and their only complaint was that the 4th of July did not come often enough for them. During the past year I have been going to a Mr. Burleigh's school, and have devoted almost all my time to the study of the ancient and modern languages. I think that the last year has added very much to my stock of information on various subjects. On the 20th of July Mr. Burleigh had an exhibition. About twenty-three of his scholars took part in the exercises; eight of that number had original speeches. I chose, as the subject of my remark, "Simplicity." I also delivered a short speech in French. After the speaking was over, the premiums were awarded to those deserving of them in the different classes. I received a handsome silver goblet, a small but neat silver cup, and two most interesting books. Our audience consisted of about fourteen hundred persons, who left the hall extremely gratified with the exercises. About three months ago a number of moral and intellectual youths formed themselves into a society for the purpose of self-improvement. Myself and George have the honor to be of the number. We meet every Friday evening. Our exercises consist of composition, declamation, and debate. Already do I find the good that accrues to me from being connected with this association; the misty clouds of ignorance which before gathered around me are beginning to disperse before the genial rays of the sun of science, and I trust before long to walk in the broad daylight of learning and intelligence. The influenza is raging to a very great extent in the city. Scarcely can you enter a house but some of the inmates are not suffering with it ... We are very anxious for mother to move into the country a short distance, say one and a half or two miles. We see every day more and more the demoralizing influence of crowded cities in bringing up youth, and particularly so in Baltimore. I have not been in any city or town, nor do I believe there is any, where the youth are so depraved in their character and vicious in their habits as in Baltimore ... But I am getting beyond my bounds. Tell cousin George R. I should be glad to hear from him."

I have before me a copy of the Fourth of July oration. It is creditable alike to the head and the heart, of its youthful author. It is well conceived and well expressed, showing the elevation of thought and principle, the patriotic and religious fire which thus early animated him. In the same composition-book, in his neat handwriting, are translations from the Greek and Latin, and original essays, which give evidence of a vigorous intellect already well advanced in culture.

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PART 35

From hdm0895 -- STORY OF MY LIFE by William Taylor

JULY 4, 1852 -- On the Fourth of July, 1852, I preached a temperance sermon on the Plaza. I drew a parallel between the oppressions of our fathers and mothers under the administration of

our mother country, and the more dreadful sufferings of tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens under the despotism of King Alcohol and his long train of officers, thousands of whom were quartered in our midst and pampered at our expense. I drew a picture of the aggressive marches of the enemy and the horrible havoc he was making of American flesh and blood and property and tenderest ties and dearest hopes, and asked them what they would do if any foreign potentate or power should invade our territory and commit such outrages with the bayonet. Shades of Patrick Henry! Wouldn't Uncle Sam's boys rally and run to the rescue? "Come forward today like John Hancock and his invincible compatriots, and sign this 'Declaration of Independence.'" About forty persons came forward and signed the temperance pledge. While I was discoursing an old woman who kept a grogshop close by where I stood came out and cried, "Don't listen to him. He's an impostor. He's preaching for money -- telling lies."

"Dry up, old woman," replied some of the outsiders; "dry up! We know what's the matter with you. Your craft is in danger. He is taking away your customers. We know Father Taylor. He is a good man, and he's telling the truth." The woman immediately disappeared. Just as I closed my remarks a man tried to get the attention of the audience, and said, "This man is an impostor hallooing around here to get people's money." "Stop, stranger," said one; "what is your business here in the city?" "Why, sir," replied the fellow, after being closely pressed for an answer, "I am a gambler, and I did a first-rate business and made money here till these preachers came to the city. But this fellow is hallooing at the people here every Sunday, and has broken up my business. I can't get a decent living." "Good! good!" said one and another. "Hearken, friends," said I; "this gambler has paid me a high compliment. He says I have broken up his business." "Good! good!" responded the people. The gambler "vamoosed," and I have not laid eyes on him since.

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PART 36

From hdm0443 -- THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE PECK by Himself

JULY 4, 1855 -- The Wyoming Conference commenced its session June 20, 1855, at Wilkesbarre, Bishop Ames presiding. I was again elected a delegate to the General Conference. I expected, of course, to return to the Wyoming District, but intended to remove my residence to some other point in it, in order to escape from the ague, which prevailed at that time in the valley. Learning this fact, the Bishop concluded that a removal still farther north would be no hardship, and appointed me to the Binghamton District.

On the fourth of July I set out for my new field of labor, which was the more interesting to me from the fact that it embraced a large part of the circuit which I traveled during my first year in the Conference.

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PART 37

From hdm0213 -- EARLY METHODISM WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE OLD GENESEE CONFERENCE by George Peck

JULY 4, 1859 [Two days to live] -- Elisha Bibbins was born in Hampton, Washington county, N. Y., July 16, 1790, and died at Scranton, Pa., on the 6th of July, 1859, of disease of the heart, aged about sixty-nine years. He was converted November 8, 1805, under the labors of Rev. Bradley Silleck; was licensed to preach in January, 1812. and was admitted on trial in the Genesee Conference in July of the same year. He was for twelve years of his ministry in the effective ranks, three years a supernumerary, and, including the present year, thirty-two years a superannuated preacher. He, however, did much valuable service in the way of filling vacancies during the years of his superannuation. During this period he preached many sermons, and won many souls to Christ. The last twenty years of his life he spent in the state of Illinois. His strong attachments to his old friends, and a desire once more to visit the fields of his early toils, led him to form the resolution to be present at the session of the Wyoming Conference to be held in Newark Valley. This purpose he executed, although he was very feeble; so much so that perhaps prudence would have dictated his remaining at home in the bosom of his family.

He met his old friends and fellow laborers with the genial spirit, the same hearty "God speed" which characterized his early conference associations. He considered it his last visit, but still bade the brethren "farewell" without any indications of gloomy forebodings.

Soon after the close of the conference Dr. Everets, of Nichols, after a thorough examination of his case, informed him that there was every evidence that his heart was diseased, and he would die suddenly. The information did not startle him in the least, although it seemed to be new. His cheerfulness abated not for a moment, and he subsequently referred to this medical opinion as one well founded, but with no other remark than, "I am trying to be ready for the summons."

He traveled slowly, and with intervals of rest, with his friends, through Bradford county to Tunkhannock, where he spent the 4th of July. Here the blandness of his manners, and the freedom of his intercourse with the people, excited great admiration.

On the morning of the 5th, rather suddenly, he resolved that day to visit the writer at his home in Scranton. At eleven o'clock A.M. of that day he was seated in our study. During the afternoon he, spent the time in free and cheerful conversation. At a few minutes before ten o'clock he prayed with us and retired. The house was alarmed in the night by a call from his room. We hastened to him with a light, and found him in a violent paroxysm of coughing, and freely expectorating blood. He was in a severe chill, and expressed a desire to be where there was fire. We immediately removed him to our room, kindled a fire in the stove, and sent for a physician. Medical aid relieved his sufferings, and he seemed disposed to sleep. We staid by his side for a short time, and when we next noticed him, which was at early dawn, he had quietly fallen asleep in Jesus. He had not changed his position in the least, and from every appearance died without the disturbance of a muscle. A post mortem examination verified the opinion of Dr. Everets; he died of ossification of the heart.

