



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

ILLUSTRATIONS AND EXPERIENCES

In Sixty-four Years of Holiness Ministry

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Seven Mysteries of the Bible
Rudiments of Romans
Holiness and Its Relatives
Thy Kingdom Come
Truths that Transform

PREFACE

Knowing from experience how hard it is for young preachers to get illustrations for their sermons, and realizing that illustrations are the windows to a sermon letting in light on the truth being preached, I have felt for some time God laying it on my heart to prepare a book of my own personal illustrations which I have gathered from my personal experiences while laboring in many different countries of the world during the past sixty-four years of my holiness ministry.

God has used them greatly in opening the minds of my hearers to gospel truth. I therefore send this book forth with much prayer, trusting it will be a blessing to ministers who care to use it and to laymen who may hear the illustrations, or who may take time to peruse the pages of this book.

-- R. G. Flexon

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5. CROSSING THE DEAD LINE

I am Damned and Know Why

I had preached on a Thursday night in a campmeeting in Colorado Springs in the state of Colorado. It was the last Thursday night of the camp. The altar was well filled with seekers but there was also much resistance. The next day, a letter was delivered to my room.

The writer wrote, "I am a girl seventeen years of age. Last night when you gave the altar call, the Holy Spirit spoke to my heart saying, 'Will you go or will you not go?' I replied, 'I will not,' and walked out of the tabernacle. As I walked through the door the Holy Ghost said, 'If you will not go, I will have to go and get someone who will go.' I again said I would not and walked away from God. I went to my room but not to sleep. At two o'clock this morning I went back to the tabernacle and there, alone in the dark, I pled for two hours for God to speak to me again, but He did not. I feel I am damned and know the reason why. I am taking my life and ending it all."

I rushed to find the girl and pled with her not to take her life as that would mean hell that much sooner and that much longer.

She said, "But what is the use of living when you know God is gone?"

But she promised me she would not take her life.

The last night of the meeting was over. As I went to leave the door of the tabernacle, that girl was standing there. As I shook hands with her I began to weep.

She said, "Don't weep for me, weep for those for whom there is hope. Thursday night as I walked through this door, I walked away from the Holy Ghost and I am damned at seventeen."

I went to my room with a heavy heart. Some months later I was traveling from the west by train. At Des Moines, Iowa a lady boarded the train with two children. They took a seat in front of me. The children seemed to recognize me. Finally, the mother asked if my name was Flexon. When I told her it was, she said she had heard me preach many times, then asked if I remembered the girl who gave me the letter on Colorado Springs campground. I told her I could never forget it; the letter was in my brief case and she could read it if she cared to do so.

After reading the letter, she told me that girl was in their church the past Sunday night.

Others were going to the altar and she invited her to go. She said she reached out her hands and cried, "Don't mock me! That Thursday night when Brother Flexon preached with tears, pleaded, and the Holy Ghost entreated, I turned and left the tabernacle saying I would not go with God; when I went through the door, the Holy Ghost left me. Don't mock me and ask me to get something I can never get." Lost forever and she knew the reason why.

I Have Settled With Him

In a church in N____, West Virginia, the altar call had been given. Thirty-seven people were at the altar. The pianist of the church was sitting on the front seat. The Holy Ghost told me to go tell her she was getting her last call from Him that night. I hesitated, telling Him I had never done anything like that in my ministry. He said, "Either do it or her soul will be required of you at the judgment."

I went and told her what God had said. She screamed and fell on her knees. She was up in a minute and faced the audience telling them what I had said, saying the Holy Ghost had

told her the same thing, and fell at the altar screaming screams of rebellion. She soon left the altar. I went to her asking if she had settled it with God. She said she had, and had told Him she would not mind Him and asked Him to leave her alone and she would never bother Him again.

I returned to the platform and asked her father her age. He said 14. Some years later, I was preaching in a camp at C____, Pennsylvania. That girl came in the tabernacle with two children. I went back and spoke to her about her soul. She said she was now a married woman with two children. I complimented her for the beauty of her children, then asked her how it was with her soul. She asked if I remembered that night in the N____, Church. I told her I would never forget it.

She said, "When I told God if He would leave me alone, I would never bother Him again, He took me at my word and has never spoken to me since." Lost and knew it!

Don't Lie To Me

I was in campmeeting in M____ Delaware. One night the president of the camp was called to G____, Delaware to see a friend of his who was very ill, and asked me to take charge of the service. The next morning, he was called again to the home of his friend. As he entered his sick room, a preacher of another denomination was sitting by the bedside of the dying man and urging him to pray, saying while there was life there was hope and he was still alive, therefore, there was still hope.

