



"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16

PIONEER DAYS OF THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT IN THE SOUTHWEST

By Charles Brougner Jernigan

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INTRODUCTION

The solidarity of any church or movement depends very largely upon its traditions, and "lest we forget" it is necessary for some one of each generation to commit the most precious of our traditions to writing. It is a matter of so great difficulty to repeat accurately what is told us that it is a happy fortune when the writer is himself conversant

with the facts which he records. Also, it is a matter of impossibility for an outside observer to enter into spiritual sympathy with matters in which he has no experience or personal interest; therefore it is of first importance that the chronicler be “one of them” himself in order to insure the dependability of his interpretation.

The people known as “holiness people” will all agree that the matter contained in this book should be given to posterity. Intimate knowledge of the beginning of our distinctive work will soon be a matter of history; and yet this knowledge will always be necessary to a complete understanding of the work of holiness at any particular period. Just as the complete knowledge of the oak must imply an understanding of the acorn, so the Nazarene of the future should have at least some knowledge of those days when the doctrine of holiness as a second work of grace was preached by pioneers in tents and brush arbors without an organized support.

Rev. C. B. Jernigan has had more intimate contact with the men and movements which have made for the success of the work of holiness in the South than any living man. Also, his zeal, activity, and love for the work of holiness brought him into close touch with the men and movements of every part of the nation, so that he has the most synthetic knowledge of the early days of the holiness movement of any man of my knowledge. It is indeed fitting that he should write this book and thus perform a service due from his generation.

The book is full of human interest and will be read, not merely for its valuable history, but also for its devotional merit. It is, so far as I know, the only book of its kind and will serve a purpose that is both unique and important. It will have a wide reading and will commend itself for its candor and fairness.

As to the author, I can not feel that I either could or should introduce him to readers of holiness books, for he is better known to such people than I am. However, my intimate acquaintance with him does make it a real pleasure to commend him and his book to the reading public and to offer an earnest prayer that the good which the author desires may be accomplished.

In holy love,

James B. Chapman



1. PIONEER DAYS

Soon after the Civil war, while the nation was in its period of reconstruction, God in His all-wise providence ordered a religious reform, and reconstruction as well. Just as an army needs some trained commanders, so this religious reformation called for men of daring to preach the doctrine of holiness as a second work of grace, for there was much opposition against this great grace that God had planned for the race of fallen humanity, and to carry on this movement, that was called “this new heresy” by the old-line churches, meant to fly into the face of public church sentiment, and to cross swords with modern theologians who were soon up in arms against this new movement, that had so rapidly gathered momentum and spread like a prairie fire before a mighty wind.

Wherever this doctrine was preached there was a mighty stir, and such revival power as had seldom been seen in those days. Suddenly great campmeetings sprang up, and a host of preachers were called into the field of evangelism, who, like Paul of old, conferred not with flesh and blood, neither went up to Jerusalem for orders, but went everywhere

preaching the Word. They had little regard for pastors in charge, but where they found an open door they entered with their fiery gospel that always stirred the people. There was boldness and aggression in their sermons. They gave sin no quarter, whether in the church or out of it. Church members, as well as sinners, felt the sting of the gospel that they preached, and backsliders by the hundred confessed their backslidings, made restitution, straightened up old feuds, and paid old outlawed debts, some of which had been standing for years. Sick people were healed by the hundred, and great joy abounded among them.

The old-time mourners' bench was brought back into church, and scores of people knelt there and found God in pardon, reclamation, and sanctification. The testimony of the old classroom was again instituted, with a wider range, and thrown open to everybody, and testimonies rolled until we have seen as many as three hundred on their feet at these great campmeetings, standing, waiting for an opportunity to testify to the sanctifying grace of God, and such singing and shouting we have never seen anywhere else than in a holiness meeting. Truly God blessed the revival of holiness, that seemed to have been lost from the church so long. People who got this great grace of sanctification threw away their tobacco, quit the lodge-room, pulled off their gaudy dress, and stripped off showy jewelry. This was such a rebuke to the average church member that it provoked much criticism, both in the pulpit and the pew. Preachers were excommunicated, and church members were turned out of the churches for professing holiness.

The writer was born in the rich bottom lands of Mississippi. His father had graduated at a medical college in his young manhood, but gave up the practice of medicine to grow cotton. He opened up a great cotton plantation in the alluvial lands of the swamps, and just as he began to enjoy life the Civil war broke out with all its fury and spoiled all his plans. While he was away in the army, the city of Vicksburg fell before that mighty conqueror, General U. S. Grant, on the Fourth of July, 1863. New Orleans had already fallen into Federal hands, and a little later the invading army marched through the state, burning cotton, driving off the planters' mules, confiscating their jewels and silverware, and a state of guerrilla warfare followed, as is often the case with an invading army.

One of these guerrilla bands stopped in front of this planter's home and ordered his men to spoil the house. He was met at the gate by a black-eyed woman with a big six-shooter in each hand, who told him that he could have her effects when he walked over her dead body. One look at her, and he ordered his men on without spoiling that home.

The writer was born in this home September 4, 1863. These prenatal tests paved the way for the birth of a child in whose very nature was born a martial spirit so tense that when the war was over he could be seen astride a stick horse, galloping up and down in the yard yelling, "Hurrah for the flag," while he waved aloft a stick on which was tied a red bandanna handkerchief.

This war-torn land was now too much for his father, who gathered the remnants of his once splendid fortune, and in road wagons started for the far West to begin life over.

The whole Country was in an uproar and infested with roving bands of marauders and robbers.

He pushed his way on for months into untraveled lands, with little or no roads, as there was not a railroad in all that country then. At last he located in Hunt county, Texas, which was soon to become the battle ground, and hot-bed for the holiness movement of the South.

Here he reared his family of eleven children and gave them all a common school education. Here he bought a farm with a big log house on it, which had a big stick-and-dirt chimney with a wide hearth, on which was done all of the family cooking, as this was before the days of cook stoves in the West.

The old-time corn bread (for there was little flour in those days) was baked in an old-fashioned oven, or skillet, which sat on the hearth with live coals of fire around it and on top of it; the meat was fried in a long-handled frying-pan, over the coals; the coffee was boiled in a kettle hanging on a hook over the fire; and sweet potatoes were roasted in the corner, covered with hot ashes.

These were the cooking utensils for that pioneer home for many years after moving to the far West. The first cook stove that was seen in that country was bought by this pioneer at Jefferson, Texas, where he went once or twice each year to market his produce and lay in his meager supplies of such as he did not grow on his own farm.

Jefferson was located on a bayou connected with Red river, up which steamboats could come from New Orleans, the only means of traffic then, except the prairie schooner, an ox wagon with wooden axles, greased with soft soap or pine tar, which, when this lubricant was scarce, would notify the neighbors half a mile away with its moans and shrieks, as the wagon passed along the road.