The Rev. Elisha Bibbins was a man of good natural abilities. His powers of perception were quick, and his reasoning faculties vigorous. His sensibilities were strong and well disciplined. He had a strong sense of the ludicrous. He readily formed unusual associations, and exhibited a striking tendency to wit and humor, a tendency which showed itself to the very last. He was "capable of the most biting sarcasm, but seldom indulged this dangerous faculty to the

annoyance of his friends. His cuts' were usually modified by so much good humor that they inflicted no pain. He was a man of great energy of character and great industry. He was always in earnest. It was this which gave almost overwhelming power to his sermons, exhortations, and prayers. He was a good theologian, but a better preacher. In his best moods and his highest flights he poured out a torrent of eloquence which would melt the very rocks. He was a good singer, and in his prime his singing had fire and power in it, and was often the means of awakening and conversion.

Many souls were brought to Christ by the instrumentality of this zealous and faithful minister of the Gospel. The fruit of his labor is thickly scattered over the fields which he occupied as a pastor or as a temporary laborer. Influential members of the Church, and ministers of high standing, now doing good service, acknowledge him as their spiritual father. The Rev. George Landon, on the occasion of his funeral, gave an interesting account of his awakening and conversion, and in the most affecting language claimed the man whose mortal remains lay before the desk as the means, under God, of that great change. So literally true is it that "he being dead yet speaks," in and through those "living epistles, known and read of all men," who were redeemed from sin and death through his instrumentality.

He was of medium size, well formed, with a prominent nose, a piercing but benignant eye, of a nervous temperament, and but for the excess of the sensitive in his nature might have done good service down to old age and enjoyed good health. But the sword was too sharp for the scabbard. The fire within consumed him. His great efforts in revivals early reduced a splendid physical organism to a wreck; still there was life in him, which manifested itself in efforts to do something for God and the world to the close of life.

His piety was sincere, deep, and earnest. He prayed without ceasing, and trusted in God. His religion was of the hopeful, cheerful cast. I have known him under great pressures, but never knew him to lose heart. In poverty and want, in sickness and sufferings, he was happy, often buoyant and even playful. He had a young soul in him, and was a brother and companion even to the children when he was old and gray-headed. He enjoyed himself, enjoyed the world, and enjoyed God, in spite of a hard lot and many adverse winds. He was a man of a thousand, a man of noble impulses, of a great soul, of a genial nature, of a lofty spirit, of a strong will, and of inexhaustible patience. As a husband, a father, a brother, and a friend, he occupies an elevation which few have reached. He rests from his toils and his works follow him.

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PART 38

From hdm0431 -- GOD IN HISTORY by Elmer Ellsworth Helms

JULY 3-4, 1863 -- From Chapter 3, GOD AT GETTYSBURG

July the 3rd. A hush hangs heavy over hill and dale. The silence is oppressive -- the silence before the storm. Iron nerved men are on the verge of collapse from the foreboding suspense. The soft zephyrs, in mocking, whisper, "Peace, peace," when men well know there is no peace.

The town clock strikes one. Will the awful day with its awful silence never wear away? A shudder. Another, and still another. From the throat of 158 Confederate cannon vomit forth flame and death across this wide expanse into the Union ranks. For nearly two hours 238 cannon, North and South, fill the air with screaming, screeching, whizzing, whirling, exploding shell. They peel trees from base to tip. They plow the ground like furrowed fields. They tear men and horses into countless fragments and throw them -- sow them like chaff. Monuments in the cemetery are ground to powder. And then as sudden as it began the fury and the fire cease and there falls over all an awful hush. And then -- out of that awful silence from you tree-lined ridge a mile and more away, 18,000 Confederates under the gallant Pickett -- a glistening blaze of glory and of gray -- a half mile front, three columns deep, sweep down the slope of Seminary Ridge. Elbow against elbow, rank against rank. The stars and bars wave. Barrel and bayonet -- a sloping forest of flashing steel-gleam in the midday sun like liquid silver.

On they sweep -- 18,000 strong and stalwart -- straight on, silently on, and in step with the precision and seeming calm of a dress parade. On they sweep with the swing of victory, as fine an army as ever stormed a fort. Through wood and orchard, across open field and meadow, irresistibly on, one-fourth of a mile, a half mile, three-fourths of a mile, sublimely, silently on. And then from the mouths of 12,000 Union guns belch forth havoc and hell. The grays go down in windrows. The depleted ranks are quickly filled, and on, right on. So again and again and again, but on, straight on for the umbrella clump of trees, to break the Union line in twain.

From Little Round Top a rain of shot and shell pours, plows through their flank, and Confederates go down by battalions and brigades. Men are piled up like cord wood. As they go down they clutch at trees and grass and flowers -- clutch and their fists come back empty. They go down and iron-hoofed horses trample upon them, crushing ribs and temple. A mountain of men and horses -- a writhing, wriggling mass. A living, quivering wall of bleeding humans piled up one upon another. The man beneath tries to breathe. He can't. An awful stifling seizes him. He struggles. He dies. And a great calm in the midst of the holocaust o'erspreads his soldier soul.

On with the war. Let not death interfere. Projectiles hiss and shriek and growl and sputter and rage and tear wheels from wagons, canteens from backs, legs from horses, limbs and heads from humans, and strip trees, leaving them naked and bleeding to droop and die. Seventy-one horses are piled within a fifty yard space. Two hundred fifty bullets pierce -- pepper a tree within an eighteen inch spot.

Smoke like a thick cloud hangs over the Confederate hosts. Dazed and strangling and choking they unwittingly split into the deadly, bloody angle. And now, added to shell on the right and shot on the front, the double-edged scythe of death cuts between.

Men no longer walk on ground and grass, but over the slippery, slimy, blood-soaked bodies of their soldier comrades. Thirteen of the fifteen field officers of the Confederacy are stretched out on that field of gore. General Garnett, as through the rifted lilac smoke the stone wall dimly outlines, waves his hat and shouts, "We are almost there. Faster, men, faster!" That cry was his last. The boys in gray unafraid of death, leap the stone wall. Men drunk with blood are no longer human -- inhuman. Brothers by birth and blood turn muskets into clubs and beat and batter

and bruise and brain each other. Confederate and Union bayonet mix and mingle in death thrusts. Men smash each other's faces with fists of steel, dripping with bloody perspiration, eyes like blood-shot balls, lips foam covered, epaulets cut in two, decorations dented, bleeding, muddy, magnificent, holding their broken swords in their hands, men leap to meet death as a long-looked-for friend. In their rage they laugh at death. Men are sabered and gashed and butchered and burned. For what seems ages, but is minutes, the hell-storm rages and roars. Two thousand Confederates are limp and blood bathed just below the umbrella trees. Of one Confederate company but one lived to tell the tale. And of one regiment of 800, 588 lay out on yonder field.

The brave Armistead is the last to fall and the broken remnant retreat back down the slope. Officers recall, plead, threaten, harangue, urge, implore them wildly, but in vain. Of the 18,000 the flower of the Confederacy, who an hour ago sallied forth to battle, but 1,200 withered and blighted. find shelter again under the shade of Seminary Ridge.

