



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

The Sanctification of W. B. Godbey

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of William Baxter (W. B.) Godbey, A. M.

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PREFACE

Long have the people clamored for me to write my life. I did not want to do it, but found myself actually incompetent to resist the united appeals of my friends, who girdle the globe. I am intimately acquainted with many of the Lord's dear people from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the Lakes, while my travels in Europe, Asia and Africa, in the providence of God, have given me many happy acquaintances in all of these countries.

The Lord has let me live seventy-three years, given me a splendid education, a bright conversion, a glorious sanctification, permitted me to preach fifty-three years and write forty-eight books and booklets. I have no dark chapter in my biography.

Though, as I believe, I was converted at the age of three years, I inadvertently lost it; but was reclaimed at the age of sixteen, when the Lord so revealed Himself to me as to enable me ever since to walk in the light of His kingdom. He kept me through all the precarious and slippery paths of childhood and youth, so fortifying me against the seducing enchantments incident to the juvenile, as to keep me out of their seductive quarrels and to

enable me to lead a moral life, without ever contracting the vicious habits which blight the innocency of childhood and blacken the escutcheon of youth in the overwhelming majority of cases. He has so wonderfully kept His healing hand on my body that I have never been a bed-ridden invalid. Though terrible ailments have taken hold on me, He has always healed me so quickly that I lost no time comparatively and was never missed from the battlefield.

While my dear father and mother were utterly unable financially to give me a collegiate education, God, in His signal mercy, not only permitted me to prosecute a thorough classical course, but has permitted me to travel three times in Europe, Asia and Africa, and within recent years to go around the world again, traveling through the great historic countries and the most important missionary fields. God is no respecter of persons. He loves your children as dearly as your humble servant. Let them read my biography and see how I began as a penniless boy, but finally prosecuted a thorough collegiate education. I have preached for fifty-three years with the constant blessing of God on my labors, and am still on the battlefield, pressing the war for God and souls, having preached as much by pen as by speech. I have traveled extensively for the glory of God and the establishment of His kingdom in all the earth, so my life's history will be an inspiration to your children to do likewise.

There is nothing in it which will not prove a blessing to the reader.

My life has been quite eventful. God sanctified me fifteen years before the Holiness Movement reached the Great South, where I was born and reared, and He used me to preach entire sanctification from the Atlantic Ocean to Mexico in anticipation of the oncoming movement. You will also find in this history a ten years' war with the Campbellites and everything you need on the great baptismal controversy, in which all need light and grace to walk in it.

This book will be about the size and make of my large Commentaries and will sell perhaps for \$1.50. You and your children cannot do without it.

God bless you.

W. B. Godbey



4. YOUNG MANHOOD

.....The great Civil War broke out only one year after our marriage. A terrible battle, the most bloody and magnitudinous in Kentucky during the entire war, was fought at Perryville, and, of course, superinduced the utter abandonment of our college, the dispersion of all the people identified with it, and the occupancy of the building as a Union hospital. Very soon I responded to a call at Russellville, and, whither we migrated, transferring Harmonia College. Many of the students followed us thither. There we labored at teaching and preaching till the war was over, and, responsive to the earnest desire of my dear wife, who had become homesick, we returned to Perryville and there reopened Harmonia College. During the eighteen years of my life as a teacher God signally honored my labors. He permitted me to see much encouraging fruit meanwhile, whereby my heart has been cheered in all of my subsequent pilgrimage. Meeting my students I find many of them efficient preachers of the Gospel, and pillars in the Church

of God.

Such was my enthusiasm to do all the good I possibly could that, in addition to the college of two hundred students, I also had a circuit which the Conference had given me to serve as pastor. Rest assured I was a most indefatigable laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. I preached Saturdays and Sundays and frequently at night during the five school days of the week. I had been preaching at Wesley Chapel, one of my churches five miles in the country, every night during the two weeks preceding the Christmas holidays, and after their arrival holding meetings during the day as well as the night. Meanwhile the Lord turned on us a glorious revival, characterized by deep conviction and powerful conversions. However, there was nothing said about sanctification, as no one in attendance (in 1868) had the experience or knew anything about it. We had some splendid local preachers, who were thought to be literally full of religion, and overflowing, and it is certain that God signally blessed their labors, but they were utterly ignorant of sanctification. I had read about it in John Wesley's catechism when a little boy, and later in his other books, as, you know every young Methodist preacher is obliged to read them. I had found them full of Christian perfection, but being utterly ignorant of the matter experimentally, I contented myself with my own intellectual exegesis, arriving at the conclusion that uncle John's head was muddled on regeneration and sanctification, and that he actually mixed them up, using them interchangeably. However, I had been convicted for it all the nineteen years which had elapsed since my conversion, and incessantly seeking it in my blind way, like everybody else, I suppose, by works, thinking I would grow into it in due time.

At one of my churches I had met an old woman, utterly illiterate, who claimed the experience, and I believe had it. As she was incompetent to read the Bible, of course she could not expound it scripturally; yet the testimony of old Sister Baxter, whose house was the preacher's home when on duty in that neighborhood was so clear and her testimony so positive, corroborated by an unearthly radiance lingering in her face and flashing from her eyes, that it had an effect to convict me. Yet I soliloquized, "Here am I, a collegiate graduate, having read the Bible from my childhood, surely I ought to know more about it than this old sister who does not know her alphabet." During the preceding collegiate vacation, I was traveling in the Louisville Conference and fell into a protracted meeting at Pleasant Run. There I found a glorious revival sweeping along; audience fine, altar well filled, and the meeting running all day, with basket dinner on the ground after the old style. The pastor put me up to preach. In those day I studied hard and made sermons, as I thought, adapted to all occasions; Therefore I selected a revival sermon as I considered it, and delivered it to the best of my ability, feeling that I was really meeting all demands. I concluded with the usual invitation. The mourner were so convicted that they came as a matter of course till they got satisfied. While the altar service was in progress and the saints were praying for the mourners and exhorting them, a very old woman, a mother in Israel, looking for the fiery chariot, got hold of the pastor's arm, pulled up and, as she was partially deaf, doubtless spoke louder than she thought, for I distinctly heard her sobbing utterances: "Oh, Brother Donaldson, please do not put up that little fop any more, lest you ruin our revival." It was to me a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. I went away and fell on the ground and wept bitterly, meanwhile soliloquizing: "O Lord, is it possible, after preaching fifteen years and toiling so hard to work my way through college, that after all I am nothing but a 'little fop'! O Lord, do, for Jesus' sake, have mercy on me and give me the needed light and help me to walk in the same." Though nothing was said in that meeting about sanctification, the verdict of the dear mother in Israel, who called me a "little fop," broke my heart and I never survived it. She was like the mother in Israel who threw the stone on the head of Abimelech, when besieging the city with his army, and slew that great military chieftain.

The Holy Spirit used those two mothers in Israel to culminate the conviction which had been lingering in my heart for nineteen years, while I had resorted not only to immersion, but to a thousand other good works, only to be disappointed in my fond aspirations to satisfy my longing soul. Jesus was standing by me all the time, offering me the panacea for all my woes, the elixir for all my griefs, His own precious blood shed on Calvary; but I thought I had to do something and did not realize that HE had done it all, and left me nothing to do but believe, shout and obey.

My revival was sweeping on; my local preachers, licensed exhorters, and bright members working heroically, none of them claiming anything but the regenerated experience and doubtless the most of them believing that is all. I preached on the rich man and Lazarus to a packed audience, with many who could not get into the house. When I opened the altar, it was crowded with seekers for conversion, as I invited no others, having never heard of sanctification, and never did till it reached myself.

After receiving the experience, the Lord wonderfully poured out His Spirit. I had spent hours that afternoon out in the woods crying to God to satisfy my longing soul and give me the full, glorious liberty for which I had been sighing those nineteen years, preaching fifteen of them, little dreaming that there was victory ahead, which would make preaching and everything else a delight instead of a duty. Strong was the cry of my heart for the great desideratum, which had been like the ignis fatuus flitting before my mental vision all those many years; but like the school boy who ran himself out of breath to find the pot of gold at the rainbow's end, I learned by sad experience the essential difference between pursuit and possession. Such was the longing of my soul as to almost render me oblivious to the dozens and scores who had crowded the altar responsive to my invitation. That was a night I never can forget. God, in His mercy, sent us a landslide from the upper world; a Mississippi River inundated us all, which rapidly broadened into a mighty sea and disembogued into an ocean without bank or bottom. I have been basking in that ocean ever since. Oh, the incommunicable sweetness of perfect love!

Oh, for this love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Savior's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold,
But when you reach your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

I cannot tell you much about the events of that memorable night. Quite a number of those who came to the altar shouted the victory. About eleven o'clock, I found my own soul flooded and filled beyond all anticipation. My good people, though exceedingly happy in their regenerated experience and heroically pressing the battle for God and souls as they knew nothing about a higher experience, called everything conversion. Therefore they told me I had gotten conversion. I joyfully accepted the situation and went on telling everybody I met that God had filled and flooded my soul beyond all expectation, and I supposed that I had never before been converted all right, and now, in His condescending mercy, He had finished my conversion. Falling in with a very able Methodist theologian, I told him about my wonderful experience, saying that I supposed it was just a completion of my conversion, which hitherto had only been in a progressive attitude. Then he freely took it on himself to correct me, saying: "Godbey, if you had not been converted, none of us have.

So do not tell that any more. It is that old Methodist experience of sanctification, or Christian perfection, which, by the grace of God, you have entered.” Though he believed in it as taught in our books, he did not enjoy the experience, yet the blessed Holy Spirit made him a great blessing to me in the way of Biblical exegesis, from an experimental standpoint. I also met another very old Methodist preacher, who assured me it was the great second work of grace, called Christian perfection or sanctification, which the Methodists sought and possessed when he was a boy. Then I proceeded to read the books of Wesley and Fletcher on Christian perfection, as well as my Bible, with new light in a glorious sunburst bespangling the inspired pages. Whereas I had concluded that Wesley was muddled, actually mixing up the two works of grace and referring to them interchangeably, ever after the light fell on me on that memorable occasion, while reading the works of the Methodist fathers, I have seen regeneration and sanctification standing out as conspicuously distinct as the Alleghenies and the Rockies, with the great Mississippi valley rolling between.

Sanctification is a most notable epoch in my experience, marking a radical revolution in my life, and soon taking me out of the school where I had taught eighteen years, and where I thought I was for life. So did my friends, as the signal blessing of God was resting upon my labors and they felt they could not excuse me from the educational work. A notable phenomenon at once supervened in my ministry, and it was thus everywhere I preached; the Holy Ghost fell on the people and a revival broke out in my school. He fell on the students and just about all of them yielded and got converted.

When I went to Conference and my name was called and, pursuant to the rules, I left the house, while my character underwent examination, from the lobby I heard the clear, strong voice of my presiding elder, as he told the Conference that a great change had come over me during the year and four hundred people had been converted under my ministry. That was strikingly phenomenal in that Conference, which Campbellism had flooded with an arctic river for a whole generation and about frozen out all of the old Methodist fire that used to make sinners cry and Christians shout. They had so long persistently preached against Holy Ghost religion, ridiculing it unmercifully, denouncing and abusing the mourner’s bench, that the Methodist preachers, rank and file, had given up the altar and contented themselves to take in members as seekers of salvation, baptizing them and, after the abolishment of a probation in the Southern Methodist Church, which took place about that time, admitting them to bona fide membership, though unsaved, and even promoting them to offices. The result was that the Methodist Church was in an exceedingly low condition; clear and bright conversions, attested by the Holy Spirit and witnessed to in the love feasts, having almost evanesced and become simply a matter of bygone history.

I remained on Perryville circuit two years, preaching all the time I could get compatible with my heavy duties in the college. Then feeling it my duty to devote more time to preaching the Gospel and saving souls, I resigned the presidency and the trustees elected another man. The Conference sent me to Mackville, only ten miles distant. So many of my old students followed me that they constrained me to take a select school of thirty-two pupils, all in the high grades. This was my last year of the eighteen I faithfully served in the educational field. I entered it simply to defray my educational expenses, but after that was done, the people held me with a grip so tight that it seemed I never could break it; at the same time telling me that God was so wonderfully blessing me as an educator that I ought to receive it as an evidence that it was His will for me to continue in that work; no one ever daring to suggest that I should be preaching. Therefore I acquiesced in it and concluded to spend my life in the educational as well as preaching the Gospel, thinking that the two move like David and Jonathan in perfect harmony, either with other.

As above specified, sanctification radically revolutionized my whole subsequent life. I had grand air-castles, building big boarding houses and contemplating more. When the fires of the Holy Ghost fell on me in sanctification they burned up all of my air-castles, and I have never seen them since they went down into ashes.

I became a Free Mason at the age of twenty-one. I would have joined sooner, but all have to reach majority before they will admit them into that order. I thought it was all right, because the prominent Methodist preachers, as well as those of other churches, were all in it. They had honored me with the chaplaincy, and I was a regular attendant of the lodge. I had also for similar reasons joined the Odd Fellows and was serving them in the chaplaincy. I also had my life insured, feeling no conscientious scruples about these things. Therefore, when the fires of the Holy Ghost fell on me, filling and flooding my soul and transforming me into a cyclone, those hallowed flames burned up the Free Mason, the Odd Fellow, the collegiate president, the big preacher, and life insurance; thus leaving me quite an ash-pile in that howling wilderness where I had roamed nineteen years, fifteen of which I was preaching the Gospel.

When people have their friends and relatives cremated, they generally carefully urn the ashes and keep them. I was just in too big a hurry to cross the Jordan to urn the ashes of my old friends.

Therefore, leaving them in the wilderness, I dashed away at race-horse speed, walked between the clefted waves of Jordan's swelling tide, and soon marched around the walls of Jericho and shouted till they fell. Then, responsive to the bugle call, I marched with Joshua's army into the great interior, stood on the battlefield of Bethhoron, where, responsive to the mandate of Joshua, the sun stood still over Gibeon and the moon over the valley of Aijalon, prolonging the day till he could end his battle in the signal defeat of all the southern armies and the decapitation of thirty-one kings. Then I followed him into the great north, with incessant battles and constant victories, till we confronted the combined power of the northern armies under command of the king of Hazor, on the battlefield of Merom. There they all went down in blood, giving Joshua the land, which he divided among the tribes assembled at Shiloh. While Moses represented the law, and had to die in the wilderness, lest somebody conclude that sanctification is by good works, i. e., keeping the law, Aaron, the high priest, had also to die in the wilderness, lest people should believe that they could be sanctified by baptism, sacrament and church rites. Miriam, the fire-baptized evangelist, must die in the wilderness, too, lest people should look to the sanctified preachers for the blessing. But Joshua is a Hebrew word which means Jesus, whom he gloriously symbolized. Therefore he alone could lead them through the Jordan into the land flowing with milk and honey and abounding in corn and wine. N. B. All I have here imputed to Joshua simply means that Jesus does it.

Sanctification, by the grace of God, is infinitely more to me than I can possibly tell you. When I received the Holy Ghost, He gave me His wonderful freedom. 2 Chr. 5:17, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom." Sanctified people enjoy the very freedom of God Himself, who is free to do everything good and nothing bad. The sweetness and blessedness of this freedom is heaven on earth. Well do we sing, "Prisons would palaces prove, if Jesus would dwell with me there." I can neither by speech nor pen approximate the absolute, ineffable felicity of this freedom. It puts all transitory things into final and total eclipse. Before I got sanctified I carried, oh, so many crushing burdens. Since that notable hour, I have been light as a bird of Paradise, not encumbered with a solitary burden. Not that I have none, for I have a lost world on my heart, with all the grand and absorbing interest of God's kingdom, but Jesus carries all of my burdens and me, too. He gives me sweet blessedness and perfect rest in His arms, and a glorious balloon ride, soaring above every cloud, through the bright impereon where is the Sun of

righteousness, who knows no eclipse; where no storm clouds ever rise to hide my Savior from my eyes.

I am so sorry for my dear brethren in the ministry, crushed with burdens and worn with toils till they are prematurely gray and go into superannuation at the very time they ought to be doing the best preaching of their lives. I just know not what to do for them. If they had any idea what Jesus has for them, they would cut off right hands and pluck out right eyes, gladly and unhesitatingly, to get it.

The Lord, in His great mercy, gave me this experience in 1868, fifteen years before the Holiness Movement crossed the Ohio River. During that time I had very little sympathy appertaining to the experience in my own Conference. The preachers much appreciated the revivals which everywhere attended my ministry, but many of them pronounced me crazy on sanctification.

On one occasion when they opened the love feast on Sunday morning, I was the first to tell my experience, not only of conversion, but of entire sanctification. Our excellent brother, Richard Deering, of Louisville, who, like myself, had the blessed testimony, faithfully witnessed to what God had done for his soul. He was followed by Brother Grinstead, of the Kentucky Conference, who meekly bore witness to this same blessed experience. Then followed Dr. H____, who antagonized our testimony, and suggested that we have no more on that line. He was quickly followed by Dr.

K____, who fully corroborated him in his speech, quite condemnatory of our testimony, and said we could have no more of them, as we were drawing a division line among the preachers, as they were not all in possession of that second experience. Then the brethren who did not claim sanctification followed, freely antagonizing the two doctors who had spoken against us, frankly observing that if we had an experience which they had not reached, they wanted us to tell it, so that they might have the benefit of our testimony to help them get the same. So at that time a debate sprang up among the unsanctified brethren, two of them attempting to have the brakes put on the sanctified testimonies, and others urging that we take all we can get, by way of encouragement to those who had not received the experience. Then the leader of the meeting pronounced the controversy out of order, discontinued it and ordered them to begin de novo, humbly and freely to tell what God had done for their souls. Then they broke out and sang a good old Methodist song. Meanwhile I went and sat down on the lap of Dr. H____, who was large and stout, and, putting my arms around him said: "Brother Jim, I love you better than ever. Then the tender-hearted man said, "Godbey, I have acted the fool, and I ask your pardon; whenever you can, I want you to come and preach in my church."

On that occasion we had a beautiful illustration of the Spirit that characterizes this experience. In the controversy, not one of us said a word nor had any inclination to do so. We all kept perfectly sweet, rejoicing in the Lord and overflowing with love for the brethren who antagonized us. While they were killing our Savior, He was praying for His murderers. Sanctification takes old Adam out of you, and leaves Jesus to reign without a rival in the heart and life. In that case we do as He would do under similar circumstances. I do not insinuate in this that it frees us from the liability of mistakes, because the mind is not made perfect until this mortal puts on immortality. Therefore intellect, memory and judgment will make mistakes. This perfection is simply that of the heart, which, in the superabounding grace of Christ and through the efficacy of His precious blood, is made perfect; while the mind and body are still encumbered with infirmities, which are only eliminated by the great work of the Holy Ghost in glorification, when this mortal puts on immortality.

