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SKETCHES
AND INCIDENTS

C. M. DAMON.



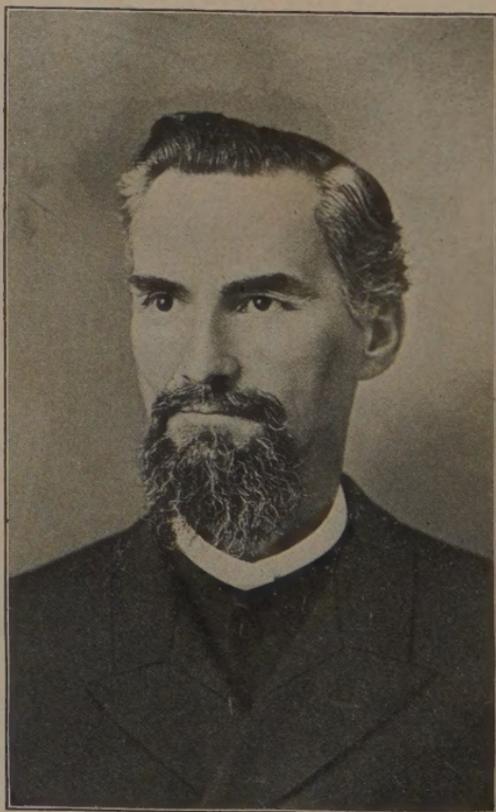
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SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS:

...OR...

REMINISCENCES OF INTEREST IN THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

...WITH...

AN APPENDIX

CONTAINING TREATISES ON "THE MINISTRATION OF THE
SPIRIT," "NATIONAL RELIGION," AND "ON HOLINESS,"
WITH OTHER MATTER.

BY REV. C. M. DAMON.

CHICAGO, ILL.
FREE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,
14 NORTH MAY STREET.

1900.

DEDICATION.

To the Devoted Saints who have been my Friends in the days of Conflict, and my Helpers in the Gospel, with all that in every place love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, this book is affectionately dedicated by

The Author.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN CONVERSATION with Rev. F. L. Burns of Wisconsin last winter I gave a little narrative of certain experiences of romantic interest and at the same time illustrative of God's gracious care of His children and the merciful way He leads those who fully trust Him. He urged me to publish them. I did so, and a number of persons expressed much interest in the reminiscences. I then began to write some similar sketches and incidents of former years for the paper—the FREE METHODIST—and at length concluded to extend them suitably to preservation in book form containing some incidents valuable as well as entertaining, and amounting to a sketch in part of a life of marked vicissitudes, which, if not especially useful, has certainly aimed at being so, and which acknowledges the highest obligation to God for marvellous mercies and manifold deliverance. Often has the writer felt that his life was forfeited by sickness or dangerous accidents, and that its preservation required special recognition of Divine ownership and obligation to glorify God in body and spirit.

The incidents narrated are often without relation to chronological order. More frequently they are of a topical character, and for historical effect would require attention to mixed dates. They are interspersed with reflections and discussions which involve the life principles of the body of Christians with which the author has spent nearly thirty years of his life in the ministry. This fact may limit the extent of its present apparent influence; but to these principles he committed his life and destiny from a conviction of Divine leading and approval, and hence can offer no apology for the method pursued. At the same time the book will be rendered, it is hoped, more valuable for our people in confirming and strengthening them, and stimulating devotion to those principles.

The book is full of incidents—short stories such as interest the young. Connected as they are with a life purpose and by a golden thread of the Spirit's leadings, it is hoped they will attract them to Christ and lead to a life of faith and true devotion. What we need to regard is utter renunciation of the world, its vanities and follies as well as vices, and to impress upon the young the necessity and value of a bold, uncompromising and unswerving loyalty to Christ and truth. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not SHALL BE DAMNED," is the word of Scripture. "Them that honor me, I will honor," says God, "and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Why attempt to mince the truth and soften our words to make it appear that God will honor the wicked or lightly regard the separating requirements of his word?

There often appears a marked and alarming lowering of the standard of practical separation from the world that marks the external appearance of a people at the first. In associations, business, pleasures, the fatal signs of declension and worldliness appear. The young people and children by varied ornamentation become an index of such departures from the type of their parents.

Should we drift from our moorings, it will be by little and little, as with others before us. Let us beware of practical looseness of life, and of giving way in those points where the voice of warning will be construed as adverse to the best interests of the church, betokening a narrow or conceited mind—unwise or fanatical attention to small points. May the history of the past be our warning, and we boldly adhere to the gifts and calling of God to us as a people. THE AUTHOR.

August, 1898.

The reader should note that allusions to age and time throughout, in accordance with indications, date some two years earlier than the publication of the book, and that the personal reminiscences close about 1890.

C. M. D.

January, 1900.

CHAPTER I.

SHORTLY after I was eleven years of age a school-mate was very sick. Solemn impressions were made on my mind as I stood by his bedside a little before his death. These were deepened when at the funeral Rev. Thomas Pratt, Free-will Baptist, turned to the little boys in the corner of the church near the pulpit and improved the occasion in kind and earnest address about preparation for a like event and for meeting David in the world to come.

These convictions culminated during a day of sap-gathering in the old home sugar-bush that spring. As best I knew I yielded my heart to God, began attending class, and in June following united with the church, and was baptized with Frank Warren, Edwin Weaver and others, under the ministry of Rev. Milo Scott of the Methodist church. An opportunity to ramble through those woods, and trace the old sap roads more than thirty years after was fruitful in solemn memories of that day, and I knelt amid the thick hemlocks surrounding the once beautiful spring, whence we procured water for sugar-bush purposes, and poured out my heart in grateful remembrance of the past and praise for all the way the Lord had led me.

“There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain.”

My home had been in one of the pleasantest valleys of Western New York. After years of wandering I was privileged to go through the old neighborhood, call on the acquaintances remaining there, visit the old playground by the school-house filled with the memory of childish sports, and revel amid the scenes of the past. Many were the places associated with religious memories of childhood years called to mind that day as I walked the full length of the old farm where ten years of early life were spent. In one locality I had daily stopped in the fence corner for secret prayer when going to or from the pasture for the cows. Here brother Albert came over the hill for prayer during those memorable days when he was seeking God. Yonder on other occasions he went down into the hemlocks, and from those secret places his voice could have been heard by the neighbors, as in soul agony he wrestled and pleaded with God. After some days of struggle he came one night from the barn, made light as day by the presence of the Spirit, clapping his hands in rejoicing as he exclaimed, "O mother, it's all right now. It's all clean—just like white paper." Here was the corner in the chamber from which he came over the foot of our bed next morning, awakening brother and me with the words, "Boys, did you know the Lord converted me last night?"

Next Sabbath at the close of class-meeting, good Brother Isaac Stone, whose great corpulent body used to shake with quiet, hearty laughter under the

blessing of the Spirit, tapped father on the shoulder and suggested, "Got a young preacher there, got a young preacher;" and so it was. Exhorters' license was handed him the same day he joined in full connection, and very likely some may be living still who were impressed at school-house appointments with the extraordinary solemnity of his youthful efforts and earnest appeals. Interesting days followed his wonderful conversion, made such by regular family prayer-meetings, and his serious reproofs, urgent counsels and frequent seasons of secret prayer with younger brothers, and his conscientious redeeming of time for useful conversation or study.

But Albert lies with many hundreds in a soldiers' grave on Long Island, where I had a simple monument of board put up in 1869. No relative since has, probably, visited the place to drop a tear over the grave of one of the truest converts, most faithful brothers and devoted soldiers that sacrificed life for Christ and country.

CONVERTED at sixteen in 1857, and immediately called to the work of the ministry, he had applied himself with intense diligence to study, and to teaching or manual labor for means to attend school, until the winter of 1863-4, when he enlisted. He was then a successful and highly esteemed student in Genesee College. His regiment, the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, was called to the front at the close of Grant's famous battles of the Wilderness. He continued with them in the aggressive campaign that followed till he fell in the fighting on the Weldon railroad in front of Petersburg. He was

wounded in four places at once and died in New York harbor about a month later, near July 24, 1864. His literary society draped the president's chair for thirty days, and sent his parents a most appreciative testimonial "that men like him are few and ill to be spared." The funeral sermon by Rev. J. McEwen, the able pastor of the M. E. church in Rushford, N. Y., was in fact a eulogy evidently as spontaneous as it was unexpected from the words, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" 2 Sam. 3: 38. It is true, as was stated on that occasion, that he was princely in his stature—six feet three inches, without boots. His character and piety were remarkable.

CHAPTER II.

AT SEVENTEEN I was preparing to begin a long course of study in the old Genesee Wesleyan Seminary and college at Lima, N. Y. Within a month of the opening year a day of enthusiastic labor in the hay field was followed by a total paralysis of the lower part of my body and limbs. Weary weeks at the very point of death ensued, and thirty-four years of crippled and invalid life since.

This sickness had by a few years preceded the religious excitement and division giving rise to the Free Methodist church. Among those who followed Brother Roberts in the movement none were more straightforward, and few could have been more earnest and loyal to truth as he saw it than Brother C. E——, a young man soundly converted in the "great revival of 1857-8." Memory fondly lingers on the scenes of that mighty awakening and would love to raise a monument to the names of many. The thrilling exhortations of Uncle John Worthington, as he swept back and forth across the forty feet width of the crowded church, the burning words of Jenny Jagers, the converted Catholic girl, the cool, deliberate testimony of Allen Burr, standing on an only foot and crutch, the impressive speech of Warren Persons, who starved to death in Andersonville, and went up to join others of the ten or twelve local

preachers and exhorters that traveled the outlying circuit of villages and school-houses, are incidents among many that will never be forgotten.

But I did not well like the brother I have referred to, for now "he followed not us," and sometimes spoke in plain terms concerning men and things related to "our church." Sickness, however, like the above, brings one down, and acts of patient kindness often repeated are appreciated in a time of stress and need. So it was when night after night he watched so kindly and quietly by my bed, and at break of day prayed fervently and with prevailing faith by my side—prayed "up through" in demonstration of the supernatural. The fruits of years of fidelity are being reaped by various schools in the labors of his excellent and accomplished children.

On partial recovery I often visited his house for religious conversation. On one occasion a copy of the *Earnest Christian* was offered me to read. At the risk of my church loyalty I took it home. One of the preachers of "our church" chanced to see it and exclaimed, "The *Earnest Christian*? The *mad Christian*!" In it I saw a statement concerning two devoted Free Methodist women employed by a physician of the Episcopal church in mission labor among the poor in New York city. It struck me with much surprise, but soon passed from mind.

In the summer of 1867 I came to Iowa and accepted a pastorate as a supply. An interesting experience followed. I was in a hotbed of Freemasonry and general formalism in religion; and the

year after, on another circuit, became convinced I could not conscientiously and successfully continue my ministry in the M. E. church. I resigned and went to the Round Lake holiness camp-meeting in New York State. I had previously determined on connecting myself at some future date with the Free Methodist church. - At the close of said meeting I went by invitation to spend a Sabbath with Rev. William Gould at Saratoga Springs. By an accidental turn of circumstances I had run out of money and on the camp-ground borrowed a \$20 bill. Besides this I had seventy-five cents and a ticket to New York city, but no acquaintances short of the western part of the State. What was my surprise the next day to discover the loss, or theft, from my vest pocket of my borrowed bill. But my mind was stayed on God; and the more from having heard Brother and Sister Gould narrate various instances of special providences in temporal things. It so happened that Brother Gould was to pass through New York the next week, and I accompanied him. If my recollection is not confused as to dates, on the boat down the Hudson—the “Rhine of America”—we fell in with our brother, James Gray of New York, and the unique and marvelous Rev. John T. James of Virginia, to whom I had been introduced in the tent of R. P. and Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith—the latter noted as an author and philanthropist.

By the kind offices of Brother Gould I was introduced to Samuel Irwin, ex-pugilist and gambler, and Joseph Mackey, editor shortly after of the *Free*

Methodist, and found kind entertainment at the home of the latter while conducting a series of meetings at our Free Methodist church in Brooklyn. On his return from New Jersey I asked Brother Gould, "Where are those two missionary women of whom I read in the *Earnest Christian* two years ago?" He replied, "One of them is in the city. I will take you to see her some day;" and thus I was introduced to Mrs. Jane Dunning, of Providence Mission, and to her daughter, who became, in October following, my beloved and devoted companion in life.

Not to dwell on many incidents of great interest connected with this trip involving such names as Inskip, McDonald, Seymour Coleman, the eccentric and able Rev. B. Pomeroy, R. W. Hawkins, and many others of note at the camp-meeting, and John Gray, faithful class-leader, Gerard Irvine, who "would rather miss the train than get in a hurry" at the close of camp-meeting, and Father Jones, local preacher and pioneer of the Free church in New York, suffice it to say that, contrary to my fixed determination when I started, I had at its close made a record of preaching perhaps twenty-five times, had become a member of the Free Methodist church, having joined at the Harpursville camp-meeting in August, and had money enough to return what I had borrowed and lost. Best of all connected with that loss, which was never otherwise explained, was the resulting providence by which God himself very clearly and surely gave me a life companion and helper. The other of the two mis-

sionaries of whom I had read became the wife of Brother James, and long since went to her reward.

I can scarce forbear an item concerning one of the marked characters named above. In the immense tabernacle on the holiness camp-ground at Round Lake, I had in a preachers' meeting, where perhaps five hundred Methodist preachers were assembled, in my testimony publicly assailed and reproved the general connection of such with Freemasonry. I had noticed a minister of commanding presence beside the pulpit on the platform. Tall, spare, intellectual and spiritual in countenance, with every hair of his head and beard apparently in its appropriate place, faultless in dress and gentlemanly in demeanor, he was one to be noted among the hundreds present. At the close of the service numbers gathered quickly about me, and engaged me in conversation concerning my remarks. Chancing to glance at my left, behold the preacher described above had made his way through the crowd and sat near my side. As soon as opportunity allowed he asked, "Do you know your ground? Can you hold your position?" I discovered to my intense surprise he was there for my aid and defense, discerning the commotion likely to result from my bold, if not rash, assault on the minions of secrecy and worldliness. Such was my introduction to Rev. R. W. Hawkins, who followed my entrance into the Free Methodist church a few months later. Through him on that occasion I became conversant with Brother and Sister Crouch by reputation, and after-

ward by correspondence, and then personally in Colorado. Several of the incidents narrated in the foregoing pages I have ever regarded as in the line of direct leadings of the Spirit and illustrations of special providence. In a life of many vicissitudes and marked extremes there have been not a few such.

PHROCENE GOODRICH, wife of Brother James, well known among the New York State pilgrims, was as a dear sister to Mrs. D——. She was deeply devoted, and, among others of the excellent missionary family from which I was privileged to find a helper and companion, forcibly impressed my mind with the purity and spirituality of my new church relationships. Her habitual seriousness and watchful care to avoid levity worked conviction with me and became an incentive to earnest prayer. We were quite closely associated for some years, leaving New York together and being at one time neighbors in circuit work.

CHAPTER III.

BETWEEN the ages of four and fourteen a boy of fair intelligence LIVES a great deal, and there was a great deal for "young America" to live between 1850 and 1860. Time at that age seems long, the mind is active, memory retentive and the feelings are intense. Those were the years when the slavery agitation was reaching its crisis. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was doing its work. The underground railroad was in active operation, and the John Brown explosion was preparing the country for civil war. It was morally healthful to be a boy in America during that decade. I am glad I lived.

Father said, "I am a Seward man." That was good. When William H. Seward appealed to the "Higher Law"—a law higher than the Constitution—and members of the senate cried, "Treason! Treason!" it was a fine thing for a New Yorker to be a Seward man. But mother said, "I am not. I'm a Sumner man." The family looked hesitant. I leaned to mother's side. Ah! those were thunderous days when Sumner, the grand, heroic, classic Sumner, was struck down in the American senate for freedom of speech and the liberty of the oppressed.

I hurraed for Fremont as lustily as I was able to do in 1856. In those days Rev. Gilbert De La Matyr came along and took supper with us and preached

in the little church in his native neighborhood. His "Dark Lantern" lecture there has probably never been forgotten by those who heard it. When he called for an expression as to who would vote for liberty by voting for Fremont, it cost Clark Jacobs something to stand out against the overwhelming popular tide of the meeting by saying, "I intend to vote for liberty, but not by voting for Fremont." "Who then?" "Gerritt Smith." He had been, perhaps then was, the candidate of the radical wing of the Free Soil or Liberty party whose platform was, "The duty and right of the Federal government to abolish slavery even in the slave states. Motto: 'Duty is ours: results are God's.'" It was Gerritt Smith who gave John Brown the tract of land among the Adirondacks in northeastern New York where his body lies, and where Kate Field, the notorious woman advocate of California wine-growing, caused a monument to his memory to be erected not long before her death. The representatives of a bad cause sometimes do a grand thing—He was a powerful preacher and a more powerful and popular "stump speaker" and platform orator in the years that followed. When brother Albert was wounded it was he, as chaplain, who picked him up and placed him in the army wagon to remove him from the battle field. It was once thought that in a very possible contingency his single vote as congressman from Indiana might decide one of our presidential contests. But these are "wandering thoughts."

Probably I was not far from ten years of age when

Nathan Warren, the kindest, jolliest young man in all the neighborhood, rode up to our milking-yard one night and called out as he sat on his fine horse, "Johnnie Stewart has been killed by the Border Ruffians." The mysterious shadows of the coming war were already gathering about us. One of our town's boys had been shot down in cold blood by the Missouri men in Kansas, in "the John Brown days," and his mother for the time being went insane over the news. Our brother, Rev. R. Worthington of Jamestown, N. Y., reached his side a few minutes after he had fallen, and later, when returning through Missouri, met his murderer under circumstances when his own life would have brought little in the market. No wonder he thanks God he lived through those wild days to return, become saved of God, and be entrusted with a part in the glorious gospel.

By the way, what a marvellous character was John Brown! "One of the old prophets is risen again." One who ran in unexpectedly upon his camp in Kansas testifies of the strictness with which every member was required to attend morning and evening prayers, and not a mouthful of food was tasted till God was thanked and asked to bless it. On his trial he denied all but what he had all along avowed and justified from that word of the Lord which called him to "remember those in bonds as bound with them"—namely, his purpose to free the slaves; and soon after wrote, "I am now satisfied that I am worth vastly more, to promote the cause I have all along tried to serve, to hang, than in any other way."

“Marvellous old man!” said Wendell Phillips at his grave in North Elba, N. Y., “he has abolished slavery in Virginia.” Prophetic words—how soon to appear in their full reality! Like the Boers of South Africa, there were two articles in John Brown’s creed—the Bible and the rifle. “Trust in God and keep your powder dry.” Amid the prevalent present din against lawlessness and anarchy, in favor of “government by injunction,” are we not liable to forget that the most inhuman oppressions under the sun are protected by forms of law and the sanctities of government? Every God-given right of millions was ruthlessly trampled under foot by law, constitution and administration, and “they had no helper.” What a “hue and cry” at the slightest apparent violation of law made by the oppressors in their own interest—laws made to destroy the homes of the poor, ruin chastity, whip to unrequited toil, sell the body, separate husbands and wives, parents and children, and draw the life-blood of the slave! Brown said, “We ought to obey God rather than men,” and freely gave his life, like his Master, for the oppressed poor.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I entered the class-meeting at eleven years of age and gave as my first testimony, "I can say that I love the Lord and am trying to serve him," my heart and flesh failed, I fell back against the wall, and sank down into my seat. The next Sabbath I did better. Sister Stone spoke tenderly of "the lambs of the flock," and at its close, Brother Levi Metcalf took me aside and gave me encouragement with such a warm pressure of the hand that I never lost the impress of its influence. It's a pitiful thing to see young lambs exposed in a cold spring rain until they are chilled to death. I have seen societies where there was so little confidence and interest in the religious experience of young children, that for the welfare of my own, I would prefer to shelter them in the nurture of the home circle rather than expose them to the chill of such an influence. But this is a great loss. They should grow up in the church.

The next winter was that of the "great revival" referred to in second chapter. It was a wonderful winter. The flashing lightnings of God's wrath against sin seemed to flicker on the finger-ends of the preacher, and flame through the congregation, as with fiery vehemence the solemn truth was proclaimed while fire-baptized testimonies and earnest

exhortations swept multitudes to the altar. Many were saved who made a good record, and along the years since have entered into life. It was forty years ago this winter just past. Several faithful trophies yet remain.

The next fall Brother Roberts was expelled and the church thrown into the excitement of the coming division. Albert attended a "Laymen's Camp-meeting" a few miles away, and for a time was a most earnest seeker for "true holiness." He stumbled on the rock of reasonings, and was fatally hindered by the rising tide of church conflict. He said to me, "Charlie, if I ever preach it seems to me I shall have to preach just like Brother Roberts," alluding to his solemn, heart-searching truth concerning sin and eternity. One Sabbath morning we drove around to the church sheds at the same time with Charles English and George Worthington. They were both blessed and joyful. Albert was a little down and offish. One of them said to him, "I'm as much of a Nazarite to-day as you was two weeks ago." But father called them "yearlings," from their conversion a year before, and now they were guilty of kneeling before the Lord, in accordance with old Methodist custom, when they entered His house. And so the prejudice arose and deepened, and the gulf grew wider; but they continued to sing and rejoice, refused to make cheese on the Sabbath, and provokingly sold what they made for a higher price than those who violated conscience with the Sabbath, and so came out ahead, and made conviction rankle with

the prejudice. And when one of them testified to "getting so blessed as he rode down through his fields on a load of rails that he had to shout aloud the praises of God," and again, "When I go away to pray lately, it seems as though I don't any more than strike on my knees before the Lord appears to be right there present with me," it seemed like a new and good kind of religion in spite of the church opposition. My heart had yearned for the manifestation of the supernatural works of God, and over and again, when I would read or hear of what God had done in the days of the fathers, I would inquire, "Why can we not see such things in our days?" But always my unsatisfied questioning would be stifled with the response, "Oh, such things belonged to the days of early Methodism," or the days of "the Reformation," or "the days of miracles, which are past; you must not expect such things now-a-days."

It seems strange that the Jews could witness Christ's mighty works, listen to his heavenly teaching, and see his beneficent deeds of kindness and mercy to the poor and the sick, and still reject him; or that afterward they could say of the apostles, "What shall we do to these men? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem; and we cannot deny it," and yet add, "But that it spread no further among the people, let us straitly threaten them, that they speak henceforth to no man in this name."

How could they expect to dam up the confessed power of God that its waters should no further flow

among the people? But how great is the power of prejudice to blind the eyes! Christ had been crucified through weakness, and they could not yet realize that he now lived and worked in the power of a new resurrection life—the power of God against which it would be vain to fight.

And so in this case: we would be attracted by the sweet, joyful singing of those who seemed always happy as they returned from meeting; but some “dead fly” of an allusion to the church, or some rebuke of popularized and covered sin, would spoil the whole pot of ointment, and for years our minds were blinded.

Mother had a very tender conscience, and had known something of the deep things of God. Indeed it was conviction for holiness, and probably a true but brief experience of its saving power, that brought her into the Methodist church under the ministry of Rev. Nathan Fellows, a holy man, some years after her marriage. Almost against her will she had been drawn into the prevailing current worldward. A preacher and wife on their way to conference stopped with us over night. The woman entered into close conversation with mother, and I believe had prayer in private before she left. This was unusual and made a deep impression in harmony with those earlier convictions. In early life she was a member of the Baptist church, and “as plain as a Methodist” of the original pattern. And when I recall the fiery vehemence of Elder Simpson, who watched the gates to see if any of his members attended the circus, the

tears running down the cheeks of another minister as he pleaded with sinners, and old Elder Cherryman's sermon on "Love not the World," etc., all Baptist preachers, I wonder whether there is so much difference after all between Baptists and Methodists. Certainly the revered friend of my mother preached a good Free Methodist sermon.

Elijah Metcalf had been a backslider. Once when he came past our place father had very appropriately asked him if it was not time for him to return to the Lord. He had been blessedly reclaimed; and now he shouted "Hallelujah!" in meeting. Profanely we turned it into jest, and mockingly shouted, "Hallelujah! Holler-Lijah!" For fear of some identification with the "Nazarites," I would not kneel in prayer when present in their meetings, and said, "I would no sooner take part in them than in a circus." Such is the influence of parents, preachers, and those in general in whom they have confidence, upon the minds of the young.

A camp-meeting was held in our town. Among those present I remember our honored brother, Rev. Levi Wood. Perhaps Rev. William Cooley, whose funeral sermon it was my solemn privilege to preach in Nebraska some years ago, was also present. It was long a standing matter of jest between father and the preachers with whom we were intimate, that he "offered to give them a beef, if they would continue the meeting another week; as he thought they were so near 'run out' that another week would finish them." They are not yet "run out" in Rushford.