When the cook stove arrived the pioneer made a big dinner, and invited all the people in northern Hunt county. The country was so thinly settled that there were only about forty people at the dinner, although nearly all came who were invited. The whole country wanted to see food cooked in the new way, so when the time arrived for dinner they all went down into the kitchen, which was a room built of clapboards nailed to poles for studding, with a dirt floor, and not a glass window in it.

The fire was built of rich pine-knots, which were picked up in eastern Texas while on the trip to Jefferson, and when the fire began to burn and the damper was turned down so that the fire would roar big, the people all left the room screaming. They were afraid that the "patent thing" would blow up.

The schoolhouse where his children attended the three months school was in the village of Hog Eye. There was one store kept by some Dutch people, an ox mill with a big inclined wheel forty feet across for motive power. In this mill the corn was ground for bread for all the country around, and later a wheat attachment was added for making flour. There was a blacksmith shop, a burying ground, where this pioneer was buried beside his wife years ago, and the old meeting house, that was both church and schoolhouse. It was a two-story affair with a Masonic lodge on the second floor and the church and school were kept in the room below.

Through this little village ran the old Sherman and Jefferson road, over which were hauled in ox wagons all of the lumber and supplies for Sherman and other western towns. Great caravans of these prairie schooners could often be seen on this road, as many as twenty at a time, one following another, one or two men with each wagon, long whip in hand as they yelled out to their oxen, "Whoa, come Larry! Gid'up Buck!" Then you would hear the clear ring of the cracker on their long, ugly whips.

The seats in the schoolhouse at Hog Eye were made of long logs split open and two big auger holes bored in each end, in the rounded side of the log, where pegs were driven for legs. They had no backs, and often were worn so slick that they were difficult to sit on. In one end of the schoolhouse was a desk, made of boards nailed to the wall, for writing. Each student took his turn at the writing desk, learning to write. Such a thing as a writing tablet was altogether unknown, but each student carried a slate and slate pencil, which when it was worn too short to hold in the fingers would be stuck in the end of a small cane, and used until there was not an inch of it left.

One day while the three months' school was in session at Hog Eye there came a band of desperadoes galloping over the hill, shooting off their revolvers, and yelling like Cheyenne Indians.

They rode their horses into the little store, ran the keepers away, and drank the whiskey, which was always a part of the stock in trade in all stores then in the West. They ate his canned goods, robbed his cash drawer, and while their horses rested they indulged in pistol practice in front of the store for an hour, with tin cans in the air for targets.

The teacher and pupils in the schoolhouse, about two hundred yards away, were so frightened that they all lay flat on the floor to keep out of range of a stray bullet, and out of sight of the marauders.

Most of the schooling that this pioneer's children had was around the fireside in their own home, taught by their mother on long winter evenings. It was a familiar sight in this home to see the father with medical book in hand (as he had again taken up the practice of medicine), the mother with a magazine in her lap as she knitted the family stockings, while the children, school books in hand, surrounded the mahogany table (the relic of bygone days) on which was a long, homemade tallow candle, which gave all the light the home had.

When all were weary with study and reading, the father would take down the old family Bible and read a chapter and then all would kneel in prayer to God. Then the children, one by one, would kneel with head in mother's lap while they would say their "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then kiss father and mother and slip off to bed. A happier family never lived than this one.

The whole family would go and camp at the old Harrell's camp grounds, where there had been a campmeeting annually since 1857. People would come for miles, often from distant counties, and camp the full two weeks of the campmeeting. These meetings were always attended by old-time power, and there would sometimes be a hundred people converted in one campmeeting. Often they would fall off of their seats like dead men and lie for hours, to come through shouting in the old-time way.

At one of these meetings the writer, then a nine-year-old boy, was gloriously converted, and the next Sunday united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, where he held his membership until he was sanctified, and then was compelled to leave it on account of his preaching holiness.

A WONDERFUL PRAYERMEETING

A great revival meeting was held in the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Greenville, Texas, where the writer and his wife held their church membership. This meeting was conducted by Rev. E. G. Kilgore. The whole town was stirred and many people found the Lord. At the close of this revival there were several prayermeetings started in different parts of the town, and put in charge of laymen.

There were no holiness people in Greenville, Texas, at that time, but Rev. E. C. DeJernett moved there that spring, and made preparations to begin the Greenville holiness campmeeting that summer, although he at that time did not preach the doctrine of entire sanctification very clearly; but he attended these prayermeetings and aided in them by exhortation and testimony. Mrs. D. A. Hill, of Tyler, Texas, came to Greenville that summer to visit some of her people and, hearing of this live prayermeeting, she attended the first one that she could get to, and gave a clear, definite testimony to the experience of entire sanctification as a second work of grace; telling of her consecration, and how the blessing came, then she began to shout and to praise God for what she had received. Her face shone with the glory and her voice gave no uncertain sound. This stirred the people and especially the leader who had never heard such a story before but his very heart longed for the blessing the very thing that he had been ignorantly seeking for years. Could it be possible that there was such an experience for humanity. He went away from that

meeting determined to put God to the test as Sister Hill had told them. He went home to tell his wife of the good news that he had heard.

He did not attend church that night at his own church, just six doors from his home. He had been a regular attendant there, but had never been told that God had such a “balm” for the sin-sick soul. He could not sleep that night, but rolled and tossed on his bed. He ate no breakfast the next morning.

Old-time conviction had seized him. He must be wholly sanctified! He arose early the next morning and assisted his wife in getting breakfast as usual, while the hired man fed the team, but his whole mind was absorbed in the one thought: “That testimony-I must have the blessing!”

He turned to his wife and said, “I believe old Dr. Wright is a hypocrite.” “Why?” she asked.

“He keeps talking about people whom he knows who are sanctified; and I want him to ‘put up or shut up’ — get the blessing and tell me how; or quit talking about it.” “Why,” his wife replied, “didn’t Sister Hill tell you how to get it?” This ran through him like a dagger, and he left the room weeping, saying, “I’ll have the blessing today or die alone in the woods.”

About this time the breakfast bell rang, he went into the dining room and sat down at the table and returned thanks, but could not eat a bite; excused himself and left the room.