And when the deed was done, battered canteens, bleeding their life streams away, cut and slashed knapsacks, shattered rifles, bent and broken muskets, snapped swords, caps and trousers and coats stripped into shreds, boxes splintered, blankets torn, wrecked artillery, dismantled guns, crippled ambulances are scattered and piled in a mixed and mingled mass over the vast field of death. And where still a lone grass blade lifts its head between the rows of dead, its brow is now beaded with crimson dew.

1,138,000 pounds of lead have sped, and the dead -- oh, the dead! 22,603 Union, 22,768 Confederates answer not to their names. 5,000 horses lay unburied. "And the battle was scattered over the face of all the country, and there was a great slaughter that day." And the morning and evening were the third bloody day.

The Confederacy has reached its high water mark and the waves of a wicked war sweep back to swallow it.

2 Kings 19, "Thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria. He shall not come into this city. By the way that he came, by the same way shall he return, for he shall not come into this city to possess it, saith the Lord. For I will defend this city, to save it, for my own sake and for my servant David's sake. And it came to pass that night that the angel of the Lord went out and smote 185,000 Assyrians so that behold in the morning they were all dead men."

Tomorrow is the 4th of July -- day of American Independence. And Lee, broken and bowed, with head hanging, hair disheveled, uniform bespattered, sword tipped with the rust of defeat, scepter broken, the stars and bars at half mast, on his famous charger, Traveler, knowing all too well the Confederacy has received its death stab, leading his broken, bleeding columns, winds his weary way in and out among the hills of southern Pennsylvania, headed for Dixie. And once again Old Glory floats over Seminary Ridge.

The Battle of Gettysburg settled that America, which had been half free and half slave for 244 years, should no longer continue half slave and half free, but all free.

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PART 39

From hdm0518 -- COURAGEOUS JERNIGAN by Jonnie Jernigan

On JULY 4, 1864, Vicksburg, Miss., had surrendered to General Grant, plunging the state into guerrilla warfare. The South was infested with robbers, vandals, and the like, trying to get rich without working for it.

The North won the war and, as a result, the North and South could be united. But where was the peace? The Reconstruction days in the South were one long nightmare. The land was plagued with plundering and lawlessness.

Charley's [C. B. Jernigan's] father, who was a doctor, was also a captain in the Confederate Army and because of his praying in the barracks was called the "Methodist Captain."

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PART 40

From hdm0526 -- FROM THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER TO A CITY FLAT by Charles Brougher Jernigan

JULY 4, 1864 -- When the war broke out this cotton planter became a captain in the Confederate army and on account of his praying in the barracks with his men he was called the "Methodist Captain". In 1863 New Orleans was captured by Federal gunboats under General Butler. On the following Fourth of July, Vicksburg, Miss., surrendered to that mighty conqueror, General U. S. Grant, which suddenly plunged the whole state of Mississippi into a guerrilla warfare, and like "Sherman's March to the Sea," the whole country around was devastated by roving bands of guerrillas -- cotton gins were burned to the ground, mules confiscated and driven away, while many of these splendid mansions were robbed of all the silverware and jewels, which abounded in these wealthy southern homes. One of these guerrilla bands attempted to despoil the home of David James Jernigan, the father of this author, who was away in the Confederate army, his wife at home with her children and colored slaves of the plantation. They were met at the gate by this black eyed southern woman with a big revolver in each hand, who told them that she had heard how they had robbed other homes, but that they could get her silverware and jewels when they could walk over her dead body. Just one look into those determined eyes was sufficient, and left one home as they found it.

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PART 41

From hdm0191 -- THE POTTER'S VESSEL by Charles A. McConnell

JULY 4, 1864 -- It was on the following Fourth of July that I was consciously introduced to murder. We were at dinner at Uncle Cameron's when we children were stricken with horror as one of the city police was shot to death by a drunken man in front of the house.

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PART 42

From hdm1530 -- THE HAPPY ALLEGHENIAN The Story of Clifford B. Barrett
by M. L. Rhodes

JULY 4, 1868 -- "In the year 1868, for the first time, I attended a camp-meeting, which was held at Coldwater, Michigan, conducted by Rev. E. P. Hart and others. My sister, Hannah Ferrall, and I had heard that no one could attend a Free Methodist camp-meeting a week and not become saved. We were church members, and made a vow to stand by each other in showing that we were strong-minded and could resist the persuasion of Free Methodists. At the first service we saw Brother Barrett. With clear, ringing voice, filled with heavenly softness and power from the throne, he shouted, "In the sweet clover! Hallelujah!" In earlier life Mr. Barrett used frequently to say, "I'm living in the sweet clover," meaning that he was living in great heavenly felicity. Such hatred sprang up in my heart that I could have seen him assaulted by the rabble without the least pity. But on Monday morning the spirit of conviction seized us with such power that sister and I were most gloriously converted. Brother Barrett attended us home, and by his prayers and wise counsel revealed to us the nature and necessity of heart purity. In less than two months, I sought and obtained that pearl of great price, which, by the grace of God, I still retain. Being at our home on the Fourth of July, he heard cannons roar early in the morning, and mistaking them for thunder, he exclaimed, 'Just heard from Father.' Never did I become acquainted with one whose presence and spirit brought such fear and conviction on sinners as his. Living as in the immediate presence of the Holy One, he had no fear or care with regard to how he would be fed or clothed."

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PART 43

From hdm0721 -- CYCLOPEDIA OF METHODISM, Letter C, by Matthew Simpson

JULY 4, 1876 -- CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. -- The General Conference of the M. E. Church in 1872 appointed a committee on the subject of the national centennial. In the report of that committee was presented the fact that the Methodist Church was the first religious body, "through a deputation of our chief ministers, to give a pledge of support to the government in the days of Washington, and has ever maintained unswerving loyalty, and was second to none in the struggle for the perpetuation of that government in the days of Lincoln." It was further stated that such an occasion would be "worthy especially of the observance of the church," by appropriate religious services, to declare their faith in and cognizance of the overruling providence of Almighty God, and especially that "under his guidance our fathers, by their heroism and sacrifices, maintained the Declaration of Independence, and by their wisdom and devotion established our republican institutions; that under his favor our country has enjoyed during the century long intervals of peace and an unprecedented prosperity; that under his blessings those arts and sciences and forms of industry which develop the resources of a land and elevate the character of a people have been fostered; that under his providence the means of intelligence have been multiplied, the cause of education promoted, and our free School system, the fruit of American Protestantism, and the bulwark of American freedom, firmly established; that under his

control the nation has been led to abolish slavery and re-invest the emancipated with every civil and political right that under his restraints during the prosperous periods of peace and the terrible seasons of war our people, by respect to authority and obedience to law, have proven to the world that governments may be permanent where man is free; and that under his special care our church has been protected in her religious liberty, and our people have shared in the common happiness and prosperity."

The General Conference directed that these services should begin on the first Sabbath of June in 1876, and close on the 4th of July of the same year. It declared their primary object to be the "religious improvement of the church, especially by reviewing what God hath wrought for our nation."