When I met Brother Donaldson, the pastor of the meeting where the mother in Israel begged him not to let that "little fop" preach any more, lest he ruin the revival, in the

Conference, he came to me and threw his arms around me and said, "Are you not W. B. Godbey?" (there are many Godbeys preaching). I responded in the affirmative. Then he said, "I have been reading your revival reports all the year with unutterable astonishment, to see that four hundred people have been converted under your preaching. I got bewildered as I thought the signature was that of the brother who preached for me at Pleasant Run, and how such preaching ever converted so many people I could not understand." Says I, "Brother, the man you heard at Pleasant Run is dead and gone. He lives no more. You now meet a new preacher, who retains the old name, W. B. Godbey." This illustrates the radical revolution which sanctification develops.

The reason why I was sent to Mackville was because when the Conference ascertained the fact that I had a glorious revival everywhere I preached, they at once put their heads together in the Bishop's Cabinet to send me to the hardest field they had; where all revival effort had failed. This was the case at Mackville, where there had been no revival in a dozen years, though combined efforts had been faithfully put forth. Bishop Kavanaugh had dedicated a new church at that place five years before and not a soul had ever been converted in it. They made an especial effort to secure my appointment, owing to the fact that I invariably had revivals.

We had no evangelists then (1870). I am the oldest evangelist in the South, having been put in the field by Bishop McTieyre when he presided over our Conference in 1884. It came about in a peculiar way. As the Conference had no evangelistic appointment, they drifted into the habit of appointing me and another man to a large circuit, or sometimes two thrown together, in order to liberate me for evangelistic work, as my comrade (and sometimes they gave me two helpers), could stay and hold the fort. The brethren in other Conferences got to calling me so urgently that, in 1883, I spent all of my time outside of my own Conference, with wonderful blessing on my labors. When the ensuing Conference convened, the brethren appealed to Bishop McTieyre to confine me to my own Conference, stating that they wanted me to give them all of my time, as they needed all that I could do, helping them in their revival meetings. Consequently, the Bishop sought an interview with me before he opened the Conference, stating the request of the brethren and asking me what I thought of it. I said, "My dear brother, I am here to go where you send me, and am perfectly willing to be restricted to the Kentucky Conference; but you know our work is a unit, and souls in other Conferences are worth as much as in ours. We must also take the 'go' which our Savior put in His commission in its full force. I have been preaching thirty years in this Conference, and have run nearly all over it, and believe I will be more efficient for God on new territory." Then he asked me to read my report, which I had brought to read before the Conference according to the requirement for every preacher. In the providence of God, it had been one of the most fruitful years of my ministry, and all of it outside of my own Conference. While I read it, my tears did flow unbidden.

In this I was not alone. The good Bishop well did his part of this joyful and grateful crying. When I got through, wiping his eyes, he said, "Brother Godbey, I am not the man to confine you to this Conference, or any other. I am only sorry that we have no regular evangelistic appointment which I can give you. But I can do this, I can put you in the local ranks, with the distinct understanding between me and you that it is for you to do the work of an evangelist." So then and there he took me out of any Conference and sent me to the whole connection; thus taking the bridle off and turning me loose forever.

For a long time I confined my work to the Southern Methodist Connection, much to my financial detriment, as, during those times, we had no railroad favors but had to pay full fare, whereas the great North was wide open to me at half-fare. I continued to confine my evangelistic work to the Southern Methodist Connection, simply because my membership

was there, till the calls from the Atlantic to the Pacific throughout this great commonwealth bore down on my conscience, and I felt it my duty to discriminate no longer between North, South, East and West, but, like Paul, to be all things to all men, that I might save some. As the years have rolled on, the Lord has continued to broaden my field of labor, three times permitting me to preach in Europe, Asia and Africa. If I could live on, oh, how it would be the glory of my soul to superscribe on my banner, like John Wesley, as you see on his memorial sepulcher in Westminster Abbey, "The world is my parish."



10. FIGHT AGAINST SATAN

When the Lord sanctified me, baptizing me with the Holy Ghost and fire, in 1868, He actually made me a flaming cyclone. I inherited a wonderfully tenacious physical constitution, the hard work and constant activity through which my boyhood passed making me an athlete and giving me physical hardihood of a very extraordinary type. From the very hour of my sanctification I was an indefatigable preacher and always ready to blow the silver trumpet, warn the wicked to flee the wrath to come, and cheer the weak believers along the heavenly way. I have often preached six times a day I was a constant runner from house to house dashing in talking to the people about salvation and praying for them.

In time of a snow knee deep I went to a country church to hold a protracted meeting finding it very difficult to get my horse across the streams which were all frozen over. A man who was not saved and had a leaning toward the Methodists kindly came out and helped me to get my horse across the creek and said afterward that he thought I was a fool to undertake a protracted meeting in such weather. Though the winter continued like Greenland, before the meeting was over he traveled the five miles to it, continued to go and got gloriously saved. At my first meeting only four persons were present, a backslidden member, a regular hard case, a notorious infidel and a little boy.

They all got converted and the infidel turned a preacher on the spot and began to help me with all his might.

The news went out that Tom Camick was converted and preaching 'with all his might. The people, despite the terrible weather, crowded and packed the house and a great revival broke out that wept like an avalanche over the whole country far and wide. That revival actually trebled the membership in the church, so that they built them a nice new edifice and made a new departure for the land of the blessed. Though that was long before the Holiness Movement ever reached that country, we had some really wonderful manifestations of the sanctifying power. Before the Movement reached the country, it was such an utter novelty that no one would profess it unless he actually got the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. The sanctification of Thomas Williams, who stood at the very front of the Church, was miraculous and phenomenal. Though the profession was utterly unknown among the people, he boldly testified to it; till the Lord took him to Heaven. That year between four and five hundred people professed conversion and joined the churches on my circuit.

Meanwhile a very bright, smart infidel came to town and gained a notoriety by cursing our meeting, saying he had heard that "that man Godbey was running a converting machine in

that town and that he had come up to get him to turn loose his batteries on him,” at the same time challenging him to try it, and boasting that he would find hard material if he did. After we had prayed and testified for an hour by day of introductory to the night meeting, which we generally held from four to five hours and frequently running much longer, I, as a confirmation of the appalling wickedness prevailing in that country, told them what I had heard, and at the same time ejaculated a prayer that God, for Christ’s sake, would, send His Holy Spirit that moment to open that man’s eyes and give him a look into the Hell which was coming to meet him, before he took the awful plunge. As the house was packed to overflowing and the man was a stranger, I had no idea that he was within hearing distance, but he was in the rear of the audience and afterward said that while I was personating him, a lightening bolt struck his heart and he saw Hell open and the devils coming for him. He never ceased to cry to God till he was gloriously saved—became a bright, able preacher of the Gospel.

During those meetings an old Presbyterian brother rode his horse twenty miles to get me to go into his neighborhood and preach. There was no church about there, but he was running a saw-mill and said he would take his own lumber and fix up a comfortable auditorium beneath the green trees and we would hold meetings, pleading with God to save the poor, wicked neighbors. On arrival I found but one business house there and the principal commodity in that whiskey, and soon found that it was a drunken Hell-den. Therefore I preached my first sermon to a large, curious crowd, straight against whiskey, with all my might, portraying it as a hell on earth in which to travel down to the lake of fire and brimstone beneath. I did my best to arouse all the people against it and made an appeal for all who wanted it taken away to rise. Responsive to the appeal as I continued to plead with them, I finally got them all on their feet in the affirmative, except a group of about a dozen. Then I ran to them calling the congregation to their knees and got down and prayed for them with all my might, designating them as Satan’s standard-bearers and pleading earnestly that God should have mercy and show them an open Hell before they took the irretrievable plunge. The next morning I received a notice warning me to leave before nightfall or my neck would certainly be stretched, and signed “Ku Klux.” At that time immediately following the Civil War, it was very common for men to be hung in the night by unknown bands. I read the notice to my congregation and they pleaded with me to go.

While the excitement was intense, as those whiskey men were doing their best to run me away and there were the fewest number of Christians in the meeting, a woman asked me to go and eat dinner with her, As we passed through the front room I saw a fine looking young man, apparently about twenty, lying on a bed and scorched with a terrible fever. Approaching him I asked about him, and she said that he had been there ten days with the physician giving him constant attention, but he getting worse all the time. I told them Jesus who had rebuked the fever that burnt the body of Peter’s mother-in-law is here today and could heal this young man if he would have faith. Then kneeling by him I prayed for him, holding my hands on his burning body. The fever left him, he got up and dressed and came to the afternoon meeting; nobody in that neighborhood had ever heard of Divine Healing: At that time it had neither witnesses nor advocates. Therefore when John came and he and his mother witnessed to the mighty work of the Lord in healing his body, saying to the people, “Beware how you treat this man, for he has power to heal the sick,” at the same time testifying that he had burnt with typhoid fever ten days and gotten no relief, but was healed while I was praying for him, his mother gladly corroborating his testimony, the result was that conviction fell on the people and we had a glorious revival.

From that circuit the Conference sent me to Burlington, the county-seat of Boone Co., of which Covington, containing about a hundred thousand people, is the metropolis. They gave me that town along with Florence and East Berd, thriving bluegrass villages,

containing about fifteen hundred each. At the close of the Conference, Wednesday night, the Bishop read out the appointments.

Though the schedule time for the preachers to begin the work of the ensuing year did not arrive till Sunday, I started away on the first train, reaching East Berd Thursday afternoon. Then sending the word all around, we drummed up a good congregation by lamplighting.

Meanwhile the magnates of the Church informed me that they had preaching by just two denominations, i. e., the Methodists and the Universalists, and that they alternated either with the other in perfect harmony, brotherly love and Christian union, and that I must be very careful to say nothing about Hell and damnation, lest they receive offense, which would ruin everything; If they had said nothing to me, I would certainly not have introduced myself preaching on that subject, but under the circumstances I saw it was "strike then" or my liberties were gone and my year's work a failure. Therefore, taking for my text, Psalm x, 17, "The wicked shall be turned into Hell, with all the nations that forget God," I uncapped the bottomless pit and shook them over it, exposing the fact that people who do not believe in Hell are unbelievers; that Jesus says, "He that believeth not shall be damned." While I exposed the awful doom of the wicked, I held those poor, deluded Universalists over the flaming abyss and the people saw them all dropping in and the devil kicking them for foot-balls around the pandemonium, cursing them for being such fools as to believe his lies and take Hell out of their creed, thus giving him a chance to lead them blind-folded till they dropped down to rise no more.

That one sermon settled my destiny at that place. The news had gone abroad everywhere that I was crazy. They had heard it and then they believed it and were so disgusted with me that they didn't want me for their preacher.

The following morning I hasted away to Florence, a very beautiful town. There we scattered the word all around so that we had a splendid audience at night, the people posting me up, notifying me that they had two denominations preaching in that town, the Methodists and Campbellites, alternating either with the other, and, warned me that I should be very careful not to say anything against the water doctrine, such a favorite with the Campbellites, lest they receive offense, observing that they had Christian union and co-operation and were opposed to having anything said calculated to alienation.

I knew I could do no good there if I closed my mouth against the awful, soul-destroying heresies currently preached by those people, deceiving poor souls by thousands and making them believe they are Christians when they are sinners in the broad way that leads to death. Therefore I fearlessly exposed their heresies and labored to show the people the true way of salvation by grace and not by works. Of course that upset them and, as they, too, had heard the report that I was crazy, they concluded they did not want a crazy preacher whom they could not control. Therefore they settled on the conclusion of giving me a free ride to the presiding elder's office in Covington. Therefore Saturday morning I enjoyed this ten mile ride free. The carriage was driven by the leading steward who turned over the crazy preacher to the presiding elder and asked him to supply his place. That was the happiest ride of my life. I shouted all the way and he groaned. I was bright as the vernal rose and he was blue as indigo.

At that time Bishop McTieyre, in charge of the six Southern Methodist Conferences in Texas, which was then truly the Wild West, was calling aloud for a hundred volunteers to supply the deficiencies in the Lone Star State. I made up my mind to respond to his call, saying to him, to put me down ad libitum in the Lone Star State. Therefore I ordered my presiding elder to telegraph my name to him, but he positively refused to do it, saying that he would rather transfer any other twenty men out of the Kentucky Conference than W. B. Godbey. He looked me in the face and said, "Brother Godbey, the man that had four hundred people converted last year cannot transfer out of this Conference." Then I said,

“What will you do with me? My people have rejected me and hauled me away for a crazy man.” “Oh,” he said, “that question is easily answered. I will take you from them and give them a dead man, such as they want and of which I have more on my hands than I know what to do with. I will send you where they want you, for our cabinet was crowded with calls for you and I labored hard and got you for my district and sent you where you are most needed, but they have taken the responsibility into their own hands and sent you away, so now they can abide their own destiny.” Then he simply exchanged me and another man, sending him to my place and me to his.

When I arrived at my new destination, having no secrets, I frankly informed them of my recent history in transportation, at the same time reminding them that I was ready for another free ride, but they said, “We will not give you any free ride; you are the man we have been wanting and praying for, as we awfully need a revival.” Then I went to work in the name of the Lord, who came and converted five hundred people, so enlarging the circuit that we had to divide it in two, lest it be unwieldy, and it has been two ever since.

Of course the older people understand the charge of craziness which was brought against me. All the sanctified people at that time were called “crazy,” and candidly, because they were so unlike other people that they actually thought that they were crazy. That was long before the Holiness Movement crossed the Ohio River and rolled its heavenly wave over the beautiful sunny South. The witnesses to sanctification then were so few and so unlike other people that they thought they were crazy. God, in His great mercy, gave me grace to prove true or I would have fallen and lost my experience, as that was a very severe test. Multitudes have fallen under tests of that kind. To have the people believe you are crazy and haul you away, rejecting you as their preacher, is certainly a very trying experience. God made it a great blessing to me, and enabled me to come through it brighter and stronger than ever before.

Cape Girardeau, the city of seven thousand on the banks of the Mississippi River in Missouri, was the first place I ever preached in that great state in 1883. When I arrived, responsive to the call of the Methodist pastor, I found myself preaching to but a sprinkle of a congregation. This originated from the fact that the Methodists happened to be very weak in that city, never having grown like other churches. At that time I was in the vigor of my manhood and early in my sanctified experience, exceedingly athletic and demonstrative. After a few days the pastor took me aside and read to me about two columns in one of the daily papers, written by the editor who had taken it on himself to come to the meeting. He heard me preach and then wrote me up for his paper, describing me in a most hideous way and literally flooding me with burlesque, caricature and ridicule, pronouncing me as the most consummate buffoon he had ever seen, and assuring the people that the finest circus clown in the nation had been unfortunately spoiled in order to make a preacher of your humble servant. Oh, how vividly and ludicrously he described my pantomimic gesticulations; leaping like a kangaroo and howling like a wolf. He never had before seen any person who professed sanctification, therefore, taking me as a sample, he withered and dissected without distinction or mercy, drawing liberally and copiously on his imagination.

The pastor who was so anxious to have a revival and build up his church, feeling that it was a death-blow to both of our hopes, shed unbidden tears while reading it. Then he said, “Brother Godbey, I’m going around to see the people and straighten this up, telling them that I know you to be a man of good standing in the Kentucky Conference and all this utterly without foundation.” I said to him, “Brother, are you not willing for me to have a say-so in this, as I am the one concerned?”

This question he answered gushingly in the affirmative. So said I, “Please do not offer one word of apology, but let it alone, just as it is.” He was surprised that I was not willing for

him to defend me, and asked my reason. "Oh," I said, "when Satan takes the open field against God Almighty, I want you to keep hands off and give God a chance to whip him." The truth of the matter was I knew that writing was the very thing to give me a congregation, which was so indispensable to my usefulness, as the best mechanic can never build a fine edifice without lumber, brick and mortar.

Within forty-eight hours, not only were the seats all filled and crowded in that large house, but twice as many people were in it as could occupy the seats. They were literally crammed and jammed.

Wherever a foot could get room, there it was on the floor, every aisle, nook and corner being packed and the multitude actually inundating the house till many had to go away or stay out, and it was mid-winter and very cold. I knew that ludicrous sarcasm, burlesque, wit and ridicule indulged in by the editor was the very thing to attract the people and give me an audience. It had worked literally to a charm. Then God gave me race to take Mt. Sinai into the pulpit and say to Him, "Now, in mercy, furnish the thunderbolts, lightning shafts and earthquakes and I will toss them from the tips of my fingers to the best of my ability." Therefore I lifted the mask from the gaping vortex of yawning Hell and shook the people over it with a strong hand till conviction settled down on them like a nightmare, revealing judgment, eternity and damnation, in all of their gorgon horrors, till they crowded and filled the altar all around and soon began to pass triumphantly from death to life with jubilant shouts of victory. That old city had never been visited a glorious Pentecostal revival in the memory of that generation.

Another editor of the daily paper at once turned in on my side, defending me with all his might, and saying to his neighbor, who had criticized me so unsparingly, that he ought to appreciate me for my work's sake. He observed that my predecessors had come hither and standing in the pulpits had preached their studied el quexu discourses, and I had come in my plain blunt rough style, vacating the pulpit leaping and indulging in what he called pantomimic gesticulations and yet had done more good than all of them he had ever known. Then the other editor came back at him stating that he was all at random, and did not know what he was talking about. He said he himself had been there and found me without a congregation and knew I could never do any good without people to preach to; his writing had stirred up the people and brought me the crowd; therefore he was the best friend I had. He went on to say that if he had fed me on milk and sugar compliments like editor number two, I never would have done any good, but he had given me the very advertisement I needed to bring me the crowd and give me a chance. So these two papers gave our meeting the best possible advertisement, and all gratuitously.

Professor Henry, of S. E. M. M. College, early in the meeting when I was digging so deep, striking so hard and shooting so straight, took me aside for conversation, begging me to go away, stating that the Methodists had nothing there but a mere hope and I was destroying all that. I asked him why he did not go to the pastor who had called me and ask him to discharge me, as in that case I would certainly go. He said he had done that very thing and the pastor said they had nothing to lose, but everything to gain, by just letting me go my own way; consequently he refused to discharge me. After the power came, this brother was perfectly delighted with the meeting and begged me to go and board with him.