Soon the hired man came down to the barn where he had gone, and they were off to the woods three miles away, where they were to work that day on a lease in some new ground that they were plowing. The hired man started the plow, and he went to work chopping wood. The plow did not give satisfaction and he was called, and told that they could get Mr. Tally’s plow at his home a half mile away. He started at once for the plow with his head bowed while he prayed to God to be sanctified. On his return with the plow on his shoulder praying and weeping as he went, the “fire fell” and he was gloriously sanctified. He lost his plow, but got the blessing, and from that day has had little use for a plow. He told the Lord that if He would hitch the Holy Ghost to the gospel plow, that he would take off the back-band, put the clevis in the top notch, and ride the beam, and plow a furrow that all hell could not cover up. “Immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood,” but began at once to hunt someone to preach to. He saw the hired man struggling with the plow, and ran to him, telling him about his new-found experience, while he stood trembling but would not kneel for the blessing in the field, but promptly asked, “Where is the plow?” From that day forward his theme has been the baptism with the Holy Ghost that sanctifies. The farm was left behind and the call to evangelize Hunt county, Texas, was answered, and there was only one town in that county that he did not assist in holding a meeting in, besides dozens of schoolhouses, and he saw hundreds of his own neighbors and friends sweep into the kingdom.



2. A FEW REAL PIONEERS

Among the leading spirits who dared preach holiness in the early days in the South, when it meant to be ostracized by your church, and lose many of your church friends, and often to be excommunicated from your church, and your name to be cast out as evil, was Dr. Lovic Pierce, whose preaching of this “depositem of Methodism” reached from a period before the Civil war until his death. He wrote that memorable sermon, “Entire

Sanctification,” which was read at his conference after he was too feeble to attend. In this sermon he bewails the sad condition of Methodism by saying that when the war broke out 90 per cent of southern Methodism was either in the experience or favorable to it. But at the time of that writing he said that now 75 per cent are either openly opposed or utterly indifferent to this great doctrine.

God has never left himself without a witness, but raised up Dr. Dodge, of Atlanta, Ga., Dr. W. B. Godbey, of Kentucky, Dr. H. C. Morrison, of Louisville, Ky., Hardin Wallace and Rev. W. B. Colt, of Illinois, to bring this great truth to the Southland, and then following them there were literally hundreds of people who obtained the blessing among the ministry of the different churches, and hundreds of laymen on whom the call fell, who immediately left their plow, workshop, or office and swept out into the unexplored forests of humanity and blazed the way, while thousands of others followed, seeking and finding this great boon to their hungry hearts, and with this Pentecostal fire “they went everywhere preaching the word,” until this Dixieland of ours became honeycombed with the teaching of the second blessing people, while under brush arbors, cloth tents, great board-covered tabernacles, and in rented halls, these holiness preachers gathered the hungry-hearted people, and great revivals broke out that far surpassed anything in modern times.

Among these men and women who were the pioneers from the various churches are a few names that are worthy to go on record on these pages, while they with many others whom I never knew will be recorded in the book of life. In Tennessee, Rev. B. F. Haynes, who was for years the editor of the Tennessee Methodist, a paper that stood for old-time Methodism; Rev. Lewis Powell, Rev. J. O. McClurkan, the founder of the Pentecostal Mission, and editor of the Living Water; Rev. Felix Johnson, Rev. R. L. Harris, Mrs. E. J. Sheeks, and others. In Mississippi, Rev. J. N. Whitehead, Rev. W. B. Pinson, Mrs. Mary McGee Snell, and Rev. H. M. Guy. In Arkansas, Rev. J. N. Speakes, Rev. W. F. Dallas, Rev. Mrs. E. J. Sheeks, Rev. Amanda Coulson, and Rev. W. J. Walthall. In Louisiana, Rev. J. S. Sanders, Rev. W. T. Curry. In Texas, Rev. L. L. Pickett, Rev. E. C. DeJernett, Rev. Bud Robinson, Rev. George, Rev. R. A. Thompson, Rev. J. B. McBride, Rev. J. W. Lively, Rev. Mr. Manning, Rev. Ben Hines, Rev. Julian Woodson, Rev. Will Adams, Rev. Dennis Rogers, Rev. Toni Rogers, Rev. A. G. Jeffries, Rev. Sam Hartline, Hudson Band, Cluck-Farmer Band, the Roberts Boys, the Brown Boys, Rev. W. E. Fisher, Rev. W. F. Rutherford, Rev. B. F. Neeley, Rev. James B. Chapman, Rev. C. M. Keith, Rev. C. B. Jernigan, Rev. John Friar, Rev. R. L. Averill, Rev. D. M. Coulson, Rev. Beecher Airhart, Rev. John Stanfield, and Rev. Lonnie Rogers. In the Indian Territory, Rev. W. A. Rodgers, Miss Mattie Mallory, Rev. L. F. Cassler, Rev. J. D. Scott, Rev. and Mrs. U. D. T. Murray, while among the women preachers were Mrs. Mary Hogan, Mrs. E. J. Rutherford, Mrs. Peppers, Miss Lily Snow, Mrs. Annie Fisher, Mrs. Dora Rice, Mrs. Lula Rogers, and many others whose names I can not recall just now, but their names are recorded in the book of life.

These are the men and women of blood and fire, with the real call of God on their hearts, and an experience that burned in their bones till it was “preach holiness or burn.” They had the martyr spirit; they did not ask, “How many are the enemy?” but “Where are they?” They did not question the financial ability of the people, but “Do they need holiness?” They had the Pentecostal experience with Pentecostal results following. They were missionaries, both home and foreign. They formed bands of workers, and if something did not turn up, they went out and turned something up. They went to places where they were not wanted, and stayed until the people thought they could not get along without them. In the summer months they preached under green trees, brush arbors, cloth tents, and schoolhouses. When winter came they rented halls in large towns and did city mission work, visiting in the afternoons, while they stayed in and studied in the mornings.

They preached on the streets, in the jails, and wherever they could get a hearing.

These people carried with them the spirit of Elijah in the court of Ahab, and John the Baptist in the palace of Herod. No place was too hard, and no people could terrify them. They preached “holiness or hell,” and God honored such ministry, and great revivals broke out. If the services were not free, they would fast and pray until the “fire fell.” They would sometimes fast for days at a time, but somehow they always had victory. Scarcely a meeting in those days when there were less than one hundred people converted or sanctified, and many times two or three hundred. People often ran screaming to the altar, or sometimes fell like dead men into the straw, and lay for hours, to come through shouting. Like Paul before the Jewish mobs, or Martin Luther before the diet at Worms, or John Wesley beside his father’s tomb, they would proclaim, “The world is my parish.” Nothing short of this will bring results and the preacher who has not reached this place had as well surrender his credentials, and go back to his plow.

Most of these men were born and reared during the hardships of the Civil war and the days of reconstruction that immediately followed. This gave them a prenatal influence, and a rugged training that prepared them for a place as pioneer workers in this great religious reformation that swept the land.

These people were persecuted, misrepresented, and maligned as much as the apostles in their day.

They were stoned, pelted with rotten eggs, had their harness cut all to pieces while they preached; their horses’ tails were shaved, and dogs that had “high life” poured on them were turned loose in the church houses while the preacher was preaching. This made the dogs yelp with pain and roll and tumble on the floor, while the boys cried, “Mad dog!”