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PART 44

From hdm0131 -- LIFE OF REV. JOHN S. INSKIP by W. McDonald and John E. Searles

JULY 4, 1880 -- The voyage from New York to Liverpool, which was made in thirteen days, had in it little which would interest the general reader. We will name only two incidents. The second Sabbath was the fourth of July, and some young American bloods on board were anxious to "celebrate." The captain, C. H. Andrews, refused to allow any demonstrations on the holy day, but assured them that on Monday they should be allowed full liberty, and that he would render them any aid in celebrating the day, except furnishing gunpowder. On the morning of the fifth, a goodly company assembled in the cabin. It seemed an odd place for such a service. But nearly all seemed to enjoy the celebration. An Episcopal clergymen from Philadelphia offered prayer. The Declaration of Independence was read by a Jewish lawyer. An opportunity was then given for remarks. A Canadian gentleman, who claimed to be an army officer and pedagogue, was not pleased with the arraignment of King George, and came forward to defend him against the charges preferred in the "Declaration." He frankly acknowledged that he himself had never read, and this was the first time he had ever heard read, the immortal instrument. The bombast, coupled with the almost unexampled ignorance, of a man of his professed intelligence, called Mr. Inskip to his feet. It was such a case as he was peculiarly fitted to deal with. In a brief speech, full of good humor, but withering sarcasm, he perfectly annihilated our Canadian friend, to the great delight of nearly all present. The singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen," closed a very enjoyable hour on the high seas.

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PART 45

From hdm1515 -- SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE! by Duane V. Maxey

JULY 4, 1882 -- Early the following spring, [1882] he began to rally the people on the subject of attending the National Camp-meeting at Round Lake. There was to be a National Holiness Convention immediately preceding the camp-meeting, which would call together brethren from all parts of the country, and materially add to the interest of the camp-meeting.

On the twenty-eighth of March, an event transpired in his family, in which he and Mrs. Inskip were greatly interested -- the marriage of their only grandchild, Mr. John E. Inskip, to Miss Emma S. Flock, daughter of Mr. Isaac G. Flock, of Lansingburg, N. Y. "If we enjoyed the occasion," he says, "it of course will not surprise anybody; and if we are especially interested in their happiness and welfare, it will be reality understood by parents and friends, who may have had similar experience."

Mr. Inskip attended his conference -- New York East -- in April, which met at Waterbury, Conn. He pronounces it "the most spiritual occasion of the kind" he had ever known. But it gives him a "feeling of sadness to look over the conference, and see how many have departed. But they died in peace," he says, "and the rest will follow."

As the time drew near for attending the Round Lake National Convention and Camp-meeting, Mr. Inskip expressed a strong desire that these gatherings should be so conducted as that God might be honored and holiness advanced. He felt, he says, "it may be the last National Camp-meeting at Round Lake, that some of us will attend. Life is short eternity is at hand." He arrived at the camp ground Saturday, July 2, and on the following day -- Sunday -- preached to a congregation of fair size, who gave reverent attention to the word.

The convention opened Tuesday, the fourth of July, by appropriate exercises. Mr. Inskip was elected president; and delivered an appropriate address, setting forth the objects of the Convention. It was an instructive talk. On the second day, he followed Dr. Watson, who spoke on "The things essential to the successful prosecution of the work of holiness." His address was timely, insisting that holiness, and holiness only, was the need of the hour. The Convention, on the whole, was a grand success.

The National Camp-meeting opened Thursday, July 6. There were fifteen of the members of the Association in attendance. Choice spirits, from all parts of the country, as well as, from Canada and New Brunswick, were present. The meeting closed on Thursday night, at about 12 o'clock, amidst the great rejoicing of the company. It was reported that one hundred and fifty were converted, and a still larger number wholly sanctified.

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PART 46

From hdm0098 -- Biography of Martin Wells Knapp, by A. M. Hills

JULY 4, 1887 -- "Henrietta, July 4, 1887. -- Open air in the woods for a 'tidal wave.' Mind called to and greatly encouraged by Hymn No. 30, Song of J. & E. The Spirit applied part of St. John, seventeenth chapter. Was led to look for light. God answered. First. He taught me that I was to be still more explicit on the holiness line. Second. Use more illustrations from life and nature in my sermons. Third. Helped me to see that my motives were clear in His work. Fourth. Promised to give me a mouth and wisdom that all of my adversaries could not gainsay or resist. 'Glory!' Fifth. Taught me that I am to be like the oak, firm; like the maple, sweet; like the ash, useful; like the hickory, strong, but yielding to God; like the ant, 'busy;' and like the flies, 'quick.' As this day is kept to commemorate our independence as a Nation, so it is to be kept by me to commemorate my

independence of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Day closed with a rich blessing. Jesus comes and fills my soul."

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PART 47

From hdm0098 -- Biography of Martin Wells Knapp, by A. M. Hills

JULY 4, 1898 [This is my guesstimate] -- "Three years ago, when God led to the establishment of the first camp-meeting, it seemed a great undertaking; but He gave the wisdom and made the plans. Brother Rees was in charge, and God came down at every service, and souls were born into the kingdom. Last year, at the Mount of Blessings, it surpassed everything that we had ever anticipated. Victory was in every service. Young and old, rich and poor, sick and well, black and white, kneeled at the altars and found God. Brother Knapp knew before the camp-meeting opened that God was going to be there. He had the gift of faith for the souls that afterward found victory. How he rejoiced to meet the Revivalist family! He would come over to the house and say: 'I have met with so many of them today, it does me good to shake hands with them. Is not God good to give them all to us? How I love them!' Then he would speak of one and another, and he just seemed to have on his heart every member of the Revivalist family as if they belonged to him, and he loved them with a love that would have sacrificed anything that they might have gotten through to God. As many times as he would stand and look out of the window across at the tabernacle and at the white tents, he would clap his hands together and say: 'Glory to God! This makes me think of when we all get home to heaven. We will hear just such shouting and praising all the time.' Then, with a change of tone so quiet and sad, he would say, 'Holy Ghost, take out and root up everything unholy, and help every one to get right with Thee.' He was concerned that no soul should meet him at the judgment and say that he had not been faithful to his soul, that he had not been his brother's keeper. The evening of July 4th, after that great collection and victory, he came up to the office, and buried his face in his hands on the desk, and staid there silent for so long that I spoke to him, and said, 'Brother Knapp, are you sick?' There was no answer; and again, 'Brother Knapp, are you tired?' (Like a flash he raised his face and looked at me, and it must have been like Moses when he came down from the mountain, and 'wist not that his face shone.' His eyes were shining with a light not of this world, and he said: 'Bessie; who can measure the length and breadth and height and depth of the love of God? His doings are marvelous in our eyes; but this is only a drop of what it will be when we get there,' and then buried his face in his hands, and I left him. I do not know how long he staid there, bowed in utter humility and adoration before God.

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PART 48

From hdm0837 -- MY LIFE STORY by Amos L. Haywood

JULY 4, 1898 [my guesstimate] I was converted in the spring, of the year and soon after it came time to have the big Fourth of July celebration at wicked old Gun Lake resort. The people all knew I was about the biggest picnic and Fourth of July fan in the whole country. When the young people began driving by on their way to Gun Lake on the Fourth of July and saw me out in the field mowing hay they knew a great change had taken place. As they rode by they shouted and called,

and the devil said to me, "See what you are missing! Did not I tell you," but by that time I had learned the source of true joy and I said, "Whoa" to the horses. I rolled down off the mowing machine seat, slipped over under a hickory tree, fell on my knees and about the time my knees hit the sand the glory of God struck my soul and I had a whole Fourth of July celebration, fire works and all, in my soul inside of five minutes. I arose and went on my way singing.

