



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

# PEOPLE I HAVE MET

By Beverly Carradine

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## Chapter 8                    A DEVOTED YOUNG LIFE

In one of our city charges there was a lad of fifteen whom we found in our membership. He was quite ordinarily endowed, had but a slim common school education, and was clerking for a small salary in a store down town. It was one of the convictions of Ernest, that as a member of the church he owed his pastor stated visits. These he would pay with the regularity that the moon would turn her round, smiling face on the earth again after a lapse of so many days and nights.

Ernest was not a brilliant thinker, nor a sparkling talker; so that after a few commonplace observations about the weather, and several remarks concerning the size of last Sunday's congregation, the interest of the latest prayer meeting, he would be at the end of his mental row, and it devolved upon the other party to take up the plow or hoe, as the case might be, and keep the conversation alive, if not flourishing, until Ernest felt it his duty to leave, as he had been previously impressed it was his moral obligation to come. As he was not brainy, not a reader, not even converted at this time, and so not spiritual; and as he would invariably sit from eight to eleven, something of the exhausted mental and physical condition of the pastor can be imagined.

As he sat before us with his mild blue eyes and vacant face, the single admirable quality he seemed to possess at this time was his faithful adherence to what he conceived to be his solemn duty – viz., to bestow on his preacher the favor of a three hours' visit once a month. It was not that he himself delighted in the call, but he conceived it was a benefit that was due his pastor, and so he determined to meet the social obligation if he perished in the attempt or broke down every chair in the house.

In the third year of our pastorate came the great revival, in which we received the Baptism with the Holy Ghost, and beheld many scores of souls brought to God. Ernest was one of the newly converted. The change was most remarkable. Everybody saw and felt it. There was no creation of a new and finer order of intellect, though there was a decided quickening of the ordinary one he possessed. But the fruits of the Spirit were pronounced and evident in his life, and all could see that he had been born of God, and had the family likeness which belongs to the household of Heaven.

He became active in church work, prayed in the Young People's meetings, and was decidedly more agreeable, although still not fascinating when he would conceive the idea of enriching the pastor with one of the periodic bestowments of his boyish presence, kind simple face, and a section of his uninteresting conversation.

Several months rolled by before Ernest seemed to realize the need of the second work of grace.

His little cup had been well filled, and now being absorbed in his new experience and duties he did not seem to recognize or feel the deeper want of the soul in the blessing of holiness. But one day the epochal event occurred. Some sermon, prayer or conversation penetrated the lad's mind and heart, and he stood in our church study asking questions about entire sanctification with a seriousness in his face and a tremor in his voice that had never been there before.

When we had finished giving some explanations he desired, he replied, with his blue eyes filling up with tears, "I want all that God has for me."

We have often wished since that day that all of God's people, with their superior minds and greater general knowledge, would only evince the wisdom which freighted the speech of this physically frail lad, who at this time was seventeen years of age.

We gave the boy further directions about making a perfect consecration, exercising an implicit faith, and holding on to God in prayer until the Witness came. He listened most attentively and gravely, and went back to the store where he was employed.

Poor, dear lad, he did not have much to place on the altar. The whole thing, according to the judgment of the world, could doubtless have been wrapped up in a handkerchief. But what he had, and all he had, he gave to God – and the fire fell!

The boy's experience of holiness was far more remarkable than his conversion. It was truly the "transformation" spoken of in the second verse of the twelfth chapter of Romans. He followed the exhortation there to the "brethren" to present himself "a living sacrifice," and so "proved" or found out "the perfect will of God," and "This is the will of God, even our sanctification."

From this time on two things impressed us above all other manifestations of the holy life in Ernest. One was his untiring zeal in the service of God, and the other his perfect love.

He did not obtain a new set of brains, but remained ordinarily gifted as before, although full salvation undoubtedly helped what he did possess in mental lines. But the devotion to Christ and the tender love for souls he constantly exhibited we have never seen equaled by any young person, and surpassed by few of older years and riper Christian character. It became a pleasure to have the lad call, to hear him talk, and watch the holy light which a God of Love had kindled in his countenance.

He never seemed to weary of any kind of religious duty, but his special joy was to pray and labor around the altar and lead souls to the Savior.

In addition to this, he did outside work in cottage visiting, hunting up the lost, and bringing back to the church and Christ those who had gone astray. This Christian service he could only undertake after his regular business hours, so that when the store closed and Ernest had snatched a hasty supper at home, his figure, Bible in hand or under his arm, flitting along the gas-lighted streets to his mission of love became a familiar and touching spectacle to many.