While the glorious revival was sweeping along in Cape Girardeau, Pastor Johnson came from Charleston, a beautiful city down the river, opposite Cairo, Ill., in the center of the county. The doctrine and experience of sanctification were a perfect novelty in all that country, having never been preached there before. Therefore it struck the people surprisingly and sensationally. When Brother Johnson reached the meeting at the Cape, the altar was piled and packed with seekers and the power of the Holy Ghost was resting

on them, mighty to save and sanctify. Upon entering the room he met the power like a tornado, and having heard that sanctification was preached and sought in that meeting, he shouted aloud as he ran and fell at the altar, "I will have it or die." It proved significantly true; he did both receive it and die.

He then engaged us to hold a meeting for him in his large church in Charleston. This was a wonderful meeting; it proved to be a great and glorious revival like the preceding one, crowned with a hundred bright conversions and a number of sanctifications, though the people stood somewhat dazed over the novelty and through curiosity, as it had so long been dropped out of the pulpit that it had actually become strange all over the country.

In Charleston the meeting stirred up a great popular sensation, two newspapers again taking hold of it with all their might, the one in the negative, criticizing it, and the other in the affirmative, commending and eulogizing it. The large house in which we met, containing about a thousand people, was densely packed all the time, and the omnipotent Holy Spirit copiously rested on the congregation in mighty conviction and tremendous upheavals during those times.

I always carried with me one or two red hot young Kentuckians, not to do the preaching, for I did all of that, day and night, but to turn them loose like cyclones of fire to run the devil out of the community.

During that meeting the wonderful sensation brought out all sorts of people who are not in the habit of going to meeting at all. That is the great argument in favor of a mighty sweeping revival; it will reach so many people who are utterly inaccessible to the ordinary means of grace. While the fire baptized people were running all over the house during the altar service, one of these flaming Jesus, led by the Spirit, ran on a hard infidel and appealed to him about his soul. He repelled him abruptly, notifying him that he was an infidel and did not believe anything that those people were preaching and professing, and had not been to meeting in fifteen years; but having heard so many strange things about this meeting, he had come through sheer curiosity which he had already satisfied and therefore would come no money. The young man continued his burning appeal, saying the Bible is just as true if you don't believe it as you do, and you are going to be eternally damned because you don't believe it." Then he poured on him a fresh volley of red-hot Bible shot. The infidel responded, "Go on and find somebody that believes what you say, for I am an infidel and don't believe any of it, and you are losing your time on me. But the young man gave him another tremendous volley, letting loose on him a regular gattling gun. Again he tried to repulse him, saying, "I am an infidel and don't believe anything you are telling me." Then he said, 'I have nothing to do with your infidelity; my business is to tell you what God says in this Bible, which is just as true if you don't believe it as if you do. You are going to be eternally damned in hell because you don't believe it, for the Word says, he that believeth not shall be damned.' " Then conviction struck the infidel like lightning, and breaking down he came to the altar and had an awful hard struggle praying to God an hour and a half, when, arising with shouts, he said, "You must excuse me to run home and bring my wife, for she has wanted to get religion a long time and I would not let her." So he went after her and in due time she found the Lord and shouted with him in the kingdom of God. I mention this confirmatory of the conclusion that we are not to be discouraged, but to preach the flaming truth of God whether people hear; or forbear, trusting the blessed Holy Spirit to work in them to will and to do of His own good pleasure.

Owensboro is a beautiful city of fifteen thousand (and now, doubtless, doubled, as our meeting was twenty-five years ago). This meeting was in the Methodist Church, seating eight hundred and with a membership of five hundred. The pastor who called me was a noble spiritual man and is now in Heaven. His predecessor, who had been there four

years, though a Methodist D. D., was a Unitarian skeptic, ignoring and ridiculing the deep things of God and the mighty works of the Holy Ghost. This city is the greatest whiskey emporium in Kentucky. This pastor had manipulated during his quadrennium to get nearly all of the offices on his board filled by wholesale whiskey merchants.

Of course the church was in a deplorable condition; had run away into worldliness, unspirituality and wickedness of all kinds.

During the days of my physical vigor, I always worked by the job and not by the day nor the week, making it a rule to stay till the walls of Jericho fell down flat, let the time be long or short. When I began in this church, of course Satan was terrifically and impregnably fortified in it. The very citadels of damnation confronted me within and without. Of course I had to meet the situation as God, by His Word and Spirit, revealed it to me, night and day having before me the terrible ordeals of the Judgment Day. The contract was heavy and the conflict terrible. I preached night and day and during vacation hours ran. Everywhere praying for them in their houses and preaching the living Word face to face.

We were moving along in the third week of the meeting; some had been converted and a few sanctified. Among the latter was a prominent church officer who prayed through and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire about two or three o'clock A. M., then put out in those dead hours of the night running over the city shouting, and hunting up his friends and telling them the wonderful news. Really the knock-down power had begun to fall on the people. The rich, worldly members, and especially those whiskey officers, concluded that they could stand it no longer and ordered the pastor to send me away. For some time the pastor had been yielding to their pressure and holding his hand heavy on me, doing his best to moderate me. The crisis arrived, and he notified me that, while he knew I was right and doing what was needed there, he would have to request me to discontinue my work, thus yielding to the heavy pressure of those rich people. Of course, as he had called me, I was subject to his bidding, therefore I acquiesced without a word and proceeded to get ready to go to the next county-seat up the river, where they were calling me urgently. While I was packing my trunk and preparing to leave, this officer who had been so wonderfully sanctified, accompanied by others whose souls had also been blessed with salvation came to me leading the pastor with them and told me to quit all of my preparations to leave; that they had gotten into the fight and it had to go through, and I could not go until victory for those five hundred members and the many unsaved in their families had come. Then turning to the pastor, in my presence they said to him, "Dear Brother, you cannot send this man off till the war is over and victory won. Hold us responsible for his continuing the meeting."

All this time the good pastor was weeping bitterly, and he said to me that it seemed that he was bound to see a permanent division in his church. There he was between two fires, the irreligious people in his church urging him to send me away, and the godly element protesting positively against my departure and saying unequivocally that I could not leave till the devil was defeated. Such was the burden of the conflict on the heart of the pastor that he went to bed the next night instead of coming to meeting. That suited me precisely, because he kept his hand heavy on me when there. As he was absent I was free as Gabriel. Truly if ever I did my best, it was then, as I knew it was my God-sent opportunity to storm Satan's batteries and break his ranks. That was one of the memorable occasions of my life. I had preached for three weeks and there was awful conviction on the people.

It was like a dam holding a great, heavy, pent-up, swelling tide till, no longer competent to bear the pressure, it had to break and let the flood sweep on.

When I made my appeal a hundred mourners came to the altar. Truly the walls of Jericho fell down flat that very night. Then all of the opposition evanesced and we went on for

three weeks longer and saw the mighty works of God.

The pastor, having survived his heart sickness, returned to the battlefield, girded for the conflict.

The results of the campaign were really glorious; two to three hundred professing conversion and reclamation and, though sanctification was so new to them, before we got away from that country many were testifying to the experience.

Our next meeting was at Hawesville the next county seat up the river There the Lord gave us one hundred and three bright conversions a glorious revival of the membership and a goodly number claiming the sanctified experience. It was in every respect a glorious victory for the cause of God.

The dear saints of Owensboro chartered steamboat and faithfully attended the meeting, giving us glorious help.

We also went from there up to Clover Port the next county-seat on the very bank, where the Lord also gave us a glorious revival with one hundred professions of conversion and a blessed work of sanctification; Those were days of signal victories, marking my pilgrimage with delectable souvenirs of God's mighty works.

That was the last year of my identity with my dear old Conference in which I was born and reared.

This year the presiding elder had relieved me, filling m place with another man Who was not a members of the Conference; and consequently received no appointment but desired one. At the close of this year, when the brethren of my Conference requested Bishop McTieyre to confine me to the Kentucky conference; and he requested me to read my report which I had prepared, when he heard the mighty works which God had been doing through my humble instrumentality, he utterly refused to assume the responsibility to confine me to my own Conference or any other; but heroically pulling the bridle off; turned me loose in the whole connection. Thus the Lord has been enlarging my field of labor. I now realize, as John Wesley so often said, and we see it superscribed over his bust in Westminster Abbey, "The world is my parish." I have never been ail Irregular evangelist, but always in harmony with the appointing power of the Church in which, God by His providence, gave me birth, both physical and spiritual and gloriously sanctified me. Thus in His mercy, He has permitted me already to transcend my three score years and ten.

In the providence of God, in 1884 I was called to Paris, Tenn., where I found an old, aristocratic, pro-slavery church of four or five hundred members, full of factions, each one wanting the pre-eminence, and the Holy Spirit grieved away, till there had been no revival in a generation. It so happened that the pastor was a transfer from old Virginia, and a noble old-style Wesleyan in doctrine. Though solidly orthodox on sanctification as taught by the Methodist fathers, he did not enjoy the experience, but was of course a nominal lifelong seeker of Christian perfection.

Southern people from time immemorial have been noted for their hospitality. This day there is a decisive contrast in that respect between the North and the South. In the former, I generally board myself, as a matter of choice, because it does not seem convenient as a rule for the people' to entertain the preachers. In the latter, as a rule, the members want the preacher to board with them and I have to adopt the style of the old-time school teachers, who always boarded among the scholars.

In this case I was impressed with the exceptional phenomenon, as no one invited me to enjoy the hospitality so characteristic of Southern people, but the pastor boarded me and my two stalwart, red-hot Kentuckians.

God has wonderfully blessed me with that gift of the Holy Ghost denominated "discernment of spirits." I Cor. 12:8-11. As my coming had been thoroughly advertised, the people gave me a splendid curiosity congregation to begin with. I always made it a rule to preach for conviction with all my might, praying incessantly that God would send it before the curiosity had evanesced. If I could possibly couple conviction on to curiosity, I would hold my congregation. In my general diagnosis of the large crowd that first looked me in the face, I found but the smallest number of people who seemed to be walking in the light of God's countenance. Of course, many of them had been saved in former years, but the Spirit had been grieved away and the darkness of condemnation had again supervened. Satan, as he always does, had captured them with his favorite lassoes of dead legalism, cold ritualism, lifeless formality and hollow hypocrisy.

As upon this early diagnosis, I found about nine-tenths of the people under condemnation, with but a few enjoying the experience of full salvation, therefore the Spirit told me to take Mount Sinai for my pulpit, and He would furnish the thunderbolts, lightning-shafts, earthquakes, cyclones and typhoons. Consequently I stood before that crowded assembly, tossing Heaven's flaming artillery from the tips of my fingers, preaching for conviction with all my might, and keeping in mind the homely maxim of Sam Jones, "Never try to scald hogs till you get the water hot," as in that case you will set the hair, so you cannot get it off. I was making no altar calls, as I did not feel led to wear myself out on nominal seekers, insufficiently convicted for a really genuine conversion. I was constantly shaking over Hell all the people in the churches or out of them indiscriminately, who had not the clear witness of the Spirit to a bona fide Scriptural regeneration, actually knowing their salvation as consciously as their very existence. My clear, straight and constant exegesis of real matter-of-fact, know-so, personal salvation, was too high for many of the church members to appropriate, therefore they, along with the outsiders, had to take their place under the black banner of condemnation, exposed to wrath and Hell, world without end.

As the days went by, the audiences kept up splendidly, crowding the house and listening spellbound. At the end of the week the pastor came to me with flowing tears and informed me that he would have to send me off, as his official board had notified him that he could not retain me any longer. They had really gone back on me almost from the beginning, and he knew it, but was so anxious for a revival that he had held on, hoping it would come and relieve him. All of this time I had made no altar calls, but was preaching with all my might for conviction; meanwhile I had a great deal of prayer, diligently testing my congregation and giving all who had grace enough to exercise it in public an opportunity to glorify God in oral prayer. I also had testimony; giving all an opportunity meekly to tell what God had done for their souls. When the pastor gave me my discharge, I acquiesced without a word, pronouncing my blessing upon them, and proceeding at once to get ready for the morning train, as they had but two a day going in the direction of my next appointment. It so happened that my young men could not get their washing in time for the morning train, therefore we had to postpone till four o'clock P. M. Meanwhile I was packing my trunk and fixing up to leave, when the pastor returned to my room, accompanied by a fine looking gentleman in the prime of life, whom he introduced to me as his presiding elder. He said, "Quit packing that trunk; if you go away from here in a month, it is as early as I expect." I responded, "The pastor who called me has already discharged me, and consequently I am preparing to go." Then he said, "As presiding elder of this district, I have rights as well as the pastor, and I am not willing to let you leave. I want you to stay here a month yet, and then I have many places in my district where I want you to hold meetings." I asked him why he differed so widely from the pastor in reference to the continuance of my labors. He responded, "When I drove into the city this morning, the members of our church, as fast as they saw me, ran out of their business houses and halted me in my buggy and said, 'We are so glad you have come, we have

been wishing you would. "Why, what do you want?"

Oh, we are in a heap of trouble; and so much need a revival. Our pastor called a man to help us in a revival meeting, and he has actually ruined us all, he has preached away what little religion we had; instead of encouraging us, he has bled us to death, flooding us with discouragement till we are about to doubt whether we ever had any religion, and he puts the standard so high that we cannot claim it now if we ever did live it. He is preaching justification, which he says is the lowest standard of religion which can possibly give people a place in the kingdom of God; so high, that people do not commit sin; besides he tells us that justified people, living an unsinning life, must be sanctified wholly before they can go to Heaven. Besides, he is so plain and rough, preaching Hell and damnation all the time so awfully that he actually scares everybody.' I hear a general complaint, the people saying they cannot sleep at night. When they go to sleep, they are awakened with frightful dreams, in which they see Hell opened and black devils around them, and are awakened by awful nightmares. When I asked about the congregations, they say they are splendid; our big house is crowded; but they are the hoodlums and the low class of people, and other denominations, and all sorts of people." Then he said to me, "The truth of the matter is, this whole town is stirred as I never knew it and I have been intimately acquainted with it thirty years. During that time it has never had a revival and we have made efforts every year and they have all proved signal failures. We never have succeeded in getting a man here that would hold a congregation. We have tried all of our bishops; they have come and preached themselves out of a congregation in less than a week. They tell me you have been here a week, and the house is crowded all the time. But they say, 'While all that is true, the whole thing is against our church. He is so awfully rough; digs us up so terrifically that outsiders are tickled to death to see us all get blistered and peeled so unmercifully. He is so terribly hard on the churches, constantly saying that all church members who commit sin are on a bee-line to Hell. Therefore he is actually sending, not the other denominations, to Hell, but even us Methodists because we all commit some sins, of course. He puts the standard of justification so high that he brings us all under condemnation and consigns us to Hell; and then he is all the time roaring on the sanctification, which we did not know we had to have. He not only proved it with the Bible, but seems to find the Methodist doctrines full of it. The truth of it is, he has thrown a black cloud over all the churches in the city, and put religion back so far that we are afraid we will never get over it. We saw in a day or two that our pastor had made the fatal mistake of calling the wrong man. We have been trying several days to get our pastor to close the meeting, thus sending him off, but he is very unwilling to do it but says that the man, though in a rough, plain way, is telling us all the very truth we have always needed, and that he certainly has the Bible and the Methodist doctrines on his side, in everything. Therefore he tells us we ought to hear with the terribly rough and plain manner in which he presents it, as it is all for our good. But we are so glad you have come, and of course you will send him away, for we are so sorry he ever came because he has discouraged us so instead of reviving us, as we expected; he has just about convinced us that if we ever had any religion, it is all gone, and, as he often says, we are on a bee-line to Hell. He has so much to say about empty ritualism, lifeless legalism, dead formalism, and hollow hypocrisy. The fact of the matter is, his talk is so awful, and actually insulting, that we resolved to never hear him any more; but somehow, though we feel so bad, and his preaching makes us feel worse and worse, yet we cannot stay away.

We have been thinking that surely his congregation would leave him, but we are astonished at the way they all hold on; some of them say that he has withered them so awfully that they have a curiosity to hear what he is going to say next time.' "

Then the presiding elder added, "As I have never known the old, dead town so stirred in the last thirty years, mark it down, you cannot leave. Write to the people to whom you are

going and postpone your appointment another month, for something wonderful is going to come out of this thing; and as to our church, it has been dead ever since I have known it and all revival efforts have signally failed. The truth of it is, it is divided up into factions, each wanting the pre-eminence and all at war with each other. So you go ahead and I am going to stay with you awhile; and though the people say you are awfully hot and rough, please neither cool it off, nor soften it; but if you have anything hotter and rougher, let us have it.” So I acquiesced in the verdict of the presiding elder and went on with the meeting.

I had preached for a week straight, constantly on Hell and holiness, proving clearly that they all had to have one or the other. Without a clear and unmistakable experience of justification, there was an impassable mountain and unbridgeable river between them and the attitude in which it was possible to seek sanctification. Pursuant to the perfect freedom which the presiding elder gave me, I continued to take Mount Sinai for my pulpit, pleading with God to furnish all the ammunition He wanted me to use, and promising faithfully to “cry aloud and spare not, showing Israel their sins and His people their transgressions.” Therefore, responsive to the prayers of the presiding elder, God gave me a regular gattling gun, loaded to the muzzle with red-hot shot and shell. This I used for four days with all my might. God wonderfully helping me. The arrival of the presiding elder and his presence in the meetings seemed to help the congregation, and seemed to augment the conviction which had already settled upon the people like a nightmare. Still I made no altar calls, but conducted the meeting with preaching, much prayer for conviction on the people, and free testimony for everybody who had grace enough to give it.

At the expiration of four days, and eleven days from the beginning, God, in His mercy, descended, raining fire from Heaven on the whole congregation till there was a general break-down; many people actually falling from their seats. Then for the first time I opened the altar, and it took half of that large auditorium to accommodate the seekers for pardon, reclamation and sanctification. Then I changed my tactics altogether; vacating Sinai I went at once to Calvary. Hitherto I had said almost nothing about love and mercy, so utterly engrossed was I in – preaching the terrors of violated law; holding all transgressors with a strong hand over the burning pit, and warning the wicked to flee from the wrath to come. Now it seemed that the conviction had actually come and taken possession of the whole congregation, till everybody was crying to God for mercy. Therefore it was an auspicious time to preach the Calvary Gospel, the dying love of Jesus, pointing all the brokenhearted penitents to the “Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.”