Sometimes the tent ropes were cut while the service was going on, and on a few occasions the tents were burned after night. It was told on them that they taught “free love” and broke up homes, sometimes running off with other men’s wives; that they were wanted in other counties for theft, until people were afraid to invite them into their homes. It was told on them that they would hypnotize people, when the power of God would fall in the old-time way, until in some parts people were afraid to shake hands with them.

They had to sleep in the straw, under their tents, and live on canned goods when they would go to new places; but none of these things moved them, nor did they hunt down the offenders who started such stories, but went off to their own people and prayed for power to preach the Word in the name of Jesus. Such joy filled their souls, as they sang, and shouted, and prayed, that it attracted people by the hundreds to their meetings, and God gave them the hearts of the people, and great revivals.

“When a man’s ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him” (Prov.

16:7). “But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.” Oh, for a fire baptized ministry who know no fear; whose consecration is not broken, but like the old prophet stand with uplifted hand saying, “Here am I; send me.” Then will we see the results of the early days.

Among other things that were necessary to hold the holiness movement together there must be a means of communication. This need was strongly felt, and the burden fell on Rev. C. M. Keith, who was eminently fitted for the work. In January, 1898, the first issue of the Texas Holiness Advocate was published at Bonham, Texas, with Rev. C. M. Keith, editor, and S. J. Hampton, publisher. In May, the same year, Rev. C. M. Keith took over the sole ownership of the paper and with a mighty fight on financial lines, in which he sacrificed much, he carried on the publication of the paper with the financial assistance of

Rev. Beecher Airhart, and Rev. Lonnie Rogers. But for their noble sacrifice he would have been compelled to give up the fight. In November of the same year he moved the place of publication to Greenville, Texas. The struggle was tremendous, but the paper must go, so he struggled on until 1900, when Charles A. McConnell, of Sunset, Texas, consented to give up his secular paper that he was printing there and form a partnership with Brother Keith. This put two strong men at the helm, and the paper ran on with marked success, filling its mission, until in the spring of 1905 a joint stock company was formed, and Rev. B. W. Huckabee became editor. The paper at this time became the official organ of the Holiness Association of Texas.

The name was afterward changed to The Pentecostal Advocate, and continued until the General Assembly at Nashville, 1911, when it and the Holiness Evangel, the official organ of the Holiness Church of Christ, and the Nazarene Messenger, of the Church of the Nazarene, published at Los Angeles, Cal., were merged into the present Herald of Holiness, with Dr. B. F. Haynes, editor, and C. A. McConnell, office editor.



3. EARLY HOLINESS MOVEMENT IN TEXAS

Among the first who professed the experience of holiness in Texas, of whom we have been able to learn, was a Mrs. Martha McWhirter, who lived at Belton, Texas, in the year 1872. She was a Sunday school teacher in the Methodist church, and in her class she taught the doctrine of entire sanctification as an experience after regeneration, to be sought and obtained by faith. She testified to the experience in the class meetings, and talked it to her neighbors until some were seeking the blessing in the regular weekly holiness prayermeetings she held in her home for this purpose.

This, of course, brought on some outspoken opposition from her pastor, who was an opposer of the doctrine of holiness. He often alluded to these second blessing fanatics in his sermons, and sometimes would upbraid them severely, which brought on great persecution against her and those seeking the blessing, and this was pushed on vigorously until she withdrew from the church, but did not discontinue these meetings.

About this time there came two carpenters to Belton from Illinois, who attended these meetings, sought the experience, and obtained the blessing. They kept up regular prayermeetings where others sought the blessing, while these three testified to the experience and shouted the victory. This stirred the whole town; many people got under awful conviction for the experience and testified to their needs publicly, and asked prayers that they might be sanctified wholly. This renewed the persecution and finally a mob of base men waited on the two men and asked that they "speak no more in this name," under penalty of a beating. They went right on with their meetings and testimonies until the mob came again and took the men out at night and severely beat them and commanded them to leave town at once. They did not leave, but, on the contrary, continued the meetings until they were arrested and tried in the courts for lunacy, and adjudged insane, and were carried to the insane Asylum at Austin, Texas, where they spent only one night, for the physician in charge could find no fault with them and sent them home, admonishing them not to return to Belton, and they took his counsel and returned to Illinois.

But they had sown seed that refused to rot or die, and in due time it germinated and sprang up in the heart of S. W. Wybrant, in whose home these people often held their prayermeetings, as he lived two miles from town and it was a quiet retreat where they

could sing, testify, and pray to their hearts' content without being molested. The arrest of the men for a time stopped these meetings, but the conviction still lingered in the heart of Brother Wybrant and his wife, who were afterward sanctified, and at this writing he is a Pentecostal Nazarene preacher, living at Mineral Wells, Texas.

Through the influence of James A. Graves, a sanctified man of Calvert, Texas, Rev. Hardin Wallace was invited to conduct a revival meeting in the Methodist church, of which Rev. R. H. H. Burnett was pastor. This meeting began in February, 1877. This was the first distinctively holiness meeting that we have any record of in Texas. Rev. Hardin Wallace came from Illinois, and brought a band of workers with him, and while in Texas they held meetings in Bremond, Marlin, Denton, and Gainesville, and possibly at Dallas. At the Calvert meeting the pastor and many of his members were gloriously sanctified, and Rev. Dick Burnett became a mighty evangelist, and for years was associated in evangelistic work with Abe Mulkey, who was reclaimed and sanctified in the great Corsicana holiness revival a little later.

Rev. John A. McKinney, who had read the Guide to Holiness, the original holiness journal of America, then published by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, in New York City, grew hungry for the blessing and attended the holiness meeting at Calvert, was sanctified, and invited Rev. Hardin Wallace and his band of workers to come to Ennis, Texas, for a meeting, which they did before returning to Illinois. Rev. Mr. Wallace was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church at the time of the Calvert meeting, but at its close united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as it was more congenial while working in the South. At the Calvert revival a Rev. Mr. Ellis, a Methodist pastor, was sanctified and became a very zealous worker.

In March, 1877, the Wallace Band began a meeting in the Cumberland Presbyterian church in Ennis, Texas. They preached so hard against tobacco and worldliness that the ruling elders had a session and ordered Cyrus Hogan, who was then an elder in the church to lock the doors, but on his way to do so he met John A. McKinney, who told him he need not do so as they would vacate without the doors being locked, and the meeting was finished out under the trees in McKinney's yard.