As the president of the camp entered the room of the dying man he sat up on the side of the bed and pointing his finger at the preacher who had been talking to him, said, "Sir, stop lying to me. I know I am still alive but hope is gone."

Then pointing to my friend, Reverend A____, he said, "Three weeks ago this man held a tent meeting in my town. I attended that meeting. God dealt with my soul. The last night I stood at the edge of the tent. When the altar call was given I felt the call of God. I walked away from that tent and away from God. I am still alive but hope has gone. Preacher, don't lie to me." He pulled his feet up into the bed and died as the preachers looked on.

A Seared Conscience

It was the last Thursday night of a revival in R____, Virginia. I had invited a man to the altar. He had said, "Not tonight" and walked out of the church. He did not come back to the meeting. Two weeks after the revival closed someone sent me the daily newspaper of that city.

That man's name was in big letters across the top of the front page. He was a railroader on the N & W. He had gone home from his work at ten o'clock one night, had shot and killed his wife, gone to the bedroom of his three sleeping children and killed them and then took his own life. Doctors said it was temporary mental insanity. I went to R____ and spent two weeks investigating the case. I found when he had said "Not tonight," and walked out of the church, he walked away from God.

Having no God to restrain him, no Holy Ghost to direct him, and a silent, dead, seared conscience; and no protecting angels, he was driven on by a carnal heart and driving demons to commit the dastardly deed. You do not know what you will do when God is gone.

Destiny Sealed Twelve Feet From An Altar

In a campmeeting in G____, New Jersey, the altar call had been given when the president of the camp told me a friend of mine living in the town of G____ was very ill and wanted

to see me. I rushed to his home and found his wife walking the floor crying, "Charlie is going to hell and knows the reason why."

Having known both of them from childhood, I asked her to sit down and quiet herself, saying it may not be as bad as she thought.

She said, "But it is," for a few minutes before, Charlie had called her to his bedside telling her if she wanted to see the place where he had received his last call and had said his last no to God, to go out to the G_____ campground to the oak tree just twelve feet from the end of the mourners' bench and she would find it.

He said, "Five years ago I stood at that tree and listened to Brother Flexon preach. When he gave the altar call he came out and put his arms around my neck and pled with me to go to the altar. The tears were in his eyes. I unclasped his hands and said, 'Not tonight' and walked away from him. When I did, I walked away from God and from that night until now He has never spoken to me."

I said, "Let me into his room."

I rushed to his bedside to find he was already dead. I never go to New Jersey, but what I go to that campground and go to that tree and stand with bared head. It was where a dear friend with my arms around his neck and I, pleading for his soul, unclasped my hands and walked away from God forever into the night. And oh, what a night.

One Foot in the Grave

Sitting beside the altar in a church in M____, Virginia was an old gentleman. As the message was given he would weep. When the altar call was made the Christians would gather around him and plead with him to get on his knees and seek God.

He would look up through his tears and say, "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

When asked why he would reply, as he pointed to one foot, "Because that foot is already in the grave and I will soon be dragging the other one after it and I will go to meet the God I have been an insult to for fifty years."

A short time later his obituary was in the newspaper and his soul was in eternity.

He's Gone And He Won't Come Back

In a Methodist camp near Trenton, New Jersey, two elderly people, a man and his sister, were at the altar in the afternoon service. The man found victory, but his sister did not. She was back at the altar in the night service. All the other seekers had claimed victory but that woman. I asked the saints to gather around her and pray.

As they did she threw back her head and cried, "He's gone and He won't come back. He's gone and He won't come back."

I said, "Let's pray; perhaps He will."

She said, "If I could go back thirty years, when God spoke to me, I could find Him.

Preacher, look in the faces of these Christians. There is a light of hope there." Then she said, "I see hope in your face, but look at mine. It is dark. There is no hope."

Then that terrible cry again, "He's gone and He won't come back." She arose and started down the long aisle of that tabernacle still crying, "He's gone and He won't come back."

I followed her to her son's car and helped her in it. As he drove from the campground, as far as I could hear over the night atmosphere, she was still crying, "He's gone and He won't come back."

I rushed to my room and fell on my knees telling God I would always preach a warning message, warning people against saying no to God. Some years later I talked to a man who was beside me in that camp and heard the cry of that woman. I asked if he knew what had become of her. He said she had died and he had stood beside her bed when she passed on and she died crying, "He's gone and He won't come back."