Mother died triumphantly and gloriously in the Free Methodist church there. Brother DeSalvo is class-leader. Sister Emily has shouted her way through a life of feebleness and struggle—the wife of a Free Methodist preacher in Nebraska, and the mother of several present and prospective evangelists. One sister keeps up the connection with “the old church,” in which the whole family were once united and happy, and does faithful W. C. T. U. work outside. But Free Methodism has *run out* widely since that camp-meeting.

CHAPTER V.

IF THE doctrine of evolution is true, perhaps the tincture of the blood of abolitionism in my political veins as a "young American" accounts in part for my later Free Methodism. At a camp-meeting in 1870, comparing Free Methodism with the Protestant and Wesleyan Methodist churches, Rev. J. B. Freeland, now one of the truest fathers of the F. M. church left among us, said: "THIS is an ANTI-SIN movement." I so regarded it. But the abolition of sin, when allowed to "begin at home," is nice work. It is quite evident from my last chapter that I might have had a better EXPERIENCE than mocking Free Methodists, whose offense was getting blessed and shouting hallelujah. But this was about 1860, perhaps the year before. A few years later, as I entered church in time of protracted meeting and stood by the stove before service, two boys of my age entered. One had been joyfully converted a little before. He introduced me to the stranger, who asked me if I enjoyed religion. I said, "I hope so." "Hope so!" said my friend in astonishment. "Don't you know?" I made a shameful defense, but went home plagued, humiliated and uncomfortable. I sought God. Church influences were unfavorable. A nominal revival of the most pronounced type of worldliness opened up such opportunities of intimate acquaint-

ance and association with young people brought into the church unsaved and full of the love of pleasure and friendship of the world, as came near fatally swamping my soul.

When quite young, on some occasion of correction or trouble, I expressed to mother my temptation to give up my religion. She met it with such scornful contempt that I was ever after ashamed even to propose to backslide. Little as I had at times to backslide from, this merited rebuff was a benefit. At seventeen I became thoroughly angry at what I considered an unjust rebuke and censure. That was the last occasion of the kind. I have often felt offended, sometimes deeply so, but never so as to lose the spirit of prayer. I was convicted of the sinfulness of unkind jarrings and bickerings in the home circle, and thought they ought to be abolished. On the next occasion for practicing my new abolitionism, I found that I felt like repelling the offense, though against a third person, in precisely the same spirit and manner in which it was committed; and so I learned, as I have said, that abolition is a nice thing to practice—at home. Yet I obtained mercy and help in that direction.

There was to be a "surprise party" one night. I should once have shrunk from the thought of going; but when notified by comrades in the academy, though I cared nothing for it, I did care for the occasion to take "the very finest girl in town." Still I was not clear in my mind. Going down street I met a kind friend, a very talented minister, and said,

“Brother N——, can I go down to B—— M——’s to-night to a surprise party?” He dropped his eyes a little, then looked up and said kindly, “You wouldn’t need do anything wrong, would you?” That was enough. I took my girl; but while the Sunday-school superintendent and a teacher led off the promenade through various rooms, singing a foolishly worldly ditty, and dancing followed in one of the rooms, and my companion’s feet were unhappy for a part in the dance, with my training and convictions I found it an evil and hard thing to try to travel two opposite roads at once. That night before daring to lie down to sleep, from the depths of my heart I said, “O Lord, if I have never been saved, I can’t afford to lose my soul.” And that night I realized as never before that Jesus had been wounded for my transgressions, “who his own self bare my sins in his own body on the tree,” and I took shelter beneath his cross. Once or twice after I was ensnared in mixed companies not so pronounced as the above, but the yoke galled my neck very painfully, while I constantly drew toward the gentle Savior whose “yoke is easy and his burden light.” The intelligent and amiable girl who was my admired companion that night has long lain beside three beautiful sisters, all victims of consumption.

Apropos to the above, If young people dared boldly trust themselves to their heavenly Father’s guidance and control, they would find the way marked out for their feet a “way of pleasantness and a path of peace” compared with the thorny road into which

their own wayward wills and unsanctified desires too often lead.

While recovering from the sickness caused by paralysis, referred to in chapter two, the "Memoir of Carvosso," the holy class-leader of early English Methodism, fell into my hands, and immediately wrought in me an abiding conviction for the blessing of a clean heart. Though I was not wholly successful in its pursuit till more than three years after, the ideal and desire were a lasting inspiration. The occasion illustrates the importance of small and insignificant matters in common life. While helpless in my rocking-chair, father handed me a diary, and I asked mother to hand me a book from the parlor table merely for the form of commencing my daily writing. That book was Carvosso, long years lying unread on that table, and the above incident turned my feet for life into the channel of entire holiness. Years later in an eastern city, coming down stairs one morning where I was a guest for the night, I suspected the use for which certain books lay on a step, and found they were placed there for kindling. Some were given me, and a year or two later one SINGLE WORD of highly metaphysical meaning and use was riveted on my mind. Later still that single word was developed, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, into a mental and spiritual significance that rescued me from a subtle, oppressive and dangerous device of Satan for crippling usefulness. There is often great importance in little things.

CHAPTER VI.

IT WOULD be unpardonable in these incidents of early life to omit mention of good old Father Goff, always in his place at meeting, ready to lead off in testimony of present joys and future hopes; whose spotless life told all of the abundance of a loving heart. Was not he the "honest deist" who, riding along one winter night, soliloquized, "You believe there is a God?" "Yes." "You ought to worship him." "That is true;" and, alighting from his horse and tying it, kneeled in the snow to worship the unknown God, and found Jesus a Savior from sin. So it runs in my mind. He was a devoted and useful local preacher, and so "carried away" one night with the meeting that he walked home, happy, leaving his horse tied at the church. Next morning, finding the stable empty, he was reminded that he rode to meeting, went back, and found the horse where he left it.

The scripture says, "Without are dogs;" but it must refer to those of different breed and manners from Father Goff's little brown dog which always faithfully attended love-feast, and invariably accompanied his master in the pulpit. He was a privileged character, quiet and well behaved, and the church and community were accustomed to the sight. What became of him after death "this deponent saith not,"

or whether he will have a resurrection. Really I have sometimes thought heaven will seem a queer world without the faithful dog, and horse, and cow, and sheep, or bird, or fowl, or beast, or insect life. And when will that horse have justice, the blows of whose brutal beating upon the head sunk so deep into my feelings when a small boy? or that one I saw in Kansas with lacerated and bleeding head and neck, lying on the ground, whose master hitched a chain or rope around its neck, and with its mate drew it up the little hill and left it alive by the roadside? or that one whose Christian(?) master, now palsied and trembling on the edge of the grave, dug his eye out with his own thumb? If animals do have a resurrection, all Rushford Methodists of forty years ago will agree with me in expecting Father Goff's religious dog to appear alongside the faithful horse of the old itinerant in the happy grounds of the future life.

What a sad and fearful thing to contemplate the almost absolute and irresponsible power of men of such passions over wife and children and the inferior animal world! The same spirit animates them that is manifested in the fierce and cruel Zulu pictured by Bishop Taylor, who brought out his daughter daily before the members of his heathen kraal, and, to make her renounce Christianity flogged her until his own strength would be exhausted, keeping this up for three weeks, when death finally ended the scene of martyrdom. There is wondrous mystery in the divine providence concerning the origin of sin and

giving it a theater and opportunity to develop and exhibit its true nature in heart-breaking cruelty, physical torture, and depths of vileness.

Nor should I forget Uncle Bill Gordon, once a traveling preacher, in my boyhood days a well-to-do business man, whose annual ten-dollar bill for missions was as marked for liberality and interest as a hundred would be now, and which, along with other collections, once gave me a life membership certificate for framing. But the multiplying scenes and incidents, as memory glances along life's pathway, are too numerous and of too little public value to occupy space and time. One might desire to name many of personal interest or local celebrity for the eye of the few; the superintendent whose presence roused the animation and fire of every child in the Sabbath-school, still living in Topeka, Kansas, quite past his golden-wedding day and with a standing invitation out for the numerous guests to return at the diamond jubilee; or to mention the lectures of such as Frederick Douglass, famous Negro orator and statesman, whose lion-like voice roared out and filled the hall—"They say the Negro's voice is feeble;" of Horace Mann, the father of American education; and Horace Greeley, the greatest American journalist.

The war came with its solemn and awful wrecking of family circles and hopes. A heart-breaking cry went up from mother's lips at brother's death; but for a few minutes only. It was followed by the peace of Christian confidence and resignation. Another family bereavement came into our home, and

a million others, when one riding by called out, "Lincoln's assassinated." Oh, the deep grief when the ripe fruit of victory was so ruthlessly plucked from the lips of the good, tender-hearted father of the people, and he lay low in death indicted by the murderous and revengeful hand of expiring slavery! A great price was paid for the freedom of the blacks. It is sad to witness the nullifying of its fruits by too hastily reconstructed and rehabilitated state governments, and selfish and corrupt national politics. We may not hope for lasting peace and assured righteousness and prosperity until the underlying evil of our national government and policy is corrected—the non-recognition of God and his law, and the practical absence of the fear of the Lord.

It was a valued privilege about this period to hear Andrews, the great war governor of Massachusetts, chief among the noble men who sprang to the front in the hour of the nation's death struggle, speak in Rochester; as also to speak with General Seigel when he came to Rushford for Major Lyon who had been on his staff in his western campaign. Enough of this. I've had no ambition for war since those dark days. If it must ever come,* may it be when the nation is so manifestly on God's side that there shall be no doubt of His being on our side in the dreadful conflict. Still, while war is horrible, and belongs essentially to Satan's empire, the nation's talent of life, wealth and influence is given it of God

*Written just before the outbreak of the late Spanish-American war.

for the service of humanity; and unless we are prepared to assume that one should not defend his life or family against a blood-thirsty villain, or idly see a weak neighbor abused or murdered, why should the nation look carelessly on while the weak are despoiled of liberty, property and happiness, or fail to protect its own heritage of God-given truth, virtue and life?

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE slowly recovering from paralysis at the age of seventeen, and barely able to hobble about the house with two chairs, I one day remarked to mother, "I intend to live till I am seventy." I had long been carried off the bed, when moved at all, on a sheet with poles, and friends had hourly awaited the tolling of the church bell; but God had spoken to me when eleven years old about preaching his gospel, and my time had not yet come. With tender protest she exclaimed, "You poor boy, I'd like to see you stand on your legs!" "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and I had hope in God in addition. While thus about the house, our loved Brother Worthington called one day, and as he left I said, "Uncle John, what's going to become of me?" "Oh, I expect you are going up one of these days." During my first year's ministry the kind-hearted sister with whom I boarded rather jovially said, "Oh, the grass will be green over your grave in five years," and the presiding elder reported that he did not think I would live two months. I thought I knew better, and wrote home that I had added ten years to my former calculation. God had wholly sanctified my soul, and the well of water was springing up unto eternal life; and part of that life belonged to this world. It is more than thirty years since I en-

tered the ministry and nearly thirty-five from the first sickness. I was in the seminary at Lima, N. Y., when Frances E. Willard was preceptress in the fall of 1866, but only for a little while, and then went home to die. I had taken courage for a little when Green, one of the college boys, looked me over and exclaimed, "Why, Damon, you've got a good place for lungs;" but the cough with which I nearly strangled and fell every time I walked up the hill to the seminary increased, and when I told the professor I must leave he said, "You will not live two weeks if you don't." Ah, that was a sad hour when I decided that the ambition and hopes of all my life must be resigned, and the fine start I had made toward years of college life must be abandoned! It was hard enough getting home. Mother threw up her hands in surprise and despair, and I was supposed to have only about a week to live. But again I was raised up, and began preaching that winter, and regularly the next fall. Knowledge, education, had been my life ambition. I had worked hard for it, preferring study to food or play. On the fourth floor of Joseph Mackey's brown stone front in Brooklyn, near August 1, 1869, God wonderfully made up to me, in secret prayer, that which he had withdrawn at Lima three years before. It is too precious to omit. Let me give it in full:

"Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil. My son, if thou wilt receive my words and hide my commandments with thee; so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom

and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of his saints. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path. When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee," etc. (Prov. I: 33—2: 11.)

I came down and, standing on the steps, looked about upon the wealth of the city, and felt that I was the richest man in Brooklyn. I had lost my money; I was a stranger in the city, with no means of getting away; I had utterly sacrificed all earthly relatives and church friends in the wild and insane (?) purpose to unite with the feeble, obscure and despised Free Methodists; but God had assured me, in the impress of these verses, of that which I coveted far above wealth, and with it I felt He gave Himself. Had my former ambition been carried out, such was the favor with which I had everywhere been received—as superintendent of one of the best organized and most flourishing Sabbath-schools in western New York, with an Institute held by Vincent, now Bishop;

in the church, with a widening acquaintance with the ministry through conferences and conventions; and in school, being in advance of my grade, and chosen orator of the literary society almost on introduction—I could hardly have failed to be fatally drawn into the current of ecclesiastical pride, worldliness and ambition to the drowning of the soul in destruction and perdition.

How merciful are God's ways, though crossing to the flesh! Heart purity, with the guiding hand of a Father, is surely a safer preparation for usefulness than much learning without it. But diligent study and everlasting thinking, especially if one first learns how to think, will enable him to accumulate considerable stores of valuable knowledge in course of time.

The thwarting of my plans for study had been followed by the experience of entire sanctification. A visit to a relative had casually thrown into my hands an expose of Freemasonry written by a Baptist minister of the Morgan days. I had been curious to know the nature of an institution in civilized society shrouded in so much mystery. I learned that to know was to abhor it. The way was being prepared for a change of church relations which once would have been repulsive to contemplate, and later would have seemed a cross too heavy to bear. Holiness had now become the most attractive thing in the universe. I had learned the power of the cross. At camp-meeting I stood as a witness. One blessed preacher present became a

father to me. One sister, an intimate friend and co-worker of my future wife's mother, as it strangely developed in after years, presented a beautiful pattern of Christian simplicity in dress which has ever since seemed ideal. There began to be a buzzing among the preachers and members. What could be the occasion? Behold, it was the disturbing doctrine of holiness! De La Matyr was quoted against it. "Why," said I, "I heard him preach a powerful sermon that deepened my conviction for it. He cannot be against it." I called his attention to that sermon. Said he, "I have to preach in about ten minutes. I guess I'll preach that here." He did so; but first closed our conversation with the words, "But you musn't make any distinction." I was non-plussed. Did this powerful sermon mean nothing? At its close I was requested to lead a large tent-meeting. In modesty I threw it into De La Matyr's hands; but then the cross came on me to give definite testimony to holiness with "a distinction." It was a cross. A mighty man of valor was before me, one whom I revered, the friend of my parents and family, an orator and champion of fame. But I feared God more, and went forward, followed by many who only waited a leader.

During a life of thirty-five years of great feebleness physically, rather thirty-seven, for I began to fail at fifteen, I have derived much encouragement from considering that "nature tends to healing," as witnessed in the manner a tree grows over a cut or scar. There is much also in cheerfulness, hopeful-

ness and radical determination to live, in helping one to rise above discouragements and difficulties seemingly insurmountable. I would advise those burdened with like disabilities to "never say die," but put on courage and trust in God. But especially seek the quickening, health-giving virtue of the indwelling Spirit of God. Yea, look for healing and health and vigor in Him.

Many a time I am satisfied I should have gone under had I not resisted the tendencies and looked directly to God for blessing and deliverance. On one occasion when I had long lain at the very point of death, during the fall of 1872, Rev. T. S. La Due came at the call of my wife from Minnesota to Iowa with text and sermon for my funeral. Not being admitted to my room that night, as he sat in an adjoining room he exclaimed, "Well, this doesn't seem like the house of death!" The tide turned from the very time of his admittance next morning, and as he sat by my bedside he gave me the outline of the sermon. His prayers, yea, his very atmosphere, were spiritually uplifting, and physically as well. Like Luther when he forbid Melancthon's dying, I suppose he felt I could not well be spared. Those were days of glorious war, and while I should assuredly have gone triumphantly through the gates, I was not unwilling to remain in the battle. After two days he left me, and was immediately in a blessed revival about thirty miles away, raising up an excellent class, from which three at least have beyond a doubt gone gloriously to heaven after

years of holy life and labor. A year or two later I was in such feebleness that I thought it prudent to plan to leave my work and family and for recuperation spend the winter East. Every time I came around to certain appointments, however, the members were so led out in prayer for me, in particular two of the sisters, at different points, that I reasoned, God would not so help them by the Spirit to pray for me if he were not ready to uphold me by His power. I gave up going East, and that winter, though I could long kneel on only one knee, and felt wholly unable when I began, I preached 115 times, some souls were blessedly saved, and one preacher from among them is in heaven. It was a winter of continued triumph, the result of prayer, faith, energy, and entering into the mind of the Spirit.

I have thus narrated circumstances concerning my health for the possible encouragement of ambitious young persons who are sorely tempted to give up in disheartenment when their plans are thwarted and their prospects blighted by sickness and infirmity. Though carrying a half-paralyzed body, nearly deaf, troubled at times with a chronic bronchitis, and suffering unspeakably disagreeable trouble in other directions, I have been enabled by God's help to preach in the freedom of the Spirit 150 times in 139 days since last conference. When I am able to report full healing, these disagreeables will drop out of sight. Till then, the word of scripture is, "Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart," and body also.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOLLOWING the camp-meeting referred to in the last chapter, in 1867, I went as before stated from New York to Iowa and became pastor of ——— M. E. church. I had found myself drifting toward the standpoint of the "Nazarites," and not wishing to be identified with them, I thought to seek a country where they were unknown, and where I could preach holiness and not be called a Free Methodist. Alas for human planning! I had not been long on my work before a sister who had known them in Illinois confronted me with, "Brother Damon, you are not an M. E., you are a Free Methodist." Of course I didn't like it. One Sabbath morning Sister E——, where I boarded, said, "There's a new Congregationalist minister in town. You will see him to-night when you go to the concert." The churches united once a month in behalf of the Sabbath-school. I had borne my cross in such preaching as was generally unheard of in M. E. churches, and it had begun to bear fruit, I am sorry to say more in the way of official and ministerial opposition than of souls saved, though I trust some good was done. I felt indeed that I was a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth. Psalm 31:9-13 is somewhat expressive of my condition at that time. Bearing a part in the exercises, at its close the Baptist pastor courte-

ously introduced me to the stranger minister, who advanced cordially and greeted me with the words "I have seen you before." It then occurred that in a distant place on my arrival in the State I had been driven in by a storm where the same elderly minister was addressing a gathering of children. He entered genially into conversation as we stood within the altar, and with such an apparent insight into my circumstances and such words of sympathy and encouragement as quite astonished me. Solemnly he said, "I foresee you will have a great deal of persecution;" and then exhorted me to steadfastness and endurance. Tears come to my eyes as I now recall those strange, thrilling words. What meant the interest of this strange old man of another denomination in a homeless, friendless boy bending beneath a heart-grief that, but for the presence of God and approving conscience, would have been a crushing burden? Will it do to seek further acquaintance? I ventured the presumption to ask him if he would spend the night with me. "I am engaged to such an one. If he will let me off, I will." It was arranged, and at evening prayer my curiosity was increased by the fervor of his devotion. I wondered if this old man knew anything of "holiness." But why should he—a Congregationalist? "When we retire I will ask him." And I did. "When we get in bed," said he, "I will tell you some of my experience."

As I learned, this able and interesting minister was in town on occasion of a ministerial church trial,

and at his place of entertainment, the strange young man, pastor of the M. E. church, was discussed.

"What is there so peculiar about him?"

"Why, he preaches against a great many things. He will preach A WHOLE SERMON on tobacco, against dress, against secret societies."

"I have a dollar for that young man," said my unknown defender.

When we were comfortably in bed he gave me a slight sketch of his life and family, dwelling more particularly on a son of oratorical talent and great promise, the pride of his heart, whom he had educated with fond hope of eminence in the ministry of his own church. This son had been in various schools, had preached some years, had been offered the pastorate of the largest Congregational church in the State, but at length had blasted all his hopes in going off with an unknown but evidently obscure and insignificant people. He had married a widow older than himself and humbled the pride of the family. The dark spirit of persecution arose in his heart. He prepared a letter to the effect that they should henceforth consider themselves as dead to each other; but was dissuaded from sending it by a wise woman of his church. Time passed and the son proposed to visit him and bring his wife. The time arrived. He was full of pain and apprehension as to what might occur; but no scene was enacted on their arrival. On the contrary the wife proved to be a quiet, intelligent, modest woman, and matters passed along reasonably well till she proposed

to accompany him to prayer-meeting. He could not refuse, but now would surely occur some humiliating performance to the chagrin of the church and himself as pastor. However all was safe till he heard her voice in prayer. Down went his head covered with his hands, as he sat on his chair awaiting the expected explosion of religious wild fire to the reproach of the situation. To his surprise he could scarcely hear her voice, and listening intently to those gentle strains of fervent, devout supplication, he soon found the tears trickling from his own eyes between his fingers and a breathless interest to catch every word of a heaven-inspired prayer. The visit ended. He was drawn toward them both. Afterward he visited them in Illinois and received a remarkable manifestation of God to his soul and great increase of grace. He came by surprise upon one of his son's members and found her singing happily while engaged in daily tasks. It could not be affected, for she was alone in her cellar churning, and knew nothing of his presence.

One day his son made an absurd prayer at the family altar. "O Lord, we are out of wood. I would like a load, half green, half dry." Within a few days exactly such a load came, and the brother apologized that for so long (agreeing to the time of the prayer) he had been feeling he ought to bring it, but had negligently delayed.

I had read the "Schomberg-Cotta Family," and a similar book to illustrate the romantic character of God's work in the days of the Wesleys, as that of

Luther's times. All this while, I knew the old man was talking of the people from whom I had fled away when I left New York, and "my heart burned within me."

I was taking the *Earnest Christian*, "but secretly for fear of the Jews"—my M. E. brethren. Next morning I read him some letters I had received from Sister N. Kingsbury, a devoted and intelligent pilgrim of New York, despite the fierce warning of my brother that, "through the wily working of one who had done more than any other to lead members out of the M. E. church" (in R—), I was being led astray. He took a deep interest in my welfare, and the effect of his counsels was a strong confirmation of my purpose to be true to God. Somehow I felt that the heroic days of the Wesleys might be returning, though I had known it not. There was gathering about me the element of the supernatural for which from boyhood I had yearned, and more especially since I had come more clearly to know the Lord. Such was my introduction to the singularly genial and gracious Rev. S. P. La Due, and my acquaintance at second-hand with his but half-known son of marvellous eloquence, Rev. T. S. La Due. It has been my privilege in past years repeatedly to hear Bishop Simpson, including his greatest lecture on, "The Future of Our Country," one passage of which, in its sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, brought down the house in three successive cheers of uproarious laughter; and also to hear numbers of the first orators of the land, and, in view of all, I here

record, that for sound reasoning, long-sustained brilliant imagination, and occasional flights of beautiful and sublime oratory, with charming metaphor or gorgeous imagery, I never heard the equal in pulpit eloquence of Rev. T. S. La Due. I had a very intimate acquaintance and claim some competence to judge. But so absolute was his subordination of eloquence to truth, and his conviction that he was of God "set for the defense of the gospel" against satanic arts and wiles of formalism, that in his possible occasional excess of "flaying alive" the foes of Christian purity, sight was largely lost of the beauties of his oratory by reason of their setting in the midst of scorching, blistering truth fastened on the conscience. In private life he was unequalled among my acquaintance for meekness, purity and gentleness—the model of a Christian gentleman.

CHAPTER IX.

FINNEY's articles on Masonry of which his valuable book was afterward composed, were being published in the *Independent*. (They were soon suppressed and appeared elsewhere). Sister K—— of New York, sent them to me. I was well prepared to receive the truth. Among my acquaintance during this trying year, the first of my ministry, was old Sister H——. She had been sanctified thirty years before in Boston. She had known Finney and Knapp in their great revival work. One of them when laboring with penitents and feeling hindered by the unbelief of the onlookers, had pointed them out and said, "Brother A., Brother B., I want you to go out from here. You chill everything so we cannot do anything." And they went out. Often she had advised me, "You must not let them [the church] get so close to you but that you can strike them," accompanied with a gesture. There was no roughness in the spirit or tone of the counsel. She knew something of the work and ways of the Spirit and was a help to me. She was a great admirer of Finney. One day in my room I read her one or more of those articles without giving his name. Her husband, when living, had been a Freemason. Her son was one now, and so enamored of it that in all innocence and unconsciousness he had loaned me a book which would

reveal its beauties. He could not see how its symbols taught regeneration, while it stated elsewhere, "Masonry has no atoning sacrifice." "It points to no bleeding victim." It professed to take "uncultivated, ignorant and vicious humanity" and fit them for a place "in the grand lodge above"—by Masonry, not by Christ. To all this he was utterly blind; and she had supposed there was nothing seriously wrong in the institution. "Who says that?" she demanded with earnestness at some unusually sharp thrust of this skillful swordsman. "Charles G. Finney," was my quiet reply. She was thunder-struck. Her countenance fell. After brief meditation: "If Finney says so, IT'S TRUE," she exclaimed with a gesture of her hand, "for FINNEY WON'T LIE."