He was the main support of his widowed mother; and his was no little toil during the day, lifting goods, packing boxes, and wheeling trucks until six o'clock in the evening. And yet after that he would in spite of that delicate and over-worked body, rush away to distant parts of the city in his labor of helping, comforting and saving souls.

The greatest Christian work of the boy had been going on for some time before we found it out.

Three nights in the week, and once on the Sabbath afternoon, he would be seen going to a certain remote, poverty-stricken part of the city. He said nothing about what was engaging him, for boasting had left the lad, and he seemed stripped of all but love.

Finally, however, we learned that he had gathered together about forty or fifty children in a double room he had rented, and was teaching them on the week nights not only to read and write, but to pray and study the Bible. On the Sabbath he turned his little night class into a Sunday school, doing the praying, leading the singing, and thoroughly catechizing the whole body of little ones, who had become perfectly devoted to him.

To do this, the tired boy would, on leaving the store, spend but a few moments over his first warm meal of the day, viz., his supper, and looked like he begrudged even this short time spent in that way.

Then he would start out on his long walk to his distant mission, his pale, loving face and frail figure, with his Bible under his arm, making a picture of pathetic moral beauty that lingers in the recollection of some of us most powerfully to this day, although twenty years have rolled by since that time.

In this kind of work we left him, when we moved to St. Louis. After a year had gone by, a letter came telling us that Ernest was dead!

In one of his night trips to his little flock he had been drenched by a heavy rain; but worked on in his wet clothes, singing, praying with and teaching the children. The result was a terrible cold, which settled on his lungs in the form of pneumonia, and the beautiful, holy life of Ernest R\_\_\_\_\_ was ended on earth.

They wrote us that on the day of the funeral there was a great storm of wind and rain and the streets were flooded with water. But such was the hold that this boy, now eighteen years of age, had upon the congregation and community, that in spite of the tempest, the large church building which seated twelve hundred, was two-thirds filled with people.

We have had in our church membership, when in the pastorate, many far more intellectually and socially gifted, but so connected with ambition, pride, intolerance, gossip, slander and hate, that there is little or no pleasure in remembering them. But for twenty years we have recalled the face, spirit and life of this naturally lacking but richly spiritually endowed boy, and the heart warms, the eyes fill, and we never fail to thank God with each recollection, that he ever allowed such a beautiful character to come into our life.

The earthly vase was broken in which God placed some of his roses and lilies, but the fragrance remains in the simple memory of the lad. So the sound of a flute dies away on the lake, but the incident of the moonlight serenade is a treasure possession of the heart for all time. The angels, after singing over the fields of Bethlehem, went back again into heaven; but the melody of their song, and their wonderful visit to the children of men, is a beautiful fact and an imperishable treasure to the earth forever. Thus was it with Ernest.

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## Chapter 9                    AN AFTERNOON SINGER

One afternoon at a remote inland Camp Ground which lay buried in the fragrant depths of the piney woods of Mississippi, we witnessed a scene that we have since recalled to mind and spoken of many times.

There had been what is known as a hard pull in the service. The people from the triple cause of weariness, the heat, and perhaps too hearty a dinner were drowsy, and not in the best condition for listening, and so the meeting dragged.

A number of the workers as they took in the situation, the discouraged minister, the empty altar, the listless audience, had about concluded the battle was lost.

Just then a local preacher was not only asked but urged to conclude the service. The man came slowly from one of the seats in the corner, and stood in the altar before the people with such a gentle, patient, humble look upon his face that we felt our heart instantly melt and go out with deepest interest in this unknown follower of the Saviour.

There was something in the meekness and humility of the man which seemed to touch a number; and as we studied the holy, peaceful face and unconscious attitude of the individual, we felt here was one who belonged wholly to God, one whose thoughts and heart were in Heaven, although his body stood on earth.

Without a word of explanation or exhortation, after a few minutes' silence he commenced singing in a strangely pathetic and unctuous voice one of the old time Methodist hymns, whose words and melody have been dropped long years ago from its hymnology. The lines were as follows:

Where now are the Hebrew Children,  
Where now are the Hebrew Children,  
Where now are the Hebrew Children,  
Away over yonder in the Promised Land.

They went up through flame and fire,  
Trusting in their great Messiah,  
Who by grace will raise them higher,  
Away over yonder in the Promised Land.