I saw One hanging on the tree
In agonies and blood.
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
He seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

A second look He gave which said,

I freely all forgive,
My blood Is for thy ransom paid;
I died that you might live.

I preached no more on Hell and damnation, as I felt so sorry for the people writhing under conviction, which had settled down on them like a nightmare from the eternal world. -- They looked pale as corpses and in spirit were as blue as indigo. Despair was hovering over them on raven pinions and claiming them for her victims. Now my theme became the wonderful and glorious vicarious atonement wrought on Calvary by the dying agonies of God's humiliated Son, who vacated the throne of His glory, and descended to this dark, lost world, spontaneously to die for the Hell-deserving millions of this Satan-dominated earth; and all because He loved us so.

Oh, for this love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Savior's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold.
But when you reach your highest notes,
Him love can ne'er be told.

The people could hardly believe that I was the same man who had so ferociously exposed all their sins, sparing nobody and nothing, but so ferreting out their black iniquity, which they thought nobody knew, that many were puzzled and bewildered to know who had told me all about their black and crooked lives. Soon their faith began to apprehend and appropriate the omnipotent grace of redeeming mercy, and the light of the bright upper world began to fall on them like the effulgent gleams of the rosy-fingered Aurora, the daughter of the dawn, peering above the Oriental horizon; she the herald proclaiming the delectable rising of the gorgeous king of day, climbing the skies in his flaming chariot, drawn by steeds of fire, thus chasing away the dismal darkness of the long, dreary night. Thus the Sun of righteousness in His unutterable glory arose on those brokenhearted penitents with healing in His wings, chasing away their dreary midnight.

Until this time, I, with my two young men, had lost no time in visiting the people, going everywhere, preaching on the street, from house to house, and doing everything in our power to bring the people to God. Now since the light had come and souls were passing out of darkness into light, out of death into life, out of despair into hope, the glorious Sun of righteousness was climbing the beautiful Orient with healing in His wings, flooding dozens, scores and hundreds of weeping penitents, backsliders and hungry Christians with His glorious effulgence, and wonderful reactions and revolutions began to develop on all sides. People rose up spontaneously and after the good old style, characteristic of Southern hospitality, took us all to their homes and strove with each other for the privilege, as they wanted us everywhere. Meanwhile, to my surprise, many publicly confessed to me their unkind criticisms, and begged my forgiveness; at the same time making confessions to me and others and mutually asking pardon. Oh, how delightful to see those old factions united in peace! They who had filled the church with strife, animosities, bickerings, calumniations, talebearings, emulations, controversies, jealousies, envy, prejudice, bigotry, selfishness, self-love, ambition, avarice, egotism, and many other things which reflected much discredit on Christian character, fellowship, philanthropy, generosity, hospitality, liberality, and all the beautiful and amiable graces which constitute the

brilliant constellation which shines so brightly in every true Christian character.

The meeting ran on, all told, four weeks. One hundred and forty-three were gloriously converted and a large number sanctified; while the church got wonderfully revived. While I was preaching the Sinai Gospel, it seemed that we had no friends there at all and many regarded me as an enemy. But the reaction was so radical and complete that everybody became my friend, all classes, even the slaves. The presiding elder threw open his whole district to me and begged me hard to traverse it and hold other meetings. This I did to the extent of my opportunity, as I was flooded with calls.

Soon after our meeting at Paris, we went to Brownsville, Tenn., which is said to have the largest Methodist Church in the Memphis Conference. There of course, as usual, I began preaching the Sinai Gospel in order to secure conviction on the people, without which we can neither have conversions, reclamations nor sanctifications. Conviction is the cornerstone of any true revival. A revival is the best thing in the world and a fuss with the devil the next best. Rely upon it, we will have the revival or the fuss with the devil, and the bigger of either the better. We frequently had the latter, winding up without the revival. You see it would have gone that way at Paris if the presiding elder had not come, but his and was on me and held me. It was always a question whether the preacher would have the grit and grace to hold me while I preached the Sinai Gospel, which was indispensable to conviction, as the people dread it as a child does the extraction of a tooth. If I had begun on the Calvary Gospel, preaching nothing but the dying love of Jesus, I might have had a church joining, but no revival. That is the reason why so many revivals are superficial, and evanescent, because they have no bottom. As a rule, almost any preacher would let you preach Sinai if his people would, but when it comes to blowing them up and tearing them all to pieces with dynamite, they flicker. I never knew a case where they received the Sinai Gospel and did not get convicted. The plan of salvation is perfect. The reason why the world is full of sinners is because they are not convicted; if they were truly convicted, like Saul of Tarsus, they would refuse to eat or sleep till they get saved. The province of the Sinai Gospel is to reveal Hell in all its gorgon horrors, and shake people over it till they conclude they are dropping into it; then, in every case, you will see thunderbolt conviction, followed by radical repentance and glorious conversion.

The reason why genuine revivals in the churches are not at all common is because the Sinai Gospel has gone out of the pulpit the reason of this is because there are so many unsaved people in the churches that, in many instances, they live the control of them, and actually rule out the Gospel of Hell and damnation, from the simple fact that it renders them so uncomfortable. They require their preacher to comfort them and make them feel good, which is actually helping the devil to ease them down to Hell. But God commands us rightly to divide the Word of truth, 2 Tim. 2:15. That means to preach the Sinai Gospel to sinners and backsliders all the time until you get such a conviction on them that they will cry to God night and day till He comes down and delivers them. It means that we should preach the Calvary Gospel to penitents, till they are enabled by faith to receive and appropriate the dying love of Jesus, in which case they invariably get gloriously converted. It also means, as Wesley commands his preachers, to preach to Christians perfection; constantly, urgently, and explicitly. Then it means that we should preach to sanctified people the Transfiguration Gospel, i.e., the glorious appearing of our blessed Lord, when this mortal shall put on immortality and this corruption shall put on incorruption; and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

We live in an age of shocking delinquencies, which are everywhere characterizing the popular pulpit. The Sinai and Transfiguration Gospels are even dead letters in the vocabulary of the popular preacher. When he crowds into his little sermonette some part of the Gospel, it is generally Calvary and sometimes a little of Pentecost. In his thirty

minutes he has so much to tell the people about worldly interests, history, the strikes, and the political phenomena, that he has not much time for the Gospel. Any person who will candidly, heroically, and persistently preach the Sinai Gospel will bring conviction on the people, which always superinduces not only a willingness but an anxiety to be saved, and a readiness to avail themselves of every open door, that they may fly to the Savior, and get a real, matter-of-fact, personal experience of salvation. The Sinai Gospel always stirs Hell and raises the devil, who is ready to fight everything that attempts to take any of his people out of his hands. Satan is neither a fool nor a coward; he knows that the persistent preaching of his Hell, with its appalling horrors, will foster conviction in the people so that they will be no longer satisfied with citizenship in his kingdom, which simply means the constant liability to drop into the bottomless pit.

I have no idea how often, responsive to the call of a Methodist pastor, I have gone and begun preaching in a church, when his members, finding the fire too hot, have forced him to close the meeting on me; which was simply an indirect method of running me off. In my own Conference I never would retreat; that is the reason why I got that free ride. They could not run me, therefore they hauled me. Outside of my own Conference, I was always exceedingly deferential to the pastor's authority, therefore when he wanted me to leave, I always did it, frequently, however, God raised up somebody else to hold me, as in the case at Paris, Tenn. Frequently the members would turn the broad question on the pastor, telling him if he did not send me off they would send him, and that meant for him not only to forfeit his place but his living.

In at least a large majority of the calls to which, as an evangelist, I responded, where they broke down under the Sinai Gospel, and drove me away, i. e., peremptorily closed the meeting, which meant for me to leave, if they had only borne with me till I got through the Sinai Gospel, the trouble would all have been over. But I had to stand on Mount Sinai and hurl thunderbolts and lightning-shafts till conviction did its work; otherwise we could have no real salvation. We might have held a meeting in which people would join the church and they would count it a revival, but it would only have been nominal and superficial, resulting in little or no permanent good.'

In ease of no revival, we simply wound up with a fuss with the devil, which I always considered the next best thing, because Satan is not fool enough to waste his ammunition on the and, but always shoots at something. When you stir the devil, if you do no more, and see no souls saved, you ought always to thank God and take courage, feeling assured that your labor is not in vain; you have cast your bread upon the waters, and it "shall be gathered not many days hence."

John Wesley, when presiding over his. Conference and hearing the reports of the preachers always made it a rule, in case they reported nobody converted or sanctified and nobody made mad, to say, "Well, brother, you have mistaken your calling, consequently I will excuse you from another appointment, and that procedure is corroborated by good, solid wisdom. We are working for results; therefore if nobody gets blessed or edified under our labors, and no one is offended, it is prima facie evidence that we are not really called of God. Satan gives us no soul without a battle, therefore if your preaching converts nobody, offends nobody, sanctifies nobody, edifies nobody, set it down you have mistaken your calling, because the Gospel is the most positive and available thing in the universe; it always strikes fire. If it does not bring Heaven's fire down, it is sure to bring Hell fire up; but as a rule they come simultaneously. When God sends down the heavenly fire, Satan knows it means detriment to his cause. Therefore he stirs Hell and brings into availability his heavy artillery; giving up no soul, save at the point of the bayonet."

After I had been preaching a few days at Brownsville in that great, aristocratic Methodist Church, the dear brother pastor as usual began to put the brakes on me, endeavoring to

tone me down, lest I might give offense. Of course, that is an exceedingly unwise procedure. If you send for a man to fight your battle, of course you want him to win your victory. Consequently you make a great mistake when you put manacles on him, and do not let him fight his best. You not only ought to be willing to let him do his best, but be ready to help him in the fight yourself with all of your forces.

Rest assured when you go into the war with the world, the flesh and the devil, it is indispensable that you bring into availability all your ransomed powers, because you may rest assured that Satan lays under contribution all his forces, stygian and terrestrial, and is sure to fight his best, because man's extremity is God's opportunity; you need not expect God to come to your relief till you actually bring into availability all of your own resources. It is so in seeking pardon and sanctification, as well as in the work of the Lord indiscriminately for the salvation of others.

I know what it is to stand alone on the battlefield, day after day, with no person to whom I could speak sympathetically or judiciously. Oh, those days of conflict which I have endured bombarding Hell's batteries with all my might, while, instead of helping me, the preacher and his people were on my back, and I had to carry them and, at the same time, make the best of it I could, with the combined powers of men and devils. The most glorious experiences in my life have been amid those very environments; encompassed by the panoplied armies of his Satanic majesty, not only including the peers of pandemonium, but the magnates of earth, while the dear old pastor had his hand on me like a mountain, trying to hold me down. One day I was feeling the conflict most obviously, and returning from the afternoon meeting as usual by way of the post-office, the pastor, having arrived a few minutes earlier and received his mail, was reading a letter when I got there. I observed his tears were flowing copiously. Having finished, he handed it to me, at the same time laying his hand on me, with these words, "Now do as you please, you are free, I put no more brakes on you." He let me keep the letter which I read with interest. It was from Brother Brookes of Paris, with whom the Lord had so wonderfully blessed my labor in the best revival which had visited them in fifty years, and where God had sent in the presiding elder to liberate me from the embargoes put on me by the people through their pastor, which were about to culminate in my dismissal from the work.

The letter went on to say, "I take it for granted Brother Godbey is with you and your meeting is in progress. I do not expect to hear of any victory from you, as it is too soon. You may expect the thermometer to fall and the mercury to sink lower and lower till you will all come to the conclusion that you have made a mistake and called the wrong man. I want to tell you beforehand that if you come to that conclusion you are wrong; we did it here, unanimously thinking that we had made a mistake and called the wrong man. But now we all know that the mistake was ours, and that we had the right man all the time, and the work that made us blue was just as important as the work that made us bright. Therefore when you see the mercury falling do not be jostled; it will rise again, and rise higher than you ever thought it could get, till we all to glory go.

When the pastor read that from his brother, who had just passed through the same ordeal he then took all the brakes off and made me feel free as Gabriel. Then we moved on; God wonderfully used the hard, flinty, Sinai Gospel with its keen New Jerusalem blade. In due time the altar was crowded with seekers. The Holy Ghost descended on the people in unstinted measure, and the glorious revival rolled over the church, attended by hundreds converted, reclaimed or sanctified.

We give you one more case in dear old Tennessee, the twin sister of beloved Kentucky, whose "Old Kentucky Home" I hear the people sing about in every country under Heaven, as well as on ships plowing every ocean.

I was called to preach in a campmeeting in east Tennessee, about eighty miles from Knoxville.

I arrived Saturday afternoon and was happy to find one of our noble holiness evangelists had preceded me on the field of battle. He was preaching sanctification all the time and it had been his constant theme, so I was informed, from his arrival. A few people were seeking holiness. The first service after my arrival was Saturday evening. The crowd was very large and attentive; the brother preached on sanctification, and winding up asked me if I had anything to say. I got up on a bench and surveyed the multitude seated beneath the canvas, while many who seemed to have been crowded out were standing around in the beautiful silvery light of the moon outside.

When I surveyed the audience, the Holy Spirit that moment flashed on me His extraordinary gift of discernment of spirits, I Cor. 12:8-10, in whose clear illumination I was enabled to read the people like I read Greek and Latin. I saw that we were in a hornet's nest, though no one had posted me on the fact that there were no sanctified people in that country. The camp had been pitched by the Holiness Band in Knoxville, about a dozen of whom had come out to lead the campaign against Satan and his myrmidons. I soon learned that the people in the community had unfortunately become prejudiced against sanctification and the holiness people. For this unhappy state of things, the preachers were principally in fault, who were violently opposed to our mode and had done their utmost to arouse the people and fortify them against the influence which they contemplated during the encampment. This was abundantly evidenced by a letter I soon received from a Methodist pastor forbidding me to take part in the meeting and threatening me with prosecution and decapitation if I did not desist at once and leave the grounds. Of course, I did not comply with the letter, but simply responded in a kind and loving invitation to him to attend the meeting, and let us have a glorious refreshing from the presence of the Lord, mutually helping each other, as we traveled along the King's highway to the land of the blessed, where sorrow never treads and pleasure never dies. I heard no more from him, and know not whether he ever came to any of our meetings or not.

As my brother evangelist already had the night meetings, I encouraged him to keep them and let me preach in the day time. This he did till the following Tuesday, when he left for another field of labor; of course, turning over the meeting exclusively to me. I continued to teach the blessed Scriptures to the dear saints during the day, but preached at night to the vast audience, and of course the Sinai Gospel was my constant theme. I kept Hell uncovered, as flamiferous and horrific as I could paint it in the bold phraseology of God's precious Word. I preached from such texts as, "The wicked shall be turned into Hell with all the nations that forget God," Psalm 9:17, and our Savior's frequent and unmistakable utterances on the lake of fire and brimstone that burneth forever and ever, 'where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.'

We had a few seekers, but the crowds were proud, stubborn, haughty, rebellious, and even defiant.

So we moved on through the week; the schedule time impending expiration the ensuing Sunday night. On the Sabbath the crowds were immense. Morning and afternoon I preached mainly to the Lord's people on sanctification, however at the same time showing up a clear Bible.

As the evening service, which uniformly opened at sunset, drew nigh, I felt we were approaching the crisis yea, all day I felt impressed that a cyclone had left Heaven and was traveling that way; when it would strike, I could not decisively opine. Having opened with the setting sun and spent a solid hour in prayer and testimony, I took my stand to preach the Word, aiming still to give them Sinai, as God in mercy might condescend to help "a

feeble worm thrash a mountain.” I do not think I had enunciated my text, till suddenly that cyclone struck the multitude; the people all around me leaped to their feet and not a few fell on the ground. As yet my altar invitation, which had hitherto received so meager a response, had not been given, but the people unhesitatingly rushed to the altar from all parts of the auditorium, quickly filling it to overflowing, then falling in the aisles and filling them up, and all crying aloud for mercy.

At that time the blessed Holy Spirit was most copiously poured out on the entire assembly in His convicting, converting, and sanctifying power, and abundantly rested upon the sanctified Knoxville band, inspiring them with those wonderful extraordinary gifts, nine in all, I Cor. 12:8-10, pursuant to these supernatural induements. They all went to preaching with all their might to the people nearest them; thus actually developing a regular Pentecostal scene. I tried to conduct the meeting but signally failed; and certainly all right, because the Holy Ghost was in charge, managing it in His own infallible way. He gave every one the message He wanted him to deliver, as well as the utterance pertinent to that delivery.

My attention was arrested by a stalwart man making for the altar with all his might. He fell prostrate in the middle of the aisle and roared out an importunate prayer with stentorian voice, pleading with God to have mercy on his lost soul. I felt anxious to speak to him and try to help him, but all of my efforts to command his attention signally failed. His eyes seemed set on something far away beyond everything about him, as if looking into the ethereal regions with all the power of sight and diagnosis. I somehow felt constrained to linger about him and make him a subject of special prayer; meanwhile souls were passing triumphantly into life and sweeping victoriously into Beulah Land every few minutes, bright as a meridian sunburst and with tremendous shouts of victory.

The scene, preeminently Pentecostal, swept on the even tenor of its way without the slightest intermission, for two solid hours before we could even have a song. Meanwhile there were many centers of the work round about and all moving independently of each other; e. g., while some were up shouting, others were down praying with seekers and others preaching to sinners with all their might and exhorting the weak believers to plunge beneath the crimson flood that washes whiter than the snow, and then to

Rise to walk In Heaven's own light
Above the world of sin;
With heart made pure and garments white;
And Christ enthroned within.

After this stalwart man had prayed importunately for about fifty minutes, I saw an amber haze begin to gather on his countenance; it continued to increase, growing brighter and brighter till his whole physiognomy was literally illuminated with preternatural splendor and his eyes flashed with an unearthly brilliancy. Then, springing to his feet, he clapped his hands like roaring thunder. I was impressed that he must have been a blacksmith, his hands were so heavy and brawny and his entire physique so muscular. Oh, how his roaring shouts made the welkin [atmosphere, air – DVM] ring!

About this time he caught sight of me, having hitherto labored in vain to get his attention. Then he leaped and snatched me up, tossing me as if I had been a baby, alarming me seriously, lest he let me fall and hurt me. While tossing me, he shouted out, “I am the man who cursed you last Sunday, calling you the stumbling-block of this meeting, and saying if you had stayed away, we might have had a respectable camp; that your coming had disturbed everything and made the people mad. It is true you were the stumbling-block, and I stumbled over you on my way to Hell. Now I have gotten turned around and am running at race horse speed the other way, and expect to never let up till I leap through the

pearly gates and shout the victory.”