Three Children Damned

As District Superintendent over the V____ District of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, I visited many times a small country church. Each time I would go a man would give me a five dollar bill saying, "As long as you preach your warning message, I will support you." when I asked him if he had what I preached, he would reply, "No, and I can never get it."

One day as he had stood at the foot of the bed of a dying daughter, she arose in the bed and pointing her finger at him cried, "I am going to hell and your ungodly life is the cause of it."

He cried, "Daughter, don't say that again. You are the third child who, when dying, has said they were going to hell and my ungodly life was the cause of it."

I Settled It At Nineteen

I walked into the home of a sick man in I____, Virginia. As I entered his room he began to quote the eighth chapter of Romans. He quoted it all without missing a word. When he had finished, I said, "That is good doctrine." I asked if he had what Paul was writing about.

His answer was, "I can never get it."

He said when he was nineteen he attended a revival. The Holy Spirit spoke to him but he rejected the call. The Spirit had never come back. When he realized he had missed it he began to memorize the scriptures. He said he could quote the New Testament and a part of the Old Testament but the knowledge of scriptures in his head had not brought him a changed heart. He settled it at nineteen.

I Will Never Do It

In a revival in H____, Maryland, a girl, eighteen years old was at the altar. She seemed to be praying good, but she suddenly brought her hand down on the altar saying, "I will never do it," and left the altar.

Eighteen months later I was in a revival in the same church. Monday night that girl came to the meeting with three other girls. As I preached, I noticed the other girls were affected. I went to invite them to the altar. They hesitated. When they did, that girl, who had made that statement eighteen months before, fell on her knees, and taking the other girls by the hand, said, please do not do as I did when Brother Flexon was here before. At that altar I said my last no to God."

She led them to the altar but she went back to her seat. Many years later I met her in a camp and when I spoke to her about her soul, she pointed back to that night when she said, "I will never do it," as the night she crossed the deadline.

A Tragic Ending

I had preached in a camp in F____ C____, Alabama. A young man and his wife were at the altar. The wife was kneeling at the front of the altar and the husband on the opposite side. Two small children stood beside them. The husband soon claimed victory. The wife was still praying when at eleven o'clock, weary, I went to my room. The other evangelist,

R___ French and his wife said they would stay on with her. I had to preach the next morning.

As I went to the platform I noticed a heaviness over the service. It was not easy to preach.

When I had finished, the people gathered around asking if I had heard what had taken place. They told me that young lady had, about one o'clock that morning at the altar, looked up saying, "I will never do it."

That morning she and her husband had eaten breakfast together, he had kissed her good-bye and gone to the garage and backed out his car to go to work. Hearing a shot fired in the house he rushed back in and found his wife lying dead in a pool of blood. Seven hours after she had told God she would never do it, she was in eternity, forced there by her own hand. Two children must bear the stigma for a lifetime and a soul must suffer in hell forever. Tragedy of tragedies.

Too Late, Too Late

I held a number of meetings in a church at P___ T___ in Pennsylvania. I always stayed in the home of an unsaved man He was a moral man with no bad habits. He attended all church services, even prayer meetings, would sit on the second bench in the church with his wife and weep as I would preach. I never failed to invite him to get right with God. Many times I had prayed with him at the altar but he always prayed up against something. One day I was in his home and he asked me to go to the garage with him. He told me of something which he did many years before while he worked in a lumber camp, that he could not confess to his wife, for it might wreck their home and he loved his wife and home. I begged him to make it right, but he refused.

A number of years later I was called to his home to see him. He was ill, sitting in a chair and leaning his head on his arm, lying on the back of another chair. I prayed with him and pled with him to yield to God but all I got from him as he looked up from his chair was, "Too late now, preacher, too late now." Reader, will you someday be crying too late now?

The Price of Neglect

My father had held a six weeks revival in which over two hundred had found God. A week later he was called to the bedside of a dying mother who had attended that meeting. Father sat at the side of the bed while the husband stood at the foot of it waiting for the end.

That dying woman sat up in the bed crying, "I'm going to hell! I'm going to hell!"

The husband rushed and took her in his arms saying, "No, you are not going to hell. You have been a good wife to me; a good mother to our children; a good church member for twenty years; you are not going to hell."