"How oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track,
I think of my Savior, my mind wanders back,
To the place where they nailed him, on Calvary's tree,
I hear a voice saying, 'I suffered for thee.'
I love Him far better than in days of yore,
I will serve Him more truly than ever before."

I have never wanted to go to a Fourth of July celebration since.

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PART 49

From hdm0960 -- JOHN W. GOODWIN A Biography by Asa Everette Sanner

JULY 4, 1899 -- One of the last meetings in Graveland, a few miles south of Haverhill proper, seemed indeed fruitless. Mischievous boys would doubtless have fired the tent on the closing Sunday night service, had not the pastor been informed of their plan. The Fourth of July came at midnight and this crowd of thoughtless young men were waiting with their firecrackers. They moved away a block from the tent to conceal their plans. When the service was closed and with men well instructed, the tent was quickly taken down and folded, then housed in a near-by shed. Thus the boys were completely surprised and could do nothing. Later came the conversion of the brother, as above mentioned.

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PART 50

From hdm0091 -- Phineas F. Bresee A PRINCE IN ISRAEL By E. A. Girvin

JULY 4, 1899 -- On July 4, 1899, there was a great all-day meeting. In the afternoon, during a general testimony service, as persons from other localities, a number of Christian veterans, and some new converts, were called upon to testify, the people could no longer be restrained from rising and proclaiming the power of the blood. A scene ensued which it is impossible to describe. The Holy Ghost fell upon the people in Pentecostal fashion, and probably fifty persons were on their feet at once praising God. The old patriarchs, with streaming eyes, rushed into each other's arms, giving glory to Jesus, the young converts waved their palms of victory, many shouted, and all gave themselves up to the mighty tide of glory and power. Two souls were marvelously sanctified to God.

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The night service on July 4, 1899--one of the most glorious days in the history of the church, and of which I will speak more particularly in another place--was conducted by the members of Company E, about fifty of whom were on the platform. They gave their testimonies and sang their songs of rejoicing and praise. It was marvelous to see and hear these young women. They had found something infinitely better than the world could give, were happy in Jesus' love, and only intent on leading others to the Master. At the close of this unique service, Mrs. Knott gave an earnest invitation, and one man was very blessedly converted.

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PART 51

From hdm0091 -- Phineas F. Bresee A PRINCE IN ISRAEL By E. A. Girvin

JULY 4, 1900 -- July 4, 1900 was one of the great days in the old tabernacle. Although Dr. Bresee was present and really took charge of all the services, he did not preach. The messages were given by Dr. Bowers in the morning, Rev. C. B. Eby in the afternoon, and Rev. Thomas Fluck in the evening. There were altar services following each sermon, and during the day twelve seekers pressed their way forward, some of whom were gloriously saved. Conspicuous among the seekers was Brother Lewis, who was marvelously sanctified, transformed, and raised up as one of the most glowing witnesses of holiness that I have ever known. In the evening the young boys filled the platform, and gave their testimonies preceding the sermon. Mrs. A. P. Baldwin, leader of the Boys' Praying Band, sat on the platform with them, and spoke briefly of the work among the boys. Brother and Sister Leslie F. Gay sang with great spiritual power.

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PART 52

From hdm0098 -- Biography of Martin Wells Knapp by A. M. Hills

JULY 4, 1901 -- The young woman went back to Virginia to her work of school-teaching until the time of the camp-meeting. During that time God called her to the Beulah Heights work. Her life was completely transformed. She had been very fashionable, and prided herself on rich, costly apparel; but now all was changed. Soon after she was sanctified, she boxed up her rich silk dresses, etc., and shipped them home. She had no more use for them; but put on the neat, simple garments that 'becometh women professing godliness.' Instead of being the proud, worldly girl that she had been, the power of Christ had so transformed her that every one loved her with a deep, tender love. She was so humble and gentle and sweet! Speaking one day to a friend, she repeated what she had previously said that she would not 'live on her knees' as these people at the Mount of Blessings did, and said, 'Now I am only too thankful for the privilege of finding some little spot where I can live on my knees, and pour out my life for God.' O reader, if you get one glimpse of Jesus in all His fullness, it will spoil you forever for this world! Glory to God! Every soul who gets the 'real thing' will be just as much transformed as she was. We had known nothing about their financial circumstances; but on the Fourth of July -- that day when God's people brought in their treasures for the work here --- we saw the daughter go across the room and speak to her mother; then, with several others, her mother went out to pray, and she soon after left the tabernacle, joined them, and said, 'Mother, what does God say to you?' The answer was, Madge, He says our farm in

Texas.' She said, 'Mother, that is what God says to me.' Calling Brother Knapp, she told him she wanted Jesus to have that farm in Texas which would bring \$5,000 when sold. God had done great things for them, and they could trust Him to supply their every need. He has done it. The mother expects, when God opens the way, to carry the glad tidings to the lepers in India; and, speaking of the separation, the daughter said: 'Mother, I love you so much, and I will miss you so much; but if Jesus wants you for India, and does not call me, Amen. What He wants, we want. We will meet again with Him in the air, never to be separated throughout the ages of eternity.' If only every father and mother and son and daughter who names the name of Christ would embrace the will of God like that, it would not be long until the uttermost parts of the earth would reverberate with the glad story of full salvation.

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PART 53

From hdm0091 -- Phineas F. Bresee A PRINCE IN ISRAEL By E. A. Girvin

JULY 4, 1905 -- The Northwest District Assembly met at Spokane, July 4, 1905, and was in session two days. There was a good attendance of delegates and representative people. Much time was given to supplication for the blessing of God upon the work. The religious services were crowned with great outpourings of the Spirit. The last night was a most marvelous and memorable meeting. It was the last meeting in the hall where the Nazarene people had worshiped for five years, and where the Church of the Nazarene was organized three years previously. Hence, it was full of holy memories and blessed expectancy, as well as very gracious anointings of the Holy Ghost. Dr. Bresee preached with great liberty and power. The testimonies were marvelous--clear, definite, unctuous. To quote from Dr. Bresee:

"As these men stood forth, redeemed, saved, transformed, lifted from the depths of sin, they were witnesses like the healed cripple, whose presence, well and sound, was a condition of things that they could say nothing against. Here are men from the depths of sin, whose lives were wrecked, every hope blasted, who were unable to break the chains that bound them, and yet were delivered, the bondage broken, a new life imparted, the years which the cankerworm had eaten restored--good citizens and good men triumphantly on their way.

"No wonder that police officers, city officials, and good citizens feel that this work is a benediction to the city. At the giving of the invitation, ten persons--eight men and two women--came to the altar as seekers for pardon or holiness. It was well along in the night when the warriors rested on their arms."

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PART 54

From hdm1575 -- THINGS I REMEMBER by Charles Luther Wood

JULY 4, 1905 -- A new family bought a place 4 miles south of us and moved in there. There was one grown boy and two girls and a couple of younger boys. The oldest girl was about 20 and the younger 19. My cousin had gone with Nellie the oldest a few times when I met them, but

I took a hand in it and he lost out. We kept company that spring and summer. She was a fine girl and I liked her a lot. The 4th of July I took her to town to the celebration. Mother and Father would not go. He was preaching. They had got light on Holiness and didn't think that was the place for Christians to go.