The spiritual condition of my church was deplorable. I was not a wise minister, but I was a conscientious and faithful one. The common people listened with interest and were warm friends; the officials were respectful, but too deeply involved in secretism and too far from God to endure the truth. The town was a stronghold of Masonry. The presiding elder lectured in its favor and turned the glances of the delighted audience on me. I was unmoved, conscious that I was right. With his "able and worthy brother" from an adjoining circuit, he called on me, as I supposed for my encouragement—I soon found to labor with me over my varied positions. One complaint alleged was, "Always preaching holiness." I read a list of my texts for six months. He readily commended the breadth of

range and variety; but this I confessed: "As when I preach to the unconverted, every sermon points to justification; so when I preach to the church (not enjoying holiness) every sermon points toward entire sanctification." At the house of a leading official member they were conversing about drunkards, Good Templars, and the like. I inquired, "Do you not think we should expect the gospel to reach the drunkard and the outcast, and rescue them directly by its own power without the stepping-stones of such societies of human invention?" Both agreed in answering "No." I was made to feel that I was regarded weak-minded and on the road to the insane asylum. The elder boldly avowed that on a given occasion the carriage that carried him home from the lecture he had delivered at a Masonic banquet, took others back to the dance that followed. At conference next fall he assured me, had we both been returned in our relation, he should have taken effective measures to check my positions. When he renounced secret societies some years after, I felt he should have gone a step further and corrected his influence as above. However, I understood he once said, "Damon seems to think he is very humble; but I feel when I am with him as though he regarded me as a mere pigmy beside him." Perhaps our feelings fairly balanced, if that was the case. He was a man of respectable ability, and I never thought otherwise; but I have never ceased to think that for a Methodist presiding elder, his religious position and influence on a young minister were shameful.

Some of my official members ceased to attend church. I should have been unsupported had not God raised up unofficial helpers. One of the officials, it was said, could swear on occasion, and had furnished beer at an auction sale; but he had a streak of honesty, and when I told him one day, after he had warned me about preaching against Masonry, how I viewed the situation and my duty, and asked him what he would do in such a case, bluntly replied, "I'd do what I thought was right. I'll go my bottom dollar on you." I had, however, a safer provision of defense.

I visited one of those who had ceased attendance, and at table said boldly, though feeling the cross heavily enough, "Brother C., do you know why I have taken the course I have?" "No." Then I frankly declared my convictions in full. Many years after he came into a Free Methodist love-feast, referred to the above and said, "I never had any bitterness toward Brother Damon after that." And I confess that when at the session of one of our conferences in that town, I was appointed by their special request to fill the M. E. pulpit on Sabbath morning, I felt some gratification in view of the testimony of my conscience that with absolute fidelity I had borne my cross among them. The same brother once came hastily into the train of cars as I was seated at the depot ready to leave town on a transient visit there, and left a bill of two dollars in my hand. When I left the circuit at the end of the year it was with the confidence and respect of the

community, and more weeping in the church, it was said, than ever before with one exception. I had the peace of God and a countenance unabashed in the face of my enemies.

My first year's experience showed plainly that if I was on the right track it would be useless to join conference. I had no desire to leave the church of my parents—the church of my past pride and zeal and glorying—in which I had already spent more than eleven years of life. But I knew too well what was natural, not to say necessary, from the standpoint of the church and the presiding eldership, and the temper of those in charge, to imagine that I could pursue the course my conscience seemed to require with any success. The implications were too sweeping. The purpose to unite was abandoned. I attended its session, enjoyed most of its services and formed warm friendships. There were some advocates and some seekers of holiness. Its applications were not consistently defined and lines of separation drawn and maintained. At its close I was persuaded by an elder who figured prominently in the history of the origin of Free Methodism, to take another charge. His personal treatment of me was of the kindest nature; and as a strong preacher, a champion debater, and a zealous overseer of the work, there was much to admire and love in him. Would there had been no barrier along lines of truth and righteousness to prevent the fellowship to which I was traditionally inclined. No word or act occurred to leave unkind reflection.

I was appointed to write on holiness for the quarterly Preacher's Meeting. I rode to its session with Rev. R—— W——, of an adjoining circuit. He was of middle age and warmly inclined toward me. He was first called upon to criticise the essay. Humbly he began, "I have been in the church twenty-six years, and I don't enjoy it."

Quick as a battery could be discharged, a broadside was turned on him, particularly by Rev. S——, an Englishman, afterward a presiding elder, and whose son has since become a divine of some national if not wider celebrity. I largely escaped the scoring through the unfortunate honest confession of my friend. At another similar gathering I wrote by appointment on the "Lines of Agreement and Demarkation Between the Old and New Dispensations," and took occasion to show that in respect to separation the principles of the two were in harmony, and applied now to worldly friendship, marriage, secrecy, etc. One preacher could not see "why Brother Damon wanted to go out of his way for the sake of dragging in something to tread on somebody's toes." Probably the attack was anticipated, for they tried to head off the reading of the paper. And why not? I had preached the night before from, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully; and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." But there was now and then a crumb of comfort. Holding a quarterly meeting for the elder on another circuit, Brother S——, a merchant, and a prominent member, commended me for "bearding

the lion in his den," and for my comfort when I rode away against a piercing northwest wind got a magnificent pair of fringed mittens from his store on the Sabbath and gave them me, else I must nearly have perished with cold.

But while my relations were all kindly and outwardly harmonious, the gentle criticism of the elder at the Preachers' Meeting, "Brother Damon is doing a good work up there," referring to my circuit, "but if he doesn't change his course in some respects, he will ruin his influence," showed plainly enough which way the undercurrent moved. S——'s attack on W—— for confessing his want of the blessing of holiness was an implied assault on the doctrine itself, and the "respects" in which I must change were, the pressing on the church the necessity of the experience of entire sanctification and insisting on the renunciation of general worldliness. I could not see how to do this, and more and more my way in the church seemed to be hedging up. I considered various plans by which to continue my relations—as independent evangelistic work, aiding friends in revivals and camp-meetings, etc. These all it appeared would sooner or later close up against me, and I would be adrift upon the religious world, nameless, homeless and without influence for usefulness.

CHAPTER X.

DURING the winter of this year (1868-9), and while holding a protracted meeting, I had retired to rest one night at my boarding place three miles from town, when one of the boys of the family handed me a letter. I opened it and behold it was signed, T. S. La Due. Every word thrilled me. Strange as were its associations it was like water to a thirsty man. It began,

"I WRITE to you, 1. Because I think the Holy Spirit leads me to. 2. I have heard my father speak of you and became very much interested in you. 3. I have read your late article in the GUIDE TO HOLINESS [written the year before] and fully accord with the sentiments expressed therein."*

"Honor the Holy Ghost," was one among many advices to preachers which had some years before riveted itself on my memory, and such honor was here expressed. The letter, though intensely radical and searching, was deeply spiritual, kind, and gave evidence of the ability attributed to him by my strange acquaintance of eight months before, and which, under the circumstances, was rather necessary to attract and satisfy my mind. I replied, and after some months requested the privilege of visiting him in Minnesota.

"My wife and I both think it would be eminently

*See Appendix 1.

proper for you to do so," was his answer, and in May following the plan was carried out.

I was not without questionings, occasional misgivings, an eye and ear open to the slightest tokens of religious wildness, as I ventured on these unknown waters of life experience.

Mother had written, "As far as I can learn when one begins to talk about being led by the Spirit, he is in great danger of going astray." As I entered the community where he lived, and stopped at a house to inquire for him, I was repelled by the somewhat rude salutation with which as a stranger I was greeted. "Be courteous" was an injunction of scripture forgotten by the zealous woman, glorying in her Free Methodism, who soon after became a piercing thorn in the side of Brother L—— and his family. However, my visit proved satisfactory. I was surprised to find how close relationship I had struck to an able author whose work on "Holiness" had been put in my brother's hand after his conversion twelve years before; and to a devoted minister who, as my mother had told me in childhood, would even rise from the table at his hour of secret prayer and, requesting a room, retire to keep his appointment with the Lord.

There were novel incidents connected with this visit. Brother and Sister L—— were living at the time with Father Sumner, of blessed memory, in the valley of the Little Canon in Goodhue county, several miles from town. Such was my sensitiveness to the reproach connected with the name of Free

Methodists, as I had helped to heap it upon them years before, that when I inquired for Brother L—— in a store in a town where he had labored, I fancied (very likely it was only my imagination) a smirk on the countenances of bystanders, but I “was not ashamed of his chain,” as said Paul of Onesiphorus. I had it fixed in my mind to meet this eminent man with a very religious program of conduct when I should be introduced; but my mind was somewhat confused, my planning frustrated, and the simplicity of the greeting, as we sat down and exchanged a few ejaculations, was somewhat amusing. I had scarcely learned how to act natural.

This reminds me of my break-down in preaching, the first in my experience, before the Genesee conference in 1869. I had a text from which I had once preached, in Brooklyn I believe, with great freedom, and while I sought no display, for the sake of the truth involved in it, I desired and expected a good time. The subject did not open up. I thought, I am before a conference of *spiritual* men. “They can discern you. They know you lack unction,” said the tempter, as I proceeded. The farther I went the harder it grew, until I feared it would be almost a wicked and a useless attempt to impose upon *such* men the vain efforts of my own energy as a substitute for the power of the Spirit.

“I shall preach on such an occasion, if the Spirit moves,” said one. “*I* shall preach that the Spirit *may* move,” said Wesley. Well, I gave it up, as once again on a camp-ground, and good Brother Roberts

took it up and mercifully helped me out. By that time I learned that it neither helped out my reputation nor my piety to "break down" and I quit.

Father Sumner called on Brother L—— to give thanks at table. He broke forth in praise to God. This was a new thing in the earth to me. At the next meal we were together at the house of a son, the late Rev. N. J. Sumner. Brother L—— called on me to return thanks. I was so completely upset by the circumstance referred to, that my mind was in utter turmoil. "You must excuse me, Brother La Due," said I, at length, "but I can't think what to say."

However I had liberty in preaching and was treated with cordial fellowship by my new acquaintances, and the power of God was manifest in the school-house meetings. Here was a man of great ability, sound in doctrine, a master of oratory, of unquestionably deep piety, preparing his sermons with studied care as well as with prayer, rejected from the churches, when possible excluded even from school-houses, and yet the very valley in which he lived was resounding with the praises of God, and the voice of secret prayer followed by triumphant shouts of victory could be heard from the consecrated grove near which he lived. What shall I do? I can go back to my work and retain the ease, honor and emolument connected with a numerically strong and wealthy church; but this man is vastly my superior, and for the sake of truth and conscience, and, I believe, the real work of God in the earth, he is

cast out as evil, his name a sign to be spoken against. Shall I seek to save my life and reputation by retaining my relation while in my heart I believe he is right and persecuted for righteousness' sake? Rather let me sacrifice all and stepping to the front share with him the reproach and opposition if I desire a part in his rewards. Such were my thoughts, and most prayerfully and deliberately under the eye of God my Father, such was my decision as to my future course.

Again, just before leaving, I was asked to preach.

"I should think it time for me to hear you," was my reply.

"Well, I guess I'll have to preach a sermon for your special benefit," he answered; and verily I thought it was, as I felt myself struck first on one side my head by the truth, and then, before I was fairly felled to earth, on the other, which would not only bring me up standing but pitch me the other way. I was surprised to learn that this was one of his old sermons prepared before his correspondence with me.

My visit ended, walking through a strange town, so severe was the assault of Satan for the decision I had made that it required all my nervous and muscular force to walk erect and with open countenance look people in the face. It was brief. God comfortingly assured me, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." But now I was surely a stranger in the earth; whereas a little before I had friends and

relatives (in a religious capacity) in almost every community in the land. My relations now seemed questionable as to my circuit, though outwardly agreeable, and about July 1 I resigned, and in company with Rev. L. H. Carhart, with whom I had labored harmoniously on his circuit—a very amiable as well as an able man, and advocate of holiness—and one of his members, attended the first great holiness camp-meeting at Round Lake, N. Y.

Looking back over these two years of the beginning of my ministry, I could wish that more of grace, of the power and wisdom of the Spirit, with the experience of years, could have been brought to bear upon the trying situation; but what could be expected of a boy of twenty-one and two in such an environment? I was not a successful soul-winner. My conscience was somewhat oppressive. I had in general the respect and good will of all, and see little to recall in those years; but much might have been improved with greater freedom and power of the Spirit. Indeed, I understood little of the personality and office-work of the Holy Spirit in those days, a defect that occasioned sore trial for two years after; till at length I was driven in sheer desperation so to cast myself on God that the defect was remedied.

CHAPTER XI.

IT WAS at the home of Capt. K—— on my last circuit in the M. E. church, that I first saw the *Free Methodist*, edited by Rev. Levi Wood. It struck me as attractive in appearance, ably edited and spiritual. The Captain and his wife had, I think, been formerly associated with, perhaps were members of, the F. M. church. They were an interesting family, and in my state of mind there was added attraction in view of the above fact. He was evidently a man of rather violent temper. A soldier reproved him one day for profanity during battle the day before. He disputed it, and was so incensed that he was about to inflict punishment for his temerity and insult. "You can ask so and so." He referred the matter to this man in whom he had full confidence. "Captain," said he, "I never heard a man swear so in all my life." The Captain was absolutely unconscious that he had acted thus. It occurred in the excitement of battle when his men wavered in line and began to break, and only with the utmost violence had he restrained them from a disastrous rout.

Coming North on a furlough, while awaiting a transfer at a depot in southern Illinois, the Southern sympathy expressed by those standing about so stirred his patriotic indignation that with threatening attitude he broke in on them, "I came South to

fight rebels; I may as well begin here," and ended the treasonable conversation very suddenly.

Coming home one night from only five miles away, he was overtaken by a genuine Western blizzard. He was within about one mile of his house on an open prairie when he suddenly realized that he was lost. In the whirling, blinding storm he felt it was vain to attempt to find his way. He stopped his team, and sitting there, reflected on the loved wife and child awaiting his coming. Said he, "I took an account of my strength—whether I could live till morning. If I had concluded I could not, I believe I should have gone crazy on the spot. I made up my mind I could, and unhitched my team, and taking a horse by the bridle in each hand, commenced a slow walk to keep from freezing, expecting to tramp it out through the long night." Finally he struck a fence, and about midnight found his house, the bright light in the window of which could not be seen a few feet away. That was a joyful home-coming both for himself and wife. On that same section of prairie in another storm a man finding his daughter, a young woman whom I afterward saw, exhausted with their tramp, buried her in the snow as his last resort, and pressed on for help. When he obtained it, the snow had so drifted over the entire surface that for nearly three days, as I remember, they searched in vain, until by chance they broke through a drift that led to her discovery, unconscious, but still alive.

It was through the neglect of Captain K—— to pay an account of \$10.00 for me, which he had prom-

ised on my salary, that I ran short of money on the Round Lake Camp Ground, as narrated in chapter two. At simple interest, seven per cent., it would now amount to about \$30.00. If he is still alive and this meets his eye, pressing as are my present desires, I will, in consideration that it procured for me a good companion in life, take half price for the account.

Passing through this community a few years after—a Free Methodist preacher now—I met Rev.——, the pastor of my former congregation. He was an educated man, agreeable and professed to be friendly. He has since been long a college president. Having an opportunity afterward to pass through the place, I called on him and proposed to preach at an unoccupied hour to my old flock, with whom my relations had always been cordial. To my surprise he was cool and reserved. I referred to his former profession and inquired the cause. "I had not heard anything about you then." "I hope you have not heard anything bad." He did not directly say, but implied he had. At length he laid aside reserve and frankly said: "If you would preach an ordinary sermon as other men, I would be willing to give you my own hour." I was somewhat indignant and replied, "You can do as you please about letting me preach; but I shall put myself in bonds to no man. In the pulpit I am God's man, and shall preach what he gives me." I was permitted the appointment, but apparently matters were arranged to draw away the congregation. I never met the pastor after the above interview.

I once met Rev. S——, of the Preachers' Meeting incident—the brow-beating Englishman who had flagellated my friend W—— for his confession that he was without the experience of holiness. He was now a presiding elder, many years my senior, of course, a man of fair ability and not wanting in conceit. Realizing that I was not under his ecclesiastical domination, I felt very easy in his presence, as we conversed familiarly on the cars. The questions in issue were old-line Methodism. "Damon, if you go up and down the country talking this way, you'll get whipped some day." "What do you mean?" "O you'll come across some one who understands Methodism better than you do, and you'll get whipped." He exhibited his gold watch to draw out my view of it. Being challenged, I mildly said, "With my present convictions, I could not wear it." This was made an occasion of merriment and sarcastic raillery to draw the attention of the passengers; and he urged me, if I had presents of such that I could not accept, to send for him: "I'll take them."

I have never made what is called "a hobby" of "the dress question." But the Scriptures are very clear and explicit in their *prohibitory*, as well as positive injunctions, on the question, if Mr. Wesley is to be credited as a commentator. "Full as flat and positive a command as 'Thou shalt not kill,' or 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,'" is the substance of his note. Why should there be so general agreement to make void this particular word of the Lord? Three times over in the high places of modern Methodism

have I seen the nullifying argument put thus: "Principles eternal: their applications various. The apostles condemned extravagance and made gold the application; but gold was scarce and costly then, plentiful and cheap now: hence there is no such application of the principle in force at present." To say nothing of the correctness of the facts assumed, the important one is overlooked that ornamentation rather than extravagance, is the primary principle involved, and its application is the same now as in the apostles' day. And as to "the spirit of the apostolic precept," on which the church takes its present stand, why does it not as truly apply, from the standpoint of free humility and zealous evangelism, or missionary self-denial and sacrifice, to the wholly unnecessary cost and fine indication of gentlemanly pride in the gold cases of a watch, as in other ornamentation? The old Quaker in the stage coach quietly replied to his highly ornamented traveling companion, thinly clad and shivering with cold, who exclaimed, "What *shall* I do?"—"I don't know, unless thee puts on another bosom pin." I fail to see how the efficiency of a Methodist presiding elder is particularly enhanced by ridiculing his own Discipline; "Do you suppose men could make rules a hundred years ago to govern us now?"—or sporting gold watches before a promiscuous company in a railroad car.

CHAPTER XII.

DURING my first year's ministry the question of Freemasonry was continually thrust upon my attention. Not only were my members generally in a very low state of grace, if it is proper to imply grace at all, but this was as true of the official members as of others. THEY were generally in active relation to the lodge. On one occasion after preaching on justification about twenty-five members remained to class. I requested all who bore the marks of that state as presented to arise. One good sister arose. A leading official member rose—half-way up—and said, "If Brother Damon means so and so, I can say so and so," a very qualified testimony. No others arose. But while for several weeks the church was holding prayer-meetings five nights between Sabbaths, he attended one regularly, and spent four in the lodge and chapter—occasioned by some special call. There was sent to him to be distributed for subscribers a package of papers, *The American Free Mason*, I believe, containing the baldest infidelity. Christianity was put on a level with the religious systems of Zoroaster, Confucius, and the Arabian iconoclast—all subordinate to the universal religion of Masonry—from among which her every son was at full liberty to make his choice; and the terms "faith, hope and charity" were robbed entirely of

their Christian meaning in relation to the atonement of Christ, as fruits of the Holy Spirit, and were used in a mere deistic sense.

A seminary was built by another denomination in town, and at its corner-stone laying, the amiable professor and pastor, who apparently had at heart only a qualified regard for them, for the sake of influence and patronage, "played second fiddle" for the worshipfuls who officiated.

I had been trained to a reverential respect for the ministers of evangelical churches; and it is scarcely possible to express a full sense of the shock given my religious sensibilities when I was compelled to believe, with the unquestionably reliable exposures of the oaths and ceremonies of the lodge laid bare before my eyes, that such men in their open or implied denials of these revelations, were intelligently, deliberately falsifying the facts. Possibly my use of the word "deliberate" is too strong: for who can tell the confusion of mind and distress of conscience when one comes to realize the conflicting obligations by which on the one hand he is bound in reason, honor and Christian regard for the welfare of his neighbors, to admit and confirm the truth of those revelations, and on the other is sworn by an oath with a penalty of shocking barbarity, to "forever conceal and never reveal" Masonic secrets? That one is drawn into this snare by assurances that nothing shall conflict with his varied moral obligations, by his confidence that good men would not belong to a wicked and dangerous institution, and by a natural desire for a

widened circle of influence and the advantage of such a society to his own preferment; that he does not know beforehand to what he is to be sworn, and supposes it will be nothing morally wrong, and that as he repeats clause by clause the unknown obligation as verbally given him under exciting and confusing circumstances—to say nothing of omitted clauses by which also he is bound when informed—he may be largely unfitted to appreciate the moral character and force of the obligation, or even remember its terms; that when he comes to a realization of their import he has a confused sense of honor and moral obligation growing out of his promise and oath to keep the pledge, and that this is enforced by the liabilities of the penalty;—all these considerations are to be taken into account in passing judgment upon such denials. They are sufficient to mingle pity with our censure. They are not of force to set aside our reprobation and abhorrence for a course persisted in against the pressure of facts and the appeals of Christian candor and moral reform, on the part of intelligent men whose very profession is that of accurate moral discrimination and cultivation of conscience.

Add to this the character of those obligations as binding one to keep secrets Masonically entrusted to him, which are liable to be criminal, against his natural obligation as citizen or juror; to aid in escape from justice; to oppose, traduce and persecute the violator of such obligations, though done for the sake of a good conscience toward God and one's fellow-

men; to practice a partial, shallow and selfish morality of aid, honesty and chastity limited by Masonic fellowship, instead of being based on the broad grounds of humanity and the law of God,—and we are the more astonished that good men and ministers could not only be thus entangled but conspire to deceive and hold in bonds of delusion the uninitiated part of society.

When beside all this we are forced to contemplate the very numerous repetitions of the extra judicial oath by which one's life is pledged and his body held subject to savage mutilation, with the logical implication of mutual obligation to execute these brutal and bloody penalties; and that this infidel association is, by the teaching of its own high accredited authors, a lineal descendant of the old pagan mysteries; that it mutilates scripture, mucks sacred things, and disgraces manhood and good society—what shall we say of the false relation in which we are placed when its adherents claim our fellowship as members and ministers of the church of Jesus Christ? The subject is a painful one. How it draws the lines of separation through cherished associations, and breaks the bonds of long established fellowships!

Rev. R— was an earnest advocate of entire holiness. What little acquaintance I had enjoyed was along its hallowed lines. When, as a Free Methodist, after two years' stay in New York, I was returning to the scenes of my former ministry as previously narrated, my train met his as he was

on his way to conference in 1871. Hurriedly he entered my car and throwing both arms around me in most cordial embrace, called me to "COME HOME," that is, of course, come back to the old home church of my childhood and youth. There was something tender, pathetic, in the commingled welcome and entreaty of this good man of ripened years. Yet afterward, when, crossing the path of my influence, the question of Masonry was raised for information, he felt constrained to break the force of opposition by a qualified denial of its alleged character.

He has long since gone to the merciful hands of One who knows to perfectly discriminate the motives, words and acts which seem to us in conflict with "truth in the inward parts." I would fain hope he met the glorious reward of general fidelity and a useful life.

CHAPTER XIII.

On my return to Iowa my friend C—— was appointed pastor of the M. E. church in the town where I located. My labor was widely scattered and only occasionally did we meet. Our relations had been cordial. Indeed I was greatly attached to him. There had been the token of a jarring in our correspondence. I had urged more radical positions than were to be expected from his relations. At length I suggested the prophet's words, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully; and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." This was too bloody for his mild blue eye and amiable character; and he replied, that he did not think it necessary for us to "keep our sword perpetually bathed in blood." I responded, that it is a brave soldier who sheathes his sword in the presence of the enemy before any execution is done; and continually sends up the cry from the front to an anxious country, "All quiet on the Potomac," while held at bay by an enemy behind wooden cannon. The allusion will be appreciated by those who recall the early experiences of the war of rebellion. However, on my way, I spent a Sabbath with him before the above appointment was made, preaching in his pulpit, and entertained as heartily as though we had not thus "crossed swords." His humble wife of my former acquaintance had

died; and in due time he had become united with a bright young woman, rather gay and intelligent and of much vivacity. Conversing one day along our accustomed lines, she broke in, "You don't believe one word of that, Mr. C——" (what he had just been saying), "now you know you don't." Surely this was a little embarrassing for "a holiness man," but I never learned that it caused any separation between them. He did assure me on one occasion that, "It's a long road that has no turning;" but that was above twenty-five years ago, and so far as I know the turn has not come yet. However, he gave his congregation some very radical truth. He made a rubbish pile for the emblems of all sorts of worldliness, jewelry and such like included, outside the entrance gate to the narrow way, where they belonged; but unfortunately came down from the pulpit to baptize one for membership whose unnatural hair and other head regalia kept the holy water from doing her person any harm—or good, I fear—and thus apparently neutralized its effect. Sometimes the truth came so close and hot as to threaten a lively commotion; but at the critical stage it cooled off sufficiently to allay the excitement and things pursued their normal course—of worldliness. Perplexed a little by the quiet way they went with him, I one day asked Brother L—— why it was that the radical utterances of this good brother created so little friction in his church, while my very moderate positions excited a commotion that seemed to go through the conference and State, and even came back to me

from New York. His quiet reply was, "The devil knew you meant what you said."