This caused great division in the town, while many tobacco-soaked church members fought holiness, the sinners in town contended for the holiness meeting to run on. At every place they held meetings they organized holiness bands, started Tuesday night holiness prayer meetings, and took subscribers for The Banner of Holiness, a paper published in Illinois. At the Ennis meeting some Baptists were sanctified, and at the next regular church meeting they were excluded from the church, their pastor telling them that they had accepted the Methodist faith by being sanctified, and were no longer Baptists. That same night a tremendous storm struck the town, utterly demolishing the Baptist church, the only building that was seriously damaged in the town. A company of Texas toughs waited on the deacons the next day and told them that it was the curse of God, for turning out these holy people. Before leaving Texas they had a great meeting at Lawrence, in the Methodist Episcopal church.

Through reading The Banner of Holiness, the name of Rev. W. B. Colt was seen as a holiness evangelist, and he was invited to come to Texas for some meetings, the first one was at Ennis, September 20, 1877, where the Wallace Band were put out of the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

At this meeting Rev. George A. McCulloch was sanctified, that mighty Scotchman who for years was presiding elder, and a mighty campmeeting preacher in the Free Methodist church. Here holiness took a firm root, and there were gathered about these despised people a few men who knew no defeat and would preach their convictions if the stars fell. This kind of men pushed the battle for God and holiness until Texas became the battle

field for holiness for the next ten years; while the fight was strong, and great persecution waged, dozens of great campmeetings were established, and were attended by thousands of people; while at almost every camp there were not less than one hundred, and often several hundred, people swept into the experience at one of these campmeetings..The Texas Holiness Association was organized at the first campmeeting, which began October 10, 1878, at Rake Straw, about twelve miles south of Corsicana, conducted by Rev. W. B. Colt, of Illinois, as leader, and assisted by many others. This was a great camp. The officers of this association were James A. Graves, president; John A. McKinney, vice-president; E. R. Reeves, corresponding secretary; Cyrus T. Hogan, secretary and treasurer. This association must not be confounded with the Holiness Association of Texas. For the Texas Holiness Association had ceased to exist when the Holiness Association of Texas was organized. The former was for campmeeting purposes only, while the latter was to conserve the movement and to hold the people together until a more definite organization could be effected to give a church home for the holiness people.

This association held ten annual campmeetings as follows: In August and September, 1879, there was a great campmeeting (the second campmeeting) about half a mile north of the courthouse in Corsicana. This meeting ran six weeks. The weather was hot, and water was scarce, and all that was used had to be hauled to the camp grounds; often from twenty to forty barrels a day was used. The merchants in the town furnished the provisions, and most of the people ate at one long table in old Texas style. The laundry did all the washing for the workers free.

The bakery would send great loads of bread to the campers each day without charge, and the grocers great loads of groceries, while farmers around would kill beeves and bring them in for the campers to eat. People came for miles around, and such power swept through the congregations. Thousands of people attended this meeting, and more than six hundred people were said to have been converted or sanctified. One hundred and forty people were saved the last day of the meeting, and the services closed at 2 o'clock the next morning. The old-time grove meetings were held between the services, and people would fall like dead and have to be carried to their tents. People would be saved going to and from the meetings, and along the road you would often see people so deeply convicted that they would kneel in the groves by the roadside and pray through. The whole town was stirred, and the country for miles, and out of that meeting came more than a score of holiness preachers, who kept the fire and preached red-hot holiness until called to their reward.

The leaders were Methodist preachers, Free Methodists, Methodist Protestants, Baptists, Cumberland Presbyterians, and other denominations testifying to the experience of holiness. This meeting goes on record as the greatest meeting in Texas, and the effects of it still abide. Oh, for such a day to return. Why not have just such a meeting today?

The third camp was held at Dallas, Texas, in 1880, and this was also a great camp and was largely attended, people coming from the adjoining counties and distant towns and camping the whole time, the meeting running two weeks. In this campmeeting, as in the others, there were workers from all churches who had been sanctified, and most of them had been excluded from their respective churches, which was fast swelling the ranks of the Free Methodist church, which had been organized previous to this in Texas. The Salvation Army was then in the experience of holiness and they too fell into this meeting with a vim..

AN INFIDEL CLUB BROKEN UP

There is one very peculiar incident worth recording here: There was an infidel club in Dallas that defied all supernatural power, and especially laughed at these holiness people

with their demonstrations. Many of them attended the revival for sport. One night, after a great service where the power of God was especially present, the leader of the infidel club challenged the preachers to a test like Elijah, to which some of them had referred in a sermon. He said, "We do not believe in God nor your Bible. There is no change of heart, as you say, and your God does not answer prayer.

To prove this we will pick out a member of our club and send him to the altar and let your workers get around him and pray, and if you can get him converted then we will all abandon our teachings and go to the altar and get religion. This was agreed upon, if the man who came to the altar would pray as the leaders of the meeting asked him to. The next night the most profane and rank infidel of the club volunteered to go to the altar. All day the holiness people had fasted and prayed that God would answer by fire as in olden times and smash that infidel club to atoms, that had damned so many young men in Dallas. The man came in the midst of the altar service, the infidels gathered around, like Ahab's false prophets, to see the outcome. Old Father Hickey, that Elijah of prayer, took him in hands, while other faithful preachers and workers gathered and kneeled in fervent prayer.

Father Hickey told the infidel to say, "O God, if there is a God, reveal Thyself to me that I may know that there is a God, and I will quit my folly and give my heart to Thee." The man followed, repeating the words as Father Hickey led the prayer. There was a stillness that was supernatural, and a divine glory that all felt while they prayed on. Soon the infidel began to weep and tremble, while the saints of God prayed as only holiness people can pray when the crisis comes. He now needed no one to tell him what to say, for he was praying with all his might from the depth of a powerfully convicted heart. He confessed his sins, and acknowledged his folly, and promised to make amends as far as possible, and renounce infidelity forever. The glory struck his soul, and he began to praise God, just as the others who had been converted in the meeting. His companions, like the Pharisees who brought the adulterous woman to Jesus, began to slip out one by one until no man was left to deny the power of God. This broke up the infidel club, and gave the meeting an advertisement that brought hundreds to the services, and scores were converted.

The fourth campmeeting was at Bosqueville Springs, six miles above Waco, in the summer of 1881. This was another great camp and here many preachers were swept into the experience, to go home and scatter the holy fire.

The fifth campmeeting was held under a new campmeeting shed, at Bremond, in 1882, Newt Graves donating four acres of land, and building a tabernacle for a permanent camp. This was the first camp ground for holiness meetings in Texas that had a permanent tabernacle built on it. The attendance was small, as its location was too far south for the location of most of the holiness people, who lived in northern Texas.

The sixth camp was also under the new tabernacle at Bremond in August, 1883, and was not very largely attended. The seventh camp was at Bremond also. The eighth annual campmeeting was held at Meridian, Bosque county, in August, 1885. This camp was more largely attended, as it was moved back nearer to where the most of the holiness people lived. The ninth camp was at Alvarado, in Johnson county, in August, 1886, in an arbor erected near the Methodist church, and Dr. Godbey, Rev. L. L. Pickett, and Mrs. Mary Hogan were the preachers. It was at this campmeeting that Bud Robinson heard holiness preached for the first time, and was deeply convicted for the blessing, which he obtained a little later in his corn field.