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PART 55

From hdm0091 -- Phineas F. Bresee A PRINCE IN ISRAEL By E. A. Girvin

JULY 4, 1906 -- An all-day meeting had been announced for the 4th of July. On the evening of the 3d, prayer was offered that the heat might be assuaged, and cool air sent, so that it might be possible to hold the meetings as announced. The morning came with a fresh breeze and much reduced temperature. All day the little company waited, surrounded by the cracking and booming of fire-crackers, and bombs, which at times made the continuance of the services almost impossible, but which the people surrounding declared were less a nuisance than the songs of worship which we sang. In fact, they seemed to encourage the hoodlums to fire them in front of the church for the purpose of annoying us. In this respect, the people residing in the vicinity of this church seemed to me to be the worst that I have met in any city, and I also felt that the police seemed to care the least as to the protection of the city's better class of people. All this shows the need of the gospel.

"At the afternoon service a goodly, enthusiastic company stood together to pledge their troth to God and to each other, that they would stand together as Nazarenes, lift the banner of holiness, and push the work in an organized way. At night a few more stood with them, and a church was organized with about forty members--earnest, devout, capable men and women, who can be relied upon to push the battle. Some who had been favorable to the work, and who seemingly desired a new opportunity, failed in the crucial hour, as is often the case, but others were raised up to take their place and crown. We believe that a very wide door has been providentially opened in Portland, and that there is to be another great lighthouse for God and holiness on this western coast.

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PART 56

From hdm0913 -- PATRIOTISM AND POLITICS By W. B. Godbey

JULY 4, 1911 -- While I dictate these pages, the fire-arms (here in Cincinnati, July 4, 1911) are celebrating our national birth.

Our only available fortification against the dismal doom of our predecessors is divine intervention, which takes away prejudice, lust and ambition. Prejudice is the meanest and most odious demon that ever emanated from the bottomless pit. It is a compound of two Greek words, pre, beforehand, and judicium, judgment; hence it means judgment beforehand. I heard of a judge in South Carolina, a native of the Emerald Isle, who said he always gives his decision when he had heard one side of the testimony, because, if he waited until he had heard both he would get so

puzzled that he could not give any decision. That is the awful iniquity of politics. We imbibe a prejudice in behalf of the party in which we are born and against all others.

I was born a Whig, and, when a little lad, the clerks would have us boys vote during the recess, just for their own amusement, but I thought it was sincerely bona fide. To this day I remember every name on the Whig ticket, and also on the Democratic.

I was born a Methodist, religiously, and with prejudice against other denominations. Politics are Satan's counterfeit for patriotism, while sectarianism is his counterfeit for religion. Our wonderful Savior has a sure remedy for both, which is none other than the baptism which He gives with the Holy Ghost and fire, literally burning up carnality in all its phases, and destroying politics and sectarianism.

This fiery baptism, also sweeps away lodgery, and gives us the glorious freedom of God Himself, who is free to do everything good and nothing bad. He wants to give us all His own freedom.

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PART 57

From hdm0651 -- MY LIFE STORY AS A MOUNTAIN BOY AND PREACHER by B. H. Lucas

JULY 4, 1912 -- My wife and a cousin of mine went up into the country to my Aunt Jane's to rest a while. On the 4th of July, her father dropped dead. The factory where he worked closed down on the 4th of July. I was talking to him about 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. He worked in the dye house in the cotton mill. He said to me, "Harrison, I hate to hear that whistle blow in the morning." His job was a very hot job. He went home, ate a hearty supper, went upstairs, came back down, and when he got to the bottom step, he fell his full length out on the floor. His wife ran to him, turned him over and he was dead. He never heard the whistle blow the next morning. Say, my unsaved friend, will you stop and think you may be called any time?

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PART 58

From hdm0501 -- MY LIFE'S STORY by Reuben A. (Bud) Robinson

JULY 4, 1920 -- I reached home and had one day of rest and then took my family and little Sally and her tots and we made a run for the Southern California campmeeting, that is conducted by the Southern California Holiness Association at beautiful Santa Monica by the sea. Our workers that year were Rev. Joseph Smith, Rev. Will Kirby and Rev. Bud Robinson. We had a most beautiful camp out there. We ran over the Fourth of July and to say that we had people by the thousands is putting it tame. Oh, the good people that we saw saved and sanctified. We announced one day that the next morning from six to seven o'clock I would have a healing service. Beloved, by six o'clock the next morning the campmeeting was working alive with the people. I brought a short message and we began to anoint people and pray with them and they began to shout and that healing service ran until eight o'clock. There is no finer association to work for than the Southern

California Holiness Association and no truer yoke-fellows to preach with than Brother Joseph and Will Kirby. This made the second camp that we had held together.

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PART 59

From hdm0309 -- SOLDIER OF THE CROSS, The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By C. T. Corbett

JULY 4, 1932 -- No office work today. Mrs. and I walked out hunting for some cheaper apartments. We've had a \$500 a year cut in salary, so we're planning to shrivel up some. But it was too hot to walk much. We tried the park, but it was too hot there.

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PART 60

From hdm0309 -- SOLDIER OF THE CROSS, The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By C. T. Corbett

The JULY 4, 1936, issue of the Herald of Holiness stated the outcome:

J. G. Morrison was elected on the fifth ballot, and the announcement was received with great demonstration of enthusiasm of the assembly . . . Dr. Morrison is a man of wide experience, has been in the ministry forty-three years, twenty-four of this time spent in the pastorate. He is a pleasing speaker and his articles in the Herald of Holiness have always been well received. Dr. Morrison is well known and well beloved throughout the church and will doubtless render great service in his new capacity as General Superintendent.

D. Shelby Corlett, Editor

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PART 61

From hdm0914 -- DELIVERANCE FROM A FLASH FLOOD by Blanche Perry Fuhrman

JULY 4, 1939 -- After my junior year in college I returned to the hills to do missionary work during the summer vacation. I arrived the Fourth of July, 1939. Seventeen of us, including workers, visitors, and children had a picnic; then, after family worship we retired to our rooms. Within my room I knelt by my bed. The Lord was graciously near -- nearer than usual. How I loved Him! I lay down and every time I closed my eyes I could feel Him very near. I kept thinking of the chorus of a song, "I felt I could love Him forever." I felt impressed that He had something special for me. I was planning to do evangelistic work, and I thought perhaps He was going to give me some unusual meetings. Little did I realize how horrible the next few hours would be. He knew and kept blessing me and "I felt I could love Him forever!"

There were five of us girls in the girls' dormitory: Mildred Drake, a teacher, Lorene Hartley, Christine Holman, Elsie Booth, and I. At 3:30 next morning July 5, 1939, I was awakened by a crashing of timbers and Lorene's voice, calling, "Wake up, girls! Something awful is happening! We're having a flood, an earthquake, or a landslide! I don't know which!" I jumped out of bed to see the walls distorted.