She said, "Until a few moments ago I thought as you think, but God opened heaven and gave me a vision of His holiness and I saw how far short I had come. I have neglected my Bible, my prayer life, my church, my religious activities, and I am not fit to stand in the presence of the holiness of a Holy God."

She died crying, "I'm going to hell." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Fatal Procrastination

I was in a revival in Virginia. One night I dealt with a man who lived across the street from the church, about his soul.

He said, "Not tonight, but some other night perhaps."

The next day in an hour of despondency, he had cut his throat with a razor in an attempt to take his own life. Two days later, as I was visiting in a hospital, someone pointed to a bed with curtains around it, saying, "There is someone behind those curtains who needs you."

When I walked behind the curtains there was the man who had said to me two nights before, "Not tonight, perhaps some other night," on his death bed. His throat, having been cut from ear to ear, was taped together. The nurse was feeling the pulse of his left arm. He was running his right hand over the bed covering and putting his fingers to his swollen lips and swollen tongue. I watched him for sometime then asked the nurse why he was doing it. She said he was begging for a drop of water. I asked her to give him a drop and not make him beg for water when there was so much of it. She replied he could not swallow even one drop; it would choke him to death. I asked how long he had been doing it. She said for twenty-four hours without one minute's let up. I rushed from behind those curtains weeping and hurried down the corridor and out on the street. As I stood on the street with bared head, weeping, I was seeing those in hell who had been in my meetings, had turned God down and were in the regions of the lost, crying for one drop of water that they can never have.

Give Me Until Tomorrow Night

The young man was a backslider. He was a member of a church in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The campmeeting was on at Allentown, Pennsylvania. He was attending. One night there was a great burden for him on the saints. During the altar service many went to him, inviting him to the altar. Finally the evangelist, Paul Rees, went.

He said to the evangelist, "I am not ready to go tonight. Give me until tomorrow night and I will be at that altar."

He walked out of the tabernacle, got in his car and drove home, and to work the next day.

Around four o'clock the next afternoon, as his mother was praying for him in her room on the Allentown campground, a telegram was delivered to her telling her to come home at once, her son was dead.

Upon arriving home she found he had been sweeping the fifth floor of the building in which he was working. He was sweeping the dirt down an elevator shaft. The elevator being a floor above him, he got too close to the shaft and his foot slipped and he fell down the shaft. When they pulled him out of the shaft he was dead. That night at the camp the evangelist did not preach. He just told the story of that young man and eighty-two people rushed to the altar. The one who said, "Give me until tomorrow night," was not among them. He was where sermons are never preached and altar calls are never given. Swift Judgment.

Mind Your Own Business

I was in school at Greensboro, North Carolina. Charles Slater and Fred DeWeerd were holding a revival in the college church. When the altar call was given I was out in the audience doing personal work. I felt led to speak to a young man about his soul. He became angry and told me to mind my own business. I left him. That was on Sunday night. The next Friday night his mother called me to come to their home. She led me into their parlor where that young man was lying in a casket.

On Wednesday night, after telling me to mind my own business, he went to see his girl friend who lived in another town. To get there he tried to steal a ride on a freight train. As he went to hop on the moving freight his foot slipped and he fell under the train, and his

body was cut in two so that they had to nail a board on to his back to hold it together. Swift Judgment.

God Is Laughing At Me

The conference was on in my district. The Examining Committee had met to examine candidates for ordination. We were looking for a young man to appear before us who had graduated from one of our Bible schools and had spent one year in a university. Instead, we received a letter from him which read as follows:

“Dear Sirs: I will not be here to be ordained into the ministry. While in the university, I have learned that Jesus was the bastard Son of Mary, His blood was no more than the blood of a goat and the Bible is a nasty book of lies.”

A few days later he was leaving home to go back to the university. His old mother handed him a Bible saying, “Take this with you and read it and get back to your mother’s God.”

He took it and threw it on the table saying, “Away with that nasty book of lies, and furthermore, if you will not promise to never mention to me again that bastard, Jesus Christ, I will never cross your door again.”

She said, “Come when you please, but when you do, you will hear of my Christ.”

He walked out of the house angry, went to the depot, and boarded a train for the university.

There was a wreck and in a few hours his crippled body was carried through the door he said he would never enter again. He asked his mother to call the university and have his professor and some of his buddies to come. When they arrived he arose on his bed and pointed his finger at his professor.

He said, “When I entered your classes I had faith in God and an experience in Jesus Christ.