SCOTTSVILLE CAMPMEETING

The tenth annual campmeeting was at Scottsville, in eastern Texas, in July, 1887. This

camp was the result of a meeting conducted at Jonesville, Texas, by Rev. L. L. Pickett, on the charge of Rev. F. J. Browning, a pastor in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at which Rev. B. F. Cassaway assisted. This was July, 1886, and here Dr. A. B. Waskom, Captain Winston, E. T. Bedell, Brother Jones, and Brother Scott, all entered the experience, and soon a meeting was called to establish a holiness camp ground for annual campmeetings. The money came easily, as all of God's work does, and the great tabernacle was erected, and ready for the first camp meeting in July, 1887. This camp was conducted by Rev. W. A. Dodge, that old pioneer from Georgia, W. A. Dunlap, Rev. L. L. Pickett, and Rev. B. F. Cassaway, Rev. F. J. Browning, and others. It was the beginning of great things at Scottsville and the end is not yet, for there has been a campmeeting at Scottsville every year since then, and thousands of people will shout around the white throne who were sanctified at Scottsville camp. All the great preachers, North and South, have conducted meetings there, among them Dr. H. C. Morrison, Dr. B. Carradine, Bud Robinson, and many others. The second camp resulted in five hundred conversions and sanctifications. The power of God swept down on this old camp in many remarkable ways.

TWO GIRLS DROWNED

At one of these great campmeetings there was a remarkable occurrence. Two young men at Marshall, a few miles away, hired a surrey and, in company with two young women, attended the campmeeting just for an outing. In the company with them were also two young men in a buggy. At the afternoon service one of the young men in the buggy was converted. A terrible rainstorm set in, a regular waterspout fell, until no one could go home. Time for the evening service arrived and the rain still poured, but all found shelter under the great board-covered tabernacle. The service went on as usual, and when time for the altar call came the young man who was converted that afternoon went back to where the young men and young ladies sat, and through his tears invited one of the young men to the altar. This so moved him that he broke into tears, and arose to go, but the young lady, who sat next the aisle, put out her foot and laughed at him, telling him that he would be a pretty looking spectacle stretched in the straw like the ones that they had seen at the other services that day.

This stopped the young man, who fell back in his seat sobbing, while the two girls laughed and made fun of him. The other young man turned away, weeping as he went. The services closed and the rain had ceased, and the two young men and young ladies got into their surrey to return home. They attempted to cross a ravine near the camp grounds which was mightily swollen by the recent rains, and the bridge was partially washed out, but in the darkness this was not seen. The surrey suddenly overturned in the stream, and both girls were thrown out of the surrey into the deep water and were drowned. The alarm was given and the campers ran with their lanterns to the rescue, but it was too late. They recovered the bodies of the two girls, in a drift just below the road, and carried them to the tabernacle and stretched their lifeless forms on the mourners' bench, that only a few hours before they had laughed at, and kept their young man friend away from.

From this time campmeetings sprang up too numerous to give all their history. The Waco camp, Greenville, Noonday, Hughes Springs, Bates, Poetry, and many others, where literally thousands of people went and camped each year, while no less than a hundred people were saved or sanctified at any one of these camps annually. These were days of great power, when people took time to be religious. Oh, for those good old days to return, when people will take time to camp the full time, and pray as in days of yore.

“See and ask for the old paths . . . and ye shall find rest for your souls.”



8. CLUCK-FARMER BAND

Among the most efficient workers of the early days of the holiness movement in Texas was a band composed of Rev. C. C. Cluck, Rev. I. D. Farmer, and Cass and Flora Walker. Cass Walker and wife were not preachers, but humble laymen who sold out their earthly possessions and purchased a big gospel tent and secured Cluck and Farmer, two young men, and Mrs. Mary Cluck, as organist, and began a campaign in eastern Texas.

At a meeting near Lamasco, Texas, in 1899, held by Rev. A. G. Jeffries, C. C. Cluck was gloriously sanctified, and the next year began preaching in these tent meetings with Brother and Sister Walker. In 1900 they opened a meeting in New Boston, which was a great success. At this meeting I. D. Farmer was sanctified and called to preach. He was a splendid singer and altar worker, and at once joined the band, afterward known as the Cluck-Farmer Band, and for six months these all worked together, and God gave them four hundred souls converted or sanctified. About this time Cluck and Farmer bought them a gospel tent, and Brother and Sister Walker returned west with their tent. This left the band composed of Rev. C. C. Cluck and wife (Mrs. Mary Cluck), and Rev. I. D. Farmer, and whatever help they could secure as other workers were sanctified and called.

None of these was a licensed preacher, as they got the blessing when nearly all the old-line churches were fighting the second blessing with all their might, and would not have granted them license if they had applied. But the call of God was on them, as will be seen. Neither of these had a common school education. Brother Cluck could not read his lesson in good English, but God had His hand on him and he preached like a bishop, and “spake as one having authority.” He wept and cried over lost men until the long altar bench was filled each night with hungry-hearted seekers who wept their way to Calvary, and came through shouting the praises of God. Ofttimes they would fill the altar twice in one night’s service. No preachers in eastern Texas ever had greater results than the Cluck-Farmer Band.

After securing the new tent they held meetings winter and summer. There was an abundance of wood, with which the people freely supplied them, and two big heating stoves were secured and pipes ran out at the sides of the tent, while the curtains were well staked down. This made it quite comfortable under the tent, even when there was snow on the ground.

In the two years’ work in eastern Texas there were 1,800 professions of conversion, reclamation, or sanctification. A veritable Pentecost swept through the country as they went from one neighborhood to another, while the new converts from one meeting would follow them to the next, rendering great service with their testimonies to holiness, and their victorious singing and prayers. Great crowds would attend these meetings. People would work hard all day and go to meeting at night to hear them sing and shout. Great power was upon the people, and ofttimes while the preacher was preaching people would take the jerks, or fall off their seats into the straw, screaming for mercy, and when the altar call was made they would run to the altar, weeping as they went, and such praying around the altar you seldom hear.

Out of these meetings fifteen preachers were called into the ministry, many of whom are pastors in the Pentecostal Nazarene church today. This kind of work stirred the Devil as it did at Pentecost, and all hell, combined with backslidden preachers in all denominations, was arrayed against these young preachers and their work, and a wild persecution broke

out against them, many strange stories being told on them. Some said, "They use hypnotism," others they have compounded a strange oil that knocks the life out of people. But the more they persecuted them "the more they multiplied and grew."