By and by we'll go and meet them,  
By and by we'll go and meet them,  
By and by we'll go and meet them,  
Away over yonder in the Promised Land.

It would be impossible to describe the strange power of the Singer's voice or depict his manner, as he, in less than five minutes, sang that drowsy, apathetic congregation into a wide-awake state of intense and sympathetic listening.

Standing in the flickered light of the old bush arbor, the Singer seemed to fix his eyes on the distant blue sky over which a few white clouds were softly floating. It looked like he was thinking of the City and Country beyond and above this world, and had his gaze fixed even then on the heavenly company of the martyrs, apostles, prophets, and the very persons about whose suffering, triumph and translation he was singing.

Watching the people we saw that the Singer, without having made any special effort, without musical knowledge or gifted voice, yet through the power of the Holy Spirit in him had the entire audience under perfect sway. On all sides numbers were bending eagerly forward; tears were trickling down scores of faces; and when after singing several stanzas the man of God reached the third line of the chorus,

“By and by we'll go and meet them,”

Suddenly a heart-thrilling cry, loud, clear, glad and exultant, rang out from a woman in the congregation, and like a flash of lightning the Holy Ghost fell on the people. For fully a half hour a perfect storm of pentecostal glory and salvation swept over the laughing, crying, shouting, hand-clapping assembly.

The victory that was thus snatched from the very jaws of defeat ran through the remaining hours of the day, deep into the night, and continued indeed to the end of the Camp Meeting. Twenty or thirty souls were brought to Christ that afternoon.

As for the Man of God so signally used in that service, he was like Philip of old, who, after discharging his duty in a certain locality, was found later in other places. Or like the prophets of ancient times who would suddenly appear when God wanted a true, devoted and fearless messenger to stand for Him and the truth; and when the word had been given, the deed performed, they as quickly disappeared until their Lord and Master should need them again.

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## **Chapter 16      A SACRIFICING MAN**

One of the sweetest joys which thrills the human soul comes from the sacrifice of self. Whether we regard the bliss as a direct reward from heaven for the Christlikeness of the act, or whether we view the sweet experience as the result of getting away from one's self; or that it is the thrill realized from the exercise of one's highest and noblest powers; it does not matter; we only know that it is one of the profoundest, most exultant and exalting joys which can visit and abide in the breast of a human being.

The sinner in his search for happiness in the gratification of appetite and ambition is missing it. Pleasure is not happiness. The traveller rushing hither and thither to seaside and mountain resorts, fails as notably in

what he is after; for recreation is not blessedness. And he who lives for self, and would make all things bend to be tributary to his pleasure and will, comes far short of what he wants and craves; for selfish gratification is not joy.

But the sacrifice of self will bring it. Joy is a fruit of sacrifice, and the deeper and greater the self-denial the profounder the inward spiritual thrill and gladness.

He who follows in the footsteps of the Savior, can speak most assuredly about the nature of the joy, and the method of its obtainment. Without an exception such would counsel against the self-absorbed life, the contracted life, and the existence where personal ambition and selfish ease dominate thought and action. In the words of the Savior they could say that "He who saveth his life shall lose it; and he who loseth his life shall find it."

In the early ministerial life of the writer he was thrown much with his presiding elder, who was one of the most deeply spiritual men he ever knew. It was the custom with many preachers in that office at that time to spend most of their time at home. They ran out to their appointments on Saturday, held Quarterly Conference that night, preached once or twice on the Sabbath, and took the next train for their dwelling place in some neighboring town. This presiding elder of whom we are writing had a home of his own, an attractive and comfortable one at that, and also a devoted family circle. And yet such was his conception of ministerial duty in his sub-bishop office as overseer of a district of five or six counties, that he would be gone on his trips two and three months at a time.

He would procure a horse, and leaving the railroads, penetrate the hills and swamp country, looking up the people, spending the night or taking a meal in humble homes, having family prayer wherever he could, and talking to everybody about their souls.

The writer as a young preacher was with him on some of his overland, and house to house visiting journeys, and can testify to his passion for souls and faithfulness as a true servant and follower of Christ. Very humble was the fare he often got, and many were the hardships he had to endure, but we never knew him to murmur or complain.

Instead of sorrow he was always full of a holy joy. His countenance was transfigured. His eyes had a drunken look – the strange intoxication of a profound heavenly bliss.