We girls rushed into the hall. Someone, looking at her watch, said, "Three-thirty." There was an awful roar, a crashing of timbers, a flickering of the gas lights, then total darkness. The building gave a lurch, then a groan; she had gone off her foundations. I cannot describe my feelings. The water rose twenty feet in five minutes. There had been a cloudburst farther back in the hills; the water rushed off the mountain sides in torrents causing a flash-flood in the narrow gorge where the buildings were located. We were perfectly helpless. My first thought was that we were God's children, that this was His school and His water and if He wanted to let His water wash His Bible School away with His children in it, it was His business. A great calmness came over me and I knew I was ready to meet God. The building shook violently; the windows crashed; the ceiling began dropping at our feet; pictures fell off the walls; dishes tumbled across the floor, while trunks, pianos, chairs, and girls were lashed from one side of the hall to the other. The floor opened and things began dropping through. Thunder rolled; lightning flashed; the rain poured. It was dark as a dungeon, and the whole situation was horrible.

[For the rest of this dramatic story, read the entire digital file.]

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PART 62

From hdm0948 -- FROM THE MOUTH OF THE LION by a Prisoner of Japan,
Leon Clarence Osborn

JULY 4, 1942 -- Day after day we sailed on in a southerly direction, making from sixteen to eighteen knots an hour. The Fourth of July was spent on the old Pacific without celebration; but we did thank God for the freedom of our native land and for the freedom, through Jesus Christ, from the bondage of sin.

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PART 63

From hdm0912 -- DAILY GUIDE FOR THE SANCTIFIED by Jerry Miles Humphrey

JULY 4 [ANY YEAR]. He that would die holily and happily, must in this world love tears, humility and solitude. If you wish, as you should, to stand firm and progress in your spiritual life, regard yourself as an exile and stranger upon earth. He that does not seek in everything simply and purely the glory of God, and the salvation of his own soul, will find nothing but trouble and disappointment

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PART 64

From hdm0964 -- Revised Edition THE IMITATION OF CHRIST by Thomas Kempis, arranged by John E. Knight

JULY 4TH [ANY YEAR]

GRANT ME VICTORY

"For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." I John 5:4

My God, Sweetness beyond words, make bitter all the carnal comfort that draws me from love of the eternal and lures me to its evil self by the sight of some delightful good in the present. Let it not overcome me, my God. Let not flesh and blood conquer me. Let not the world and its brief glory deceive me, nor the devil trip me by his craftiness. Give me courage to resist, patience to endure, and constancy to persevere. Give me the soothing unction of Your spirit rather than all the consolations of the world, and in place of carnal love, infuse into me the love of Your name. Behold, eating, drinking, clothing, and other necessities that sustain the body are burdensome to the fervent soul. Grant me the grace to use such comforts temperately and not to become entangled in too great a desire for them. It is not lawful to cast them aside completely, for nature must be sustained, but Your holy law forbids us to demand superfluous things and things that are simply for pleasure, else the flesh would rebel against the spirit. In these matters, I beg, let Your hand guide and direct me, so that I may not overstep the law in any way.

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PART 65

From hdm0040 -- GRAPHIC SCENES by Beverly Carradine

JULY 4 [ANY YEAR]

The culminating, and as it proved the last present made me by Mr. Policy, was a beautiful clay-bank pony named Gillie. As it was brought to the front gate, with a shining little saddle and bridle, while a servant delivered a note saying that it was all for the writer, I can never forget the transport that filled me. I patted the glossy neck of the pony, and had I possessed a thousand sisters I am confident in my enthusiasm and gratitude I would most cheerfully have married them all to men like Mr. Policy and felt they would have done well, lived long and died happily. Of course that would also have meant a thousand ponies for me...

We have observed Gillie in the form of Oratory. It was a great gift, indeed, and Gillie fairly shone with his resplendent caparisons. But we saw the same Gillie throw the preacher clear out of the Gospel into lectures, Masonic addresses and Fourth of July speeches, and finally landed the rider into backsliding and a backslider's Hell. Look out for Gillie!

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PART 66

JULY 4 [YEAR NOT STATED] -- A HUMAN CYCLONE

The famous Fourth of July was being celebrated in a southern town after the usual order of disorder, made up of shouting and yelling, brass-band playing, soldier parading, speechifying, firecrackers by day and skyrockets by night, with cannon-shooting at all hours.

Among the patriotic and tireless young men who managed the ten-pounder on a neighboring bluff, waking up the echoes in the surrounding hills and across the river, was a recent comer to the town who bore the name of Charley Hurrekan.

If ever there was truth and appropriateness in names our friend Charley possessed the right one in Hurrekan. It is true that phonetics rather than orthography brought up the association to the mind in this case, but it was not the less powerfully done, and no one could be with the man a couple of minutes, and then hear his name, without a smile springing to the lip which had its origin in a lively sense of the fitness of certain things, but concerning which fitness no one cared to speak with Mr. Hurrekan.

One striking fact connected with the breezy, storms Mr. Hurrekan was his possession of a marvelous physical strength. His feats of lifting, hurling, boxing and wrestling had brought him into immediate notice and great fame with those who admire those kind of performances. No one cared to feel the force of his iron-like fist, but many considered it a high honor to have been allowed to touch the great swelling muscles of his Herculean arm.

Another notable feature of the man was the fire that fairly gleamed and glittered in his black eyes when he turned them in anger on one; it gave a kind of shock, and as a painful experience ranked next to encountering his sledge-like fist.

It had fallen to the lot of our friend Charley on the celebration of the "Fourth" to sponge the cannon and ram in the load after each discharge; and he was doing this in his usual rapid, careless style when the gun went off of its own accord through the heated metal, and the young man lost his left arm and eye.

He was placed quickly in a litter and borne to an adjacent hotel, where physicians labored to save him, but with little hope. Later in the night a preacher, the presiding elder of the district, was called in to pray with the desperately wounded man. On what was supposed to be his deathbed, young Hurrekan professed faith in Christ, and was converted.

Being blessed with a wonderful constitution, the sick man did not die but lived; and in the days of his convalescence he told the minister who had visited him daily, that he wanted to enter into the active work of the ministry...

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JULY 4 [Sanctified wholly on the 4th of July!]

We recall the grave look of older Christians when they have sometimes to listen to the swaggering, boastful talk of young Christians. These younger followers of the Lord have mistaken the cannon-shooting of the Fourth of July for the siege of Vicksburg. They have been in the battle of Lexington, but know nothing of the fearful trials of Valley Forge. So they talk and so the older Christians listen, grave, thoughtful and oftentimes silent altogether. The young fledgling has the floor or rather the barnyard, and is talking about the great upper air currents, when he has never been higher than the hen-house in which he was born. He speaks indignantly about certain things, and tells us what he would do under such and such circumstances, and what should be done to parties who had said and done certain things. Meanwhile older Christians listen silently and often pityingly. Not that they tolerate sin, or would do wrong or have done wrong; and they have been higher than the hen-house, and felt the blast and rush of spiritual wickedness in high places against them. They have been far away from the barnyard with its simple history and relationships, and met a bear in a cave, struggled with a lion in the woods, and had a battle with a giant in the mountains. They killed them all, but they know what the paw of a bear is, the strength of a lion's jaw, and the awful power of a giant. They have gone through experiences, and obtained self-illuminations, and drank cups, and borne burdens, which add ten years to one's life in a single day. In other words they have got to know themselves, and in this discovery of self are now better able to meet the onsets of the world, the flesh and the devil.