A PREACHER PRAYED TO DEATH

The above was the big headline in the Paris Daily Advocate when the death of a certain Campbellite preacher was announced, who suddenly died after publicly denouncing these "second blessing fanatics." This preacher was a Greek scholar and a college graduate, and was the pastor of a strong church near where one of these mighty meetings was held. Many of his members were gloriously converted and sanctified. This enraged the pastor and he would attend these meetings and publicly call down these young preachers while they were preaching. He would take advantage of the free testimony services and quote Scripture, and ridicule these ignorant boys for preaching this second blessing heresy. He would tell the people that he was a college graduate, and that he had read the Bible through thirty-six times, and that he had never seen the second blessing even hinted at.

One Sunday afternoon, at one of these testimony services, he was especially enraged, and upbraided these ignorant boys for deluding the people with hypnotism and the black art, and while on his feet announced that on the next Sunday at 11 o'clock he would preach a sermon on Bible holiness at his church, and show from the Scriptures that these boys were heretics and fanatics, and that the second blessing was all a delusion of the Devil.

Sister Walker called the people to prayer, and a spirit of prayer fell on the saints of God, who groaned out their hearts for God to spare them from the hands of this boasting Goliath, and to save the cause of holiness that was so blessing the country. A prayer some what like that in Acts 4:29: "Now Lord, behold their threatenings: and grant unto thy servants, that they may with all boldness speak thy word, by stretching forth thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done in the name of thy holy child Jesus."

And while they prayed the power of God fell on them, and the preacher arose and left the tent in a rage, charging them with blasphemy. On his way home he was taken very sick and grew worse until Friday night he died, and on Sunday at 11 a. m., the very hour that he was to have preached his sermon on scriptural holiness, his funeral was conducted in his church. A great concourse of people attended his funeral with sad countenances and bowed heads. Among them was Rev. F. W. Johnson, now District Superintendent of the Tennessee District. "Great fear fell on all the people," and not a dog moved his tongue against the holiness movement for many days. When crowds would congregate around the towns in that section, and any one even seemed to mock holiness, some sinner would at once remonstrate, "Better look out, remember that Campbellite preacher." All Red River and Bowie counties were mightily stirred by these great revivals, and thousands of people attended these meetings. Meetings were held at Dalby Springs, Hubbards Chapel, Coleman Springs, Dekalb, New Boston, Cuthand, Box Elder, Clarksville, and many other places during these two years.

PEOPLE FELL LIKE DEAD MEN

Great power was on the people all these two years and many fell, prostrated under the power of God, and lay unconscious for hours, to come through shouting the praises of God, much like the early days of Methodism in Kentucky, and the great Cumberland Presbyterian revival reported in William McDonald's history of the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

At one of these meetings a young married woman came to the altar under deep conviction for holiness. Her people were Baptists and much opposed to this new "heresy," as they called it, but her heart was so hungry, in spite of all their persuasion, that she sprang to

her feet and ran to the altar.

No sooner than she went her young husband ran to her mother who promptly took her by the hand and literally dragged her away from the altar. The next night she was at the altar again, praying with all her might that she might be sanctified. This time her husband went into the altar and took her by the hand, and tried to pull her away, but the power of God struck her and she fell lifeless at his feet, unable to move a finger. This so frightened him that he broke down and wept, yet all the time trying to pull her away from the altar, and telling her not to play the fool here in public. In a moment more he was struck by the same power and fell as lifeless as she by her side in the sawdust, there to lie for more than an hour, completely unconscious. Hundreds of people looked on the scene, and a doctor was hurriedly sent in to examine the couple, but he went away shaking his head. The people were amazed and filled with wonder. Soon the young woman came through shouting at the top of her voice, and her husband was soon able to pray and beg God for mercy, which was given him in such abundance that he became an ardent worker in these meetings and led many into the experience of holiness.

"HYPNOTISM, "SANCTIFICATION-OIL," WAS THE CRY

The cry was raised everywhere that these young preachers were hypnotizing the people. Others said, "Not so, but they have compounded a secret chemical," which they chose to call "sanctification oil," and it was said that one drop of this falling on your head would knock you senseless, or even the scent of it would cause people to fall under its power. Wild stories filled the air in the neighborhood of these meetings, and people drove for miles to attend them and see the strange phenomenon. The songs caught them, while the sermons drove the truth home, and the testimonies of their friends sealed conviction on hundreds of them who swept into the kingdom of God.

This, of course, enraged the Devil and all his backslidden church allies, and strange stories of "sanctification oil" filled the air. One night just before service the young preachers were filling their gasoline torches for the night service, and the tent curtains were all down, as it was a damp evening. A family drove up at this juncture, and while the husband tied the team the wife and mother with seven children proceeded to lift the curtain and go into the big gospel tent, which was filled with the fumes of gasoline. The excited mother, smelling the gasoline for the first time, made sure that she had caught the preachers compounding that strange oil. She jerked off her big sunbonnet and fanned the air vigorously, while she screamed at the top of her voice, "Run, children, for your life, run — Sanctification Oil! (Sniff, sniff.) Don't you smell it?" Like scared partridges, she and the children beat a hasty retreat from under the canvas, and out into the open air, where they bounded into the wagon, calling on the husband to drive for his life! Many people were afraid to shake hands with these strange preachers, lest they be struck down, but God used all these strange stories to bring people to these meetings for miles in all directions, who heard the Word and got the blessing.

At the Noonday camp in eastern Texas in the year 1898, while Rev. Bud Robinson was in charge of the camp, a young man fell into a trance on Monday and lay in this condition for forty-eight hours.

He was seen by hundreds of people, and examined by many physicians, while in this unconscious state. He stuttered until he could be scarcely understood before this, but when he came out of the trance, he preached to the great crowds that thronged him for more than an hour without stuttering one time. He told of his visit to both heaven and hell while in this condition, and of the angel that guided him through. He told of meeting many people who had long ago died in that neighborhood, some he met in heaven, others in hell. He told of a noted holiness fighting preacher, who had recently died in that

country, whom he knew well. How he was in the most awful flames in hell, begging for help. He pleaded with this young man to warn his friends not to fight holiness.

The above story was published in full detail in the Texas Holiness Advocate and vouched for by Bud Robinson. This is but a few of the scenes that were witnessed in those pioneer days, when preachers put their whole soul into the work of holiness, regardless of what people would say or do.

It reads like the days of the Acts of the Apostles, and if people would go whole-souled into the work of the Lord today as then they would see the same results. Oh, for a modern Pentecost! Rev. C. C. Cluck is now known in many states as an evangelist, and carries with him the same old-time power and victory, while Rev. I. D. Farmer has served as District Superintendent of the Mississippi District, and is at this writing a pastor in that state.