We often slept together; and we never knew him to pray less than an hour before retiring. After twenty-five or thirty minutes' communion with God, his body would begin to tremble under the glory that filled his soul, as one would shake with an ague. His whispered utterances would sound at times like verbal shivers, so greatly was the physical man shaken by the power of God. At the end of a full hour, he would remove his hands from before his face to arise, and his countenance looked like that of an angel! He was tasting the joy, and realizing the blessedness of sacrifice. He was knowing more genuine happiness in his lonely, toilsome, homeless life in a single hour, than his brethren who clung so tenaciously to their hearthstone, felt in entire year.

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## Chapter 19      LITTLE JOHN

It became necessary for the mother of the writer to add some live stock to her plantation in the shape of plow and wagon animals. She entrusted the purchasing business to a gentleman relative, who for a reasonable price bought five mustang mules. They were in an untamed state so far as work under the saddle and in harness, was concerned, and the serious undertaking of "breaking in" was appointed to take place on a certain Saturday. They had been bought, and now were to be "broken" according to farm and stable language, and ever thereafter pull steadily and faithfully in any vehicle to which they should be hitched.

As a little boy we witnessed the "breaking in" and it has remained a vivid recollection with us ever since.

It required a half dozen strong Negro men and nearly the entire day to accomplish the feat. The reader will pardon the play upon the word, but we recall the fact that we never beheld as many feet, human and animal, in the air at one time and continuously as we did that Saturday in all the course of our after life. The amount of cyclone and electric storm in those mustangs was simply amazing.

It looked like the first four would never be conquered. They were taken out from the lot one by one to be geared up side by side with an old steady wagon horse. But the instant the harness was put on the alarmed and infuriated animal, he would begin to rear, kick, plunge and go through every motion of insubordination. With the greatest difficulty several men were able to fit on collar and harness, and on account of the bucking, backing and plunging forward, still greater was the task of connecting breast chains with the pole, and trace chains to the single-tree. Then when the driver took his seat and, assisted by experienced helpers on the ground, tried to make the animal pull, first by clucking, next by "get ups," and then by the crack and lash of the whip, it was like launching a hurricane, followed by a vain endeavor to stop a tornado.

The field of operations was about five acres in extent, smooth in surface with a sprinkling over it of last year's cornstalks. Each one of the four mustangs literally took the wagon with him, the old staid horse by his side as well. The driver swayed like a drunken man on his seat, his helpers could scarcely keep up with the frantic, furious animal, while dust, clods of earth and cornstalks fairly filled the air. But finally by sticks, clubs and whips the panting creature was subdued, and in the course of an hour or so, geed, hawed, whoaed and pulled according to command and in a word behaved himself and did almost as well as the sober old horse by his side.

During all these agitated proceedings of the day the fifth mustang, called by the Negroes "Little John," stood in the barn lot quietly, but fixedly contemplating the stormy scenes in the field.

Little John was small and of slender build, and with his ears long enough for any mule, but absurdly lengthy for an animal of his slim construction, reminded one forcibly of an overgrown jack rabbit. These same auricles were directed in a gaze-like attitude over the fence, while their owner seemed to be meditating on the hard time his friends and brethren were having. Evidently he must have had this thought, and drawn conclusions, for when his turn came and the farm hands first roped and then bridled him, he made not the slightest resistance. And when collar, harness, back band, breeching and trace chains were put clanking on him and he was hitched up to the wagon he made not the faintest objection. And when the driver, gathering the reins in his hand, gave a loud cheerful cluck and "get up," Little John walked off pulling in the gear in the most orthodox manner, and was guided by the bit right and left, as easily and naturally as if he had been drawing wagons all the days of his life.

To this hour we recall the loud shout of laughter given by the Negro men. All agreed with cackles of mirth and stentorian guffaws that Little John had sense, that he was long-headed, that he had not been looking over the fence all day for nothing; that he had been thinking; that he had seen what a time the other mules had passed through, and had made up his mind he would not be beaten and mauled around that way. And so he had surrendered at the start and behaved himself from the beginning.

The original Little John was a mustang, mule, but we are certain that the reader with a slight demand on his recollection, and the smallest effort of imagination, will behold typically portrayed in our long eared and philosophic animal friend certain well known evangelists, pastors, and laymen.

"Little John," the fifth animal, let it be remembered saw what a grievous time his brethren had in the matter of whips, clubs and general knocking down, and so determining to escape all this trouble walked forth from the lot and into the harness and pulled away at the wagon as if it was an accustomed habit and life-long accomplishment. Little John chose not to suffer affliction with his friends and brethren, but accepted deliverance by an easier way, and one which brought on him approving smiles and loud cries of endorsement from the club and whip crowd.