My relations to Brother C—— continued kindly, but in vain were all efforts toward harmony of action. I had friends in the town where years before I had contributed to the building of the church. But while social intercourse was friendly, and while the pastor was willing I should occupy his pulpit, I was never allowed to do so, because the leading official member, who evidently had all confidence in my character, trusting me in business like a brother, said, "If we let him in, it will not be two weeks till we will be all in division." Not so, however, was it with the Baptists or Congregationalists. I sometimes fancied there was a shade of sadness in the tone and look of my friend and brother, as he found himself borne along the current of church life, leading away from the lines of our heart fellowship, by the practically irresistible influence of a worldly wife. He had been commended to her by a talented preacher, apparently "religious," as Father Sumner would have said, but a high Freemason and lecturer before the Grand Lodge. It is my deliberate opinion, after more than thirty years in the ministry and in the holy way, that no gloss of Scripture interpretation, or plea of charity by half-way advocates of amiable and world-conformed holiness, can make the course above indicated harmonize with the "true holiness" of a cross-bearing gospel and church.

The witty and brilliant wife of this would-be-devoted minister, as she left the cars one Sabbath

morning in Buffalo and called on an aunt, who was a leading member of our church there, could hardly make her vivacity pass current with the noble Christian woman who walked many miles every Lord's day to help build up a new work, rather than take the street car for such a purpose. Her embarrassment was sensible; and it is to be hoped that she received good from the interview thus marred by its relation to Sabbath railroading.

But what should a preacher do who finds himself under the responsibility of a church, the whole trend of whose services and financial methods is worldward? The only safe answer is, "Carry the point for righteousness and spiritual life, or seek a more favorable environment." Consult the record of the world-honored Dr. Gordon, of Boston, who, while he may perhaps not be judged by the highest ideals, towers so high above the ordinary as to well illustrate the point. While preparing his sermon one Saturday afternoon he dreamed he was occupying his pulpit, with his eye often drawn to a mild, but strangely magnetic hearer, who, at its close, was gone before he could be introduced. When informed the Savior had listened to his effort, so powerfully was he wrought upon that ever after the vision remained, and it revolutionized his ministry and church.

CHAPTER XIV.

BROTHER B—— was a banker of wealth, intelligence and large influence, but of singular diffidence amounting to apparent timidity. He had been a Mason, but saw through its sham morality and professions. I found a temporary home with him when I went to my first circuit, and my extreme positions never made him unfriendly. Brother Roberts found a welcome at his home in after years when a session of conference called him there. I entered his bank one morning shortly after opening, or rather I knocked at its door. He opened it and so great was his evident embarrassment at having just put a cigar in his mouth, that he closed the door in my face, and when I took the liberty to open and enter he was just returning from the counter where he had concealed it.

“General” E——, with whom I afterward boarded, whose title was honorary from some relation to the legislature, of which he had once been a member, was always very kindly in his treatment. As a democrat he was much annoyed by the “assumptions” of republican doctrine by which his wife’s church papers brought a powerful influence into his family counter to his political faith. Returning one evening from a country ride on business, he gave an interesting account of a family he had met who were opposed

to Freemasonry and various things. "Are they opposed to Masonry?" said his wife. "O yes, they are anti-Masonry, anti-tobacco, anti-whisky, anti-**EVERYTHING GOOD,**" was his reply. They were Wesleyan Methodists.

One of the complaints laid in against me on occasion of the presiding elder's visit was that I had cut them off from having a donation party for raising my support; and when the stewards began to solicit, my anti-Masonic position was thrown in their face, and they ceased their efforts. However, God raised up helpers, while I boldly challenged opposition from the pulpit by saying I could not be bought for \$400—the amount of my salary.

Rev. W—— was pastor of —— circuit. He was a good natured man, as one said of him, "a good clever sinner." After seeing him one day empty his well-filled mouth of tobacco on a lady's carpet, my disgust and zeal gained the better of my Christian meekness and wisdom, and in his own church I made allusion to it so personal that after I became a Free Methodist I wrote him a confession of the unkindness of my course. He made a very friendly reply, and thought I would soon find myself, as to my new church relation, in the case of the Paddy who caught a bear and was anxious for some one to come and "help him let it go." Not very long after he committed suicide in an Iowa river. He freely admitted that an attempt to enforce the Discipline of the church would cause two-thirds of the members to leave it. A bolder attempt might have prolonged his life.

With the pastor of another church, I met at the house of Judge F—— in committee to draft a program for a county Sunday-school convention. The judge thought the church would have much to answer for that it had failed to provide amusements for its young people; but when I attempted to put ten or fifteen minutes in the program for devotional exercises, it was objected, "I don't know who you'll get to pray," and I failed to secure it. More and more I was constrained to feel that machinery and methods had taken the place of that which the church was ordained of God to accomplish, and had driven out the Spirit by whom alone the ends could be gained. Pleasure had become predominant; and Divine awakening, penitence and cries for mercy would utterly spoil the occasion as commonly used for the promotion of church objects.

On the great holiness camp-ground at Round Lake there was much excellent preaching; but while pleasure, gayety, worldliness, appeared to me to stalk abroad unconscious of its incongruity with the objects of the meeting, there was not that direct assault upon it that was calculated and necessary to bring it to a realization of its inherent antagonism. Passing one of the many hundreds of tents I noticed on its walls the same motto in frames in two or three places—"God is love." Almost indignantly I said to myself, Is he nothing else? Is he not righteousness, justice, holiness, as well? He may be essentially all love; but if so, that love itself burns and flames against sin, and it should be realized by the soft lovers of

pleasure who turn the church of God into a place of revelry.

Rev. W—— R——, D. D., and Epenetus Owen had been brother pastors at the same time of churches in the city of U——. Twenty years after they were again pastors in the same city, one of the M. E. church, the other a Free Methodist. Rev. R—— was congratulating Brother Owen on THE GREAT CHANGE in his church concerning holiness. "Yes," said Brother Owen, "but a large part of them are such as you and I agreed twenty years ago, should be TURNED OUT OF THE CHURCH for violation of the Discipline."

Rev. H—— was preaching on PRAISE. "Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely." I was a stranger in town and sitting in the congregation. Supposing he "meant what he said" in commending praise, I responded to some well-put truth and really praised the Lord in his temple. The general surprise manifest recalls the case of the person who is said to have been praying in secret beside a high stone wall. In his distress of penitence he berated himself and prayed that the stones of the wall might fall on him and crush him for his ill-deserts. But when one who happened to be concealed on the other side tumbled off a heavy stone, he jumped up—so it is said: I do not vouch for the truth of the story—and cried out, "O Lord, can't a person ever say any thing in fun, but you must always take it in earnest?" I supposed it in order to practice what he was preaching, but evidently it was not taken "in earnest." However,

at its close, Lawyer S—— invited me to lead his Bible class, and we had a good time. The young lawyer was a Mason as well as a Methodist. His father had been Grand High Priest. But ever after he was very friendly, and once opened a large hall for our free use on Sabbath afternoons, when shouts and screams from a radical class rang out over town and drew out large congregations to listen to the most searching of Bible truths. Full liberty was given to praise the Lord in truth and with a loud voice; and not as suggested by an eminent preacher in the slums of Water street, New York, who commended to those abandoned characters getting so saved that the grace and blessings of God would roll through their souls "like the great waves of Niagara, AND NOT MAKE ANY NOISE." A poor woman in a protracted meeting, with handkerchief over her face, wished she could be out in the woods so she could "holler" out the praise she could scarce restrain. One who had been deeply interested in the salvation of a young man, after a period of separation chanced to be in a revival meeting where he was saved and gave in a good testimony. His friend was so overjoyed at the sudden meeting under those unexpected circumstances that he gave expression to his sincere emotion in an outburst of glad praise to God. The next time he was seen in that congregation it was whispered about, "That crazy man has come! That crazy man has come!" Allowing for some excess of unchastened, unrestrained feeling, if the old-time joyous expressions of fervent devotion had not died

out in the church, there would have been no thought of the kind.

How frequent in the Scriptures are such expressions as, "Cried with a loud voice," "Lifted up his voice," "Cried out," etc. How unnatural, unscriptural and unwise the restraint which imposes a formal reserve upon all expressions of emotion in the worship of the sanctuary!

CHAPTER XV.

“WHO is that tall, fine-looking man, with high forehead and open countenance?” I inquired, on the Round Lake camp-ground in '69. “Seymour Coleman, the old war horse of Troy conference,”—one of the grandest men I ever looked on, so he appeared to me. “I never knew a case,” said he to penitents at the altar, “where, if a person seeking religion would take down his handkerchief from his face, and lift up his head and cry right out to God, he was not converted within twenty minutes.” It was interesting to learn afterward how closely he had been related to the Free Methodist movement; and Father Day, the old veteran of eighty-two years, faithfully serving God from early childhood—the martyr of Free Methodism, who lost his eye by a mob on the St. Charles camp ground—will still vividly recall the scenes of his ministry for a time in northern Illinois.

There were mighty men of God on that camp ground—men, doubtless, who had seen the “slain of the Lord” in great numbers long years before I was born—and it is painful to think of sitting in any sort of criticism on a work with which they were identified. Had I stood in a less peculiar relation to the church I might probably have received more good from the opportunity I then had of seeing and hearing them.

A sermon by Rev. Geo. C. Wells was most satisfying of any I heard, in its clean-cut, thorough treatment of sin. Clear and discriminating in statement, unsparing in condemnation, and full and strong in the proclamation of deliverance, it left nothing to be desired as a radical, uncompromising exponent of entire sanctification.

Pomeroy, the eccentric and able author of "Shocks from the Battery," was one of the most enthusiastic and entertaining of all those present. Alfred Cookman, whose name, from his early, untimely death, is permanently associated with "Sweeping Through the Gates," was genial and sunny. Inskip was in charge; but said, "If we thought it would rupture the church, we would give up the whole movement." I thought a church that would be ruptured by a holiness movement deserved and needed to be ruptured; and that a true holiness movement could not be abandoned even at such a risk as that. There is some difference between the effect of a movement on the true church of Jesus Christ in the earth, and its possible effect on an ecclesiastical organization, which, through false practical standards, may have passed largely into the hands of ambitious ministers and unconverted members. Under the circumstances I could not be other than somewhat critical.

I was unfortunately involved in an incident which was published at the time, to the discredit of the F. M. church; but met a prompt, vigorous and truthful denial. Not being in attendance on the public service on one occasion, and hearing the sound of a

meeting with some demonstration in the large tabernacle near by, I went in and sat in the congregation. A woman in the audience was speaking at the time; but on the platform and in charge was "Camp-meeting John Allen," from Maine, if I recall correctly the name—not, of course, "the wickedest man" of New York City notoriety. I assumed unhesitatingly that his presence was a guarantee of the propriety of the service, and as one after another spoke briefly from the platform, manifesting some noticeable emotion, I was invited forward and began speaking with some freedom of address. Just at this juncture Brother Inskip came in and with much evident excitement closed the meeting as an unauthorized disturbance of the regular services (as it was in truth), with a reproving expression of surprise directed to me personally. With deep humiliation and chagrin I attempted to explain to him my entire innocence of wrong intention; but he would not listen, and I never spoke with him afterward. The explanation of the affair in part was that the woman, a stranger to me in all respects, was well known in Free Methodist circles, in the West perhaps especially, and of very unsavory reputation. The publication of the incident as a disturbance "by a company of Free Methodists" was, I suppose, wholly false and unjust, as she was probably the only one involved, who had ever been in any manner related to them. I was at the time in good standing as a preacher in the M. E. church. How this side-issue meeting originated I did not learn. It was unpleasant enough to

be caught disturbing the old church and scandalizing the new before I was in it. I lived through it or I would not be telling it now.

I was in a critical and dangerous place. It was well that I had sufficiently realized the liabilities of my situation to feel the need of church counsel and protection. I had heard a little of Rev. H—— of Western New York. I knew of the precocity in college of one of his two sons, both eminent divines since then, the one a missionary to India. Having confidence in his fidelity, I asked him what course I should take as between the two churches. He began to counsel me in a moderate way in favor of that with which we were both connected. "But what about Masonry?" Dropping his eyes for a moment, said he, "If you **MUST** say Masonry, your place is in the Free church." I thought I "must."

My friend Brother C—— came in contact one day when we were together, with an old theological acquaintance of Evanston, Illinois. He must, perhaps, have thought our proclivities somewhat alike, for after introduction he turned me over to him with the injunction, "Here, you two freeze together." He has since made some stir in the religious world, and even Sam Jones has said, "I believe in him;" but his eccentric ways and rough and sharp work, have given him notoriety enough without my even naming him. If I should, it is as likely as any way that I should receive a sharp sword-thrust for my pains; for such as he lives on spear-points and fish-hooks, and cannot long be easy without finding some one to puncture—

whether friend or foe, it matters little. Running upon him in a crowded audience in Chicago, about twenty years after, as he was creating a little commotion in the distribution of tracts, I inquired, "Is this——?" "This is the old fellow himself" (?) said an evident admirer; and of course I was invited home to dinner.

He was just at this time a strong advocate of Divine healing. He had met with a serious injury and was evidently suffering some pain. Seeing his son very carefully and kindly "showering" the bruised and sprained member, I gently inquired in regard to it. Apologetically it was excused as the notion of the boy; but I could but notice that it was one of the most effective remedies a physician could have suggested. There is no telling what I shall yet have to suffer for this writing; but as we only FROZE TOGETHER, I put it in at a venture.

Passing a small tent one day, a minister beckoned me in. "How did you dare say what you did in the tent the other day?" was his salutation; referring to my assault on the ministry in connection with Masonry. (My first presiding elder had claimed that about nine out of ten of the preachers belonged to it.) "I did not dare not say it," I replied; and gave him my view in brief of the character of the lodge and a minister's obligation. He was evidently a fine man, of middle age and fair ability. He listened thoughtfully and remarked, "I don't know anything about it, and I believe I won't examine it." "Can you be clear and not?" I said. "You are a minister

and in contact with it. You say you know nothing of it. I affirm it is bad. Can you be clear and close your eyes and refuse to examine?" He looked serious indeed, as though he saw a vision of the future and the possible effect on reputation and support of an investigation that might force conviction and opposition to it, and firmly replied, "I believe I'll not pay any attention to it." I never met him but once briefly afterward. Only God can tell in what degree, if at all, he sinfully closed his eyes to the light of truth; but I would not dare take such a risk.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN I decided, in the Cannon Valley, Minnesota, in the spring of '69, that my future labor should be in connection with the F. M. church, it was with the purpose to first spend an indefinite time in private study before uniting with it. The conviction, however, was on me to return to my early home in New York at the first opportunity, that I might retract the opposition I had always expressed and manifested toward them. When the occasion presented in connection with the holiness camp-meeting my fixed purpose was to decline and avoid, as far as reasonable, all calls to preach for a time, and seclude myself from public notice. The singular providence connected with my loss of money threw me into circumstances which entirely overruled that purpose. A midsummer revival in a Free Methodist church in Brooklyn was the farthest from my thought. But the hand of the Lord was upon me and I drifted with the tide of His leadings. Father Jones thought it dangerous to let one so near the F. M. net escape being enclosed lest adverse influences should change his purpose and the fish be lost. But while not inclined to be thus hasty, I consented (I could not well do otherwise) to accompany the New York and Brooklyn societies up the Hudson to Albany, and thence by rail nearly to

Binghamton. to attend the Harpursville camp-meeting held by a union of three districts, manned by Chairmen Gould, Downing and Freeland. It was an interesting trip—with an interruption. There was one on board the boat in whom I was deeply interested; but none would have suspected it by my conduct, or hers. For while the evening presented plenty of opportunities for conversation, only a few words passed between us. A meeting on the boat was held to profit, in which I bore a part. But when we arrived at Albany my trunk was by accident carried up to Troy, and I was separated from the company to go after it and make the rest of the journey alone. However, on my return to Albany, I met Sister Gould in the street and was taken to a hotel. There I met Rev. Zenas Osborne—"not Zenas the lawyer, but Zenas the preacher," as M. N. Downing very expressively put it in public prayer for him when he was about to preach on the camp-ground—and Sister Mary Mumford, since the wife of Rev. O. M. Owen of note among us, and other pilgrims, giving me good company in place of those I had unpleasantly lost. The camp-ground proved a sacred place of Divine manifestation and power. Once indeed I was tempted over my new and strange surroundings. But as I reflected that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him," I thought no violence would be done the Scripture by prefixing denomi- to "nation;" and as I looked at the ministers named with whom I occupied the stand, I felt they had

sacrificed, as I was now doing, ease and reputation for the sake of truth and righteousness and did in very truth fear Him. My brother had chastised me by letter for writing, while in New York, as though the Free Methodists were my "boon companions" and manifesting too little interest in those denominational matters of note with which we had been mutually conversant. But the die was cast, and they were now in fact my chosen associates.

One of the noticeable features of the meeting was the model simplicity of the "brown veiled sisters"—Christian women whose plain garb in ordinary cut, but in sober colors and without ornamentation, appeared to harmonize beautifully with THE SHINE of their countenances as they gave testimony to the joy and power of God's grace. In the public congregation they generally appeared with a veil over their otherwise uncovered heads. With interest I noted the contrast between them, with their tastefully fitting garments, made of good material suited to any company, and the gold bedecked votaries of pleasure whose flowers, plumes and varied ornamentation, seemed to contradict their profession of piety, and neutralize such joyless testimony as they might occasionally give to the credit of the gospel. Here was a natural fitness between the appearance of external sobriety coupled with an air of neatness and good taste, and the expressions of spiritual joy, heavenly radiance, and powerful testimony and exhortation. As witnessed the heathen of early days, "What wonderful women these Christians have!"

"There is — ———," said Downing one day, as we sat in service in the preachers' stand, pointing to a rather striking figure who had just come on the camp-ground and stood leaning against a tree listening to the exercises. "He is a salvation man," he added, with some slight descriptive remarks. This was the beginning of my acquaintance with an able minister, whose slender form and peculiar manner seemed to indicate feebleness; but whose rendering of the Scriptures, and whose vein of chaste humor and subdued mirthfulness, sparkling through all his sermons, made him for years one of the most interesting and winning preachers among us. To whom should I refer but to the genial, spiritual author of "Things New and Old," "Struck by Lightning," etc. —the Rev. Epenetus Owen of blessed memory? I think he had not yet come to us from the pulpit of the M. E. church. Two years afterward his memorial sermon before the Susquehanna conference for Rev. Elias Bowen, D.D., author of the "Origin of the Free Methodist Church," characterizing him as one of those spiritual "giants who make the earth shake where they fall," showed that the "giants" were not all yet fallen. One remark in a moment of impulsive inflation troubled his mind, and called forth apologetic remarks in private, lest he had inadvertently lowered the true dignity of the pulpit, which showed how truly the tenderness of childlike humility blended in him with the strength and courage of spiritual manhood. Contrasting the efficiency of worldly professors with true and tried pilgrims,

under a military figure he exclaimed, "Trot out your battalions: THERE WOULDN'T BE A GREASE SPOT LEFT OF THEM."

It was on this camp-ground that Samuel Irwin gave in the wonderful account of his conversion (I think a two-hours' talk) which demonstrated his superior ability and so stirred the Freemasons that with all seriousness he afterward told Joseph Mackey, with whom he was in daily intimate association, "If I do not come around as usual some morning, look for me in East River." He had been a member of four secret orders. His withering indictment of Freemasonry caused an interruption as some one called for the number of the lodge from which he had withdrawn. His conversion links his name with "Awful (Orville) Gardner," the noted pugilist converted forty years ago the past winter in connection with the celebrated "Fulton Street prayer-meeting." Before the camp-meeting closed, among those who united with the Free Methodist church were two young Methodist preachers of quite diverse history. One had been a rebel lieutenant in Pickett's division at Gettysburg, the most noted charge of the Civil War, and in other of the deadliest fighting of the Rebellion on different battle-fields. He was now from the Southern M. E. church in Virginia, and attracted much attention by his unusual abilities and marked spirituality. He had the awe-inspiring appearance and bearing of the typical old-time Methodist preacher. The other was the writer of these sketches. Both were referred to by Brother

Roberts in the *Earnest Christian*, as feeling "divinely called, like Bishop Asbury, to preach holiness in every sermon."

The following was kindly published by Brother Roberts both in the *Earnest Christian* and in tract form:

WHY I AM A FREE METHODIST.

DEAR BROTHER ROBERTS:—A great change has taken place in my experience and prejudices within a few years. This change has been gradual, yet so unexpected and marked, that I often illustrate it by that of Paul, when it was said of him, "Behold he prayeth." I refer to my views and feelings toward the Free Methodists.

So deeply rooted were my prejudices against them as a people, that I generally spoke of them in derision as "The Nazarites!" and have often said that I would no sooner have taken part in their meetings than in a circus. I had no more thought of ever having any sympathy or connection with them than Saul had of becoming a Christian.

I now believe them to be eminently the people of God, and that I am called to labor among them.

This change has been wrought in me wholly by the doctrine and experience of holiness, as taught by Wesley and the standards of Methodism generally. For many years my ideal of labor and success has been met in the biography of the itinerants and pioneers of English and American Methodism. I believe God called me to the work of the ministry when but eleven years old; and though naturally ambitious, this ideal saved me from aspiring to any secular profession. Of course, I expected to realize it in the Methodist Episcopal church. And why can I not? I will give some of the reasons. When I began to seek for holiness I was in the fullest sympathy with that church, and loved her ministry with the most ardent attachment. I sought this grace to make me a successful co-laborer with them. When I received it a flood of light had

gradually poured in upon my mind, and I saw many evils in the church.

What I before called EVILS—things to be regretted and disapproved—I now saw were SINS, and in the awful light of God's word, must be condemned and PUT AWAY. An important part of the consecration by which I received and must retain holiness, was to use my VOICE as God should direct, on all occasions and against all sins.

Some of these were strongly entrenched in the church and in the ministry.

I was not disposed to make a "hobby" of any one evil, knowing that Christian character must be symmetrical; that holiness is universal, regulating all the tempers of the soul, and subjecting the thoughts to Christ. Still, there were external things which forced attention as being openly in contact with important principles.

Thus when I began to preach I found I must take position in regard to Masonry. If wrong, there could be no neutrality. The fact that a great majority of official members, pastors and presiding elders were Masons, and that my salary would be affected, must not be taken into account. The only question was, What does God say? This determined, reputation and position must be a cheerful sacrifice to truth.

At once, and of necessity, all harmony with Masonic preachers was broken. Such a course was painful, and in conflict with every worldly motive.

Again, if the use of tobacco is a filthy, useless and pernicious habit, and a waste of the Lord's money, it is a SIN, to be repented of and forsaken. And if a sin, it should be a bar to membership.

Here, also, appetite and custom proclaimed me an extremist and fanatic.

If the putting on of gold and apparel for adornment is contrary to what we are taught of God to observe "in his written word,"—and this is written by his Spirit on "truly AWAKENED" hearts,—this also must be a bar to membership and the sacraments, and to real salvation.

If it is true, as Wesley says, that "according to the Scriptures it appears that a man that never FASTS is no more in the way to heaven than the man that never prays," then the neglect of this ordinance is a matter of great personal importance, and of church discipline. So of evil-speaking, novel-reading, singing of worldly songs, etc.

If the stewards must "be men of solid piety," then the pastor is not at liberty to nominate those who neglect family prayer, or any other religious duty, even though he fails to make up an official board without them. It is easy to see what an overturning such a course would make in almost every society.

What presiding elder would sustain a young man in enforcing these views?

I saw, besides, that the ordinary choir system was totally and grossly opposed to the spirituality of acceptable worship; that to engage thoughtless, impenitent persons to perform a part of Divine worship was to tempt them to solemn mockery of God.

The pew system, by promoting caste in the churches, and making merchandise of God's house, is in conflict with the genius of Christianity.

But the insuperable difficulty in these views was that, instead of my succumbing to the popular influence, all these must yield to truth and God's order, else I was a "partaker of other men's sins." The same of the ordinary methods of supporting the gospel and building churches by appealing to the love of pleasure and making rich men necessary.