You taught me Jesus was the bastard son of Mary, that His blood was no more than the blood of a goat, and the Bible was a nasty book of lies. You made me laugh at God but now, professor, I am dying and God Almighty is laughing at me.” Swift Judgment.

I Don’t Need Your God

Two young men sat on the back seat in a church in Camden, New Jersey. The pastor, a friend of mine, had preached an evangelistic sermon. These young men mocked his altar call. One of them was a conductor on a freight of the Pennsylvania line operating from Camden to Atlantic City. He went to take out his freight at 11:00 p.m. That night. There was an accident and his legs were crushed. Two preachers, both friends of mine, were called to pray with him. They found him in a hospital crying for God to have mercy on him and promising God he would live for Him if he would spare his life. God answered and his life was spared. One year later he was going back on the job. As he walked down the street to go to the freight yards to take out his train again, he met one of the preachers who had prayed with him a year before. The preacher asked if he remembered what happened a year ago and the promise he had made God.

He said he well remembered it, but he said, “Then, Preacher, I was dying. My legs were crushed, but now look at my legs,” as he shook them. “They are as good as they ever were. I needed your God then, but now I do not need Him,” and walked down the street laughing.

He went to take out his freight that night after a year’s absence. As he went to couple two box cars together, he was caught on the coupling and instantly his life was snuffed out.

Swift Judgment.

Narrow Escape

Wesley had gone to God's Bible School to prepare for missionary work in Africa. He had come home after his first year in school for the summer vacation. He was keeping company with a young lady who was also on the background spiritually. In those days we held Sunday school in the afternoon. One Sunday afternoon as Wesley walked out of the church I spoke to him about his soul.

He laughed and said he was only nineteen and said he was going to have his fling at sin and have a good time in the world, then he would consider getting back to God.

That night I preached on the text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all nations that forget God" I looked at my watch when I finished and it was two minutes to nine. I asked how many would be ready to meet God by nine o'clock. He looked at his watch and mocked my giving of the altar call. I fell on the floor in the pulpit unconscious as far as anything around me was concerned. For thirty minutes I was under soul burden for him. When I came to, he was at the altar with his coat off praying for God to have mercy on him. He was reclaimed that night. On Tuesday afternoon he was sanctified. On Friday night he led the song service in a prayer meeting in our church. Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, as I sat in my study preparing my Sunday messages the phone bell rang.

When I put the receiver to my ear, his brother Harmer cried, "Brother Flexon, come to our house at once. Wesley is dead."

I said, No, he is not. He was at church last night and led the song service."

He said, "Come at once. Fifteen minutes ago Wesley kissed Mother good-bye, telling her he was going to the river to swim, but would be back in time to help her get supper. He had gone out into eighteen feet of water, and was seized with cramps, and went down, a now two doctors had just pronounced him dead."

What if he had put it off for one more week? There would be a different story to tell about him.

The Sunday night service was over. I was standing at the door of the church in Staunton, Virginia. A young man who had once known God, a student in a world renowned Bible school, now a backslider, home on vacation from the school, was going out of the church. As I shook his hand, I pled with him to get back to God.

He replied, "What God requires is too much to pay."

He walked to his car and started for Clifton Forge, Virginia, where he was to visit relatives on Christmas day. He never saw Christmas day. Just before he reached Clifton Forge, his car left the road, plunged over an embankment and into a river. Two hours after he had said, "What God requires is too much to pay," he was answering to that God. He was in eternity. Swift judgment.

No, Hell, God Can't Get Me

He was twenty-three. I was holding a revival near his home. He was attending each night.

The saints were praying for him and conviction was on him, but he resisted.

One day, he with his brother, had gone to cut logs for a saw mill. They had cut a tree and when it fell, it fell toward Cecil. He ran, but it nearly caught him.

His brother said, "Cecil, it nearly caught you."

He said, "No, Hell. It could not get me."

They went to fell another tree. It, too, fell toward Cecil. He began to run but caught his foot in a root or brier, tripped, and fell. The tree fell on him and crushed him. Swift Judgment.

I Do Not Need Your Holiness

It was in a revival in Warm Springs, Virginia, that a business man and his wife were seized with conviction. They would not yield during the meeting. As wife and I were leaving Warm Springs, we had to pass their home. They came to bid us good-bye.

As he stood by the car, he said, "We should have yielded to God during your meeting.

When you have gone, we decided we are going to settle with God."

That day they found God while praying in their home. They attended the holiness church near there, and received light on Holiness. The wife received the experience.

The husband said, "I do not need your holiness." He turned it down.