Little John thus becomes a type of a class of church members and Christians who, perceiving what a struggle, and experience of suffering their brethren have who seek holiness in the old time Methodist and Scriptural way, resolve

not to take any such death route. They have found a pleasanter road, a popular way in which not a lash is popped nor a missile hurled, nor a single difficulty thrown in the course of any kind. And so Brother Little John is found in the ranks of full salvation with no martyr wound, and bearing none of “the marks of the Lord Jesus.”

Again Little John is a type of still another class in the Holiness ranks who, standing in the ecclesiastical lot, and gazing with anxious eyes and pointed ears over the fence, see how their brethren are treated who testify to, preach and press entire sanctification in a clear, unmistakable way; observe how laymen are removed from Stewardships and other official positions in the chair; note how preachers are thrust out of leading pulpits into hard scramble circuits; mark how holiness Evangelists are debarred from leading churches and are ridiculed and denounced by the secular and church press; whereupon Brother Little John, oh, how little is John! Brother Little John, we repeat, determines that nothing of the kind shall befall him.

So coming forth from his stall he ambles up to the whip and club tribe, and brays: “Men and brethren, I am yours. I promise to behave in a way to please you. I will work anywhere you put me. I will say what you want me to say; do what you want me to do; and instead of preaching holiness by the death route of consecration, faith and tarrying at the altar for the fire, I will go back to first principles, preach repentance of a mild type, make touching allusions to the old flag and deliver affecting discourses on Mother, Home and Heaven.”

When Brother Little John said this, the whip and club tribe smiled cordially and fraternally upon him. They admired his long ears, rubbed his narrow head, called him their own asinine mustang and said, without a disagreeing voice, that he was the nicest little mule in the whole stable.

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## Chapter 33      **CAMP MEETING CHARACTERS**

At the Camp Grounds we continually meet personages who affect the mind and heart in many different ways. Some are gracious, pleasing and blessed, while others are odd and amusing. Some are wise, and some are otherwise. Some are benedictions, others are studies, and still others are wonders. Moreover, we are glad we encounter them all.

One is before us now as we marked him at a large tabernacle meeting. He remains in memory as if etched by an artist hand, or carved by the chisel of a sculptor.

He was an old gentleman of sixty-five, wore closely cropped gray hair, had a clean shaved face, and rather ruddy complexion. His suit of clothes was a business one of a snuff brown color. He was the picture of primness and neatness from his well tied cravat to his polished shoes.

He invariably sat in a chair directly in front of the audience, facing the speaker, and with one leg crossed over another. He never looked at the preacher, but sat as described with a toothpick in his mouth, his hand covering the top of an old-style ivory-headed walking stick, and his eyes never lifted higher than the knee of the minister in the pulpit. He had but three motions, a slight chewing on the goose quill, a soft rubbing of the ivory head of his cane with the palm of his hand, and a change in the leg that was crossed; this last, however, occurring but rarely.

The most impressive thing about him was the air of wisdom which actually covered him as a veil would a bride. The face was that of a judge and senator combined. Sphinx-like, it seemed to have swept over a desert of years, had beheld all that had to be seen, thought all that could engage the mind, and now, feeling the vanity of words, preferred to listen as in a dream to speakers who were laboring with problems of all sorts which he had long ago wrestled with and solved.

At first the man awed us. We perceived also that all the gospel ambassadors who held forth before him were deeply impressed. It was evident that they were drawing heavily on their treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and in fact, endeavoring to be at their best because of this silent, meditative listener of the revolving dexter member and the

slow-moving ruminative under jaw.

After a few sermons we became somewhat accustomed to him, as the traveler does to Mt. Blanc, towering in the distance.

But suppose we should solve the mystery and tell the reader who and what this decorous, dignified individual was; which explanation of the case would be most agreeable or the most disappointing! That he was stone deaf and never heard a word! Or that he was mentally dislocated, was a harmless lunatic, did not require a keeper, but simply wanted a walking stick, toothpick and a place to cross his legs?

One of these two statements of the case was the truth. The peruser of these lines can make his choice and abide by it, as we will make no farther effort to illumine his mind.

Another character at a protracted meeting held under a large tent, was a burly looking, portly man of fifty. He must have weighed over two hundred pounds, and in his quietest moments looked apoplectic.