To obey God and retain a state of entire sanctification, which I prized more highly than all earthly prospects and friendships, compelled me to these positions.

At the same time I came gradually to understand this was precisely what gave rise to the F. M. church.

These despised fanatics were my brethren, engaged in the same life-struggle, and from the same motives striving to promote spiritual religion.

I know no reason for standing where I do to-day, but that I have been led here by the Spirit of the Lord. Certain it is

that I am as radically and thoroughly a Methodist as ever in my life.

There have been some interesting providential leadings in my experience. My early ambition and expectation was strong to obtain a thorough college education. Just as I was contemplating starting to Lima, N. Y., six years ago, the Lord put His hand on my body by paralysis, and a long and dangerous illness effectually prevented my going.

When recovering, my attention was arrested, apparently by the merest incident, by the Memoir of Carvosso. This little book was God's means of turning my mind and life in the direction of holiness, and indicating the course since pursued.

It was the awakening to this subject which forced the solemn question, What is the New Testament standard of justification? As glimpses of the answer were obtained I shrank from the conclusion, for it was plain that the close tests of Scripture would cut off a vast amount of common profession. The thought of unchristianizing my brethren was too painful, until I saw that Christ's conditions were unalterable; that I must abide them in the Judgment, and if I would be prepared the right hand must be severed, the right eye plucked out.

Oh! here was one of the life-tests. I fell down before the Lord, and promised if He would open His word and make the answer plain I would abide by it myself and declare it to others, though all were cut off.

The results, as I began searching the Scriptures, were more startling than I anticipated. There could be no mistaking the words, *WHOSOEVER IS BORN OF GOD DOETH NOT COMMIT SIN*. Glory to God! To-day I accept His word as my rule of life and text-book of theology.

Again, after three years, I made a hopeful attempt to pursue my studies at Lima, and in five weeks went home to die. Every ambition was then given up, and my will acquiesced in God's providence. I can now realize how probable it is that, if I had completed my course with honors, I should have refused to humble myself, and have drifted into the popular current of worldliness.

I have since met with some singular concurrences of providence. Two years ago I went West, conscious that my convictions would lead me to preach so that in New York I should be complicated with the Free Methodists, and thus my usefulness injured, as I supposed.

Soon after reaching Iowa I met in a Sunday-school gathering with an elderly Congregationalist minister. The occurrence passed from my mind, until, months afterward, we met again; and, impressed with his apparent spirituality, which was unlooked for, I requested him to pass the night with me. He did so; and as we retired he gave me an account of a strange people he met in Illinois, and the wonderful blessing he obtained among them.

I listened to his story as to a romance of the days of Wesley. Truly my heart burned within me as he told of the simplicity and power of this singular people, whom I at once recognized. We had a spiritual feast together. This interesting circumstance led his son, Rev. T. S. La Due, chairman of the Minnesota district, to open correspondence with me the next winter.

In May last the Lord opened the way for me to visit him, in the valley of the Little Cannon, Minnesota. While there I saw convincing evidences of God's power, not so much in the numbers saved as in the depth and thoroughness and power of the work. Men, saved from tobacco, Masonry, and love of the world in all its forms. Mere youths so taught of God as to have astonishing liberty and unction in prayer and a general susceptibility to the motions of the Holy Spirit.

I was charmed with the fervency and spirituality of their songs, and rejoiced in the inward glory which made the valley and hillsides ring with shouts of praise. It was there, while alone with God in prayer, listening to a burst of "Glory!" coming up from a redeemed soul, who, engaged in secret prayer, was newly washed in the blood of the Lamb,—a shout more sweet and heavenly, it seemed to me, as it came from the consecrated grove, than I had ever heard,—that I looked up for wisdom and help and determined to cast my lot in with these lowly followers of the Crucified.

As I part with companions in church relationship, to follow Him who has said, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple," I have nothing hard to say of the church of my childhood and youth. I have ever received much of personal kindness and favor; certainly not that spiritual instruction and assistance due her every child. The light which led to a joyous, soul-saving experience, came through her writings, but in opposition to all immediate surroundings. I regret the wofully unsaved state of her membership; and wonder, "with great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart," at the blindness which suffers her ministry to disregard their solemn covenants of church and conference membership.

I am gloriously saved to-day. Saved from SIN, from fear, from self. My heart swells with gratitude at a view of the riches in Christ for the saved soul—for me—and I exclaim, What a wonderful salvation!

Is it a struggle to separate from the old church? Not so much as I anticipated. That was virtually accomplished in the death unto sin.

And now, the will being in harmony with God, the conflict is to know the will of God. This being settled, the heart yields cheerful obedience, and we go out by faith, like Abraham, "not knowing whither he went."

C. M. DAMON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Harpursville camp-meeting was followed by one at Rose Valley, near Clyde, New York, where other interesting acquaintances were formed and experiences enjoyed. At one of these began my acquaintance with Sister Chesbro, who gave me an account of the humbling of her pride at the altar as a fashionable professor under Brother Roberts' searching preaching the year before he was expelled from the Genesee conference of the M. E. church. I had met Brother C. in the city. Nearly twenty-nine

years have passed over us since then, and their prominence and usefulness in the church have steadily increased with the passing of the years.

Here also was formed an acquaintance with Brother Collins, the father of our Sister Winget, with whom I had pleasant association as room companion at the General Conference in Burlington, Iowa, thirteen years later. How interesting and blessed are the opportunities for pure and holy association along the line of church work. An advantage for education, cultivation and refined pleasure, in the path of the strictest duty, too little recognized and appreciated. And what interest is added to such multiplied opportunities through the medium of a weekly paper like the *Free Methodist*, every issue of which is like a letter from numerous friends whose names appear in one capacity or another.

Solomon says of wisdom, the equivalent of true religion, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Young people are tempted to think that pleasure is to be found in the ways of sin. They forget that Satan is an enemy and destroyer of peace and happiness, and that Christ is the loving friend of humanity. God is love, and "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." I once had occasion to cross the beautiful Susquehanna and ride several miles to a Sabbath appointment. With my wife (we were young then) I was carried by Brothers Lucius Woodruff and Charlie Stevens and their sisters, all devoted young Christians. As we crossed the river that

beautiful Sabbath afternoon and looked over the green valley, we met a team apparently of pleasure seekers and violaters of the Sabbath. We were in the path of duty and blessing to others. We had no condemnation on our hearts to mar the beauty of the scenery and the enjoyment of each other's society. The river, the fields, the hills, were as bright, and green and beautiful for us as for them. We had full pleasure in the scene, in the company, in the ride, and in addition the blessing of a heavenly Father, and the approval of our conscience. Which company was the happier? It is a great mistake to attribute gloom to Christ's blessed service, and happiness to that of Satan.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY TOUR was ended, and I reached home and friends only to shock and sadden them by the news of my church defection, and encounter whatever of stern disapproval and rising conflict might be in store. "I can speak, or I can keep still," said brother, as he met me at the station fourteen miles from home and learned the facts. I suggested that he relieve his mind and he would probably feel better. And he did in due time.

The pastor of the old home church professed the greatest friendliness and desired I would attend as usual with the family while on this visit home, where my many old friends would warmly welcome my return. I felt like doing so. But when I would start to go, the Spirit seemed to constrain me to let my position be known by going instead to the F. M. church. This speedily changed the situation and the war began.

Friends desired an appointment for me to preach in the old church of my youthful association. The privilege was granted, and at the same service in which the appointment was announced for the evening, it was accompanied with unkind allusions and insinuations. It was the occasion of the funeral of old Aunt Nancy W——, one of its strongest and best members. She was the first white child born in the

town over sixty years before. It seemed a little sad to be made a target under such circumstances, for I had always revered and loved her as a staunch and tried Christian and old-type Methodist.

The evening came and I took for a text, John 1: 11, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." The aim was to show how many of us had desired and longed for a return of the ancient days—a revival of Methodism in its pristine purity, power and glory. God had endeavored to answer our prayer; but as when Christ came to the Jews who looked and longed for Messiah, because the manner of His coming was humble, obscure, disappointing, they failed to recognize, and rejected Him, so we had some years before failed to perceive His answer in the preaching of holiness by Brother Roberts and his co-workers, and had rejected them from our fellowship and communion. My skirts were clear. I had fully declared the truth as God wrote the conviction on my heart in Minnesota some months before. The church machinery was reversed, and I had started on the track of open conflict with formalism, pride, pleasure and general worldliness in religion, and of determined effort to promote scriptural holiness. There was a large attendance, deeply interested attention, and I had full liberty of thought and utterance. The coast was clear for future labor.

Immediately the pastor went to conference and was removed from that appointment. But on his return, having opportunity to spend another Sabbath with them, at the morning service he announced that

he would preach in the evening in opposition to the doctrine and sentiments which had lately been promulgated in the community. Of course there was interest and excitement. The members of the church were out in force.

Instead of preaching he proposed to read from a little book that which expressed his views better than he could give them. It was an essay on the doctrine of holiness advocating a theory of gradualism and repression of carnal propensities, rather than the Wesleyan view of instantaneous cleansing subsequent to justification. It was written by an able and good man, Rev. D. W. C. H——, D. D., for whom I had the privilege of preaching in one of the M. E. churches of Lincoln, Nebraska, long years since then, and with thoughts and memories little known to him.

The reading did not go well. It became dull and tedious. Feeling this, the preacher sought to find another part of the extended essay more to the point and purpose of the evening. This hindered and embarrassed the subject. Father's family feelings were somewhat touched, and when the essay advanced un-Methodistic views of the doctrine, in which at ordinary times he was none too much interested, he whispered a criticism to his brother, a man of temper by his side—one who did not at all profess to be saved but "sometimes thought he had a little pocket religion"—and was answered aloud to the interruption of the meeting. This was probably not a very edifying spectacle, coming from two prominent members of the church. It was, however, quite

interesting to me, as I felt that the truth, and my relation to it, were sufficiently vindicated by the confusion and failure of this attempt at opposition. At the close of the meeting father rebuked the preacher, as he really had the right to do, and "hoped he should never again hear such sentiments from a Methodist pulpit." The next day the preacher apologized to him for the essay which he had so strongly commended, and altogether left things in an amusing muddle.

From this time on I had much liberty in preaching in the Free church at home and in various churches in the vicinity. Brother carried me from place to place and drank in the truth, with deep earnestness of spirit. I preached twice one Sabbath in M. E. churches in different places for my old friend and classmate, Rev. C. S. Daley, a truly devoted, hard-working man who had, with the assistance of his excellent wife, earned his own support and fought his way up from obscurity to an education and standing in the ministry. Two years before I had spent a week with him in Evanston, Illinois, the beautiful school suburb of Chicago, on the shore of the lake. The great Northwestern University, second in rank of the great American schools, had only its rough stone basement erected, and Heck Hall, in memory of Barbara, the mother of American Methodism, was new and attractive. Dr. Raymond, one of the great Methodist divines, who has but lately passed away, was one of its theological teachers at that time. My last meeting with Brother Daley, my old and intimate

associate, who in 1870 preached the funeral of my father from the words, "I have fought a good fight," etc., was at Silver Lake, New York. I had gone there from Buffalo, perhaps nine or ten years since on occasion of William Taylor's day—a day devoted to the great missionary bishop of Africa.

Now that I have mentioned the bishop—better known, at least better loved by many, as "California Taylor," or simply as "William Taylor"—an incident of this meeting comes to mind. There were about forty ministers on the great auditorium platform, and when one of them was called forward to make opening prayer, he stood on his feet to pray—not exactly in old-fashioned Methodist style at a camp-meeting, or, for that matter anywhere else. Of all those preachers I should think not one of them kneeled down except the plain old bishop who evidently was not afraid either of his knees or his pantaloons. My daughter says: "Why, papa! WHERE WERE YOUR EYES?" I was using them as substitutes for my ears. Once before at the opening of a sitting of Congress in Washington, anxious to know the attitude of our legislators under such circumstances, I had used my eyes during prayer. People say, "Religion can't be seen;" but I tell them if it couldn't be, a deaf man would be in a bad case.

I was satisfied BY MY EYES that the good old bishop "had religion"—an excellent thing for a preacher to have.

It was a pleasure to meet on that occasion Brother Israel Thompson of Rushford, whom I had urged to

come, and witness his enjoyment of the opportunity. He was about eighty-five years of age, a grandson of old Benjamin Abbott of early Methodist celebrity, whose Life he gave me shortly before. I was born on his farm, rented by my father, and on the occasion of the old neighborhood ramble referred to in the opening chapter of this book, I found a hollow in the ground where stood the old log house in which my advent into this life was made.

Brother Thompson, our old blacksmith, whose shop in town was one of the landmarks of memory in early life, was one of the leading members of the Methodist church, always in his place in prayer meeting, and seldom if ever failing to say impressively in his prayer, "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY PURPOSE to wait indefinitely before joining the Free Methodist church had been overruled. I had seen enough of weak-kneed, compromising worldliness to become disgusted with its shallowness, its lack of purity, integrity, strength. I had been "desperate enough" to suggest the thought that if I could find "some Free Methodist girl" willing to share the conflict of life with me, I would choose such for a companion, assured that I would have one who "loved not the world" and who had the courage of her convictions to breast the tide of public sentiment. This did indeed seem like a desperate determination. One can only realize it who knows what it is to be wrapped up in the associations, traditions and ambitions of church life, and to sacrifice all for conscience and Christ, to go with a despised people, the very name of which among acquaintances carries reproach and ostracism. By a strange providence such had been given me, and I thought best to make my position unequivocal before asking her hand.

There now awaited me another providentially enforced change of plan, to abandon the purpose to engage in private study and at once take up again my life work in the ministry.

Rev. T. S. La Due, of Minnesota, had urgently written Brother Roberts, claiming my assistance in

his Western work as a sort of legitimate capture of which he should have the benefit. I could scarce deny the claim or resist the call. Accordingly I arranged for marriage by correspondence with New York, and after attending the Genesee conference, went down to the city with a view to follow that event by an immediate trip to the Cannon Valley, the interesting scene of my espousal of the cause of Free Methodism, to join him there. To my overwhelming astonishment, when I arrived at New York I was told that Brother Roberts had assigned me to the pastorate of our church in Syracuse, a city of 55,000 population, in the Susquehanna conference. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "I CAN'T SEE ANY GOD IN IT," and over and again the expression came to mind. I have never been able to justify the well-meant liberty thus taken. I had not purposed to join conference only in deference to the urgent call above, and had given my name for membership in Illinois, where it was recorded. I had not been consulted, had made my proposals of present marriage hastily, wholly in view of Western needs, and had come with money in hand for the trip. With a heavy heart and feeling that the Divine order had been violated, I yielded to the change because I supposed I must. No wonder it was followed by conflict and distress.

On the eve of our marriage, to our great happiness Brother Roberts arrived in the city and officiated. Sister Dunning, the well known superintendent of Providence Mission, said with reference to the evening ceremonies, "I have invited Jesus the first one."

It was a good occasion in more than one sense. God's presence was manifested, and doubtless He would gladly have yet more powerfully manifested it had more determined and energetic faith in that direction been exercised. I gladly gave, of my very little store, \$10.00 to Brother Roberts in token of the honor and blessing God had conferred on me largely through his agency in raising up such a people, as well as now officially, and found afterward that he had, before leaving deposited the same with my new companion.

After a visit to relatives in Pennsylvania and elsewhere on the way, we returned to my friends in western New York, and accompanied by brother, who soon after united with the F. M. church, on our way to Syracuse took in the dedication of Chili Seminary. We had but little in hand with which to begin housekeeping. Of that we made a sacrifice to the Lord, amounting in the aggregate to about \$90.00. Toward this I gave a quite valuable watch, nearly new, and went cheerfully to my work without any. A year after, to my entire surprise, Sister Roberts raised a subscription, bought the watch, and returned it to me with the injunction not to give it away again, but keep it for the work of the Lord. I have the same works still. That was in 1870.

At our wedding our good friend, Sister Libbie Pangborn, well known in connection with the mission in New York, as she afterward acknowledged, felt she would have been greatly blessed during the season of prayer had she fully yielded to the Holy Spirit.

The thought of being physically overcome and leaving the care of the supper to others, diverted her mind and caused her measurably to shrink back. What a shame to sacrifice a spiritual blessing, the memory of which would have sanctified our union and been of life-long interest, for such a purpose!

In visiting around with my faithful brother as an attendant, during the fall or summer before, some close conversations occurred between myself and Free Methodist brethren in his presence. On leaving after one such, where there had been no unkind personal thrusts or allusions, he suddenly broke into tears of perplexity and discouragement and exclaimed, "I can't do anything. You've no confidence in me; it's no use for me to try." At heart I was sorry for him, but simply remarked, "That doesn't follow; but if it did, I wouldn't take it back." The medicine did him good. It took effect, and he soon came out all right. People are sometimes decidedly too harsh, unsympathetic, and what is worse, pass false judgments and injure souls. But often more harm is done by false tenderness, and undue sympathy and miserable compromise of the truth. Many parents undoubtedly RUIN their children in this way. They CANNOT BEAR to HURT them, and so they KILL them. That is the practical effect and end of their unwise sympathy and want of fidelity.

A surgeon on a battlefield was observed to deal severely and with unusual harshness with a wounded boy. Regardless of pain and cries he probed the wound. When an attendant inquired, as they passed

on, as to his great severity, "THAT is MY SON," was his feeling response. O that parents cared thus, with Divine wisdom, for THE SOULS of their children.

CHAPTER XIX.

MY APPOINTMENT to Syracuse was most honorable to me, and in a temporal view agreeable and prosperous. The criticism recorded respects propriety in view of previous arrangements, convictions, etc. The church was pleasantly located, and there was a good parsonage attached. Certainly I was received by the connection at large with open arms. It seemed that God was honoring my fidelity in sacrificing friends, reputation, prospects, for His cause. We had reasonable access to relatives and were in a position to form and renew acquaintance in all parts of the State. The associations of that and the following year have afforded pleasant memories during the twenty-seven years since.

On occasion of our marriage Joseph Mackey had given my companion \$250, not all in hand. She had an equal amount in the hands of her mother, saved from her allowance as a missionary in New York. All was used up many years ago in the necessities of frontier life in the West. There was enough in hand, with the little I supplied, to furnish the parsonage nicely, and we began life as cozily and agreeably as we could desire. We were literally strangers to each other having never spoken with each other but a few times during the three months of our acquaintance prior to marriage, most of which time I had spent in

the western part of the State. We were, however, clear in the conviction of Divine leadings, and had the universal approval of relatives, ministers, and acquaintance. God's hand was with us.

Brother Freeland was our beloved chairman. A leading member of the church was Brother C. T. Hicks (Hix he preferred, apparently on the same principle of plainness and economy that makes our honored publishing agent simply S. K. J. Chesbro, without Rev., or other etceteras, instead of "The Reverend Samuel K. J. Chesbrough"). He delighted to tell how a letter reached its destination without name among 55,000. He was for forty years Clerk of the Court in Syracuse. As he entered one morning a lawyer rallied him thus: "Did you know there's a letter for you in the postoffice?" "No." "There is." "How is that?" "There's a letter directed, 'To a pilgrim in Syracuse who the devil hates.'" "That's me," said Brother Hicks; and on inquiring at the office, he found a letter from a prominent brother up in Genesee—Seth Woodruff, I believe—who wishing to invite him to an important meeting, and being unable to recall his name, had thus directed the envelope.

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." I have thought it would be like "hunting for a needle in a hay-mow" to find one; but God can search them out. When Napoleon ascended Tabor and looked off on the plain, there was in progress a battle full of the

confusion of wild Arab horsemen dashing, charging, in deadly conflict. It was for a moment impossible to discern the separate forces; but soon his practiced eye discovered in the center of the terrible field, by the steady volleys of musketry and the surrounding rampart of dead bodies of men and horses, the discipline of his French troops, and he signalled his coming to their deliverance. Brother Hicks was one thus known among thousands. His boldness, his purity, his fidelity, his utter hatred of shams, his spirituality, all conspired to make him a marked character.

His home was the well-known place of holding a weekly class-meeting, and was noted also for occasional or frequent scenes of Divine manifestation in healing of the sick. He gave us credit for good behavior as a young married couple; which commendation for sobriety and freedom from sickly sentimentalism and foolishness, was much appreciated. Sometimes, as is frequent in cities, there was a tendency for a floating class of young persons to come into meeting and sit near the door and make disturbance. They had little opportunity when he was present, and he was seldom absent. He seemed to have no disrelish for taking the names of such and presenting to the proper authorities, and no difficulty in securing proper redress. "You take care of your end of the church," he used to say, "and I'll take care of this end; you attend to the gospel and I'll attend to the law," and there was no fear as to the result.

We had at Syracuse a pleasant, happy home, and in many respects a profitable year. There were circumstances and conditions in the society which made it a doubtful and dangerous experiment to put me in charge. My conscience was somewhat overburdened with scruples which undoubtedly proved well-nigh ruinous. I had long since determined to obey God at all hazards, and the enemy of souls took advantage of my fear of neglecting duty, and thus exposing my own soul to danger, to crowd me to hasty and unwise action. In the words of another I had said, "O Lord, I here end my controversy with thee. From this moment I consent and solemnly engage to do all thy known will, at all times, in all places, according to the best of my ability by thy grace, without any exception, reservation, or delay." There was opening for pressure and device in that last word. I did not always sufficiently consider the rationality of the Divine requirements, or that "he that believeth shall not make haste." I did not recognize that TRUTH is given us as an instrument and means of accomplishing and securing an end more valuable than the truth itself—the glory of God in the good of man. I did not clearly see that wisdom—the application of appropriate means to good ends—is as truly a necessity and a gift of God as holiness or fidelity. I think the instances of specially unwise action were few; but the occasional distraction and distress of mind which resulted were considerable and on the whole crippling. In reviewing the past I have great reason to thank God for

His restraining, controlling mercy. Our home was so enjoyable that I feared it might conduce to spiritual ease and sloth; and I once prayed at our altar that if God saw it so He would, like the eagle with her young, "stir up our nest." Wife says "it was soon stirred up and never settled since."

Occasionally I attended the holiness meeting held regularly in the city. One of the preachers on one occasion protested against the practice of "introspection" among lovers of holiness. I thought that protest harmonized fairly well with the sentimental testimony of a woman present, loaded down with an unusual supply of large jewelry in ears and on bosom and fingers, who complained that some one had discounted her profession. Not a word of reproof was suggested by any of the many preachers or others in attendance.

Speaking with Rev. W. J. Selby of the "introspection" preacher above, he remarked, "I was in a prayer-meeting once where he was praying. I groaned at him three times, and he dried up." An unusual method perhaps; but probably no loss to spiritual vegetation.

At the close of one of those meetings in which I had asked a prominent holiness minister if he was a Freemason (he was reported to be such), Jesse T. Peck, afterward a bishop of the M. E. church, threw his arm around me in a very friendly way and said, "Brother Damon is a GOOD brother, if he was content to be JUST NATURALLY good." I had such respect for those old veterans of Methodism, the Paddocks—

Zechariah and Benjamin—and Doctors George and Jesse Peck, with whose names I had from boyhood been familiar, that the hint was kindly taken. I had been in conversation with him before, and by personal invitation attended a political reform convention in Albany, of which he was, I think, the prime mover and a leading spirit. He had rallied me for getting on such “a tidal wave of holiness” at Round Lake that it carried me clear over “out of the church.” However, on one occasion he remarked the “wonderful vitality in Brother Roberts’ movement,” in an apparently friendly spirit, and gave me kindly counsel. The reader will find his “Central Idea of Christianity” one of the ablest and best books in the realm of holiness literature.

The genial Brother Selby referred to above, pastor at Brooklyn at the time of our marriage, was present and would have officiated but for Brother Roberts’ arrival and our natural preference for the superintendent. He died without notice soon after in Utica, where Sister Selby still has her home, and is a leading member of our society. In my late pastorate there two years since, I found a most comfortable home for some months with her and her excellent boarding household of pilgrim saints.

One old saint of Syracuse I hear still survives, probably the only member left of our pastoral association.

CHAPTER XX.

TWO INCIDENTS which occurred at a general quarterly meeting held at Clyde, N. Y., during our year at Syracuse are worthy of mention. One was such a measure of the Spirit's presence at the first service and during the singing of the first or second hymn as caused one or more to lose strength and fall to the floor. Again on the Sabbath a most blessed outpouring attended Brother Freeland's protracted supplication at close of the Lord's Supper. The marked contrast of scenes such as these with the formal observances to which I had been accustomed deeply and permanently impressed my mind in favor of Free Methodism. It was either here, or at the camp-meeting at Rose Valley the summer before, that Fay Purdy, the noted evangelist of the M. E. church, whom I had met at Round Lake, said, when I told him I had joined the Free Methodists, "I know them: they are a FREE PEOPLE." So I was rejoiced to find it.