I've told my experience many times through the years of getting saved on a creosote log, and sanctified on a two by six! There were quite a few more praying for God to sanctify them. I had settled the question; and when I got to the altar of prayer, I said, "Lord God, I'm never leaving this altar until you sanctify me." Even though the "old man" didn't want to die and the old enemy fought me, I counted the cost and consecrated one thing right after another which God brought to my mind, even things which might not have been "light," until I had everything on the altar except SELF. Then God began to question me about the possibility of going to Africa! You talk about a call to Africa; it could not have been more real than if God would have demanded me to have gone right then. I wrestled with that until finally I said, "Yes Lord, I'll go to Africa." With God leading, I was there an hour and a half consecrating, agonizing and praying "through," waiting for God to sanctify my unworthy heart. I came to the completeness of an eternal "yes"; and just like stamping some important paper with a government seal, God put the stamp on my consecration for time and eternity. Then God said to me, "You sing that old song, I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go."

I'm not a fellow that sings and seldom even try. I just can't do anything at it; nevertheless God had said for me to sing this old song. I felt it was just a suggestion and so turned around to our song leader and said, "Sing, I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go." I am confident the woman wasn't telling a story. I believe God just took the memory of that tune out of her mind; for she turned to me and said, "I don't know it." I began to wonder what to do when God said, "Haven't you just told me you'd go to Africa?" I said, "Yes, Lord, I will." "Well," He said, "I just asked you to sing this song and it seems that you don't want to do it." I woke up to the fact that it was God asking me to do this thing, so I said, "Yes, Lord, I'll do as You have said." I didn't sing any "so-low," I sang a "so-high!" You could, no doubt, have heard me a half-mile down the road singing that old hymn,

"I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go." We boys used to run around in the water and then keep on our clothes that were wet with salt water, so we were accustomed to having what we call a "blood boil." They would come on different parts of our limbs and were terrible things, and would go from bad to worse until that old center core, which was causing all the trouble, would get what my mother used to call "ripe." just as long as that old core stayed in there that boil would just rage and surge until the time would come when my mother would take her two thumbs and lay them along-side of that old "ripe" boil. She'd just press down a little bit and that core would pop out and it would get well. When I got through with that song, I felt the Holy Ghost of God, just as my mother had done many times, lay His thumbs on either side of my old carnal heart and press a little bit, and I felt the old Adamic nature pop out, tap-root and all, like the core out of that blood boil. In my imagination, it looked almost like an octopus with bunches of stuff in the old taproot.

I felt so clean. Hallelujah, I never will forget it as long as I live! I have also expressed it as being like a new joint of stove pipe with the air drawn through it. But there is not language on earth or words in Webster's Dictionary whereby we can express this cleansing. Thank God, for a pure heart! God had purified my heart by faith through my determination never to leave the altar until He sanctified my soul. The blessed Book tells how Peter told of the experience at Cornelius' house and explained to the Church, "Their hearts were purified by faith, even as ours. The Holy Ghost spoke to me, "Get up, and tell this crowd you're sanctified." While God had been dealing with me and cleansing my heart, everything had gotten mighty quiet. I stood up, turned around and just quiet-like said, "The Lord sanctified me tonight." Hallelujah, something happened in the upper sky. Something broke loose and came down through the top of that old building and hit me in the bottom of my soul. HALLELUJAH! When I came to myself, I was about midway in that old theater, jumping just as high as I could, praising God for the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost. That whole atmosphere was charged with the presence of God. This may sound a little bit fanatical, but that old building was nearly "plumb full" of blue smoke so that you could hardly tell one from the other. That night was Monday night, the Fourth of July. They were having fireworks over at Atlantic Beach, which we could see from the little island where we were; and while they had fireworks over there, we were having fireworks over here! For days afterward, different ones testified that the atmosphere out on the highway was charged with the presence of God. Hallelujah for the realities of sanctified heart.

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PART 68

From hdm0154 -- SHORT SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF REV. and MRS. C. W. RUTH

JULY 4 [YEAR NOT STATED] -- MRS. C. W. (LAURA) RUTH

I was born in Story County, Iowa. While I was very young, my parents drove to a Fourth of July celebration; but finding no dance floor on the grounds they drove back twelve miles to the county seat, where they found a tent with a holiness camp meeting in progress. Eternity alone can reveal how much that meeting has meant to my life and eternal future; for after attending and seeking the Lord in three services, my father and mother were saved.

County and State holiness leaders kept camp meetings and conventions before the people, and my parents were sanctified.

When the next Fourth of July came, a neighbor wanted to take my sister and me to the celebration, as our parents had no desire to attend. I have always been thankful that our mother was not moved by our pleading and tears; but her "No" was final and we never attended again, though I was greatly disappointed that first time, as I wanted to hear the band music.

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PART 69

From hdm1039 -- TWENTY-SEVEN HUNDRED-PLUS SERMON ILLUSTRATIONS
Compiled and Arranged Topically by Duane V. Maxey

JULY 4 [YEAR NOT STATED] Garfield's Nightly Bible Reading -- In a meeting to pray for Garfield's recovery, one who was there said, "Twenty-six years ago tonight, and at this very hour, our class was on the top of Graylock to spend the Fourth of July. As we were about to lie down to sleep, Garfield took out his pocket Testament and said, "I am in the habit of reading a chapter every night at this time with my mother. Shall I read aloud?" They assented, and when he had read he asked the oldest member of the class to pray. And there, in the night, and on the mountain-top, we prayed with him for whom we are now assembled to pray."

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PART 70

From hdm0193 -- CONSOLATION Compiled by Mrs. Chas. E. Cowman

JULY 4 [ANY YEAR]

"Parted asunder" . . . "And Elisha . . . saw him no more." (2 Kings 2:11, 12.)

Yes, that is the way of it. "Parted asunder!" We all know what that means. "And Elisha saw Him no more!" We all know what that means. Mothers taken away from their children, fathers taken away from their household, husbands taken away from the arms of their wives, little children, whose laughter was the sweetest music of the household. Oft 'tis so. Parted asunder.

But what matters it all -- all this parting asunder -- as when Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven -- if for a little while we do not see them, and in a little while we shall see them? What sadness hath our being parted asunder from our loved ones here if it is to greet other redeemed loved ones in the other world? What sting hath our going if it is God's whirlwind that comes for us? Why bitter tears when one of God's days we shall have them forever -- if God sent for them to be with Him?

Darling baby of the heart, I shall have you and love you forever. Think of that -- when the chariot and the whirlwind goeth up. Mother, you whose going up was like a soldier from hard

warfare, I shall love you and have you forever. Father, you whose leaving was, to you, like a sailor home from a stormy sea, I shall have you forever.

Friend of mine, you whose leaving me stopped the singing of the birds, I shall have you forever. Lover, you whose going plucked the sun out of Life's sky, I shall have you forever. And it shall be when the chariot comes' for me, even as it came for you.

And, in this thought, in this belief, we shall face the farewell of our friends and the goodbye from our loved ones in the spirit of old Elijah as he went from Gilgal with Elisha, as he came to Bethel with Elisha.

As it was with Elijah when the whirlwind from heaven brought him home, so shall our farewells here be changed into greetings yonder.

-- The Whirlwinds of God

"Tell my father," said Lincoln, "that if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with the many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them."

"Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

"Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling lassie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.
"For none return from those quiet shores,

Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail --

And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

"And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me."

-- Nancy Woodbury Priest --

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THE END