Withal this he was a deeply religious man, and if ever the writer saw one who seemed to eat the Word and drink in the Gospel it was this individual. Moreover, it became apparent to all that he was not only receiving, but fairly swelling, with the truth, and could not hold much more.

As it had happened before in his case, subsequent events agreed with the antedating appearance, and the brother overflowed!

But the strange part of it was that he never manifested his gladness as one would have supposed and expected, but after imbibing all that his capacity could contain, he, with cheeks distended and face perfectly crimson, would take a solemn and dignified walk through the straw clear across the breadth of the large tabernacle several times, meanwhile emitting little puffs from his lips, as if it was escaping steam, while his feet, throwing up the dry hay right and left, brought up the fancy or picture of waves cloven by the prow of a vessel.

He always reminded me of a steamboat swung loose from the wharf, loaded down to the guards, heading down stream with a roaring fire in the furnace, a full head of steam in boiler and cylinders, the pilot at the wheel, the captain on the hurricane deck, and the craft sure of making a successful trip and glorious landing.

The man was so manifestly oblivious of the attention he aroused, so completely taken up with the celestial voyage he was making, that the effect on the observant audience was all the more powerful and remarkable.

We are confident that the brother never made the trip, so to speak, until it was a physical and spiritual impossibility to sit still. It was evident he had to go, or blow up.

A third personage met in our work was at a camp meeting. This individual was a good sister who had a daily shouting spell. By the expression "daily shouting" we do not wish to be understood as implying that there was anything mechanical or false about her rejoicing. On the contrary, God placed His seal of approval and indorsement, not only on the voice and words, but upon the face also of the overflowing sister. It was genuine.

Generally the shout we are speaking of, and oftener continued peals of happy, holy laughter, would burst forth about nine o'clock in the morning. Family worship over, the dishes washed, the tent in order, when lo! The fountain which had been welling up in her heart for quite awhile would suddenly change from a trickling spring to a first-class geyser, and aim for the stars. There was no working up of the gladness, but the tearful shouts and the heart-moving laughs were full from the start. There was such a genuine ring in every cry and utterance that everybody felt that the coin she was throwing around came direct from the mint of heaven.

Another feature about these morning scenes was that the good sister would run a couple of hundred yards,

sometimes encircling the tabernacle. Almost without exception she had a towel, dish cloth or a piece of white goods of some kind in her hand, which she would wave like a banner, and sometimes pop like a whip as she praised God and ran. It looked at times wonderfully like she was in a chariot of glory on her way to the skies, and was hurrying up her invisible steeds. On other occasions the banner feature would prevail, and we saw the flag bearer of an approaching gospel army.

Whether the overflowing joy filled her as she was engaged in domestic employments, and while holding a dish rag, dusting cloth or piece of goods of some kind in her hands; or whether in her ecstasy she would catch up anything to wave as she started on her triumphal tour, we cannot tell. We only know that we never saw her without her banner at such a time. In fact, we would have been disappointed if she had left her pennon behind.

We never wearied of this sister's daily march around Zion. We would first hear a few opening ringing shouts, look out of our tent and see her coming with a white cloth circling over and about her head, while from her lips pealed rapturous cries and that holy laughter, which cannot be described and could never be successfully imitated.

Whether meditation on the last sermon heard, or the domestic occupation of washing and cleaning her dishes suggested the purifying power of the Blood of Christ and brought on the outburst and outbreak, we were not informed; we only know that this fully saved woman could not pass "the third hour of the day," which is nine o'clock in the morning, without boiling over, rushing from her Upper Room, and filling the streets of Jerusalem, so to speak, with the praises of her glorious and glorified Redeemer.

Perhaps no one on the camp ground enjoyed these scenes more than the husband of this woman.

Every line of his countenance and look of the eye showed his perfect confidence in his wife, and his hearty, unqualified indorsement and approval of the whole proceeding.

As for the dish cloth or dusting rag used in these triumphal processions in and around about Zion, we have to say that they have ever since been exalted, and in a sense glorified, in our mind.

A ram's horn, a bush by the roadside, a rod cut from a thicket, a dry bone in the dust, a lamp, pitcher and trumpet have all been invested with a charm, power and glory because of the devoted hands that touched them, and because of the great Name and Holy One in whose service they were used.

In like manner the dish towel and dusting cloth of the home have, by the manipulation of consecrated hands, been swept up to the highest planes of honor. Waved in His name, who suffered, died and ascended for us, they are no longer rags, but are numbered and classed among the numerous and beautiful pennons and banners of Full Salvation.

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