It was however a little amusing when a sister with a weak conscience like my own, one who had been "burdened" to go to annual conference to reprove the preachers for taking collections on the Sabbath, came to me and gently touching my face inquired if I did not feel it wrong to shave as I did. I had but little fur in those days, and what there was probably

gave me a slightly "dudish" aspect. After she had faithfully borne her cross she looked somewhat chagrined when told I did not SHAVE AT ALL. The labor was lost. But I know how to sympathize with her. Not all our mustached brethren can escape on such ground. It would not look so bad, perhaps, for them to leave the upper lip alone thus ornamented (generally it makes them look "horrid") if we were not accustomed to draw the lines on women as we do. As it is there is no fair play. A man may dress like the world, sport any kind of necktie, and trim his face to any worldly fashion, unscathed. Not so our women. For one I protest.

Generally speaking I carry a strong stomach—have never vomited but once since a young man. I can ordinarily eat what does not kill other people; but after long endurance it once fell to my lot to administer the Lord's Supper in a "backwoods" neighborhood where God had evidently done a blessed work of reformation. The good people were not in repute for personal and housekeeping cleanliness. Apparently they had not been fully lifted above a low scale of civilization, in this particular. My wife was present among others of refinement. When it came to passing the cup from those whose exaggerated beard and very long and heavy mustache emphasized the defect, to such sisters, for the first time I revolted in feeling, my stomach was turned, and without prejudice I proceeded with difficulty. I have never recovered from the effect of this experience. There are serious, sad improprie-

ties—inconsistencies—among excellent people. I believe one such is for Free Methodists to leave the mustache alone, and for decent people generally to wear one so long as to drabble disgustingly in their food and drink and offend the sensibilities of brethren and sisters at the table of the Lord.

During the year the old veteran Elias Bowen, by his daughter, Mrs. Rev. D. W. Thurston, sent me this message: "There is no government, civil, domestic, or religious, without discipline. Be firm, but VERY mild." This able preacher and writer, whose semi-centennial sermon as a Methodist minister, for its faithful reproofs of the backsliding and worldliness of the church, Brother Roberts characterized as one of the boldest utterances he ever knew, gives the ablest exposition of church discipline I remember to have ever read. It was long ago published in a volume of sermons entitled, "The American Methodist Pulpit," from the text, "If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone," etc. Its object he clearly shows to be primarily the reformation of the offender—not the purity of the church, nor private vindication of rights. I felt honored in receiving such a message from such a man.

I think my preaching at Syracuse gave a fair degree of satisfaction. It was, however, sometimes a brain-racking process to "get up a sermon." Sister Hicks asked if I did not know how to hold still before the Lord and get it from Him. I did not. When I learned, it was a wonderful relief. Riding on a canal

boat to Fayetteville one evening to preach at High Bridge near by, I felt the need of conversing with passengers about their souls. I had not time, for that awful, unthought-out sermon was weighing on my mind. Finally I concluded to do the work nearest at hand, which could never be done if not now, and trust God for help to preach when the time came. That night I had more than ordinary freedom. The lesson was begun. When I returned to Iowa and was at times preaching every night in the week, and two and three times on Sabbath, with long, cold daily rides, or forced converse with many, I felt that God did not require impossibilities: as I could not study as I desired He would accept less and supply my need with special help of the Spirit.

After a cold ride one day I arrived at the home of Father H——. I had advertised to preach in northern Iowa. He had seen my name, written me, and I had an appointment out in his school-house. As he met me at the door my heart sunk within me, for I saw the evidences of his use of tobacco and thought, "It's all day with me here. He will turn against me on this account." However, I went in and was most cordially welcomed. After a time I asked, "Father H——, what does the Lord save you from?" In a funny, drawling manner he replied, "Well, He saves me from a miserable nasty disposition; but He doesn't save me from taking a little terbacker." My thought was, "I'll knock that out of you to-night." Then something seemed to say, "You better let that job out," and heeding the voice of my better judg-

ment I determined to wait on the Lord rather than follow my hasty impulse. Asking for a private room, I retired for prayer and meditation, not knowing what I should preach an hour ahead. I was overcome with sleep, and falling on a bed used half the time for physical recuperation. Then falling on my knees I entreated God to give me my sermon. Suddenly there was outlined the subject of "The sanctification of the body." I had wonderful freedom, realizing at the outset that the hand of God was with me. I touched tobacco briefly only twice, but with a sledge hammer blow. Men took out their plugs and turning one toward another would bite off a piece. But from that hour it was "knocked out" of Father H——, and he became one of my warmest friends. I shall have occasion again to refer to the father of Consul P. C. Hanna, late of Puerto Rico, one of the principal storm-centers of the present Spanish-American conflict.

Thus gradually was Sister Hicks' question answered, and I learned how to get a sermon from the Lord.

CHAPTER XXI.

MY NEXT appointment was at ——, on the beautiful Susquehanna. Here were some excellent pilgrims in whom I had the utmost confidence. I was destined, however, to meet with fresh trials before the year was gone. It was said, "Brother D. preaches straight" (or strait, which is it?), "but he doesn't FEED us." And one brother would come to meeting, stay through the preliminary services, and when I arose to preach walk out to testify against my unspiritual preaching. As I look back I am sorry for them—and myself, too. I believed in study, advocated it when occasion offered, and practiced it according to circumstances. I had thought one should, to prepare for preaching, "study as though all depended on himself, and trust God as though all depended on Him." Taking the early morning hours I began applying myself assiduously to Greek. Family cares and being broken of rest during the night were so telling on my wife's frail health that it seemed necessary to give her the early hours undisturbed. Besides I felt "dry" in prayer-meeting, and disturbed generally in mind. I loved study better than eating and desired to cultivate rigidly old-time Methodist habits; but it seemed I was providentially hindered and not helped of the Spirit. So putting my Greek grammar in the library, I resolved not to

take it out again till fully clear I could do so with the Spirit's presence and approval. I was also unusually hindered from study for pulpit preparation. The best I knew how I was casting myself on God for special help without it, and was succeeding fairly well with but little opportunity. One day Brother W—— asked me how long it took one to "get up a sermon." Thinking there was an undercurrent of criticism in the question I remarked, "I once heard a Methodist preacher say that a really able man could get up a sermon in two weeks; one of medium ability, in a week; and one who knew but little could get up two in a week." He afterward said he concluded it took me two weeks. This was intended of course as a reflection on DRY PREACHING. Some trivial remark was construed by others as assuming that one "could not enjoy much religion, without a good education." Sister Helen H——, at Syracuse, had said, "Brother Damon, we know you are a great man, and have a great education, but"—and then proceeded to let me down severely. She was deeply sincere and earnest, and did it as unto the Lord.

Finally the chairman came around from whom I expected comfort, and he also LET ME DOWN. For a single moment I gave place to discouragement, when, lo! the floodgates of the enemy were opened on my soul, and for two weeks it seemed I would be borne away by the tide. I was inexpressibly tempted to hard feelings against the good brethren. I awoke wife one night to get up and pray with me. I thought I could not, would not, preach again till God

would come in power to authenticate my call to the ministry. Like a whipped child I had to go at it through sheer fear of backsliding. But I resigned the circuit, a local preacher took up the appointment, and for some time I occupied the pew unrecognized. He forgot that my conference standing was unimpaired, and I was entitled to the courtesy of a visiting preacher. Years after I was appointed to preach on a Sabbath evening at the session of a General Conference, and had the privilege of inviting this same excellent, able and devoted brother, a delegate, to assist me in the service, and of securing for him, in consideration of age and feebleness, a more convenient place of entertainment near the session of conference.

It was while occupying this circuit that wife, in very feeble health, as she always remembers, had nothing in the house for weeks with which to make a grease spot, and of course had none to afflict her. She says it was not because of their want of ability, but, as we learned from a conscientious brother, they were too scrupulous to support such "unspiritual" work. When we moved, and she felt, after having left a tender mother's embrace to undertake with a stranger in true missionary zeal the work of the itineracy, "as though she were going to the Fiji Islands," they assured her we would sometime see it was all for our good. So, in a sense, it proved, for in desperation I was DRIVEN to the Lord, and, as elsewhere narrated, found great enlargement of soul and liberty in the Spirit.

One of the devoted ones who for conscience sake took grounds against me as laying too much stress on education, and who contended against giving honor to man for anything, since all good comes from God, was afterward unable to sustain his reputation for purity of character in the ministry. I believe, however, he fully regained it.

“Seesaw!—Up to the sky,
Now I am mounting high, so high!
Seesaw!—Away we go,
Now I am sinking low, so low!

“What does it matter, up or down?
Let fate be kind or let fortune frown,
We’ll take what comes with a smiling face,
And do our best in whichever place.

“The world spins round, and naught stands still;
Here is a valley—there a hill;
Life is a mixture of joy and sorrow,
What’s down to-day may be up to-morrow.

“Then—seesaw!—You and I;
If one is low, well, the other’s high!
We’ll laugh together, happen what may,
We know it will all come right some day.”

This will do for the little ones; only let us substitute for such words as happen, fate, fortune, the sentiment of Hannah, 1 Sam. 2: 6-9, “The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich: he bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes,

and to make them inherit the throne of glory: for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them. He will keep the feet of his saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail."

There is no doubt my preaching was defective for want of experience in the teaching, leading and power of the Holy Spirit. The good brethren were distressed and did not know what to do with it, neither did I. But as for the other, it was pure imagination. No stress was laid on education; scarce anything ever said. I was reminded of Sister Roberts' words when I returned from the congregation where I had, on the Harpursville camp-ground, just united with the F. M. church, "Your trials have just begun." Sister Freeland also greeted me with quite similar encouragement on that occasion.

I wrote Rev. E. Owen for counsel. He kindly replied, "If there is such a thing as entire consecration without entire sanctification, perhaps that is your case."

In these days of perplexity Rev. W. M. Parry, whose son A. W. has since enjoyed considerable prominence among us as a preacher and lecturer of fine talents, was a father to me indeed. I shall never forget his kindly sympathetic words.

However, Brother La Due wrote me that his wife praised the Lord for my trials, and I put on courage. Sister Thurston at Syracuse had said, "You are taking HARD LESSONS." One of them of great value was, that discouragement, yielded to, IS AS FATAL AS SIN.

"Never say DIE," was a familiar word with Brother La Due in his western work at parting, which often stimulated the saints to courage, fidelity and perseverance. "Overcometh" is a pentecostal word of frequent use in the later New Testament writings. "Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph." "It's a brave soldier," said Brother Free-land in a sermon once, "who always has the victory when there's no battle." (?) A saint of God should know no defeat. The supernaturalism of Christianity—the gift of the Holy Ghost its chief characteristic—warrants the confidence of continuous victory. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." "Overcometh the world." "Doth not commit sin." "Love not the world." "Our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed." Such and similar scriptures are our security against our three-fold enemy, "Satan, the world and sin."

Brother D—— was a faithful local preacher. His wife was a member out of respect for her husband apparently; otherwise her principles were below the standard of the church. It was said she had removed her daughter from our Sabbath-school to the Presbyterian, as she desired her to have a different class of associates. The child who had been saved was backslidden. At about fourteen she sickened and died quite suddenly. To the only question as to her spiritual state before becoming unconscious she gave an unfavorable answer. O how distressed and harassed was the heart of the mother now, as she feared she had with her own hand ruined the eternal

interests of her own loved child. The father was stayed on God. The funeral was to be in the Presbyterian church, as it was larger than ours. I requested them to set aside the use of choir and organ for the occasion. The result was such an agitation that the service was held in our church and her father led the service of song as usual.

At an out appointment on this circuit I received from a sister whose father or grandfather was a neighbor and intimately conversant, some interesting particulars of the last years, death and burial of the noted infidel Thomas Paine. They have faded into uncertainty, but were in harmony with his established reputation.

Brother — was a hardware man and a tinsmith. He was a man of property and influence, and a stalwart in religion. As a shareholder in a toll bridge company he protested against taking Sabbath toll and refused to share the profit. When one of a circus company came to him to have a horse-comb repaired he began preaching to him about the evil of his business and declined to mend the curry-comb.

Brother — was a merchant. As I entered his store one day he called out, in substance, "Brother Damon, you can pray here and talk religion as much as you please." He kept drugs as well as dry goods. A man inquired if he kept opium. "Yes, but not for such as you," was his quick reply. He has since become wealthy and influential. I have known about half a dozen men who, as merchants, took the risk of refusing to keep tobacco on sale according

to custom, and who prospered in business notwithstanding. In one case I thought the conscientiousness exhibited made the impression upon the community that there was an honest man to deal with, and thus he was aided to build up a reliable and successful trade, and was generally kept in some town office. Brother S——, in Iowa, put away jewelry and gold watches from his jeweler's store. Hundreds of miles away he was referred to under the most unexpected circumstances and by an unconverted person, as "the most honest man in the world."

When my family moved to a town where tobacco raising was a staple and profitable business, my young son of fourteen years, ambitious to help in a time of special stress, was employed by a neighbor for ordinary garden or farm work. He was afterward desired to aid in work concerning the tobacco crop. He replied, "My father don't believe in working at tobacco, and I don't," and refused to do so. He lost his place and things looked rather blue. But soon the neighbor came after him again and employed him with a full understanding of the situation; and his wife commended the boy and told him to stick to his father's principles and not work in tobacco. Thus he kept a clean conscience, and proved the safety of radicalism in religion.

CHAPTER XXII.

A PART of the summer of 1871 was spent in western New York. I was waiting in faith for means to remove my family to northern Iowa. It was furnished at length by Brother Roberts through the gift of a Brother Dunkleberg, I think of northeastern New York, a brother I never met. We went through Chicago just before the great fire, and our household goods came just after it. For some time we did not know but they were burned.

An incident of the Cadiz camp-meeting near Franklinville, N. Y., proved of lifelong interest to me. Rev. T. B. Catton was in charge at the time. There seemed to settle down upon the ground a special pressure of the powers of darkness. Brother C. suddenly closed the public service and struck for the woods for wrestling with the Lord in prayer, inviting others to follow at their option. Some did so, and there was relief and improvement in the after tone of the meeting. Personally it was memorable. I had been almost tormented by the complaint, occasional, frequent, from unexpected sources, that I "lacked the Spirit." There was no complaint as to purity, fidelity to truth, thoroughness in the work. At first I did not comprehend them. Once Brother Gould called my attention to certain persons who manifestly had a freedom and unction above the

ordinary. I had sought and found "a clean heart." God had wholly sanctified my soul. I did not doubt it: I dared not deny it or withhold the profession. But I did not understand the office work of the Holy Spirit. I consciously lacked freedom and the Spirit's help both in preparation and preaching. To the question, put to myself in the secret of my own conscience and consciousness, Are you pardoned? I instantly responded, Yes. Are you purified? Yes. Are you FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT? I could not say, Yes. It was easy to reason about "a vacuum." Of course the Holy Spirit had done the work of regeneration. Purification was also his work, and comfort, enlightenment and all peace. All this and much more I knew theologically. But why did I have to reason and make inference in regard to an experience provided and required? I felt there should be the same instantaneous response of consciousness to the realization of the Spirit's presence as to his work in other respects. This want was supplied from that hour on the Cadiz camp-ground in 1871. "Do you teach a third experience?" I have not so regarded it. "If there's a rail off your garden fence," Brother Roberts used to say, "put it on. You need not tear your whole fence down on account of it." For near twenty-seven years that rail has been on my fence. The want of it made me much trouble before. It is the privilege, the duty, the highest interest of the church, to be filled with the Spirit. This state is one of conscious experience to which should be clear, instant response

as truly as relates to pardon and purity; and it should not be left to the doubtful test of a roundabout inference.

The gift of the Holy Ghost is one of the distinguishing marks, perhaps I should say, THE distinguishing mark of the new dispensation. That gift is not, as is too commonly taught, the descriptive mark of entire sanctification as distinguished from regeneration. It covers much more ground. It characterizes the whole experience of pentecostal or New Testament saints, as distinguished from those of the old dispensation. In Galatians Paul marks the contrast as between servants and sons. In Romans it marks the liberty and power which delivers from legal bondage under the law of sin in the members, a state of carnality which Methodism does not interpret of regeneration. It is a characteristic new element of experience under the new economy. Properly instructed converts are entitled to the personal presence, comfort, teaching, leading and power of the Spirit as not given before Pentecost. On the positive side of the experience of entire sanctification, of which purification is the negative side, one should be FILLED with the Spirit. This is not a mere temporary, emotional experience, a mighty baptism of evanescent joy, fire and power, to depart and be often or occasionally repeated, but is the incoming to permanently abide and control of the personal Holy Spirit filling the soul ever after with the purity, power and glory of His presence. The mark of entire^e sanctification is not the receiv-

ing, but the being filled with the presence of the Spirit. But generally God does for people in grace according to their apprehension of truth and consequent prayer and faith. Radically in the essence of its nature entire sanctification is cleansing from sin; but in its privilege, power and glory, it entitles to the full indwelling of the Spirit. If there is a manifest defect in the consciousness of our experience by reason of failure to apprehend the fulness of truth pertaining to it, let us supply the defect without raising distracting questions of doctrinal controversy. In this case it is unnecessary and not strictly in accord with the truth to teach a distinctly third experience, hence unwise and distracting. I have no sympathy with the conceit of new inventions in doctrinal statement, putting "riders" on the doctrine of holiness to the everlasting confusion and hindrance of the work to which God has called us; though I have had much sympathy with persons who have unwisely done so. But on the other hand it is dangerous to deny a truth and hinder an experience because God does not limit the outpouring of His grace to the channels of scientific theological statement. If men are not consciously filled with the Spirit they should be urged to become so, without fear of a new doctrine or denying what God has certainly done for them.*

*For a further discussion of this important subject see Appendix II. for the author's articles on "The Ministration of the Spirit," taken from the *EARNEST CHRISTIAN*, April, May and June, 1898, published at the suggestion and with the kind endorsement of the editor.

During the summer I attended one or two meetings farther west by invitation of my good friend, Rev. William Jones. I think one was a grove-meeting under his control and one a camp-meeting at North Collins, N. Y. Many years after I called on Prof. Coleman at the Seminary in Evansville, Wis. His excellent wife, formerly Miss Lucy Sellew, the heartiness of whose greeting lingers in agreeable memory, immediately referred back to that meeting as the time and place where she experienced entire sanctification under my labor. This was an unlooked for and very grateful testimony. Though I have a profound conviction that such have been lamentably too few, I have not infrequently been comforted and cheered by them along the line of my more than thirty years in the ministry. On occasion of assisting Rev. C. E. Harroun, Jr., a few years since near Cedar Rapids, Iowa, an excellent sister followed me into a tent and introduced herself, saying, "I have for a great many years wanted to see you, and tell you that the conviction I received at such a meeting never left me till I got to God and was saved." She called my attention to a grove-meeting I had held so long ago that the memory of it and the very place had faded out, but gradually arose out of the misty past, where God helped but none were saved. Thus the bread cast on the waters nineteen years before returned in the testimony of this influential woman.

It used to be claimed of my work in Kansas and Nebraska that I had but one convert there, in allu-

sion to Rev. J. Vanhoosen. Though this was probably a detraction, my reply was, "Yes, one, but a lion." He was a giant physically, and a terror to evil-doers, if not to others occasionally; and as the cat accused the lion of having but one instead of a litter, I gathered what comfort I could from the dignified reply. Others, however, may yet acknowledge more credit. I think I could recall some such.

Christ's ministers should be soul winners, "fishers of men." I had laid disproportionate stress on fidelity, not enough on the wisdom to win souls. When Brother Roberts preached, "He that winneth souls is wise," I was pained and plagued. Once quoting to Rev. G. C. Coffee, by way of suggestion and inquiry, the statement, "God holds one accountable for fidelity, not success," he remarked "He expects one to know enough to accomplish the business he sends him to do." He sends men to "catch men," not all, but some. "He that believeth not shall be damned." They are sent not merely to fish, but to catch fish.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THESE sketches are not intended as an autobiography—only a partial life sketch. It is not to be expected that a man will publish all the mean, disgraceful things he ever did. It is not common for biographies to give a faithful portraiture of human character and conduct. That unique merit belongs to the holy Scriptures. It is grand that the blood of Jesus applied by the Holy Ghost, purges the conscience and so covers the sin of the past that one can look back upon a record that would otherwise cause deepest distress. The writer of these incidents has no very notorious and flagrant sins of past history to boast of and glory in. There are, however, some most humiliating recollections which are here referred to, to guard against the supposition that there were none such in the facts of life and so produce a false impression. If all the vicious words and tempers, and unclean thoughts and acts and scenes of childhood's days could be made non-existent as facts of history, the record and the memory would be different. They will ever remain realities of the past which entered into the formation of character. They are forgiven. The heart is washed, and there is the gain to character of fighting against and overcoming the evil and untoward tendency.

The mistakes of life honestly made are an occa-

sion of much painful reflection, though the blood of atonement covers them, as they are incident to our state of infirmity, and cannot be wholly avoided.

One such has often come to mind. I was in conversation with the widow of a minister reputed an excellent Christian character. Her ears were ornamented or deformed with divided jewels, three long pendants hanging from each. She was speaking of the spiritual meetings in the Methodist college town where she lived. I betrayed my incredulity when she flatly asked if I did not think she was a Christian. I felt some serious pain at the crisis, but firmly questioned her title to the character. She was deeply wounded and grieved, and a relative in whose house we were, a member of the Free church, broke into tears, and altogether it was an unpleasant experience. I have often thought a circumlocution to avoid the aspect of rash and harsh judging would have left her more open to the truth, and exposed to the convictions of God's own Spirit. However, in view of almost universal want of bold fidelity to souls, this seems a delicate question. As to my motive there was no unkindness; but a fear of being unfaithful to the truth and coming under condemnation.

In this connection it may be profitable to recall an incident of the Rushford camp-meeting in New York in 1870. This was my old home, and it had been impressed on my mind to preach there, when opportunity should occur, from this text: Jer. 2: 21, "Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant

of a strange vine unto me?" I was called on to preach on Sabbath afternoon—a hard hour on the camp-ground. The above was my text. I applied it to the Methodist church, very truly and justly so. But partly owing to the character of the truth and a feeling that it might not be wholly approved by the ministers present, partly from the natural restlessness of the crowd at that hour, and also the fear of exposing to spiritual eyes, as once before, my nakedness of spiritual unction, I became confused, frightened, and gave up. Brother Roberts, as before, helped me out, but I doubted his approval of the line of truth. Brother J. T. James not long ago referred to it in a letter, saying he could hardly think of it without a shudder. But how Brother R. could approve Elias Bowen's semi-centennial sermon as elsewhere noted, and disapprove the above, I cannot understand. On Tuesday in exhortation I found full liberty in taking up the subject again and exposing the contrast between the worldliness, formalism, pleasure-seeking and sin of modern Methodism, and that type of purity, spirituality and power, inaugurated by Wesley and his helpers. It should be noted that I had grown up there, was intimately acquainted, had been a member of that local society more than ten years prior to entering the ministry of that church, and hence felt a personal sense of responsibility and divine commission to declare that specific truth that others could hardly be expected to appreciate. It was unpleasant truth which I believed God called me to proclaim there and then. Brother

Lyman Metcalf told my father I was only doing what he had brought me up to do; and at heart father was so radically an anti-Mason from the old Morgan days that where that phase of truth was in issue, though I had never heard him say much about it, he could scarce deny the charge. I had, in the parsonage there, seen the women of the church put to the blush and run from the room when men of poor moral reputation began kissing them at twenty-five cents a head to increase the donation receipts in a strife to beat the Baptists. And those who are conversant know that the bloody, barbarous penalties of Masonic oaths taken by members and ministers of the church by wholesale, with its disgraceful initiations, might well put a virtuous heathen to shame, and better befit a cannibal than a civilized community.

It was at this meeting that Brother James poured forth such a torrent of eloquence and spiritual truth and experience that Rev. George Humphrey was carried away and called out, "But you'll die sometime, won't you?" "No," said Brother James, quick as a flash, in allusion to his experience on the Manheim national holiness camp-ground in Pennsylvania, "I died two years ago." It was there I saw him, in the bustle of the noon-hour, sitting scarce out of reach of the restless crowd walking back and forth, pencil one of the sharpest and most interesting articles that ever appeared in the columns of the *Earnest Christian*. He had an unusual facility for catching and jotting down with pencil in his "bird cage" the flying thoughts that entered his mind, and

this he would even do unobserved when one was making public prayer, and thus his mind was stored with material for marvellously interesting illustration. Standing still as a statue in the pulpit he had seemingly only to open his lips and a volume of sacred oratory would roll out to the admiration of the church and the entrancing of the crowd.