Though the campmeeting was scheduled to close that night, there was no chance, for it would run by its own momentum. I had to leave the ensuing morning for another engagement, but the work moved on. Afterward I heard of many souls saved and sanctified.

Reader, it is your privilege to enjoy all of those nine gifts of the Holy Ghost, which you see catalogued in I Cor. 12:8-11. They are all indispensable in their place. In this important emergency, the gift of spiritual discernment was especially utilized.

In 1883; the pastor of my old church, where I held my membership when a little boy, and where my father had been reared, saved, and called to preach, and his five brothers had also entered the ministry, called me repeatedly to come and help him in his work. Pressure of engagements detained me a long time. This pastor, J. H. Williams, was a Gospel son of mine and always peculiar for his low estimation of his own ability and consequently inclined to despondency. As the church was in a somewhat backslidden state, his faithful efforts to stir them up had produced reaction against him and conduced somewhat to his depreciation among them. My long postponement and the great difficulties which confronted him in his work, and which his diffidence conduced to magnify, had all conspired to a degree of discouragement which had collapsed his energies. Therefore, somewhat yielding to the tempter, he had concluded to give up the work, quit the ministry forever and return to his father’s farm. When I arrived, he met me and told me he had no appointment for me, that I had waited so long that he had concluded to give up the work, quit the ministry forever and go home. I remonstrated against the unhappy verdict he had given, as I felt it to be for his own detriment for time and eternity. Then I asked him to let me preach anyhow; to this he responded that of course he would not prevent me, but when I did, it would be entirely upon my own responsibility, as he had made up his mind not only to leave this work but to abandon it forever. However I constrained him to go with me to the place and attend the meetings in which I would do all the preaching as well as conducting them. As we had no announcement beforehand, the audiences at the beginning were quite small, but gradually increased until they became really splendid, eventually crowding the house and filling all the environments. That meeting proved phenomenal in the extreme. Such was the wonderful power of the Spirit in conviction that the people fell and lost the power to stand on their feet, lying prostrate, and unable to rise and walk, till the Holy Spirit administered to them the resurrection power. People would fall under the power during the morning service, and lie there till the afternoon or until night. Sometimes during the night meetings, which generally occupied about six hours, this knock down power would come on the people, disqualifying them to stand or to walk, and they would have to stay all night. As it was in the country, and the people came from a distance, as well as near by, many were unable to get away except as carried by friends in vehicles, which was very seldom done, because the land was rough and had no turnpikes, and the people nearly all came on horses or walking.

After this wonderful Pentecostal power descended, the meeting became like Heaven, in the fact that there “congregations ne’er break up, and Sabbaths have no end.” The workers had to divide up the time among themselves, and some of them stayed there with the seekers who had lost the power of locomotion. It was really a marvelous return of the old-time power, which not only characterized the apostolic age but early Methodism. The old Methodists called it “having the power,” i. e., the power of God to such an extent as utterly to supersede human power.

I may observe, with reference to the discouraged young pastor, that before the revival was over, it seemed as though his members would pull him all to pieces, for the pure love of God which had fallen in showers and filled their souls. Though, by the intervention of the

enemy, they had gotten out of harmony so that the desire to separate was mutual, under the wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, they all received such a copious Benjamin's mess of sweet, perfect love, that he changed his mind, not only remaining with them till the close of the year, but, pursuant to their request, was returned and stayed with them the full pastoral limit of four years, and would have remained longer if the Lord had permitted. As that was my native church, Soule Chapel, Pulaski County, Ky., I can never forget that meeting which gave me a precious souvenir of the old-time power, which my ancestors had enjoyed at that place, when first thither they came, felled the trees, built their cabins and erected an altar to the God of their fathers, whom they had worshipped beyond the Atlantic.

In my ministry I have often seen that knock down power. In this meeting while preaching to the house packed and jammed, doors and windows full, and many who could not reach any position of convenient audience taking chances out in the yard, while thus preaching, I have seen them fall under the power of the convicting Spirit till they blockaded the aisles, and actually this wonderful, supernatural, slaying power was so prevalent as to knock those standing in the doors, so paralyzing them that they could not get away, thus blockading the doors and the aisles. People were found out of doors, prostrate on the ground and utterly unable to stand on their feet, so wonderful was the slaying power of the Holy Ghost in the atmosphere of the holy place.

The Lord has used my humble instrumentality to preach sanctification from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mexican border. I saw these extraordinary phenomena in all parts of Texas, and especially at Waco Campmeeting. There, in the early years of its history, so many would lose the power of locomotion that we found it necessary so to organize the workers as to keep some on the ground- all the time. I found it necessary to have my lodging at least half a mile from the tabernacle, as at all hours of the night the vociferous shouts of newborn souls was likely to awaken me. During the three months He let me preach in dear India, I frequently saw this same wonderful slaying power among the natives. On Winding up a meeting, it was no surprise to see some of our seekers utterly incompetent to go away. In Sister Ramabal's great work, where she has eighteen hundred people identified with her educational institutions, nearly all the time I was there I could hear them praying and shouting all night after I had preached to them. At the same time there were many- among them prostrate under the power, and unable to stand or to walk.

You readily see the Divinity and the utility of these phenomena; in order that God may demonstrate before the popular eye the infinite superiority of His power to that of man. It is exceedingly gratifying thus to witness God's signal mercy to the poor heathen, thus gloriously contra-distinguishing Himself from the pagan gods, who, to an ocular and an auricular demonstration, are utterly powerless. The present year will be forever remembered in great heathen India for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It is really epochal as India's Pentecost. This ought to prove a grand inspiration to all friends of the missionaries, who enjoy the glorious privilege of living in delightful America and using the money which God gives them, by proxy, to preach to the poor heathens. No one can travel among them and witness the power and presence of God working so mightily and mercifully in their hearts and not realize in the profoundest depths of his soul the consolatory fact of God's superabounding love to these poor children of pagan darkness.

In 1800 and 1801 the campmeetings at Cane Ridge, Ky., were wonderfully characterized by these physical phenomena. They began with an ordinary bush arbor, as was customary in that day. The power descended on them, knocking them down on all sides, and causing them to jerk in a really phenomenal manner. The long hair of the women amid these jerks would become disheveled, and crack like whip lashes. At that time the pioneers were very sparsely dispersed throughout these western states, but the phenomena of this

campmeeting were so extraordinary as to attract the people from far and near, in order to witness scenes hitherto unknown and unheard of in the memory of the existing generation.

James Finley, living up in Ohio at that time, aspired to be the champion athlete. As the news of this wonderful campmeeting spread through that country, that every one going got knocked down, many of the pioneers, wicked and unbelieving, went through curiosity, actually defying the power of that meeting to knock them down. But it became a paradoxical fact that all going thither had to fall under the power. Though the meeting was pitched for a few days, according to custom, it went on two or three months, actually continuing till the on coming winter broke it up.

Eventually, as so many people had told this young man, James Finley, that he would get knocked down if he went to that meeting, he therefore made his boast that there was one young man they could not knock down. So, mounting his fine horse, he rode away to the camp, a hundred or more miles. On arrival, hitching his horse, he went to the scene. When looking around he saw twenty preachers here and there on stumps, logs, rocks, wagons, and mounds of earth, preaching with all their might, manifesting physical demonstrations such as he had never seen before, and meanwhile the people falling all around them and crying for mercy, rising with shakes, and jerking as if convulsed by epileptic fits; while gazing around upon the scene, such as he had never before beheld, a strange weakness begin to creep over him, worse and worse, till he found himself in the very act of falling, when catching himself he ran away from the scene to where he had hitched his horse.

There he endeavored to recover his equilibrium as best he could and bolted himself up on his boasted championship, reviving his energies and recuperating his prowess, fostering afresh his boasted claims to the championship of the world. So, having taken a rest, he went back, determined to stem the tide, as he had boasted to all his neighbors that they could not knock him down. Again having reached the Situation and looking around, he saw that the tide had gone up and the power was sweeping everything before it. Despite all he could do, bolstering up his prowess, he found that same strange weakness coming on him and rapidly increasing and permeating his whole body. His knees knocked together like Belshazzar's and he found himself actually falling, and so hurried away, with great difficulty making his escape.

This time he made a special effort to enlist Satan more efficiently in his behalf; riding away about a mile to tavern where he bought some brandy, and drank it, thinking it would settle his nerves; then returning to the scene of conflict the third time and looking around he saw that the tide was much higher, -- having decisively gone up since he left. His attention was especially directed to a crowd of about five-hundred -- who had just arrived on the scene, therefore he soliloquized, "I will look at them and see how they get along; probably will learn from them how to stand it better. While making them the especial object of his attention he saw the whole crowd fall simultaneously on the ground suddenly as if a battery of a thousand cannons had been turned on them. As he saw them rolling, floundering and jerking, and heard their loud wails and shriek ejaculatory prayers, he almost fell to the ground. Taking fright, he made his escape with great difficulty and, though the most active young man in the world competent to actually leap over his horse, like a kangaroo, he found himself just too weak to mount him and, with great difficulty got on him from a stump, and had to hold to the saddle-horn to keep from falling off.

Riding away he was surprised and disappointed when that strange weakness still stayed with him.

Having with great difficulty ridden for ten miles, he fell off his horse, finding himself utterly unable to walk; thus he realized that the very thing they had all told him about, in reference to the knock down power which would come on him, had already been verified.

Meanwhile the awful conviction of his lost estate settled down on him like a nightmare, -- and he saw Hell open and the devil after him. I have often seen the spot where his physical powers so utterly failed that he could hold on his horse no longer, and tumbled down in the middle of the road.

The people gathered around him, gazing on him from a distance, afraid to go near lest he might have some awful contagious disease which they would contract. But it so happened that an old Dutchman was living in the village, who had been to the meetings and got knocked down and wonderfully saved, so when he came he told the people not to be afraid, that the man had no contagious disease, but he had been to that campmeeting and it was the power of God on him to save his soul. They were to rest easy, for in due time he would be all right.

Then the Dutchman asked them to help him carry the young fellow into his house (for he was large and heavy). Though the old fellow's speech was so indistinct that it was hard to understand him, he spent the whole night with him in prayer and exhortation. With the dawn of the ensuing morning, the glorious heavenly daybreak peered into his soul. Therefore with tremendous shouts of victory, mounting his horse he went on his way rejoicing, confirming the testimony of his predecessors that nobody could go to that campmeeting and not get knocked down by the power of the Holy Ghost. He became one of the greatest Methodist preachers that ever blew the Gospel trumpet. You would all do well to purchase the "Life of Rev. Jas. B. Finley," and read it appreciatively. I assure you it will prove an exceedingly profitable inspiration.

God is not going to let Satan's people capture this world and run away with it, without so revealing his supernatural power to the elect that the lost millions will be left without excuse. The reason why He so miraculously interfered at Cane Ridge, Ky., was because the people were pouring into this great, rich, and beautiful valley of the Ohio and Mississippi by millions, and without the means of grace requisite to resist the awful tide of infidelity which was threatening to inundate and really capture this country, through the current circulation of that dangerous book, Payne's "Age of Reason," which was everywhere scattered through the settlements of this new country. The French infidels had captured that empire but a short time previously, when, during the French Revolution, they got the political power into their hands, banished the Bible, closed all the churches and turned them into lecture halls, abolished the Sabbath, appointing every tenth day for recreation and rest, and sending agents throughout the whole country to superscribe on every graveyard, "Death is an eternal sleep." Payne, Voltaire and Rousseau had filled the whole country with their infidel writings, which had been carried into this new country and circulated extensively, before the people had time to organize churches. God wanted this delightful land to become the grand citadel of His kingdom, as we now rejoice to recognize that it is, that it might send millions of missionaries to light the dark regions of the antipodal world. Therefore He came among them with His miraculous power, which put to shame the votaries of Satan's Hell-hatched lies.

During my late tour around the world, as I paused and gazed on the statue of Voltaire on the public square in Paris, I thought about his prophecies, that one hundred years would take the Bible out of the world forever. It is a significant fact that in less than a hundred years, his own office, in which he wrote that awful prophecy, became a Bible Depository, and is still used in that way. Well did Dr. Talmage say that the age of miracles is not passed, but we are sad to admit that with many the age of faith is past.

For reasons I know not, this extraordinary power was principally manifested in the South. I surmised that it was a manifestation of God's presence rebuking the sin of slavery and emancipating those people who had toiled in hard bondage for two hundred years. I am so glad you may see this extraordinary manifestation of His power among the heathens and

especially in India today.

In 1884, the Lord gave us a wonderful revival at Piedmont, Mo., doing mighty works. In that meeting I observed an extraordinary phenomenon among the railroad men. That is a great railroad center where they have extensive shops and all change engines. A leading railroad man received conversion, reminding me of Saul of Tarsus in the brilliancy which characterized it. He at once turned evangelist among his comrades, like a cyclone of fire. Many of them were unable to reach the meetings till nine o'clock P. M., so we at once accommodated ourselves to their conveniences with great delight, not only holding the meetings at other hours accommodatory to the citizens, but continuing on till midnight, and after, in the especial interest of the railroad people, male and female, who came pouring in about nine; and it seemed, so far as I could tell, that the revival reached everybody.

Our newly saved and sanctified railroad evangelist organized a meeting in a running car, for the benefit of the train men who had no chance to attend church. Those fire-baptized railroad men thus prayed and preached their lost comrades through into the kingdom, while the train was speeding over the track at forty miles an hour. While the work was glorious in the local churches and among the citizens, this railroad phase of the revival far excelled all I ever knew. I mention it by way of special encouragement in the interest of our railroad people.

N. B. Our noble brother, E. A. Ferguson, my Gospel son, continued to run his engine a number of years after God had made him a flaming evangelist.

While preaching in Augusta, Ga., amid a glorious revival in Wesley Chapel, a noted railroad conductor was working most efficiently in the after meetings, leading souls to the Savior. Several years subsequently, while I was preaching in Columbia, S. C., I found him in the pastorate of the Gospel Tabernacle, built by our sainted Brother Oliver, and the signal blessings of God upon his work. He told me that when I was with him in that Georgia meeting, I looked him in the face and said, "Brother, do you not know that God wants you to conduct a Gospel train?" He said God spoke to him at that time, answering my question in the affirmative. Consequently he resigned his conductorship and turned preacher.

Let these cursory references remind every reader to make our millions of railroad people in all the earth a special subject of prayer; that they who carry us on our peregrinations to preach the everlasting Gospel may themselves receive the message, board the Gospel train constantly running from the city of Destruction up the royal railway to the New Jerusalem, and live with us in the end of the blessed, when this stormy life is forever hushed amid the immutable realms of eternity. I make it a rule every time I buy a ticket to get in a word of straight Gospel truth to the agent, and on every occasion when delivering it to the conductor, despite all the expedition to dispense to him the message of life. The saints are mistaken in the prevalent impression that these hurried and worried railroad men would not appreciate our words of Gospel grace, crowded in amid the pressing expedition of their official business. I have long, followed the habit of speaking to all the people with whom I come in contact in the interest of their souls. I can testify that in forty-nine cases out of fifty, these railroad officers receive my words of Gospel grace love appreciatively and, generally, respectfully thank me for my interest in their souls and assure me of their attitude for my prayers in their behalf. Always keep your heart in touch with God when you approach people in the interest of their souls, and you will be surprised at the grateful appreciation they will manifest to you.

While a circuit rider, overtaking a man walking along the turnpike with some lightning conductors on his shoulder, I constrained him to hand them to me and let my horse carry his burden. The end I had in view was an opportunity to preach the Gospel to him. Of

course he would stay with me while I carried his goods. Therefore as he walked by my side, I preached to him the living Word with all my heart, exhorting him to flee the wrath to come. Several months subsequently, he met me in another part of the country, full of joy and gratitude; and reminded me of my former kindness in carrying his burden and preaching to him the Gospel meanwhile, (as I had forgotten him), testifying that my little message brought him down on his knees before God, where he prayed night and day, till the glorious, heavenly Dayspring flooded his soul. He had joined the Presbyterian Church and was happy in God, working for Him and pressing on toward the bright upper world.

Reader, do reckon yourself henceforth simply God's mouthpiece, always administering the message of life to souls you meet in your pilgrimage. Oh, that you may, by the blessed indument of the Holy Ghost, be able to say like the Hebrew prophet, "God hath made my mouth a sharp sword." The Word of the Lord is the sharpest sword that has ever flashed beneath the skin, Heb.

4:12. When all the swords that have ever glittered on earthly battlefields have failed, the Gospel sword with the bright New Jerusalem blade, sharper than the lightning, has no trouble to cut its way through. Then, oh, Christian soldier, be sure that you never go out without it, lest the enemy slay you.

At Farmington, Mo., immediately after the glorious revival at Piedmont, the Lord gave us a most extraordinary victory, one hundred and sixty-six bright conversions, eighty-one sanctifications, and all of the orthodox churches in the city gloriously revived, with hundreds happily reclaimed from a backslidden State. The meeting was in midwinter, and the snow was knee deep, and though it lasted more than three weeks, there was no moderation of the weather. We opened with very few as the people dreaded the cold, but after the power descended from Heaven, it seemed that they utterly lost sight of the wintry storms, which swept in blizzards. They said that the whole country throughout a radius of twenty miles was drawn into the revival. I made it a rule to stand out in the middle of the house, so that my voice would be clearly audible and the more forcible to all of the crowd. I am satisfied that twice as many people as the seats could accommodate squeezed into the house; even standing room was at a high premium. In the awful jam and cram, all courtesies were forgotten, and each one felt exceedingly fortunate if he could only get inside, as without no one could endure the cold. Ladies stood four solid hours without moving. Meanwhile the power of the Almighty so inundated the multitude that situation, environments and all temporalities sank into oblivion.

I was under the necessity of securing the service of two stalwart brethren, one on either side, to actually take charge of my person, in order to get standing room. Could you not have gotten it in the pulpit? No, I had to vacate that for the babies, as there was no other place where they would have been at all secure, and the interest was so intense that nobody was willing to stay at home with them.

My ushers had all they could do to keep the crowd from pressing me out of all the standing room in the house. With great difficulty we managed to get the seekers together so we might pray with them; the major part of the altar work, however, took place after the crowd had been somewhat relieved by the retiring of some of the people after the benediction, which was given soon after the sermon, in view of possibly relieving the immense pressure of the multitude.