Three weeks later he was back with the old crowd as bad as ever. Five weeks from the day he turned down holiness, his men brought a load of logs to his saw mill. They were slow in unloading them. He tried to get them to hurry and unload them. Their slowness disturbed him, and in anger he rushed to the load of logs and pulled the stay chain. Five large logs rolled on him. The flesh was torn on his legs from his knees to his ankles; both collar bones and every bone in one hand was crushed. They rushed him to the hospital. The doctors brought him through. One year later, I was holding another revival in Warm Springs. That man was the first seeker in the meeting to pray through.

When we were leaving Warm Springs that year, he stood beside my car and asked if I would do something for him. I promised I would.

He said, "wherever you preach, will you tell the people that John Rodgers will carry this lame leg and this bunch of gristle on the end of this arm until the resurrection morning because, when God called me to holiness, I said, "I can get along without your holiness." Judgment is swift.

Threatened

The tabernacle was located near Richmond, Virginia. The truth being preached had stirred the community. Many were seeking God but some of the men were angry because their families were getting saved. It was a Sunday afternoon. The tabernacle was crowded and many were standing outside.

That afternoon I preached on the text, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." The theme was on the influence of fathers on their children. When I finished the message, a group of angry men, with clubs and rocks, lined up on both sides of the path that led to the place where I had my horse tied. When my wife and five year old daughter walked with me to the door of the tabernacle, the men dared me to step outside the door. I took my wife by the arm, and she held on to the daughter as we walked down that corridor of angry men. Not a club was used or a stone thrown.

The meeting closed that night with many seekers. Three weeks later three of the men, who were leaders in that group, were traveling at a high rate of speed down the dirt road leading to our home. They lost control of the car. It left the road and turned over three times. They pulled two dead men from the wreckage and the third one with a brain damage that finally sent him to a mental institution. Swift Judgment.

Father, Tell me, Is there a Hell?

A boy rode up to the parsonage in a town in Pennsylvania, and delivered a note. It asked for my friend, the pastor, to come at once to a home in the town. When he arrived he found a sixteen-year-old girl very ill. She had just gone through a revival in my friend's church. She had refused to yield to God. She told my friend she did not want to be a Christian, that she was only sixteen and wanted to get well so she could have her fling at sin and pleasure. He tried to pray but the heavens seemed as brass. Three days later the same boy came with another note begging him to come at once for the girl was dying.

When he arrived at her home she was being held by her father as she screamed, "Father, tell me, is there really a hell? My feet feel like they are in the flames now." She died crying, "Tell me, is there really a hell?" Swift Judgment.

I'll Have Him If It Damns My Soul

The revival was over. I was shaking hands with the pastor's daughter who had resisted the strivings of the Spirit all during the meeting. I entreated her to even then go to the altar and yield to God. She refused saying she was engaged to a young man in the town who was divorced and she did not believe she could be a Christian and marry a divorced man. I told her if that was her belief she had better give him up.

She replied, "I will have him if it damns my soul."

Three weeks later she was called to the home where that young man boarded. Upon arriving she was ushered into his bedroom and found him dying in a pool of blood. He had cut his throat with a razor. She fell on her knees beside him, in a pool of blood, and heard him gurgle in his last breath, "Dying and going to hell."

She screamed, "Oh God, to think three weeks ago I told Brother Flexon I would have him if it damned my soul. Now he is dead and my soul is damned. Swift Judgment.

No Time For God Today

It was in the town of Frankfort in Indiana. A mother had been in service nearly every night of the revival. I had dealt with her each night. The last Sunday night I had especially pressed on her the question of her soul salvation. That night she had told me she was not ready to give up the world. I went on from there to F___ B___, Indiana the next Friday for a revival. The next Sunday afternoon the pastor of the Frankfort church called me long distance. He asked if I remembered that lady and how I had dealt with her about her soul. He said he had called her that Sunday morning to tell her he would come to get her and her children for Sunday School if she desired to come.

She told him, "No, I do not have time for Sunday School, church, or God today."

She was going to the city park with some friends for a day's outing and dinner. She went.

After the dinner she was horseback riding. Her horse stumbled and threw her over its head. Her head struck a rock and she was instantly killed. Swift Judgment.

Quench Not The Spirit

A young man had been wonderfully saved in a church I pastored. He was a happy, shouting type of Christian. When he would get blessed and shout it disturbed some people and they did not mind speaking about it. One night he overheard some of them criticizing him for shouting. He walked out of the church that night past me and as he passed, he said, "I will never shout again." He did not and soon drifted from God and was lost to heaven. Be careful of your criticisms.