9. JEFFRIES-HARTLINE BAND

No preacher or band of workers ever stirred the country more than the Jeffries-Hartline Band, composed of Rev. A. G. Jeffries and Rev. Sam Hartline. These two men were bound together like Jonathan and David, and throughout Fannin, Hunt, and Lamar counties they conducted some of the most remarkable meetings that were ever held in Texas. Jeffries was a man of some culture, while Hartline had a limited education. These preachers procured a big gospel tent and began the work of evangelizing their own county, moving their tent from one community to another, carrying with them their own living tents in which they and their families lived, camping on the grounds near the gospel tent. The people brought in provisions and they prepared it in their own tents. In fact, it was a portable campmeeting.

Great revivals followed this mode of evangelizing. Hundreds and hundreds were harvested into the kingdom of God. Not only were hundreds saved and sanctified, but dozens and dozens were healed of diseases pronounced by physicians incurable. Truly, the gift of healing was bestowed on Rev. A. G. Jeffries, and he was called to the bedside of many suffering souls and they found truly that “He took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses” (Matt. 8:17).

In 1896 Brother Jeffries was a steward in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, but was totally devoid of saving grace. In August of that year he attended a revival at McCraw’s Chapel near Honey Grove, Texas, conducted by Revs. Thomas and Lula Rogers, assisted by the famous Hudson Band, and was powerfully reclaimed. Two months later he was wholly sanctified in the city of Bonham, Texas, in a revival conducted by the godly R. L. Averill and Lonnie Rogers, assisted by the Hudson Band. Rev. Mr. Jeffries was then called to the ministry and soon met Rev. S. A. Hartline, who had been recently sanctified at Greenville, Texas, with whom he associated himself for the great work of soul-saving. Thousands on earth today, and thousands in heaven, have reason to thank God for this coalescence. Their first meeting was held under a tent near a schoolhouse known as Lone Elm.

This was a wonderful revival. One hundred and twenty-five souls were saved or sanctified. The power of God was so great one night that every soul who did not run from under the tent, fell like they were shot. Sixteen souls, all grown people, lay for hours, and some until daylight the next morning, but all arose shouting. One woman with a baby in

her arms started under the tent, staggered and ran back and said to another woman, "You can't stand up under that tent." The power of God was so great that people fell in their homes a mile away from the tent.

Their next meeting was held at Dodd City, Texas. Here one hundred souls were saved or sanctified. In those days the people assembled early. Often the tent was full by sunset. In this meeting, one evening about twilight, a man was taken with a congestive chill. His wife was frantic with fear. The man was soon seized with convulsions, whereupon Brother Jeffries cleared the crowd of curious people who had surrounded the man, called the saints to prayer. Brother Jeffries laid his hands on the man and he was instantly healed, leaped to his feet, giving God the glory.

At Hail there was a mighty revival, and oftentimes, while Rev. A. G. Jeffries was preaching, people would fall off their seats, screaming for mercy, especially one night while he was preaching on "The Unpardonable Sin." The scene was much like that when Jonathan Edwards preached that memorable sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," when it is recorded that five hundred people were converted as the result of that one sermon. The early days of the holiness movement had many such results and similar scenes. If the power of God could unhorse Saul of Tarsus in the Damascus road, and he fall and lie trembling crying, "What wilt thou have me do?" why not some scenes like that now? Has God changed, or have we lost the divine power? This scene mightily enraged the pastor of the Christian (Campbellite) church, who had an organization at the schoolhouse near where the tent was pitched, as many of his members were attending the holiness meeting and some had gone to the mourners' bench and been saved. It came his day to preach at the schoolhouse, and Rev. Mr. Jeffries offered him the tent for his services, which he refused, going into the schoolhouse and preaching a sermon against "This modern heresy of the second blessing," in which he ridiculed the preacher and called him all sorts of ugly names.

This only advertised the meeting the more, and more than 125 people were either saved or sanctified in that meeting.

At St. Joe, Texas, they had a great meeting and a few people were instantly healed. In the town there lived a woman, a Mrs. Offitt, who had suffered with rheumatism for fifty-four years and her arms and hands were so drawn that she had been unable to feed herself for years. She sent for the preachers to come and pray for her healing. They gathered around her and as they prayed and Rev.

A. G. Jeffries laid his hands on her and God gave "the prayer of faith," instantly the power of God came on her and the glory filled the house and she sprang out of her invalid chair, leaping and shouting the praises of God. This caused a mighty stir and hundreds attended the meeting to see the healed woman and to hear the testimony from her own lips. This story was published in *The Texas Holiness Advocate*, a paper published by Keith and McConnell at Greenville, Texas, at that time, and read by thousands of people.

At Bowie, Texas, a young girl, the daughter of a Mrs. Galloway, was totally deaf, and in answer to the prayer of Rev. Mr. Jeffries was instantly healed and lives today to testify to the healing power of God.

Other meetings followed. Onstodt's pasture, where Rev. C. C. Cluck was sanctified; Bailey, Oakland, Lamasco, Ivanhoe, Valley Creek, Trenton, and Bonham; at all these places great revivals were held.

The Lord separated Rev. A. G. Jeffries and Rev. Sam Hartline at Trenton, Texas, and called them to work far apart. This was one of the hardest trials of their lives. Their lives were so interwoven and blended together that it was almost like death for them to separate. Rev. Mr. Hartline went to New Mexico and labored there until 1917, when he

was called higher.

He died at Artesia, New Mexico, in the triumphs of a living faith.

Rev. A. G. Jeffries held a meeting in 1902 at Bowie, Texas, where 250 souls were saved or sanctified. The Pentecostal Nazarene church now has a lady missionary in India who was saved in this meeting. Several preachers came out of this meeting.

At Comanche, Okla., while Rev. A. G. Jeffries was preaching one Sunday night to a large congregation on "The Unpardonable Sin," the people began to scream to such an extent that it was impossible for the preacher to be heard, whereupon, the preacher pointed to the altar, which was filled at once, and many found the Lord.

At Eldorado, Okla., one night Rev. Mr. Jeffries was preaching to a sea of faces, the people began falling in the altar until the altar was packed and the aisles were filled with prostrate souls, begging for mercy. There were no altar workers, it being a new place, so Brother Edgar Burkart, the song evangelist, kept the music going while Rev. Mr. Jeffries stood on the altar and cried, "Pray, pray, pray, with all your might." Twenty-eight souls prayed through without an altar worker.

And what shall I more say of the tens of thousands who have been saved and sanctified, the hundreds who have been healed, the confessions that have been made, of the money that has been restored, the husbands and wives who have been reunited, the children who have been made obedient, and homes that have been blessed? Time would fail me.

Kingdoms fall and dynasties fail, islands rise and mountains sink, fortunes change and fame vanishes, but influence lives on forever.

Rev. A. G. Jeffries now lives at Peniel, Texas, and, though getting old, is still as actively in evangelistic work as he was twenty years ago. He has just finished a year (1918) of great revival work.



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