But this chapter which begins in confession, seems likely to end, where humanity generally ends, in self-justification. It is not sin and shame and mistake alone that afford ground of painful memories. Who but those that have suffered can tell the bitter pain of mortifications arising from ignorance and blunders? There is one consolation. The keener the sense of shame and suffering, the less likely to repeat the humiliating faults we deplore. I am glad I am not obliged to narrate the instances of which I can scarce think without a tingle of pain and self-reproach. Would that one might feel there would be no future occasion of similar shame. But we are debtors to divine mercy. We are being carried to heaven by the GRACE of Christ. We cannot escape ourselves, and we may as well rejoice in these fresh occasions of proving God's abounding compassion. Let us beware of censuring Him for not making us other than we are.

It was while awaiting my removal to the West, at one of the meetings alluded to in the preceding chapter, that I found a state of things in a Free Methodist society which aroused a hostility not to be wondered at in view of previous records. Several

of the leading members—men of ability, wealth and influence—were users of tobacco. One official member had patronized the cheese factory on Sabbath, and there were other tokens of “softness.” Being invited to preach, I used 2 Thes. 3:6, “Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly,” etc. Of course they were assaulted without “circumlocution.” There was some fire-spitting in return, which this deponent rather enjoyed. I sent an account of the situation to the paper, which was promptly published. An attack on me found its way to the waste-basket of the editorial rooms, and the “brave words” published were shortly after commended by an able writer in its columns. The unpleasant feature was that the spiritual state of the society had shortly before been commended in the paper, and to that I made pointed allusion. I do not say whether this was one of the “mistakes” confessed above or not. I stated in preaching that I did not see why I could not as well belong to the M. E. church as to a church of tobacco users. The class-leader insinuated, to break the force of the thrust, that I had been “turned out.” But my good Brother Jones stood by me “and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.”

The above recalls another circumstance, and as I make little account of chronological order, I give it here. In going to an appointment I had often passed the home of a family of foreigners, some of whom were engaged in Sabbath sports, until this feature of

their character was most prominent in my mind. I was suddenly called on to preach the funeral of one of the young men. The church was crowded. My text was, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." There was intense stillness and solemnity. I do not know the result, but was reminded of the occasion about twenty years after by one who was present. During the war of rebellion it was very common to preach all soldiers to heaven on the ground of patriotism, irrespective of religion. It has long been characteristic of churches, however formal, worldly and unsaved, to assume the final blessedness of all their members. The impression of the falsity and ruin of this course had been so deeply riveted on my heart when young that I prayed God to help me to be faithful, if anywhere, on such occasions. I have preached the funerals of the most openly wicked. The only complaint of which I ever learned was by friends of a backslider. I might have spoken more favorably of her good in life. Captain W—— died during the war. He had kept the only saloon in his town. An able minister preached his funeral, and ranked himself with the mourners. The occasion was deeply interesting, but the sympathy expressed and the stern ban put upon a word spoken against the deceased was felt to be unseemly in spite of the regard held for the captain as a soldier. The matter was explained not very long after when that minister was picked up by friends and lodged for protection in an inebriate asylum.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WITH my little family I reached Iowa, as stated, just before the great fire in Chicago in 1871. We were without money save for paying freight of household goods, and with none in prospect from any source. I was slightly acquainted in the town where we located; but was known only as having been a preacher in the M. E. church, and was now regarded a disturber of the peace. There were no members of the F. M. church, so far as I learned, in all northern Iowa, except the nucleus of a class at one place which failed to serve as a basis for any further work. We rented two small rooms and a closet at seven dollars per month, and lived in the house with the owners, a very kind family and permanently friendly.

Our situation as to finances was strictly on a faith basis. I once suggested self-help; and received a cutting rebuff from Brother La Due, who had come to our assistance, "It seems to me you are getting worried over the bread and butter question." For a moment I felt stung by his words, but my confidence in his spirituality was such that I submitted to the reproof. A small class was shortly raised up, about twenty miles from us, and one family of life-long friends, though poor and working very hard to provide for their own, became my financial helpers.

I made appointments in various places and looked to God to open hearts and hands for our support. After the brother referred to had done for me all I thought he was able, to my expostulation he replied, "I will do what I can now, and may be others will be raised up to help by and by." He did not, as too many, wait to see if the thing would prove a success, but by faith stood under the burden to make it so.

Soon another class was formed by Brother La Due, and among them John Ball, now I trust in heaven, became a tried friend and supporter. We felt quite rich when he brought us several gallons of sorghum. Meeting a prominent member of the M. E. church one day, the brother remarked, "I thought you were not one of the up and down kind." Said Brother Ball, "I didn't like to be always DOWN." He loaned me "Old Chet," a noble gray horse, not old, and a good cutter for winter use. He had preached considerable, and when he could not "go" he was glad to SEND one in his place. Chester carried me many a long ride through cold and storm, back and forth over a seventy-five-mile route, and the cutter often brought comforts for the brave wife at home. Once a Free-will Baptist put in a sack of flour, one of potatoes and two chickens. Often the very things of which we stood most in need would be given. A lady of the M. E. church remarked that our work must be of God, "for there isn't a thing in the world that family wants but what they get." She knew it came without asking only of God, and almost without any apparent source of supply.

I once started out against a piercing wind, crippled by paralysis then as I have been now for thirty-five years, with the thermometer twenty-five degrees below zero, and rode thirty-one miles, and three more after preaching. Finding my traveled road on the prairie suddenly breaking in the wrong direction, I left the section line to avoid drift and drove outside. Soon Chester was in a deep ditch, the snow flying over his back, and the harness was broken. Though I could hardly handle myself, I had to get out, unhitch, and pull the cutter over and repair as best I could. I thought seriously of the danger of freezing to death on the prairie, distant from any house, but pulled through and filled my appointment. Once before in a struggling night walk in drifts of snow, in New York, I had been strongly tempted to give up and lie down, but knew I should probably never rise again and struggled on. Another time I had walked in darkness so dense I had to feel the ground with my hand to keep the traveled track when I could hardly walk at all from lameness.

I occasionally walked from one appointment to another, hungry and without invitation to eat, sitting down from exhaustion, sometimes supported by a friend under either arm. Once staggering along in the dark to find a place for the night, I would stop and ask myself, "What am I here for under such circumstances as these?" I could have had friends in abundance, honor and preferment. Was it alone for my troublesome conscience, or was it for Christ and souls? I have sometimes been heartsick and

ready to despair under difficulties arising from my feeble, crippled body. I once struggled in vain through fields, tangled grass, and over fences, to reach a friend at night after preaching, whose distance I had underestimated, and finally gave it up. Pushing over a shock of corn and dragging another over me, with umbrella to keep off a shower, I wrapped my buffalo coat about me and lay till morning. In looking over scenes like these my one regret is that I was not a more successful winner of souls. This would seem to give more compensation for privation and suffering. But Christ keeps the record. One cause, as elsewhere suggested, was a weak conscience. In Romans 14 the apostle discusses this question and determines that such are to be received, but not to doubtful and profitless disputing. The Savior himself was not radical or straight enough to suit the Jews about the Sabbath or in eating with publicans and sinners. He was quite too sociable, and the crowds he drew about him indicated insanity to his relatives and dangerous popularity to his enemies. Father McCreery used to talk of the "gospel of THE GRACE and truth of God," and hoped he should get to heaven "by the MERCY of God." Brother Roberts' wonderful little sermon at the Burlington General Conference, the report of which caused wife to remark, "It takes a great man to preach as little a sermon as he can," was about "God, who is RICH IN MERCY."

However, the period of which I am writing was one of great spiritual enlargement, of freedom, comfort

and power, notwithstanding the privations and struggles incident to that kind of pioneering. The brave souls that enlisted in the cause of Free Methodism, sought not honor of men; and their words of cheer, prayers of faith and power, and self-denying helpfulness come back to memory as grateful recollections. Some of our brethren were poor and lived in humble situations. To put ourselves on a level with them, and make it more seemly to receive their willing offerings, we sold our best carpet and beautiful baby carriage, and kept our hearts beating in unison with theirs. And O, what comfort came from their prayers and their kindness. Parting with one as he removed to Oregon, he clasped my hand and said, "Brother Damon, I never expect to see you again till I meet you at the judgment." Long since he passed over to await that meeting. Many a time have I driven up to church or school-house for preaching, weary, empty, feeling as wife has sometimes said, "as though I had no religion, nor any soul to put it in if I had," and while tying my horse the sound of a tempest of prayer within, and specially for Brother Damon, would reach my ears, courage and strength would come to heart and body, and I would go in and PREACH ON THEIR PRAYERS like a very saint. Tears fill my eyes at the memory of those hallowed occasions.

It was blessed thus to dwell in unity—unity of the brethren, unity of the Spirit—and we felt that our bread tasted sweeter and the little went farther for the blessing of God that came with it. We had

many manifestations of God's special providence. Once only did rent go past due to occasion anxiety. We were not asked for it, but were earnestly asking our Father alone. Invited to attend a Wesleyan camp-meeting, the power of God came on wife in an unexpected and glorious manner. I was called on to preach more frequently than most of their own preachers. On Sabbath a stranger, not a member of either church, took me aside and placed \$11.00 in my hand. Blessed deliverance! Wife made the ground ring again with shouts of heavenly melody and sweetness when they marched around as the meeting closed. It was a memorable time for them and us. It was in charge of Rev. McGilvry, a good and holy man. I refused to help him administer the sacrament as so many of their members used tobacco, and others were worldly in dress; but received it with them. On the other hand I could hardly measure up to the severity with which he enforced fasting on the ground.

Thus it goes with conscience questions—as the editor so clearly shows in a late *Free Methodist*. For my part I go dead against the ungodly LONE MUSTACHE, and other monkey shines on preachers' faces, or for that matter any Christian's face. And others find fault with me for some things I do now, which once I did not. I have my reasons, good or otherwise, which they cannot appreciate. And besides I would rather suffer than be denied the privilege of finding fault with them. When we succeed to break down conscience enough to cure all our over-scrupu-

lous ones, I fear we shall not have enough left to keep our people separate from the churches that are not thus afflicted. Is it not far easier to break down than to build up? The noble souls that sacrifice and suffer for the conscience that separates them and gives boldness to contend for truth and righteousness are far more worthy of commendation than the censure that is too often heaped on them with no recognition of what they are so bravely doing and suffering.

It is claimed that such are making law without warrant. Our Discipline says it is of the utmost importance that we be of one heart and mind. And this means in our love for and maintenance of the radical separating principles of the church. "Better one suffer than many," said old Methodism. "In visiting the classes be very mild but very strict. Suffer no exempt case." Are we not more anxious to cure over-scruples than to bring men up to such a standard? But is it law-making to urge people to a strict conformity to our principles of plainness, both in spirit and in letter? We have a well-defined TYPE of teaching in regard to holiness. It is that worldliness in conversation, in association, in business, in furnishings, in dress, and every where, is wrong and to be prohibited. Our General Rules are THREE—to avoid evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practiced, to do good of every kind and as far as possible to all, and to attend upon all Divine ordinances—with a sub-head concerning doing what we know is not for the glory of God. Under

these heads or principles are certain specifications for illustration, by no means covering, or attempting to cover, all the ground of application to which as fundamental law they refer. Preachers are supposed to have some sense and judgment for the interpretation and application of these important scriptural and necessary principles. Would it be unauthorized law-making for a preacher to withstand or arraign a member for attendance upon a circus or horserace because it is not specified in the few illustrations of the General Rules?

It has been sufficiently made clear by former administration in the church, sanctioned by General Conference authority, that we hold the total abstinence theory in regard to strict plainness of apparel as taught by Wesley—abstinence from those articles and styles that are manifestly used in deference to worldly customs in the way of uncalled for change and ornamentation. By this principle let us abide. Who can say absolutely that a little wine drinking is a sin *per se*—a positive wrong in itself? But in relation to the exigencies of the great temperance cause, and our influence upon it, we hold the obligation upon Christians of total self-denial and abstinence. So as a people we have seen and felt the evil of the general tendency, and almost universal practice, of the church at large to depart from Scripture in respect to vanity, pleasure and worldly friendship and association. We have raised our protest—a noble, godly, brave protest. Let us abide by it in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Our second child was born in February during our first year in Iowa. Wonderfully did God provide the needed care of royal quality, a skillful nurse—a noble Christian woman and professional. Afterward in deepest extremity of feebleness and need, Sister Morehouse of New York, blessed woman, friend of my wife's mother, passing through town, inquired us out and for six weeks was to us a dear devoted sister and mother. Wonderful mercy, wonderful grace of God! Thus my dear companion who boldly trusted God in giving her hand to a stranger, was provided for in a strange land, with scarce any natural base of supplies, as she could hardly have expected to be under the most favorable conditions. The child then given us has been preaching successfully in Wisconsin for several years. It is truly wonderful how our needs were supplied.

The next summer, following a blessed camp-meeting near Owatonna, Minnesota, I felt I was rapidly declining in health. I sought to work it off and used no remedies of account, in hope that faith would secure Divine interposition. I was so weak I could scarce reach or replace a book in my library. Yet I kept up frequent appointments requiring long rides, about half the time preaching every night in the week and two or three times on Sabbath. On my last trip wife plead with me not to go, and said she expected to hear I was sick somewhere. I dragged out without breakfast and hitched up, and rode thirty miles and preached. I could scarce reach the house in town where I stayed. Next day I went nine miles

and preached. Fourteen miles the third day took me to Brother Hanna's, where I met that old veteran from Illinois, J. W. Dake, who had come to take charge of the work around Waterloo which I had opened up. General Conference had assigned it to other territory. I was glad to surrender my horse.

A fall and winter of sickness followed, one month of which I lay delirious in fever at Brother Hanna's between Cedar Falls and Waterloo. I was blessedly saved, and when the pilgrims gathered in for prayers, though unconscious of their coming, I knew their voices in prayer and had a wonderful time. I seemed to be floating in the air of the room and very near heaven. In his peculiar manner Brother Hanna said, "I believe that man would have shouted, if he had known the next breath would have taken him up." I guess he would.

Wife was sorely tempted lest when the trial of parting came she should dishonor Christ and her profession. She went to God and obtained help and moved about as a queen while she planned what she would do with her little fatherless boys, one of which she had taken from her bosom and left behind when she came for my care.

My sister, Mrs. Evans, a woman of much energy and competency, came at length and planned my removal home. Brother Dake and a neighbor took me from the chamber. I was carefully carried on a bed to Waterloo, and on a board twenty inches wide placed on the top of the car seats and carried to my home in Charles City. My brother came from New

York, but I was too low to realize it. He said, "I knew you were pretty hard to kill. I thought, if we could keep you going two or three days, you might make a live of it." I did, though it was a close pull.

Brother La Due also came from Minnesota, as elsewhere noted, and his prayers seemed to call me back to life. I told him a very delirious story of a kind invitation from Brother Mackey to spend the time of my convalescence with him in Brooklyn. When I found it was a delusion, I was sorely disappointed and chagrined at my imaginations. Brother La Due went shortly toward Plymouth, the home of his father; but stopping at Deacon Reed's near Nora Springs began the protracted meeting which resulted in the formation of the excellent class there.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DOCTOR had pronounced me in "imminent danger of paralysis of the brain," and almost positively forbade my attempting to preach any more—at least oftener than once a week, if at all. However, when able to occupy a rocking chair I had the neighbors invited in and began a protracted meeting.

How we lived at first I do not remember, but drifts of snow blockaded the roads, and horses had the epizootic, so that none of my members, who all lived from ten to thirty miles distant, could reach us. Just at this juncture a most unexpected and kindly appeal to our people through the paper was made by Brother Roberts, and the responses through the post-office made us comfortable. When sufficient had come to exhaust my faith, wife said one evening, "Charlie, I'm going down town and get something you can eat." "O Frankie, don't," said I, "you know we have but seventy-five cents left. You know the Lord has done so much for us we can't expect Him to do any more." "He has done so much I expect Him to do more," was her cheerful reply. I plead, but she persisted, "I'm going." She returned, and as I opened the letters one contained fifty cents and another a \$20.00 bill from a sister in western New York, and that evening a brother who had broken through the roads from thirty miles away, drove up

with sixteen bushels of wheat, and meat and oats, a full load. I felt reproved for littleness of faith. I had a good support that year, while a Congregationalist preacher in a large town nearby was threatening to leave if his salary was not made up, and his church resorted to a "mitten festival" to raise it. With that expedient he was away below what had been voluntarily done for me. When a town committee to look after the poor called on us we reported that we were not in need of anything, and it went out, "what good care the town took of us."

During this period of recovery I published the following in the Free Methodist paper:

WHY I AM A FREE METHODIST.

BY REV. C. M. DAMON.

I desire to publish some thoughts on Free Methodism, as, in the providence of God, denominationally represented among us.

I cannot but regret the necessity, probably such, of denominational appendages to a true, spiritual church of Christ; approving the sentiment and desiring the time when

"Names and sects, and parties, fall,
And only Christ be all in all."

I cannot, dare not, endorse all that may be connected with any organization, from party motives, but must weigh all in the balances of the sanctuary. And I must say that I have seen Free Methodist societies, to which, if I was connected as a member or pastor, unless there was radical reformation speedily, I fear I could not remain attached. A grievous sin must lie at the bottom of a fact like this, which, if not repented of and purged away, is very likely to ruin us on account of the inevitable and rapid spread of such infection through a closely bound connection. Those plague-spots ought to be removed

Again, too general laxity of discipline in regard to membership, attendance upon class-meetings and love-feasts, and admission to the Lord's Supper of those who are warranted neither by our Discipline nor the Bible, are not only to be deprecated but CONDEMNED.

Compare upon the last point above Watson's General Observations—Theological Institutes, Vol. II, pp. 669 and 670, with the uniform teachings of our church on the issues of worldliness prevalent among professing Christians.

Smooth preaching by smooth preachers occasionally found among us, is likely to cause some breaches in the walls by and by, through which the enemy will probably gain decided advantages over us, perhaps to our overthrow.

Let us now look on the other side: Free Methodism excludes from her communion Freemasonry and all the lesser forms of secretism. This is a gigantic evil—a sin of fearful magnitude and power. People may be ignorant of its real character, but the facts no less exist which demonstrate its organic and intense hostility to Christ and true religion. The appalling character of its horrid oaths, its subtle skepticism, its rank worldliness, its fearful power of combination to crush out spiritual religion and control the ministry and offices of the church, and its inherent and necessary inconsistency with good government, stamp Masonry with the blackest dye. Those who are ignorant of these truths are, doubtless, too often willingly or willfully so, and are consequently responsible for the evil, while multitudes who must know the facts, agree to blind and delude the people, and so perpetuate it. It does not appear to be consistent with Bible teaching and the mind of the Spirit, for one whose eyes are open to these facts to remain in fellowship with a church or support a ministry contaminated by this institution. We have cause for deepest gratitude that God has a people to lift the warning voice against this sin, and keep themselves free from its pollution and guilt. Nothing but radical and complete separation from evil can please God. Few are clear from fellowship with all forms of secretism.

Free Methodism sets itself against tobacco using. Several

different lines of argument each demonstrate this common practice to be a sin of grievous character. Its filthiness is opposed to the purity of the gospel; its uselessness, to the self-denial required of us; its waste of means, to the obligation resting on us as stewards to use the Lord's money with fidelity in doing good; its injuriousness to the body stands opposed to our responsibility as temples of the Holy Ghost. This vile and wicked abomination is generally hugged to the bosom of the churches. It is cherished as a treasure too costly to be harmed by words of reproof; at least it is a morsel too precious to be touched by the rude hand of discipline. The National Holiness camp-meeting movement takes no decided ground against it as a barrier to the possession of the pearl of inward purity—the enjoyment of entire sanctification. Free Methodism locks its doors against it at the very entrance to the church. I have no more authority as a minister or a Christian, to sanctify the use of tobacco, than drunkenness, gluttony, or adultery. Of course if its USE is prohibited the raising, manufacture and sale are all involved. Thus the ax is laid at the root of the tree.

Free Methodism excludes adornment with gold or costly apparel. The plain word of God lies against this practice. The time and labor spent in vain needle work and all forms of adornment, the immense sums of money wasted in this manner, the fearful indulgence of pride, the tendency of this practice to exclude the poor from the house of God, and the urgent demand of the world for the employment of every agency thus misapplied in the salvation of souls, indicate the magnitude of this almost universal sin. Where is not this wickedness tampered with? What prominent religious body does not give bold defiance to God's truth in respect to it?—and oppose, if not ridicule, every firm attempt to put away the evil. If it be said that the National Holiness camp-meeting deals scripturally with this abomination, I flatly deny the assertion. At the best (which is too much to credit them, by far) they make a very incomplete issue on dress with those who profess holiness, while they virtually recognize the mass of nominal Christians as saved, though living in the daily practice of open sin. The Free

Methodist church, in her highest authoritative body, if I rightly understand the issue lately brought before the General Conference, has put herself in firm opposition to all apparel put on for adornment. Is not this a valid reason for endorsing Free Methodism?

Free Methodism abhors the sin against which the Apostle James, chapter second, speaks so explicitly and emphatically. Evidence her firm refusal to show respect of persons by the renting or sale of pews. It is believed that the pew system involves respect of persons by giving the best sitting to the man who can command the readiest money, and excluding the poor or putting the brand of poverty on them by the place where they sit. If so, it involves the very sin of which St. James says: "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," and hence renders the church which practices it, as a body, a violator of the whole law of God; in other words an apostate church.

Free Methodism shuts out the pernicious choir system which, with its instrumental music, and free admission of unconverted persons and gay and thoughtless worldlings, is, undoubtedly, one of the greatest barriers to spirituality, and one of the most offensive elements of formalism that prevails in the modern church. Indeed, it appears to me that this system of performing religious exercises could never have been introduced, until renewal of the heart, righteousness, humility, contrition and true sincerity, had first ceased to be regarded as essential requisites of acceptable worship. The choir arrangement as a whole is so grossly worldly and so virtually opposed to true worship, that I can hardly express my abhorrence of it.

Finally, Free Methodism discards all appeals to motives of a worldly or pleasurable character in her financial methods. Scarcely any feature of modern religion as generally represented, strikes one more conspicuously than the resort to festivity and feasting in support of the ministry and other institutions of the church. If this is scriptural, pleasing to the Holy Spirit, and promotive of true piety, we have no right to object. If not, the church that practices it is disobedient, godless and

worldly. To support the church in this way is in direct opposition to that dependence on the Spirit which is necessary to secure His co-operation in the salvation of the world. Is it reasonable to suppose that we can form all our plans to do a work which requires the constant co-operation and help of the Spirit, without at all counseling with, or submitting to Him, and yet so please Him as to secure that help? The thought is absurd. Nor is there the slightest warrant for the practice in the New Testament. The example of apostles and primitive Christians is opposed to it, and the Divine precepts respecting self-denial, separation from, conformity to, and friendship with, the world, are wholly inconsistent with it. The abominations practiced under this head in the name of religion, justly rouse the indignation of every observer who is jealous for the honor of God and the purity of his church. They are a prolific source of the generally prevalent spurious professions of religion; and are alone sufficient to call down the judgments of God, and give the warning, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Intimately connected with the above particulars, rather than as forming distinct issues, several items may be plead in behalf of Free Methodism: She stands out prominently among and above other denominations, in securing genuine, clear and powerful conversions. There may be some limitations to this statement, but it is generally true. The reason is probably found in the Holy Ghost baptism which enlightens, directs and empowers her laborers; and particularly in that she insists on the total abandonment of ALL SIN, as a mark, not of entire sanctification, but of CONVERSION. Here is a vital point. Churches in general are very far from maintaining this position. As a result God is displeased, sin is baptized, and Satan leads the masses down to death. The foundation being falsely laid, the whole building of professed Christian character topples to its fall.

Free Methodism inculcates and generally secures plainness and simplicity in church building, forms of worship, dwellings and equipages. In short, Free Methodism means primitive,

scriptural Christianity. Cannot every lover of God and truth see herein a revival of, and marked return to, the freedom and power of the religion of the New Testament? Then why not embrace and strive to promote it? Why not in humility rejoice in her prosperity? Praise God, I do. If there were shown to be mistakes in polity, they are nothing in the presence of such vast and vital issues of heart experience and holy living. Yet, if she departs from God, by His grace I will not follow, nor stand by the ship when she sinks.

March, 1873.

When I was able to ride I was driven around a neighborhood where a good class had been raised up by Brothers J. M. Cook and C. W. La Due during my sickness. As we drove up to one place we found the brother standing by the smoking ruins of a fire that had just destroyed \$500 worth of his grain and farm implements. He was praising the Lord and appeared blessed and happy. This was my introduction to Wm. Jellison, our pastor of late at Salt Lake and Ogden, Utah. His wife fought the work for a time and threatened to lock the door against him. He intimated that it would be all right—he should continue to attend meetings all the same. She begged her way into the church at length, and I had to call the meeting to order after I had dismissed one night to give her a chance to join. Brother J. was helping a neighbor at threshing on a prayer-meeting night and urged him to close work in good season. They hung on until finally he set his fork in the mow and came off saying, "I am going to the prayer-meeting." When I held a protracted meeting there the next year (the winter referred to before) I had a blessed

time with him among the people visiting and praying. His cheerful, genial spirit and manner made him a strong helper even then, and he has been an able, useful preacher since. In this neighborhood was also raised up Rev. W. W. Hulet (at times a district elder since) and his parents, who have usefully led our work in different places till the devoted mother went home to glory a few years ago. Brothers Cook and La Due were stormed in at their place by a blizzard. Like soldiers they assaulted the household and "dug them out." Brother H. was a little off as they labored with his wife, but when she came through gloriously, late in the night, he saw he was wrong, but waited till the children were up next morning when he made open, square confession and afterward stood by the work.