A Fatal Choice

I was holding a five weeks revival in my church where I was pastoring. I was acting as evangelist at the request of my Board. One night an elderly lady was at the altar. In fact she was there several nights. One night, she arose from the altar and sat on the broad mourners' bench.

Looking up into my face she said, "I would rather be in hell than any place in the universe."

I stopped her and said, "Please do not say that again until you tell me why you say it."

She replied, "When I was nineteen years old, I was a member of a Quaker church in Philadelphia. I was engaged to marry a young business man who was also a member of the church.

We were having a revival in that church and the evangelist was preaching holiness. I received light on that experience and wanted it. I talked to my friend about it and he said, 'If you ever go to that altar and get sanctified, we break our engagement at once.' Sunday night I was so hungry for the experience I left his side and went to the altar. As I prayed, the Lord said, "Which will you have, the Holy Ghost or that young man?" I looked up into God's face and said if I could not have both, I would take the young man in preference to the Holy Ghost. That night I backslid at the Quaker's mourners' bench.

"We were married and, for some time, prospered in business. Two children were born into our home. Finally, our business failed. We lost our business, our home, and our furniture. We moved to this city as paupers. My husband got a job as clerk in a furniture store. I saw my older son go to the Spanish American War. I saw him come home discharged with honors. I saw him get a job on the city newspaper as assistant editor. He was going to the top and would have been the editor of a daily with 70,000 circulation. Drink got the best of him. I saw them pick him up from the gutter crazed with drink. They rushed him to the city hospital and I followed him. When I arrived, I found him in a strait jacket cursing God and man. I saw him die drunk, with an oath on his lips. When he died, God thundered in my soul and said, 'Woman, you got what you wanted, but you have damned the soul of your first offspring by rejecting holiness at the Quaker's mourners' bench.'

"I saw my second son grow to manhood and totter and fall into adultery and wreck the lives of young girls and women. They arrested him and put him in the city jail. When I shook hands with him through the bars, God again thundered in my soul and said, 'Woman, you got what you wanted, but you have blighted the life of your second Offspring by rejecting holiness at the Quaker's mourners' bench.'

"Two weeks ago tonight, you and your wife came to my home, at my invitation, at twelve o'clock at night. You found me walking the floor and crying as I went to the clock, 'He's been in hell fifteen minutes longer and I put him there. He has been in hell fifteen minutes longer, and I put him there! You watched me go to the clock every fifteen minutes for six hours, crying that cry. That night when my husband came home from his place of business at ten o'clock, we ate a light lunch and went to retire. My husband sat down on the side of the bed and leaned over to unlace his shoe.

He did not get hold of the shoe lace, but fell on the floor, dead, without even a chance to say, 'Lord, have mercy on my soul.' When I turned his body over and looked into his dead face, God thundered in my soul again and said, 'Woman, you got him but you have damned his soul by rejecting holiness at the Quaker's mourners' bench.'

"I have been at this altar several nights. You have prayed, but my heart is as hard as the bench I am sitting on and the sooner I can go to hell and comfort those who have gone before me, and I sent there, the better satisfied I will be."

In a few months she was gone, and died without God, to go to hell, but to comfort no one, for there is no comfort in hell. My friend, *it is dangerous to reject holiness when you receive light on it.*

Preacher in Colorado

It was during a six day missionary convention. Several missionaries were there to speak on missions during the day services and I was preaching evangelistic messages at night.

One night a preacher came running down the aisle to the altar. He prayed and wept. It looked like he was going to get through when all of a sudden, he dried his tears and, bringing his hand down on the altar he cried, "I will never do it."

He left the altar but the next night, when I gave the altar call, he came running down the aisle and fell at the altar, screaming. He was there only a few moments when he came hurriedly up on the platform and asked if he might say something. I quieted the people and let him speak.

He said, "All of you know me. I have preached holiness up and down this country and God gave me souls. I, one day, came up against some new light. I refused to walk in it. I went on preaching but I had lost the power from my ministry. Last night I came to the altar and, as I prayed, God brought that light to me again. I brought my hand down on that altar and told God I would not walk in it. Right at that altar, He left me last night."

He walked back and got his wife by the arm and led her to the altar. She prayed through.

We prayed much for him but he got nowhere. He left the altar. They told me some time later that he attended all services in that church, but sat in the back, looking like a statue in a museum, but nothing ever moved him since that night. Light trampled under foot may turn to terrible darkness.