Not only the Methodist Church, with which we held the meeting, received an accession of more than a hundred members, but the Baptist received about fifty. When a great Baptist D. D., in St. Louis heard of the big sanctification in Farmington, fearing the "heresy" might affect his church in that place, he came to preach a series of sermons in which he proposed to refute the "fanatics." When he arrived and started off on that line, the brethren unhesitatingly put the brake on him, notifying him that the "sanctification" meeting had

done them more good than their own preacher had done in twenty years. Therefore, while they gladly welcomed his ministry if he would content himself to preach the Gospel, if his purpose was to refute the doctrine which they had heard in the revival, they said they would respectfully excuse him, because they had received an accession of fifty members out of that revival and could not afford, under any circumstances, to permit anything that would discourage them. Therefore the great D. D. returned to St. Louis, where he wielded a more potent influence than he was about to get at Farmington. When I heard it I praised the Lord for giving those Baptists good, solid sense, as well as religion. When the same man wrote me up in his paper of which he was editor, epitheting me a “modern sanctifier,” he stated that he must admit that along with my “heresy” I managed to crowd in more of the real Gospel than my comrades.

The pastor at Frederickstown, Mo., from the time he heard of me in the state, had been so persistently calling me, that I knew he must be in a serious dilemma, some way. At that time sanctification was an utter novelty in that country, and very alarming to the churches, as the reports of wild fire and fanaticism had gone everywhere. A general trepidation was prevailing, lest the infection might get into the church. When I got to Frederickstown, and called at the parsonage, the preacher’s wife said to me that I was too late; that when God sanctified her husband a short time previously his members pronounced him crazy, and held a meeting in view of discarding him from the pastorate. Though in this they did not quite have the necessary majority of the official board, their effort so discouraged him that he had concluded to resign his pastoral charge and was then gone to St. Louis to negotiate for some business by which he could make a living; meanwhile he would do his preaching to the neglected poor in the slums. I had her telegraph to him to come home at once.

On his arrival I said to him, “Now, brother, I am here to help you in a protracted meeting, as you called me, and though you have made up your mind to resign the pastorate, while you have it in hand God is opening the door for you to glorify Him in the salvation of the people to whom your Conference sent you to preach the living Word.” Thus I persuaded him to let me proceed with a protracted meeting, though the difficulties had so discouraged him that he had given it up altogether.

I told him that the only available remedy for the trouble in the Church was the grace of God; which is as free as the air we breathe and there is no reason why we should not have it.

So we proceeded at once. The Lord came in wonderful, Pentecostal power, giving us about one hundred bright conversions, a glorious sanctification work and a general revival in the city, resulting in an accession of about four score to the membership. Though the people had made an effort to turn out their pastor for insanity, because he got sanctified, when they got the same kind of dementation, it would have done you good to see them hug him. It actually seemed like they would pull the dear man to pieces.

Satan says sanctification divides churches. We found this church divided, but sanctification unite it. They not only kept their pastor, but when his time was up they petitioned for his return.

Between these great revivals at Farmington and Frederickstown, responsive to an urgent call, I went to a town in that part of the country which was honored with a Methodist college. They were intensely anxious for a great and glorious revival, such as God had given us at Farmington; but, like many others who ever and anon called me, they just would not let me preach the Sinai Gospel, which is the only power to convict people, without which a revival would be an empty farce. Therefore I had to go away and leave them resting in their carnal security. The students and the people would have taken the truth, but the president of the college flickered under the fire, his teachers following him and a car’ pastor helping them to magnify Satan in the defeat of the revival which was so

much needed, especially to save the students. I must confess that I left with much reluctance, for this was one of the most inviting fields I ever knew; but I just could not reap the harvest without a sharp sickle, which they absolutely would not tolerate. I went from there to Frederickstown, where God did that glorious work which were so much needed. Especially in the Methodist Church, where the footprint: of Bishop Marvin, of precious memory, who long lived there, were still delectably visible.

The Lord gave us a glorious revival in Jefferson City, the state capital, in which he wrought mighty works, bringing salvation and sanctification to many hungry souls. There he profoundly impressed me with the lesson of His boundless free grace as never before. At that time witnesses to sanctification were few and rare. When we entered upon the work and began to marshal the forces for the oncoming battle with sin and Satan, I found about three or four people in the city clear in the experience of sanctification.

Among them was an old Mormon, whose testimony was beautiful; he was inundated with the Holy Spirit and flooded with the sweet, perfect love of God, indubitably manifested by the words dripping with honey and all of his inspiring utterances electrified with flowing tears, really surprising me as I felt that I was in the presence of a weeping prophet. I never, of course, held any sectarian meeting, but always threw them wide open for the Lord's people of every name, order, nationality, race, and color. But as I had never before come in contact with Mormons in my meetings, I felt a little staggered. The pastor, Brother Cobb, a leading man in the Methodist connection, perceiving my perplexity, unhesitatingly relieved me with the assurance that the Christian character of this Mormon brother was accepted throughout the city without impeachment, and that all had unshaken confidence in his piety, and said for me to give him perfect liberty in the meetings and use him with the utmost freedom. His prayer was flooded with the unction and power of the Holy Ghost, as well as his testimonies and exhortations. Through his influence the members of his Church attended the meetings, got saved and sanctified and took an active part along with the Methodists and other denominations. I may observe that there are two branches of the Mormon Church in the West ' polygamous and the anti-polygamous'. Those people 'were identified with the latter, having but one wife. I then became more than ever convinced that God is no respecter of persons and always ready to bless the humble and meek, lowly and faithful, with the unstinted bounty of His superabounding grace.

We had a glorious, old-style, Holy Ghost revival, with people praying through to victory and shouting. Glory to God! Methodists, Mormons, and others all mixed up, making them feel like singing:

“My brethren, can you say
That you are on your way?
I care not for your name,
Religion Is the same.

Perhaps you think me wild,
Or simple as a child;
I am a child of glory;
Just born from above,
My soul is full of love;
Come hear me tell my story.

My soul doth long to go
Where I shall fully know

The glories of my Savior;
Then as I pass along,
I'll sing a Christian song;
I hope to live forever."

We should never condemn people for a mere cognomen. God saves truly humble, penitent, believing souls, in spite of the devil and doctrinal error.

The Mormons, like the Campbellites, preach baptism in order to the remission of sins, which is a, very dangerous error. Yet we find some clear, bright witnesses to experimental salvation among those people, whose testimony is not to be discounted for their doctrinal errors. God is so anxious to save people that He never misses a chance. He is infinitely more merciful than we are. Certain sins if committed blacken the name of the poor victim with eternal infamy, and people never do forgive them. Yet it is not so with God, who gladly forgives the vilest sins, when He sees the real and genuine fruits of repentance. King Manasseh succeeded his sanctified father Hezekiah, the great leader of the holiness movement in his day, and, closing his eyes to the light of his father's example, not only led the Jews back into idolatry, but even polluted the temple with idols and worshipped them there. Yet, when a captive in Babylon, amid awful tortures, he repented in sackcloth and ashes, with a true and genuine repentance; God heard him, delivered him from the captivity and restored him to his kingdom in Jerusalem, where he spent the remnant of his life, faithfully proving to the whole world the genuineness of his repentance.

There is but one problem in the salvation of every soul, and that is the really genuine work of repentance, wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, so changing the subject that if he had a thousand opportunities to commit the same sins again, he would have his head cut off rather than yield. That is all God wants, i. e., the real, radical change of heart, which means a change of life forever.

Without this real and genuine change of heart, the soul going to Heaven would commit sin there and have to be cast out like Lucifer and his followers. (Revelation twelfth chapter.)

In 1884, when Bishop McTieyre took the bridle off and turned me loose to go to the ends of the earth and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, I immediately darted away to Texas, the great Lone Star state, and began in Texarkana on the Arkansas line, as the name implies. When I began in the Methodist Church, I found but few people, as religion over the city was at a very low ebb, and the churches deserted.

Looking round over the city, going from house to house and praying with people, I of course looked at the different church edifices, as they were pointed out and designated by name. Near the Episcopal Church, on the same lawn, I recognized a very large building, and upon inquiry was informed that it was the dancing and skating hall, where the people thronged and participated in those recreations that it was the property of that Church, and the frolickers paid their money for those amusements, which money was used for the support of the Church. The Presbyterians had also been renting it, and conducting similar amusements in the financial interest of their Church.

I found for the above reason that the Episcopal Church was the leader of the city, to which the young people en masse rallied and there held their membership. I found that Satanic institution had actually built their Church, till numerically it stood at the front, the leader in popularity and influence. God laid it on my heart to attack Satan in his citadel without mercy. Therefore I waited till Sunday night, as I was satisfied that novelty and curiosity would at that time give me a congregation; having antecedently preached to naked walls and empty seats. Sure enough the house was packed on Sunday night to hear the new preacher. God blessedly saved me from all modesty, so that I positively specified the very thing I was striking at and preached my sermon on Satan's church, by which I designated

that dancing and skating rink, which was owned by the Episcopal Church, and used to popularize and support it financially. I literally dissected the matter before the crowded assembly, and unhesitatingly consigned all the people identified with it to the devil, to whom they belonged, preachers, officers and members, and showed them plainly by the Word of God that they were all on their way to Hell as fast as they could go; thus showing up the appalling state of wickedness in their city; recognizing Satan's church in the lead. No wonder the outside world was so desperately wicked, which was a notorious fact to all the people. I availed myself of the opportunity to give them a horrific sermon on Hell, showing up those churches in the awful responsibility of actually leading the people to the extent of their ability right down to Hell; thus cunningly and audaciously attracting them to the devil's church, in which they were encouraged to dance and skate their way down to Hell.

I showed it up as Satan's literal Hell-trap, in which he was so adroitly using the preachers and leading members to capture the young people and put them on that greased plank and shoot them on the downward road. The Lord wonderfully helped me to warn them of their awful danger and, responsive to my invitation, gave us an altar crowded with seekers; thus opening a glorious revival.

My rough and terrible assault proved an awful awakening to the people, the Holy Ghost wonderfully using it in conviction. The Presbyterians at once sent me word please to spare them, as they were all repenting in sack cloth over the wretched mistake they had made, and to rest assured that they would never be guilty of it again. Meanwhile, the Episcopalians who owned the institution, received such an awakening that they sold it out to Satan's people and undertook to wash the blood of souls from their hands.

My treatment of that crying iniquity was so summary and decisive that it produced an awful excitement in the city. Two daily papers immediately took it up, the one against me and the other on my side, and went into the war hot and heavy. On Tuesday morning following, an anomalous circular was found distributed throughout the city, ordering me to leave at once or meet Judge Lynch face to face. The next morning another circular was found throughout the city, exhorting me to take courage and hold on, assuring me that I had plenty of friends in that place, and need not be afraid.

Of course these sensational papers gave me the best possible advertisement, so that I had to stand in the door, with the house full of women and a multitude of men without, and preach them the glorious Gospel. Meanwhile the revival swept on, penitents crowding the altar, seeking and finding the Lord. Brother Lively, who has since been presiding elder many years, came seventy miles to attend the meeting, and you do not wonder that he got sanctified.

That was the beginning of my work in Texas. The Lord gave us a glorious victory. He let me preach this wonderful salvation Gospel from Arkansas to Louisiana, to the Mexican border, and from the Gulf to the Pan Handle.

While I was moving along holding meetings, pursuant to the invitation of the pastor I held two revivals at Arlington, a beautiful town midway between Dallas and Fort Worth. The good people were anxious to settle me there, proposing to donate me a splendid home, which I gratefully, lovingly, and respectfully declined to accept. The same was done at Russellville, Ind., and likewise declined. I never, never wanted gifts, but always preferred to pay for everything I received. My collegiate education cost me a thousand dollars, whereas I might have received it gratuitously. I feel that it is a great mistake for any of us ever to accept a price which our friends set upon our heads, lest in so doing we might make the awful mistake of Judas when he sold Jesus. When we have taken Him for our everlasting portion, we have passed the temptation of bribes.

At Alvarado, the Lord gave us a four weeks' revival, which continued to run on after we left, resulting in two hundred and fifty conversions and sanctifications. The whole country was stirred for twenty miles in all directions. As a rule the meetings would hold till eleven or twelve o'clock at night, the people lingering spellbound to the end, knowing that it would take them the balance of the night to drive home. Bud Robinson came twenty miles in a jolt wagon to attend the meeting. There he heard his first sermon on sanctification and got convicted for it, being at that time a preacher. He says he never survived that conviction till he entered into the experience.

From Alvarado, we went to Maxahatchie, where the Lord gave us another glorious victory, about one hundred souls thronging the altar and praying through to a clear, bright testimony to the power of Jesus to save even to the uttermost.

We found in that country deep and inveterate hostility to sanctification, resulting mainly from a fatal fanaticism which had visited the land in preceding years, preaching a counterfeit sanctification, which required husband and wife to separate. Satan is the great counterfeit and never fails to counterfeit everything that God does. In that case the people come in contact with his counterfeit and find it a rattle-snake sub rosa, get bitten and ever afterward ignorantly fight the genuine. This high handed scheme of counterfeiting the blessed work of God has always been Satan's great gun. The rationale, when sounded to the bottom, would really beat Diabolus at his own game; because the counterfeit of anything is a proof of the genuine, as it is impossible to counterfeit nonentity.

The Lord was continually giving us a great revival. All of the churches in the beautiful little city of Hillsboro, county-seat of Hill County, in the midst of the great, black, rich prairie land five hundred miles long and one hundred and fifty miles wide, of which the Methodist was the strongest numerically and influentially, had entered into a union against sanctification, determined to keep it out. But the bright young pastor of the Methodist Church was so filled with curiosity that he came away twenty-five miles to our meeting to see for himself. Lightning was in the air, therefore on arrival he soliloquized, "Surely God is in this place." Conviction settled on him so that he became a seeker of sanctification and, in due time, triumphantly entered Beulah Land.

When he received the experience, he said to me, "Brother Godbey, I cannot go back to my work alone, the opposition there is so awful, you must go with me." Such was his importunity that I postponed my engagements and went along; himself having preceded our arrival by a few days, giving publicity to the impending protracted meeting. Therefore on arrival we found a congregation assembled in the Methodist Church awaiting us. The ruling spirits of the church were so enraged when they heard that a holiness meeting had already opened that they proceeded at once to assemble the official board in order to turn us out and lock the doors against us. Therefore the first day, after I had gone from the morning meeting, when I crossed the square to dine, the young pastor came to me weeping, and notifying me that the official board had met and were then preparing to close us out of the house. I said to him, "Brother Fields, I am an old presiding elder and know the law on this subject. You go and tell them that Brother Godbey has no meeting here, but it is yours, and he is merely an humble helper. The law gives the pastor the control of the house during his time appointed by the Conference. Therefore, say to them, If you close this house, you shut out your own pastor, and I will bring charges against you at the next Annual Conference. Then they at once conceived the idea of telegraphing the presiding elder, who was a notorious holiness fighter.

In the providence of God, I had just received the first shipment of my "Christian perfection," sent from the publishing house to me at Hillsboro. On arrival, I had opened the box and mailed a number of them to my friends, and among them had sent one to Brother Stockton, presiding elder of the district in which I was preaching. On reception of

the book he began to read it, and found it so full of dynamite that he had to quit reading and go to praying for sanctification. So he and his wife were on their knees in their home praying for sanctification when the telegram reached them. Responsive to the call, he at once arose, boarded the train and finished reading the book as he ran along.

When he arrived at eleven o'clock, our morning meeting had just reached the altar service. I had made the call and the people were rushing to the altar from all directions. When I saw the familiar face of the presiding elder enter the door, I read his countenance like a book, and saw that God had complete possession of him. He came trotting down the aisle and fell at the altar. We all went to God in prayer; about half an hour had elapsed when He turned on us a heavenly landslide. Meanwhile quite a number tided over Jordan into Beulah Land, with loud shouts of victory, and among them the presiding elder. Rest assured we had a hallelujah time.

Three o'clock was the hour appointed by the board to hold their session, in view of closing the meeting. When the time was at hand, the presiding elder and pastor, arm in arm, both fresh and bright in the Beulah Land experience, crossed the square with shouts of praise ringing from their lips.

When they entered the office room, the presiding elder saluted them in Christian affection and notified them, "Brethren, you have sent for the wrong man if you want that holiness meeting closed.

By the grace of God I am one of them and for running that meeting right along, till Gabriel blows his trumpet." So they found themselves utterly defeated, as both the pastor and the presiding elder had entered the experience which they had combined to fight out of the church. Then the revival moved on without obstruction, as there was no chance to stop it.

But the Presbyterian pastor, Brother Jacobs, started a competitive meeting in his church, which the disaffected Methodists and other anti-holiness people attended. Among his great sermons against sanctification, he preached one about Job, which he and the people who heard him regarded as absolutely unanswerable. In view of its sterling value, they had it published in one of the city papers, which was banded to me. My people became interested about it and asked me publicly to answer it, to which I readily consented, at the same time respectfully inviting its author to be present and see that I did not misrepresent him. As it was pre-announced, they gave me a tremendous crowd that night, eager to hear me answer the powerful argument which they had read in the paper. Brother Jacobs sat in a chair directly in front of me, as, holding the paper in my hand, and touching the salient points, I proceeded to answer his arguments.

So I began, "The Bible tells us about a debate which God had with the devil in reference to Job.

In this debate, if you will read the book of Job, you will see that God told the devil that Job was a perfect man, and asked if he had considered him, how there was none like him in the land. History repeats itself, over and over, as the ages roll on and disembody into eternity, so, in the providence of God, we have this same debate now about Job. It was not my pleasure to meet him as I did not live on the earth in his day. Therefore I personally know nothing about him, but simply give you what God tells me, and assure you that I verily believe it. I see in the Bible, and so do you, that God says Job was a perfect man, and told the devil so. Consequently I believe it without a doubt. If Job was perfect, since grace is free and God is no respecter of persons, others can be perfect, too. And I read in the Bible that Hezekiah, Asa, and others, were perfect in their generation.

"While God said Job was a perfect man, Satan denied it, and charged him with much imperfection. We have this same debate now going on between Brother Jacobs and myself

in reference to Job. He takes the position that Job was not a perfect man, but very imperfect, and in that he precisely agrees with Satan. I tell you, Job was a perfect man, for the simple reason that God said he was, and I believe everything God says, because I know He cannot be mistaken. I am glad that in this debate with my brother, your pastor, I am on God's side, and am sorry that he has made the awful mistake of taking the devil's side, and advise him now to recognize that mistake and change his attitude, bidding adieu to Satan and coming over on God's side."