One can only be saved as he walks in all the light God gives him.

Danger of Materialism

As a pastor, I had in my church two very spiritual people, a man and wife. One of them had graduated from God's Bible School. The other one had attended for one year. They were faithful in attendance and support, and were a great blessing to all. They wanted to buy a farm, and did so.

While they were trying to pay for that farm, they began to absent themselves from the prayer meetings. After they had paid for that farm, they desired to purchase another one. When they were trying to pay for the second farm, they were working so hard that they began to absent themselves from the Sunday services. Their testimony no longer had the ring to it. They finally paid off the second farm. They were not satisfied but wanted a third farm. They purchased a very large chicken ranch. That took so much of their time that they hardly ever were in church. I found a difference in their attitudes as I would visit in their home. Materialism had gripped them.

One night, about that time, I was holding a meeting in a small tabernacle near their home.

They attended the meeting and the wife found her way to the altar. As she prayed, one of our Bible school students was trying to help her.

She finally said, "There is no use. I sold my spiritual life for the second farm, and my soul for the third farm," and left the altar.

The next morning her husband and three children found her body hanging from a rafter in the attic of their home. She had gone from the altar to the attic to eternity. A graduate of a Bible school. Put Jesus Christ first or tragedy may follow.

A Saloon Keeper Saved But Lost By Rejecting Holiness

I went to N____, Virginia and pitched a tent. It was located next door to a saloon. The saloon keeper attended the services and found God. He went to his saloon and broke up the whisky and beer bottles and broke in the head of the beer kegs and poured the slop down the sewer. He closed the place and came and joined the Pilgrim Holiness Church. He lived such a good life that the church elected him as a trustee of the church.

My father was holding a tent meeting near where this man lived. He attended the services.

One night my father preached on holiness. The ex-saloon keeper was standing about half way down in the tent during the altar service.

I went to him and said, "Jimmy, God wants you to go on into holiness."

He looked at me and said, "I do not need your holiness. I do not want your holiness, and furthermore, I am not going to get your holiness."

He turned and walked out of the tent. Nine months later, he was sitting at the breakfast table in his home. His son and daughter-in-law came to breakfast late. There was an argument and he jumped from his chair and slapped his daughter-in-law in the face and left the house.

His son, a Christian, followed his father into the yard and said, "Why don't you come back into the house and ask forgiveness and get this matter straightened up."

The father replied, "Nine months ago, in that tent meeting with Reverend Flexon, I turned down holiness and when I did, I backslid. Your father does not have any God in his life, and he never expects to have any God in his life again as long as he lives."

He walked to the barn, brought out a team of horses, hitched them to a plow and started to plow a field. He had gone half way around the field when he fell between the plow handles. His son, watching him, rushed to pick him up. His mouth was filled with the fresh plowed earth. As the son was trying to get the dirt from the father's mouth, he died in the son's arms. The last words that son heard his father say were the following: "I backslid nine months ago in that tent meeting when I turned down holiness. Your father does not have any God in his life and never expects to ever have any again."

We buried his body, but his poor soul went into eternity without any God because, when he came to the light of holiness, he turned it down.

He Rejected Holiness

The Pilgrim Holiness camp meeting was on in Colorado Springs, Colorado. It was Thursday night and I had preached on the text -- "And now, if thou wilt deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand, or the left." God was there in a mighty way and there were many seekers at the altar.

The next morning, as I was crossing the camp ground, a man called to me from the dormitory steps. He asked if he could talk with me. We sat on the grass in front of the dormitory.

He said, "I came to this camp meeting a child of God. I was living above sin. Under your preaching I have seen the light on holiness. When you gave the altar call last night, the Holy Ghost said, 'Will you go, or will you not go?' and I said, 'I will not,' and walked out of the tabernacle. I went to my room to sleep but I have not slept a wink all night. Preacher, do you think if a person is saved and he receives light on holiness, and refuses to walk in that light, that God will ever speak to him again?"

I told him I could not promise that He would.

He said, "I came to this camp a child of God and under your preaching I received light on holiness, and last night I turned it down. I am leaving the camp this morning. My wife and children are already in that car over there. I am afraid I am leaving a backslider and that God has left me."

He walked to his car and drove off. I have made inquiry about him but no one has ever seen him in a holiness church or a holiness camp meeting since. It is dangerous to get light from God on holiness and reject it.



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