At that time, Brother Jacobs, taking his hat, walked out of the door, and I never saw him afterward. Every preacher who undertakes to argue against perfection, or sanctification, which is the same thing, will get into the same trouble and find himself pulling the devil's end of the rope, and actually helping the prince of the bottomless pit to propagate his falsehood.

Perfection is from the Latin, *facio*, to make, and *per*, complete; therefore, it means to make complete. Sanctification is from the same Latin word *facio* to make, and *sanctus*, holy; therefore it simply means the work by which we are made holy. Here you see sanctification and perfection are precisely synonymous.

As the meeting moved on, we had some of that knock down power, which you saw expounded in an earlier part of this chapter. Among those thus smitten down was a stalwart man in his vigor and prime. I stayed with the seekers till eleven P. M., then went away to take my needed rest, leaving some of the saints to watch with those who could not get away. About two o'clock in the morning, some of his friends procured a wagon and carried him home and sent for the doctor, who on arrival diagnosed him thoroughly and decided that he was in perfect health and nothing at all wrong with his body. Then they asked him why he could not walk. The doctor responded, "I cannot tell you; I only know that he has no disease, and is all right physically. As to why he cannot walk, you will have to ask somebody else." So he left him, but when the Great Physician came to his relief, he had more life and activity than his comforters.

When I went to the campmeeting in the country, the following summer, I found quite a gifted layman, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, leading the embattled host. Upon investigation, I found he was the leading steward who tried so hard to close the doors against our holiness meeting, and still held out, after the sanctification of the presiding elder kept them wide open. The air was full of conviction, therefore God's lightning reached him and gloriously sanctified him, so that when I arrived I found him the leader in the fight against sin. Fortunately for him he was an honest man, like Saul of Tarsus, and open to conviction. All such are very apt to get into the light sooner or later.

Though I had many calls to the West Texas Conference, bordering on the Gulf and Old Mexico, about two years elapsed after I began my work in that great dominion of the Southwest, before I was able to reach that distant land. With ample calls to keep me all winter, I ran through the state, passing multitudes of pressing calls, in order to serve the brethren in the West Conference. My first appointment was at Blanco, a county seat, forty miles north of San Marcus, where we disembarked from the Sunset Railroad. Having with my junior co-laborer stopped at a hotel, the Methodist pastor, characteristic of Southern hospitality, sent for us to come and stay at, the parsonage. Therefore, responsive to his kind invitation, we gladly availed ourselves of his generosity. Sanctification puts us where we have no secrets, therefore I not only told him all of my calls by his brethren, but presented him my books on sanctification, of which at that early day I had only written three.

The next morning embarking on the hack, we went away twenty-five miles to our appointment.

There the Lord gave us a glorious revival. When we returned to San Marcus to leave on the railroad, calling at the parsonage whither our mail was ordered, and reading it, I found every door closed except one, and that was Uvalde, a county seat, far out on the Mexican border. The reason why they all closed against me was because the pastor at San Marcus, to whom I had communicated my entire program and presented my books, had written to every one of them, sounding the alarm trumpet, notifying them of their awful impending danger in having made the mistake of calling a wild, fanatical holiness crank, who would certainly ruin their church if he ever got into it, and exhorting them to close at once and write me at that office, rescinding their calls, and he would see that I got it.

The only reason why Uvalde was not closed, was because the pastor was a Gospel son of mine, having preached in my district three years, when I was presiding elder. Therefore he did not heed the warning given, but kept the door wide open, only hoping that I would come. Therefore we went away two hundred miles over the Sunset Route, arriving on Wednesday. The town of five thousand was the emporium of a great cowboy region, where the people made their living by their herds and flocks out on the ranches. About half of the population were Mexicans. I found it significantly the "Wild West," the rendezvous of ruffians, thieves, gamblers and murderers, who, having committed crimes in the States, had fled from justice.

When we began the meetings in the Methodist Church, which was the largest in the city, I found just a few old people who cheered me with a clear testimony to their justification. They had a grand choir, consisting of about forty, who sang melodiously and vociferously, but I hardly think any of them knew the Lord. Though there was a large membership, in the clear light of the Spirit and facilitated by His beautiful gift denominated. "discernment of the spirits," I Cor. 12:8-11, I quickly saw that it was not worth while for me to spend time preaching sanctification to the very few justified people in my audience, but the work incumbent upon me, by the help of the Lord, was to preach conviction on the multitudes of lost souls who encouraged me with a splendid curiosity congregation. Therefore I took Mount Sinai for my pulpit and proceeded as God gave me His thunderbolts, lightning-shafts, earthquakes, cyclones and typhoons, to hurl them on the Hellward-bound multitude with all my might, as God constantly gave me a vivid panorama of a bottomless Hell, with those people in solid columns rushing toward it at race horse speed. I saw most demonstratively that the devil had them by the throat, and was dragging them into Hell. I had moved along on this awful Hell and damnation line and did not know that I was making them terribly mad.

I was doing my best to alarm their guilty fears before it was eternally too late. Therefore with the long Gospel mattock, I dug up their sins, exposing them without distinction or mercy. Of course, nearly all of my audience were guilty of dark iniquities, bloody atrocities, terrible crimes and diabolical transgressions of various sorts. Amid all of my arduous efforts to portray the dismal doom of the damned, the unutterable horrors of the bottomless pit, and the revolting contemplations clustering around an eternity of woe, I was simply doing my best to snatch them as brands from the eternal burning.

I was preaching for conviction, having called no seekers, but patiently waiting amid an assiduous tide while the Holy Spirit was doing His work, fastening conviction on them which they would not be able to cast off.

Sunset was the schedule time for the night meeting to begin with song and prayer, for I was sedulously availing myself of all the help I could get in public prayer for the conviction of the lost people. My shot proved too hot for that magnificent worldly choir, in which, as I was reliably informed, saloon clerks, gamblers, blasphemers, libertines, and drinking men were participants.

Therefore my terrific preaching on the doom of the wicked soon "skedaddled" that

splendid choir; leaving the singing for the few people who were blessed with the knowledge and fear of God.

One evening when I was standing on the verandah and ringing the bell for half an hour by the sun, good old Brother Walker, a superannuated Methodist preacher, who was living there with his sons, came to me and said. "Quit ringing that bell, and go with me to our house, where we aim to guard you till the two o'clock eastbound train, and send you away before they kill you; for they have gotten so mad at your plain, straight, rough preaching, so boldly exposing all of their sins, that they have taken gross offense and are going to mob you tonight."

I knew it was coming, as it was almost a daily occurrence to kill men there. The last night I was at Blanco a woman with tears in her eyes, warned me not to go to Uvalde because her dear brother had been killed there. When I arrived in Uvalde an Old Methodist preacher met me and told me that he brought four promising sons to that place and they had all been killed. I had gone out and walked through the graveyard and seen superscriptions on the tombstones stating that the inmates were murdered. I saw a double grave superscribed, "These men were both murdered," giving the date. I suppose all the men there went armed. But I did not heed the old preacher but continued to ring the bell. He still tried to get me to quit, assuring me that I would have no congregation, because they had been cursing me all over town and arrangements were made to mob and kill me that night. But he said that the good people had made arrangements to guard me at his house till the first east bound train at two o'clock and put me on it, thus sending me away and saving my life. Then I said, "Brother Walker, we will turn the proposition round; you stay here with me and I will protect you, for I see that you are afraid, and I am not." So I continued to ring the bell, and, as I expected, a large audience assembled and filled the house, which was quite capacious.

We went on with the introductory songs and prayers beginning at sunset and the people gathering till I supposed they had nearly all arrived, then I proceeded to take for my text, Psa. 9:17, "The wicked shall be turned into Hell and all the nations that forget God." As I looked them in the face and dispensed to them the awful truth of their coming doom, I concluded that old Brother Walker was correct in regard to their purposes. I saw the lurid glare of Hell in their faces and the very fire of the pit flashing from their eyes, and could hear them grit their teeth, and could see clearly that Satan had them and that they were full of demons; I realized that the very powers of Hell were present. Rely upon it, I preached my best, and God wonderfully helped me.

My sermon was lengthy and all of it on the horrible doom of the lost, describing the unutterable horrors of Hell, and doing my utmost to portray an eternity of woe, telling them that God sent me there to warn them of their impending danger, and He would put me on the witness block in the day of judgment to testify against them, because I had faithfully delivered God's solemn warning, and they had hardened their hearts and stiffened their necks. But I would be clear of their blood in that great day when we would all stand before the flaming judgment bar.

As I went on I could see changes in their countenances, paleness superseding the redness of wrath and indignation. As I continued to portray the awful doom of the judgment, and to paint an eternity in the flames of Hell, I began to hear groans, sighs and sobs. These increased more and more and became louder and more acute; then they began to fall from their seats and to scream, actually by their moans, groans, shrieks and cries, drowning my voice. Then for the first time during the meeting, I threw the altar open for the people who wanted their sins forgiven and their souls saved before it was eternally too late. Behold; one hundred people made for the mercy-seat, falling at the altar and crying.

Oh, what a revival followed! Twenty-three days I there remained, witnessing the mighty

works of God. The conversions were bright as a sunburst, and all, so fast as they got saved, went to work heroically at the altar with the seekers, and in the congregation with the sinners.

Conviction so rested on the town that it was said they closed all the saloons, and they were many, and they had good reason to close them because all of their clerks were at the mourner's bench. The town was notorious as a gambling hell. They closed all of the gambling houses. The drummers coming, stood on the streets bewildered and saying, "What in the world is the matter with Uvalde?"

It seemed that a heavenly cyclone had dropped down and seized the whole town in its whorls, as if the archangel of doom had already descended and was blowing his mighty trumpet, for a solemn awe had taken possession of all the people. Debauched men, drunkards, gamblers, libertines and murderers were coming to me in vacant hours and saying, "Preacher, are you praying for me? Do you not know that I am the worst man in the world?" It seemed that everybody you could find was either crying over sin or talking for Jesus or shouting the praises of God.

The second Saturday and Sunday of our revival was the regular time of the quarterly meeting.

When Dr. Harris, the presiding elder of San Antonio District came along, I met him with congratulations of rejoicing and praising God for his arrival, saying to him, "My dear brother, I am an old presiding elder and know the duties of your office. Of course you are in charge during your appointed time and I am only an auditor and your humble helper at your option." Then he said, "No, brother, please excuse me from preaching, as I shall not take your place in any of the evening services." When I insisted that he should feel free to fill his regular appointment, he said, "I have read in the Bible of a man by the name of Uzzah, who dropped dead because he took hold of God's ark. I shall certainly profit by his sad fate, for I have never, (and he was an old man) seen a meeting like this in all of my life. The power of God here manifest throughout this whole town actually excels anything I have ever known. Therefore I am not willing to do anything, lest I might grieve the Holy host, who is working here as I never saw in all my life. Truly the people old and young, great and small, saints and sinners, all manifest to me that they are wrought upon by the Holy Ghost as I never saw before. And I do realize that it is most unmistakably the presence and power of God."

Such was the verdict of the presiding elder on his arrival Saturday morning to hold his quarterly meeting. He utterly refusing to take the meeting it devolved on me to do the preaching; therefore I preached to them on sanctification, closing with an invitation for seekers. Among others, he took his place at the altar; the Lord sent the power and souls tided over.

After dismissal he took me aside and said, "I have a confession to make to you. Whereas the preachers in my district had called you to come and hold revival meetings for them, since your arrival they have again written to you, rescinding all of those engagements and closing their churches against you." I responded, "Please, brother, give yourself no trouble about that; it is all right; God will open doors enough." Then he proceeded, "But, brother, hold on and let me make my confession.

You must not blame those pastors for rescinding their calls and closing you out. I am to blame for that, because I ordered them to do so, pursuant to a letter received from the pastor at San Marcus, stating that he had entertained you in his own house, and gotten acquainted with you and found you to be a wild fanatic, crazy on holiness, and if I did not want all the churches ruined, the thing to do was to keep you out. Therefore I wrote to all of my preachers, as he sent me the list of your calls, (as you had given it to him), ordering

them to write you at San Marcus, in care of that pastor, rescinding their calls. I also wrote to Brother Shaw at this place to rescind and close you out, but I am very glad he did not obey my order, which I assure you I gave in the integrity of my heart. As to all the balance, I see now I was led astray by the San Marcus pastor, who (as I hope, innocently) misrepresented you as a wild fanatic. I find you nothing but an old-style Methodist preacher on the Wesleyan line and preaching (as we all ought to) with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. I have thoroughly investigated to my own satisfaction, since I came to this town, and find it is truly the work of God and is as free from fanaticism as anything I ever saw, and just what I want throughout San Antonio District. I will now write at once to all these brethren, confessing my mistake and telling them to renew their calls at once.”

The preachers thereafter no longer waited on the slow run of the mails, but poured telegrams on me from all directions, urging me to come at once. The result was that I found the whole Conference open to me and stayed there six months, going from city to city, and witnessing the mighty work of God.

The time of the quarterly meeting was really opportune, coming as it did twelve days after my arrival, because I found Satan so impregnably fortified that if the quarterly meeting had come off a week sooner, it would have been too early for the coming power. Consequently the presiding elder would have skedaddled me out; but the twelve days’ run by the blessing of God had brought us over the crisis. Then the walls of Jericho had fallen down flat and God had descended, so putting His subduing hand on the whole community that all of the people coming, recognized His presence, halted in their tracks, trembled and soliloquized, “Surely God is in this place; and this is none other than the house of God and the gate to Heaven.”

In this we have a brilliant illustration of what God will do if you are true to Him. That place was so awfully wicked, and the Church so captured by Satan, that the terrific Gospel, which was absolutely indispensable to their conviction, actually provoked that mob, who aimed to kill me. But God is always more than a match for the devil and all his myrmidons. He came to my relief, and put down His omnipotent hand on all the people in a conviction which suddenly and unexpectedly paralyzed all their Satanic devices and put the importunate cry in the deep interior of every heart, “What shall I do to be saved?” Even the presiding elder, who, with all his culture, (for he was both an A. M. and a D. D. had been deluded by Satan and, manipulated to run me out of the whole country, in one short hour after his arrival radically revolutionized, confessed, and rescinded all of his actions against me, and became my right hand helper, throwing every door open and writing to all the preachers notifying them that it was a God-sent opportunity to have such a revival in their churches which they badly needed but never dreamed of.

My own heart was never disturbed by all of those machinations of the enemy, but I rested perfectly in Jesus, fully assured that He would manage His part if I would be true. Though I was fifteen hundred miles from home, having come that distance to answer the calls of the preachers, still God took care of me and gave me victory. Never be discouraged at the most formidable combinations against you; great things are as easy for Omnipotence as the smallest.

From Uvalde, we went to Florisville, another county seat. There, with an audience of fifteen hundred, the Lord gave us another glorious revival, hundreds getting converted, reclaimed or sanctified. While I was moving ahead, preaching the Sinai Gospel with all my might, utilizing the enginery of prayer and testimony, co-operatively with my Sinaic thunder, lightning, earthquakes, cyclones and typhoons, the Baptist pastor who had already been sanctified and was taking an active part in the meeting, got up and spoke about two minutes, then threw the altar open for sinners who wanted salvation to come and seek. About eighty of those wild cowboys crowded to the altar. I had already been

inviting seekers for sanctification, but had given no invitation to sinners because I did not think the conviction was sufficient.

In those days I never held little short meetings, as I do now, for the especial edification of the Lord's people and the conversion of sinners who are ripe enough, but at that time I made it a rule to stay till Satan was defeated and the glorious victory came.

This premature call for sinners really damaged the work, because we found it difficult for them to reach a satisfactory conversion, because their conviction was not deep enough. As a rule, our holiness people are too expeditious in their revival work. They call for penitents prematurely and find them difficult to lead into a bright and glorious experience. Without a genuine Holy Ghost conviction, all sinners are gum logs, neither splittable into rails, nor rivable into boards, but the real and potent illumination and conviction of the Holy Ghost turns all of these old gum trees into chestnut and white oak, so that they split like a top and rive like lightning.

While I was always flooded with calls, I made it a rule never unduly to expedite the work, thus going ahead of the Holy Ghost. Consequently other calls had to wait till I could reach them. I made it a rule to preach Sinai till conviction settled on the people like a nightmare. Then it was easy to get them brightly and triumphantly converted. I have closed many a meeting without any altar call, when I knew that they would crowd it if I gave them an invitation, but I wanted the Spirit to have time to do His work. I have frequently gone on till the sinners would come to me, trembling like Belshazzar, and say, "Preacher; are you never going to have a mourner's bench? I feel that I will be dead and in Hell before the sun goes down, if you do not give me a chance to seek the Lord." Then of course I would open the altar.

Premature calls not only give unworkable material, on which to wear ourselves out, but conduce to superficial professions, which are worse than none. Evangelists often think that a long meeting will not receive proportional financial support. I always found it the very opposite. The most liberal financial remuneration I ever received was for meetings running for six weeks. Paul's first protracted meeting at Corinth lasted eighteen months. An eleven months' protracted meeting constitutes a bright oasis in my pilgrimage.

Seguin, Texas, a flourishing county seat of eight thousand; was also the scene of a great battle and a glorious victory. On arrival, the cultured pastor a collegiate graduate and a member of the General Conference, responsive to my interrogations in reference to Christian union and cooperation, answered me very encouragingly, "Yes, brother, that is all right. Our eight churches in this city are in perfect harmony, and we all work together in our revival meetings. Therefore you can perfectly rely on their sympathy and cooperation.

However, to my sorrow, I soon found that the union was in the dance, at the card table, and in the whiskey bottle. Looking out of my window I saw two men drinking alternately out of the same bottle, and asked a citizen who they were. "Oh, that man with the gray clothes is a Methodist steward, and the gentleman in blue is a Baptist deacon." I found my pastor in perfect harmony with all, and so appreciative with the Roman Catholics that I actually wondered why he did not join them.

He tried in vain to get me to join him in the celebration of some of their days.

Having reconnoitered the situation thoroughly, I found that nothing but straight, red-hot Gospel dynamite would amount to anything in the prosecution of the contemplated siege. Therefore I opened fire on the enemy's works all along the line, sparing nothing, but bombarding every citadel which Diabolus had fortified for the protection of his people, not only throughout "Vanity Fair," but in all the churches as well. The Lord wonderfully helped me to do my best. I fought like a dog in a yellow jacket's nest, wielding my

gattling gun without distinction or mercy. The Holy Spirit signally used His Word.

After several days of bombardment, I opened the altar, which was crowded and filled with seekers. I immediately found myself lassoed by Satan through the instrumentality of a cultured, high toned pastor, who seemed to be utterly destitute of spiritual illumination. Electrified with the splendid audience, and thrilled with encouragement when he saw them crowd the altar, he, thinking, "Now is the time for me to augment the membership of my church," availing himself of his pastoral prerogative, as soon as I got the altar filled with penitents, instead of working to get them saved, proceeded at once to exhort them all to join the Church, and gave them an urgent invitation.

The result was that he broke up the altar service, and got no joiners, because convicted people do not feel like joining the Church, on the contrary they realize their utter unworthiness to take that step.

He persisted however in his church-joining enterprise, though receiving no encouragement in the way of response.

Thus I was actually caught in Satan's trap, and manacled by the irresistible authority of the pastor.

Of course, I could do nothing but turn the trouble over to God, who sent in the presiding elder of the district to cut the gordian knot and set the meeting free. I found him at the opposite pole of the battery, the very reverse of the pastor; exceedingly humble, good, sensible, and in full sympathy with the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification, he was earnestly seeking the blessing but was not clear in the experience.

In a private interview, having posted him in reference to the dilemma, he told me to go ahead, preach, and throw the altar open and make my full calculation upon having my own way – he would attend to the pastor.

Sure enough, when they crowded the altar, the pastor got up to give his invitation again, taking it for granted that all who came to the altar ought to join the Church, holding the exceedingly superficial view of the Spirit's work which led him to conclude that the very fact of their coming to the altar was ample evidence that they were in good fix to join the Church, whereas the awful Sinai preaching that I was giving them brought such a conviction that they would never join the Church until they got converted, which is certainly the normal economy of Gospel grace.

When the pastor was about to open the doors of his church, the presiding elder walked up, put his hand on his shoulder and said, "My dear brother, as presiding elder of this district, I feel that I have some official rights, among which I claim the privilege of controlling this meeting." Then the pastor very politely responded, "All right, brother, I turn it all over to you and shall have nothing more to do with the management of it; it is now in your hands." Then, in the presence of the pastor, the presiding elder said to me; "Now, Brother Godbey, the control of the meeting is in my hands.

Therefore I turn it all over to you, now you are monarch of all you survey. Your rights there are none to dispute." Then of course the brakes were forever gone, and we had a wonderful soul-saving time.

There were people of all denominations and outsiders crowding the altar, praying through to God and rising to witness to His mighty power to save. Before the meeting was over, we saw the glorious Christian union about which I had spoken to the pastor. Whereas before it had been Satan's union in his kingdom, we saw that union now wonderfully verified in the kingdom of God.

After waiting long, the Lord opened the way for me, responsive to the pastor's call, to go

to Whitesburg, Texas. There we met some noble C- P- holiness people, who gathered from the surrounding country from far and near, delighted with the prospect of a holiness meeting. With that heroic working band, we could have had a wonderful revival, which the pastor so much desired. But after about a week of hard work, laying the foundation for a great Pentecostal blessing on the people, the carnal element of the Methodist Church unfortunately having the pre-eminence and hating good, humble, spiritual people, complained that they had come in and taken the meeting out of their hands, which was not true. God had sent these good people, as that town imperatively needed a working force to defeat the devil and pray down a revival and lead the people to the Lord. But the enemy forced the pastor preemptorily to close the meeting; thus signally defeating the revival which was so much needed.

I knew that he grieved the Holy Spirit in obeying his carnal members instead of God. When shortly after that I heard that he had died, I was deeply impressed that God took him out of the world for that signal act of maladministration, by which he made Hell rejoice and Heaven weep.

A similar case once occurred in Kentucky, where I went to hold a holiness meeting in the Methodist Church, by invitation. The pastor of another church, an able and highly educated man, having heard of my appointment, published that he would preach in his church the first Sunday morning of our meeting, aiming to forestall and defeat our meeting by proving to the people the falsity of our position; utterly refuting and annihilating the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification. Sure enough there was a great meeting in his church that very Sunday morning, but it was to attend his funeral, as he had suddenly and unexpectedly to all dropped dead in his tracks, the preceding Thursday. As he was a leading Free Mason, they had postponed his funeral till Sunday, so as to give ample advertisement and enjoy the leisure day for the grand convocation of the fraternity.

We had a similar corroboration in case of one of the greatest theologians ever in America, who, early in the Holiness Movement, prepared a series of able lectures in which he claimed to utterly refute the doctrine and experience. After Inskip, MacDonald, and a few others who were then preaching it, had visited the city and, with the blessing of God, had led some of the people into the experience, the anti-holiness people sent for Dr. H____ to come and dig it out by the roots.

In a New Jersey city, where God had sanctified a band of people, Dr. H____ had an appointment to deliver his lecture and demolish the "fanaticism" -- meanwhile the holiness people wrote to all of the leading preachers in the Movement (few in number at that time), to unite with them in prayer to God to defeat the contemplated assault against His work, and to protect it for His own sake.

Dr. H____ came and had delivered one lecture, which was introductory, getting the people ready for that important work of demolishing their fanaticism; then he took sick and met the audience no more, but soon died, and was carried away in his coffin.

I also had a parallel case in a Colorado city, whither I was called for a revival. I found a splendid church edifice, a large, wealthy membership and a vigorous, able preacher; everything encouraging except the spiritual interest, which was constantly at a very low ebb. However, about a dozen good holiness people gathered in to enjoy the Feast of the Tabernacles and lend a helping hand to push forward the salvation wagon. I quickly saw that my deep digging with the sanctification mattock was going awfully hard with the pastor. I began on Monday and went on till Friday, when he just seemed to be in agony. Therefore, taking me aside, with flowing tears, he said, "Brother Godbey, as I called you here, I am very sorry to have to send you away, but I cannot help it. Your preaching is actually killing us all; my wife is one of the best women in the world, and you have got

her so awfully upset that she has not slept in three nights. I thought I could stand it better but I have not slept in two nights; and, to tell you the truth, my leading members are walking the streets like crazy men, actually incapable of attending to their business. If I do not send you away, we will all die. I have a good church here of noble Christians, but you are tearing it all to pieces. I called you that we might have a revival and get the sinners converted, but instead of that your awful preaching is actually upsetting and smashing all my members and making them, and me, too, feel like we have no religion.”

I said, “All right, brother, I bid you a loving adieu.” I never saw him afterward. He weighed one hundred and eighty, and was in the vigor of his manhood, but he died that year. He said to people who told me, “I will die before I will take what that man is preaching.” When I heard of his death so soon afterward, I felt deeply impressed that God took him at his word and let him die.

When they closed me out at Whitesburg, Texas, and I had to leave, it so happened that my next appointment was five hundred miles distant, and, as usual, I had two red-hot young men, whom I carried as helpers in the work. At that time no evangelists in the South received any railroad favor.

Therefore we needed forty-five dollars to buy tickets to the next appointment in northwest Missouri.

From the day the Lord sanctified me, in 1868, I have always lived by faith, never charged anything for my work, nor even insinuated for a contribution. As these people had rejected us and closed us out, of course, I would not dishonor the Lord by asking them for traveling expenses.

At that time, we lived at Carlisle, Ky. All my life I always made it a rule never to let my wife get out of money, even if I borrowed it. In my travels in all of the early years of my ministry, before I had written books and carried them with me to donate and sell to people, to help them experimentally, I frequently found it necessary to borrow money to make my next run, invariably sending back the first I got, even if it necessitated my borrowing again. So at this time I had no money anywhere on the earth, but when I reached this dilemma and the time came for us to travel, minus the necessary finances, I got on my knees before God, and turned over to Him Farmers’ Bank of Carlisle, Ky. I stayed on my knees till I heard from Heaven and realized that God had His hand on that bank; then, taking the pastor to identify me, I went to the bank in Whitesburg, and presented a draft on the Farmers’ Bank of Carlisle, Kentucky, and drew out all the money we needed to purchase the three full fare tickets. Independently we went to the depot with shouts of victory ringing from our lips, bought our tickets and went on our way rejoicing. Long before we completed our tour and returned to Kentucky, the Lord gave me the money and I sent it to the bank.

On reaching home I went at once from the depot to the bank to face the officers with a personal apology for drawing on them when I had not a cent of money on deposit, which is very irregular, from a financial standpoint. Looking over the counter as I went in. I said to the cashier, “I have come to apologize for drawing on you when I had no money on deposit.” He looked me in the face and said, as a tear came to his eye, “Preacher, when I received that draft, as it put me in an awkward position, knowing that you had no money here, I turned it over to the Board for them to decide before I paid it off. This done, then I read it to them and told them that you had no money on deposit and asked them what to do. After a silent minute the oldest man among them said, ‘I like that preacher; he is an honest fellow, and I expect he is in a tight place; I move that we pay it.’ The motion carried unanimously. So, preacher, if you get in a tight place again, call on us and we will help you out.”

Pastor Avarill had gathered up the people, built a big bush arbor and pitched a campmeeting in a thickly settled region of Cartwright Prairie, Texas, and called your humble servant to preach. The people had grown rich and prosperous, cultivating that wonderful soil, black as a crow and about one dozen feet deep. They had been much neglected by the Gospel heralds and had grown desperately wicked. Of course I just had to go down into the cesspools of iniquity, unearth the vices and expose their follies, without distinction or mercy. We had an awful battle with the powers of darkness of earth and Hell combined against us.

As the days went by the battle waxed hotter and hotter. My plain, rough preaching made them awfully mad. They beat me twice with prairie dirt because they could not find rocks, as there were none about, but those clods felt on my body hard as rocks. They also poured the eggs on me in unstinted profusion. I remember well the physique of the hoodlum who led the ruffian rabble in egging me. I could see old Diabolus in him, big as a rhinoceros. Of course I never expected to hear from him again, but several years afterward when I was preaching for the Free Methodists in St.

Louis, they told me about the evangelist who had conducted the campmeeting, calling my name, and telling the circumstance of pelting me with the eggs, saying that when he threw an egg with all the power of his stalwart arm, hit me between the eyes, deluging my face and knocking my spectacles off, and I took it so sweetly and lovingly, manifesting not the slightest resentment, then conviction struck him like lightning. Of course he thought nothing of it, expecting it to evanesce very quickly, but in this he was mistaken. On the contrary it held on like a leech and went down deeper and deeper till he felt he would die, broke down, sought and found the Lord. Then getting convicted for sanctification, he at once set out to get it. Toiling on day after day and trying to make his consecration, he reached the point when he had actually run up against great old China, where they kill the missionaries but can get no farther. Then he said, "All right, Lord, give me China, that will be to me a heaven contrastively with Hell, so let me have it." There God wonderfully sanctified him, giving him the glorious baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. He was at that time on his way to China.

When I was in China during the present year I was anxious to hunt him up, but found two formidable impediments in the way of evangelistic work in that country. The greatest difficulty is the problem of conveyance, as they are not at all supplied with railroads. In India I traveled six thousand miles preaching night and day for three months, but in China this is not possible. Another difficulty in traveling through China is the awful state of hostility to foreigners which, when I was there, really disqualified us for evangelistic work in that country. I was anxious to meet my hoodlum who had pelted me with the eggs. Oh, how I wanted to see him and give him an old-style hug.

Despite the rough treatment they gave me at that campmeeting, the Lord did a wonderful work, which abides to this day. Those wicked people got converted and sanctified and established a permanent holiness campmeeting, which is still continued. They have often called me to come back and preach for them, saying they would rather see me than any other man in the world.

My Gospel son, Brother Fred Adams, called me to his campmeeting far out in the wild west of the Northwestern Texas Conference. As it was eight miles from the railroad at Jacksonville, the county-seat, and the distance I had to come so far, they could have no very correct idea as to the time of my arrival. Therefore all the people on the campground, the meetings already having begun, had a mutual understanding that everybody going to town should watch the train, make inquiry and catch me when I landed. It so happened that a clever German brother was the first one to pick me up the moment I stepped off the car, mount me on his jolt wagon and carry me to the campground. Of course I at once

began to preach to him, asking him if he had ever been born again. He was utterly bewildered to give me an answer and said he had never heard of, such a thing before. Verily I caught him in surprise, like Jesus did Nicodemus.

So I proceeded to explain it to him and assure him that he must receive the supernatural birth from God out of Heaven, wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, whom God would send to him in answer to prayer. I told him the Spirit would execute that mighty work which would make him a new man, and bring him into a new world, putting a new spirit within him, giving him a new heart, and superinducing a new life which will shine and shout through this world and brighter eternally in the world to come, not only making this life all glorious sunshine, but giving him Heaven forever when the storms and sorrows of this probationary pilgrimage shall have passed away.

While I was thus preaching to him with all my might, he suddenly broke silence to notify me that it was not worth while for me to do all of that good preaching to him, because he was a born Roman Catholic. When he was about to start to America he said the priest came to see him and bade him farewell, saying to them, "You are now about to sail for America, that far off land, and if you ever live to cross the great Atlantic Ocean, which of course is uncertain, as you may rest assured the storms will howl and the tempests rage, seeking to wrap you in watery winding sheets, you say you are going to Texas which is far away on the borders of Old Mexico. When you reach that howling wilderness in the wild west, you will not be apt to ever see another Catholic priest. Therefore the thing for you to do is to settle the matter once for all, that you will stick to the Catholic Church, come what may, or go what may. I assure you that it is your only safety. If you stick to the Catholic Church, though you may have to go through the fires of purgatory, you are as sure of Heaven as if you were in it. It is only a question of time; rest assured you will get there in the blessed finale 'safe and sound. Therefore all of you (his wife and sister) come and kneel down before me and take a solemn oath that you will live and die in the Holy Catholic Church."

He then informed me that they took that oath, and consequently never could think about leaving the Catholic Church; so, as I was a Methodist preacher, though my preaching was really good, he never could join the Methodist Church. I then informed him that he was utterly mistaken; that I did not want him to leave the Catholic Church, but certainly expected him to live and die in it. But I told him that if he did not get born from above, as the Savior told Nicodemus to do, the devil was certain to take him to Hell when he died. The thing for every good Catholic and everybody else to do is to be sure that they are born from above. When I succeeded in convincing him that I had no purpose whatever to take him out of the Catholic Church, but was perfectly willing for him to stay in it, he again became silent and very attentive, actually listening spellbound, as he did not well understand English.

Now, while the wagon ran those eight miles I had nothing to do but preach to him. Rest assured I did my best. Before we reached the camp, I saw that the lightning had struck him. Before we dismounted I asked him if he would attend all of the meetings. He responded in the affirmative. I found him all the time sitting directly in front of me and giving the most profound attention.

Arriving on Thursday I spent all of my time until Sunday night preaching on sanctification, especially in view of getting our forces armed and equipped for the oncoming campaign, as I was satisfied that a great multitude were coming from all parts of that vast wild west. By Sunday we had many tenters on the ground and a vast multitude of people not only filling the great auditorium but overflowing it. On Sunday night I preached directly to the unconverted, using as the text, Psa. 9:17, "The wicked shall be turned into Hell with all the nations that forget God." The immense audience listened as if

the archangel of the final judgment morn had descended and was sounding his mighty trumpet and calling the nations to the flaming Tribunal of the omniscient Judge of the quick and the dead.

As that was my first message that I had directed to the unconverted, I took plenty of time, knowing that the great majority of those people had become exceedingly wicked in that wild country.

While dispensing the living Word, I warned them to flee the wrath to come, at the same time revealing the appalling horrors of a bottomless Hell, amid penal fires unquenchable. The blessed Spirit wonderfully helped me to portray the eternity of woe most certainly awaiting the unconverted.

As the moments fled away and conviction settled down on that lost multitude like a nightmare from the eternal world, groans, sighs, heaves and sobs became distinctly audible. The tide of conviction rising higher and higher, they began to weep aloud in different places through that great auditorium. The scene intensifies as conviction comes like an incorrigible paralysis on the people and they begin to fall from their seats, losing the physical power of locomotion. The moans increase on all sides till they rise like the roar of many waters, so drowning my voice that I am constrained to open the altar quickly a multitude rush to it and crowd it to overflowing. Looking round I see an altar out in the auditorium where the people have fallen and seem unable to get away. I look in the other direction and see another altar and the dear saints pressing the battle. In still a third direction I see another altar, and oh, how the Christians are toiling to lead the penitents to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world! They are actually peregrinating the crowd like the resurrection angels, when the Lord shall descend to catch away His waiting Bride.

The first one to rush to the altar when I gave the invitation was that German who had carried me to the camp. Oh, how he prayed to God, for Christ's sake, to forgive his sins and give him a new heart. About ten o'clock he came through bright as a meridian sunburst and shouting all over the tabernacle. Forgetting that he was in an English-speaking audience, he fell to exhorting in German and singing songs.

Wonderful was the work of the Lord that memorable Sunday night, when many passed out of darkness into light, while others were fording the Jordan and entering Beulah Land.

At eleven o'clock I proceeded to dismiss the congregation although I knew many would linger until they found the Lord. When I was about to pronounce the benediction, this joyful, newly-born German begged me most importunately not to dismiss, saying, "You see I have got it, but here are my wife and sister at the altar and I want you to hold on till they get it." I told him to rest easy for God would surely give it to them, and so He did in His own good time. The meeting proved a glorious victory; before it was over this German had not only been converted, but sanctified. At the conclusion of the encampment, when Brother Adams invited people to join the Church, this German, accompanied by his wife and sister, was among the first, they having forgotten all about the oath sworn in Germany at the knee of the priest, solemnly obligating themselves to stick to the Catholic Church and die in it.

This illustrates the great mistake there is in fighting churches. That is not our business. We have all we can do to fill our regular contract to fight the devil and sin. Holiness people make two mistakes – they fight fireflies instead of devils, and doctors instead of diseases. Let us take warning and make these mistakes no more. I had to convince that German that I had no fight with his Church, but only wanted his soul saved. A fight with his Church would simply have aroused his carnality in its defense. A similar mistake is made in fighting lodgery. The thing for us to do is to preach Jesus and tell people how to

get saved. You have nothing to do but get them saved to the uttermost, i. e., sanctified wholly, and lodgery, along with sectarianism, dies a natural death. If you want to kill, always shoot at the heart. Otherwise you may inflict flesh wounds and make a great show with flowing blood, and yet your enemy convalesce and soon meet you again in battle array.



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