On my first visit to Mason City Brother "Pat" Fay—formerly a Roman Catholic, converted in Illinois under most amusing circumstances of superstition—was helping me secure an appointment to preach in the M. E. church. We met two men in a wagon to whom he introduced me. They invited me to their neighborhood. I said, "Do you want to know what I thought when I saw you coming?" "Yes." "I thought, of course they are not professors of religion with those long clay pipes in their mouths." It transpired that after some months of acquaintance in this neighborhood, I learned that those two men were Brothers Jellison and Levi Parker. Brother J—— went home and told his wife he met "a live man in town." He was not in the habit of often smoking

thus and felt mean and uncomfortable when he started out with his pipe. Before he was out of town this unexpected rebuff set home the conviction.

About the same time I also met Brother A. Hulet, who became a life-long friend and helper, greeting me once as I drove up, "Come in thou blessed of the Lord." That was two or three years before, and I had entirely forgotten the names of those I met in the wagon.

It was here also that Sister Parker told me one day that Mrs. Simons, a neighbor was feeling much put out and opposed to the work. "Where does she live? I guess I'll call on her." She seemed surprised and to shrink from the anticipated result. "Why," said I, "I am just the one." I did so, and found to my surprise, that I had met her under another name. She had borne an excellent name for piety and intelligence as a teacher before her late marriage, of which I had no knowledge. We had a brief but excellent visit which wholly disarmed her prejudice. She continued to attend meeting and was soon triumphantly, radically saved, and has long been a spiritual pillar in our work. In this later protracted meeting wife helped me, with the burden of her two baby boys, visiting from house to house, and in meeting putting them asleep on the buffalo robe under the seat in front of her, and leading the singing with occasional distraction by them both troublesome and amusing.

We had blessed times in this neighborhood north of Mason City, in Deacon Reed's neighborhood, and with the brethren east of Plymouth; as well as with

those on Flood Creek in Judge Ball's neighborhood. Brother Reed was a Congregationalist, a good man and spiritual. He was within speaking distance of the Lord when Brother La Due went from my sick bed to the meeting held in his neighborhood. But it was a conflict when God talked with him—one "short, sharp, but decisive"—and as Abraham arose and went to Moriah to offer Isaac, so he came to the meeting held in Brother Ball's BARN and sacrificed himself by joining, in obedience to the heavenly vision, the F. M. church. His name was "as ointment poured forth" in the community where he became our efficient and spiritual class-leader. It was there that among them "the Teel girls" took the radical stand for God, resulting from a clear conversion followed by entire sanctification within three or four days, which so stirred up the community in those days. Jennie was fiery and powerful in prayer and exhortation. "Persecuted, and grew fat on it every day," as Sister La Due expressed it. Allie (Sister Van Auken) did good work as evangelist, the fruit of which is chiefly seen at Round Grove. Both finished their course, the one years ago as the wife of Rev. J. B. Newville, the other a few years since. Annie remains—a wife and mother farther west in the State. A riot on a camp-ground and an abortive attempt at prosecution, gave notoriety to the work and to them. Passing through the neighborhood I called at their home. Setting down a pail in his hand, the father came excitedly into the house and exclaimed, "What did you mean by such a thing you

published in the paper the other day?" "I meant so and so," was my explanation. "Well, the next time you or La Due have anything to say about me, I want you to put my name right in in full, George Teel, and then everybody will know just when you LIE." I had long before that been turned out of doors, been driven off a man's farm with fearful curses, and been driven from a shop with threats of personal violence. Cripple as I was he had no occasion to be afraid of me, and after a friendly talk we kneeled down and I prayed with him. He probably concluded that I was not as vicious as he had taken me to be. Speaking of a certain reception in his earlier ministry when making calls among the people, Brother Roberts once said, "When they set the dog on me, I went in and made myself at home and tried to have them be at home."

There was strong opposition to our work developed throughout the bounds of the new conference. Its sources were chiefly, first, our general assault on formalism—the neglect of discipline, the failure to preach, practice and enforce the law of God against sin, and the prevailing love of pleasure and friendship of the world; second, what are known as manifestations or demonstrations of the Spirit; third, imported prejudice from scandals in other parts of the connection. To ward off the latter there was the utmost pains taken by all the preachers to avoid the appearance of any occasion for remark against us. We were careful not to give a needed ride to a sister, and to avoid entertaining where possible suspicion

could arise. "Demonstrations" were sometimes carried to an extreme, evidently not of the Holy Spirit, nor did we always use due discretion in handling the truth. There was, however, much purity and power in the work, the fruits of which appear at various points in the conference after twenty-five years.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE fall of 1874 we removed to Havana, Minnesota. The conference was held in Plymouth, Iowa. Our goods were packed and we made the drive of about 100 miles in the open buggy, which was the style. I preferred to avoid the semblance of "softness and needless self-indulgence," and was on hand for the first Sabbath service as usual. When Sister Dunning visited us and made nearly the same distance with us to camp-meeting, after good Brother Armstrong had helped us out of a slough—in Western parlance "a slue"—she had much to say about the intolerable and outrageous way of dragging her daughter with a buggy full of babies, over the country under a broiling sun. Since I have sufficiently toughened her we take an easier way.

I once attended the sessions of the Central Illinois and the Illinois conferences, and at the latter told Brother Roberts how I took the short route, partly by freight train, with several changes, which made a rough and hard all-night ride. "I didn't," was his quiet response, "I came around and took it easy." Our pony team, bought of Father Sumner when he went to Oregon, one of which ran away a dozen times before I disposed of it, did us good service. On one occasion we were stormed in at Brother George Enney's by a genuine blizzard, two nights

and a day. As it was unsafe to risk the drifts, he said, "I'll take my team and drive you home (a mile and a half) and bring your team to you to-morrow." I cautioned him to be careful not to let them get away from him. As a healthy farmer driving a large four-year-old, he laughed at the absurdity of my fears. Next day he brought them completely covered with lather. "Brother Damon," he exclaimed, "that team will kill you." He thought to take the "wire edge" off them with the lines before hitching up, but they took it off him by dragging him over frozen plowed fields till he was glad to let go. Next day they were as ready to run at the end of thirty-seven miles without feed as at the start. Byron Chapin, an old liveryman, drove for me at six and a half miles an hour. I generally drive slow—five miles an hour. After being thrown from our buggy, striking on my head, and wife being lamed for a year, I was willing to drive a quieter team.

From the above session of conference Brother La Due went to Brooklyn and I overlooked the Minnesota work as local chairman, laboring principally with the devoted and zealous brethren of Havana and Owatonna.

At a camp-meeting in Illinois next summer Brother O. P. Rogers, of Marengo, inquired how we got along in Minnesota now that Brother La Due was gone. "Now that Brother La Due is gone," said I, "we trust in the Lord." "Well, I suppose you did that before." "We do now, at any rate." I thought his question possibly implied an undue leaning on Brother L——.

When I came to Iowa I had zealously exclaimed in the paper, "Iowa for God!" In Rockford, Illinois, years after, I called on an old, well-known pilgrim, and one of his first questions was as to whether we had taken Iowa yet. A little tot was asking a young man a good many questions. At length the young man asked him one or two. "Don't ask so many 'QUESKINS,'" was his sudden response. Questions are troublesome tools sometimes.

In 1875 and 1876 I assisted Brother D. M. Sinclair in camp-meetings in Wisconsin, and had a very pleasant and profitable time. Sister S—— jumped up and down with shining face, as Mother Dunning once expressed it—"like a thistle-down." After more than twenty years I find some of the "old-timers" who were then present and remember the meetings with interest. Never did I see people come up with greater interest, like sheep to a rack for salt, than on one of those occasions when Brother S—— called for money to meet expenses. Before he finished his call one man called out, "Put me down for five dollars," and the responses continued till he had to stop them.

When wife was converted under the labors of Brother and Sister Roberts and others in Binghamton, N. Y., at the age of fifteen, the work was organized and placed in care of Brother Sinclair. As Sister Stilwell* once narrated to me, when the meet-

*Sister Stilwell was a remarkable woman, to whom justice does not appear to have been done in setting forth her character, influence and life, on occasion of her death. The defect is in part supplied in the "Woman's number" of the FREE METH-

ing closed she felt she could hardly endure their leaving. But Brother Roberts assured her he would send a young man with whom she would be satisfied. When she first went to church, with some misgivings, as she stood in the entry a season of prayer had begun. She heard the new young preacher ejaculate, "O Lord, make a breathing hole through here," and all her fears were instantly gone. Of course wife became warmly attached to her first pastor, and on our way West the only visit we made was at Elgin, Illinois, where he then lived.

An unpleasant circumstance occurred on our work during the mid-winter of 1875-6 (we were then on a small circuit, newly formed, and living in part of a

ODIST; but she was worthy of a more extended account of her life than was admissible in the space allotted to the able writer of the article in which her name appears. On my first acquaintance with her she gave me a most interesting account of the years of financial struggle, when her best dress had twenty-five patches on it and her son Albert, for many years a professor in our Seminaries, was called "Patch" at school. These struggles were occasioned by a misfortune of her excellent husband, a contractor and builder of prominence, whereby, in a large enterprise, her property was lost. In his discouragement he at length desired to take advantage of the bankrupt law for deliverance from the burden of some eight or nine thousand dollars hanging over him. She refused consent, put the matter specially in God's hand to follow the slightest indications of His providence, agreeing to support the cause of religion in their distress, and step by step they were led out of trouble. They secured a comfortable small home and dedicated it to the Lord anew about once in three months, and when able to enlarge it, instead of making fine parlors for unsaved company, made the addition in the shape of kitchen and sleeping rooms for the entertainment of God's ministers and children.

She occupied a post of leading prominence in the official board, held license as an evangelist, and took a deep interest in the cause of God and the church at home and abroad.

private house), by which we were practically turned out of doors in the severest of Minnesota weather, when wife was not yet recovered from severe illness, and at the most dangerous risk to the health and life of all the family found shelter in a worn-out, unoccupied house of which the glass would scarcely hold in the windows; snow had drifted into the cellar, and wind swept through sides and floor. For two days my team stood pinched up and shivering on the frozen ground under a hastily made straw shed, without eating. That we all lived through the ordeal is an unceasing wonder. But God raised us up tried friends in time of need, both within and without the church, and by the ravens we were fed. A load of grain and provisions collected by and from the unsaved was a most kindly and appreciated token of respect and confidence.

This untoward incident temporarily shattered and well-nigh severed my relation to the church. But in looking out I looked into the darkest place I ever saw and concluded it was better to confess and retract a hasty determination than to persist in a wrong course for the sake of self-assertion. I was enabled to retrace my steps before it was too late, and without sacrificing anything of the correct principles for which I had contended. Strangely enough (though it appeared to me to be in a very wonderful manner the direct hand of God) I was at the next session of conference elected traveling chairman of two districts, embracing the entire conference. Brother William Lamont, of New York city, an able

and intelligent man well versed in the discipline and usages of the church, afterward my brother-in-law and devoted friend, had the boldness to tell me it was all wrong for the church to put me in that position under the circumstances. However he did not realize how in the dark hour of desperate trial my faith in God had held firm, anchored to an immovable rock, which assured me that God would certainly deliver; and that the outcome had the effect of a most wonderful answer to prayer. And the spiritual demonstrations of devoted pilgrims at the result of conference balloting seemed to confirm that view of the matter. I was humbled at a view of the Divine hand and had a peaceful, prosperous year. A good brother who had been a cordial friend, at the cost of a complete somersault as to his own position, assaulted and sought to overturn the choice of the conference by a reconsideration, but was left in an inglorious minority. At the next session it fell to my lot to examine him in Butler's Analogy in the fourth year's course of study. We were alone, and by chance I asked him as the first or second question to give the title or subject of the book. He stumbled fatally, showing that he had not clearly comprehended it. Of course the above circumstances confronted him. He was confused, humiliated, and broke into tears, and declined further examination. He evidently felt that for that session his standing was wholly in my hand. I had the pleasure to report, and with entire truthfulness, if not fulness of evidence, his devoted and zealous

labors for souls and the interests of the church, and his diligent, laborious study of the course, and he was successfully passed to orders. Thenceforth I seemed to have his entire confidence, as I certainly had the approval of my own conscience.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT THE Marengo camp-meeting in 1875, under the judicious management of the late able and lamented Rev. J. G. Terrill, he had read me the manuscript of a discussion prepared for the *Free Methodist*, of the terms of communion at the Lord's Supper. With the view that the right of admission lay wholly in the conscience of the communicant I took friendly issue and suggested a reply. In thus crossing penswords with him I held that there were (subordinate) elements of religious fellowship involved, that the same moral standards should govern admission as controlled membership in the church, and, with Richard Watson, that the administrator became responsible for knowingly admitting unworthy characters. He responded that "owing to the shotgun style of the review, it was no wonder it should hit somewhere." I had known a shotgun to bring down a good number of pigeons at one discharge, and was content to let the matter rest.

Following Brother Sinclair's camp-meeting in 1876 I attended the one held at St. Charles, and later went to New York to visit Sister Dunning who was not expected to survive an operation for removal of dropsical accumulations. Her life was marvellously lengthened more than fourteen years, during which she continued her able and evangelical preaching,

notwithstanding the removal during that time of more than 5,000 pounds of water from her afflicted body.

It was at a New Jersey camp-meeting on the way to New York, that a returned missionary from India reported, as once published by Brother Roberts, "I have come fifty miles to this camp-meeting to thank the Free Methodists for the privilege of preaching holiness in the M. E. church."

Besides attending this camp-meeting, a brief visit to the great Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia, a call on Brother La Due at Allentown, Pa., and on relatives in western New York, added pleasure to a trip made from a sense of duty.

From New York I went by invitation and previous agreement to attend a camp-meeting in Kansas which proved to be of much interest and profit. Between the time of engaging my attendance and the time of holding the meeting the Seventh Day Adventists had entered the community where it was to be held, and had nearly captured and wrecked our society. Some had already begun the observance of Saturday as Sabbath. The preacher and his adherents were out in force with their Bibles under their arms—not a bad practice, by the way. I was fully informed, but the outlook was decidedly dark. However, I was as one who understood not. Realizing that the "pull" was made on the line of an appeal to the tender conscience of our people who desired to fully obey God's law, interpreted by them to apply to the seventh day, I felt that our success

lay in awakening anew an appreciation of our uncompromising salvation principles, and a revived spiritual experience. No one knew, save the one who had informed me, that I had any understanding of the situation. The meeting began and progressed in power on old-fashioned lines of salvation. Radical truth was proclaimed and the Spirit was poured out. The meeting moved off like clock work, the time being unusually fully occupied with public services and private and family or tent devotions. The pilgrims began to get blessed, and the unsaved of their tent companies awakened and turned to God. There was no controversy or even allusion to the divisive work. At length they began apparently to fear losing their game, and sought to bring on a discussion. I inquired of the member through whom they approached me, who was already keeping Saturday, but who knew the Lord, as to where and among whom in the history of the church of all the past God had carried on His saving, sanctifying work in the power of the Spirit; and unconcernedly suggested that if His own saved people, who loved and sought to honor Him, had made so great a mistake as to violate a fundamental law, I should think He would send some one to correct them who believed we have a soul.

This was, as it was intended to be, an eye-opener to expose the materialistic drift and outcome of those who concealed their more abhorrent doctrines while stirring up a false fear and anxiety as to "keeping the commandments."

I was preaching with much liberty on one occasion when I named Spiritualism, which also was rife in the community. Back in the congregation an old Spiritualist jumped up, threw up both arms and called out, "Here's one." "That's right," said I, "I've often thought God Himself respects a downright honest devil, one who dares to show his colors; but formal professors of religion, doing the devil's work under the garb of piety, he cannot keep on his stomach—he says, 'I will spew them out of my mouth.'" The old man loaned one of our brethren his buggy at close of camp-meeting to carry me seventy-five miles and be gone a week. When I returned and preached again near the camp-ground in a school-house, our people were ready to confess out their delusion and the work of the Adventists ended in the neighborhood. I told them of the shivering camel who crowded his nose in his owner's tent, and through sympathy was allowed to get in his head, his shoulders, and finally his body; and as there was not room for both, the man was crowded out. So I feared the Sabbath tenet admitted would bring in materialism to follow, and man's soul would have to get out.

The camp-meeting closed with much blessing, all the unsaved of the tents being converted or reclaimed, and the pilgrims scattered with rejoicing. I was urged to come to Kansas to help in the work, and the matter of a school for our people was broached and I was desired to take hold of it. I told them I could not leave while my complications in Minnesota might follow me to my injury. When I did go three

years later, I had not long been there till one of the most spiritual of the preachers wrote to know if I would return if money were raised to move me back.

The old Spiritualist referred to assumed some harmony between the manifestations of the Spirit on the camp-ground and those of spiritualistic seances. I told him we were accustomed to think of them as opposites—the one from the HOLY Ghost and the other from the DEVIL ghost. Certainly the effects are opposites.*

In a crowded church I was preaching one night in a protracted meeting from, "Whosoever will," etc. A drunken man called out, "Hold there. Did you say, 'Let him take the water of life freely?'" "Yes, sir; that's what I said." "I've taken the whisky freely," said he. "Well, you ought to take the WATER OF LIFE freely." I was much helped to avoid confusion, and the interruption instead of producing levity, brought deep solemnity on the congregation. The brethren took him up in front, and when the call to the altar was given, the poor, loathsome, staggering wretch rose and made a strange, thrilling

*While on the cars on my return trip I learned of the Northfield (Minn.) expedition and bank robbery of the noted bandits, the James and Younger brothers, which produced so great excitement throughout the State, and was followed by a most unhealthy notoriety of the James boys, who escaped. The Youngers, except one, I believe, who had died there, are still serving their life sentence at Stillwater, after these twenty-two years of confinement. Jesse James came to his dog's death some years ago by the hand of a relative and confederate. His name all through the West had become both a terror and symbol for unhealthy admiration. Mrs. D—— was in the Cannon Valley a few miles east of Northfield at the time of the occurrence. How sad the wages of sin!

appeal to the young men to behold his plight, then knelt and in his prayer said to the Lord, "I've heard thee say, JOHN, COME BACK."

He had delirium tremens, and for a few days continued drinking heavily. His wife persuaded him to go to her relatives twenty-five or thirty miles away. There they struck a revival at a private house. After evening meeting they went half a mile and stayed where a devoted local preacher and wife were also staying. He took a heavy drink by the way, but on entering the house, the sister appealed to him to know if he wished to be saved. She insisted and he gave her his whisky bottle. She broke it in the stove and it caught fire and flashed up, seeming to him, as he said, like the flames of hell. He emptied his pockets of tobacco, knelt, and in a few minutes was converted, made sober instantly, and went back where the meeting was held to tell the glad news.

During the summer of 1876 I attended a camp-meeting by urgent invitation of a friend, where my reception was not as hearty as might have been. Perhaps the leader was prejudiced against my "straightness," perhaps I was prejudiced against his conservatism. He may have suspected I was there from sinister motives. Probably the elderly minister who invited me did expect a more radical presentation of truth than was otherwise expected. A special friend of the leader—his "right-hand man"—had shortly before confessed openly his former prejudices by report or writings in the paper, and took cordial ground in my favor. On this camp-ground

the meeting was evidently so managed as to give me little opportunity. I enjoyed my silence till a general demand seemed to force an invitation to preach. Otherwise I could hardly get in a word, nor did I often try, save once when the above "friend" of the leader insisted on my following him in exhortation. I had full liberty in preaching, and the leader proposed to publicly reply. "You had better not," said his friend; "there are more on this camp-ground for Damon, than for you." He did not attempt a reply, nor was there probably any just occasion.

Such experiences are painful, humiliating. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" And yet Jude says, "Beloved, * * * it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints." So Paul and Barnabas "had much dissension and disputation" with the Judaizers of Antioch, and so had Luther and his co-reformers. We had a good society of French or Belgian brethren raised up by those who entered a Catholic neighborhood, attended their meetings and challenged the priest to discussion. It is to be feared that we are sometimes altogether too much afraid of contention in favor of truth and righteousness. Men naturally love ease, love peace, and can hardly be induced to become "valiant for the truth upon the earth." They will suffer oppression and error and corruption to prevail too long before they will arise to throw it off. All advocates of unpopular reform see and speak thus in

their crises. They are liable to think otherwise when they wish to conserve their own work. It behooves us to inquire whether our conservatism and love of peace arises from true regard for Christ, or rather from shrinking from trouble, reproach, persecution.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN MAY, 1879, we removed to Kansas. The severity of northern Iowa and Minnesota winters, though in many respects favorable for work, owing to lameness and numbness from paralysis, became dangerous to my continued driving alone, and I felt imperatively the need of a milder, dryer climate. Such I found, and never spent a homesick day in Kansas and Nebraska. However my loss of hearing, which has added immeasurably to the burden of my physical infirmities, may have in part resulted from the change. It was made with much prayer, and partly from a desire of seclusion in order to reconsider the principles which had thus far governed my life work, and correct, if I might, its errors. The publicity into which I was speedily thrown by relation to the work was wholly unlooked for and not desired. I was once charged with being of a roving disposition. I have enjoyed travel and would like to know much more of the world I live in; but in truth up to date I have never voluntarily belonged properly but to two conferences of the F. M. church during the twenty-nine years of my membership. My relations to Susquehanna were enforced by the action of others, and to Illinois were with reference to the territory of the Minnesota and North Iowa then included. While I do not share the apparent oppo-

sition of some to occasional removals, it thus appears that my conference membership has been, so far as I could control it, practically divided between North Iowa and Minnesota and West Kansas for twenty-nine years, and my two years' previous labor was in the same territory in Iowa.

Another object in view in the above removal was to secure for a time by the limitations of a frontier homestead, not the property involved particularly, for which we cared little, but the opportunity to be more at home for the sake of my wife and the influence needed over our young children. We had five, and considered them a blessing from the hand of God. "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house; thy children like olive plants about thy table. Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord." Are these words of the Psalmist inspired? If not, why not? What is our theory of inspiration, of the nature and authority of holy Scripture? If they are, then next to childlessness, are not they to be commiserated who are blessed with only one or two? Or is it one of the hidden things that shall be brought to light when "our secret sins are set in the light of his countenance?" It is quite probable that some in their zeal

for "the right of a child to be well born" have violated good taste and propriety in their plainness of speech; but what of those who are allowed to commit nameless crimes against their own bodies and the rights, interests and honor of a government in the appropriate increase of its population, unrebuked? "In the multitude of people is the king's honor: but in the want of people is the destruction of the prince." Thus France bewails its decadence to-day, and thus New England is being sold into the hand of Catholicism, and a horde of ignorant toilers, the prey of corporate greed and unscrupulous and designing politicians. If only one knew whether these hard-scratching old hens, whose life is consumed in the care of their one chicken, too liable to be delicate or selfish and self-assertive, were unfortunate or guilty he would know whether to feel compassionate or indignant and disgusted.

It is most true that unreasonable burdens are imposed on women. Their double and treble burdens of hard work, long hours, disturbed or sleepless nights, in addition to the weary burden of bearing their children, call for tender sympathy, delicate and chivalrous protection, and abhorrence of selfish gratification. Nay these burdens of overwork, where they result from selfishness or greed of gain, should be lifted. We abhor man's indolence and the slavery of woman's condition in barbarism where she toils in the field or is loaded like a pack horse in addition to carrying her babe; but what of the ceaseless toil of American mothers who have no noon hour for

rest or evening for reading a book or paper? The thoughtless, heartless imposition of child-bearing for mere one-sided and selfish gratification is worthy to justify the revolt with which the subject is sometimes regarded; but true affection, and just care and sympathy, with a proper appreciation of children as God's gift and blessing, sanctifies the relation, eases the burden, and with all of life's sorrows makes home a paradise and type of heaven.

It is an open question how far one should voluntarily go in sacrificing his personal influence upon children, and sharing the cares of his companion for the work of the ministry. After years of labor requiring much absence from home I came to feel that I must more fully share the burdens of home life; and yet there was not so much difference, for I was almost as much away while on the homestead as before. However, our life on the frontier served the purpose of seclusion and country life for the children and occasion for learning to work without serious overwork. The novelty of the situation added much to its interest. We had been enabled to keep constantly before our minds the salvation and spiritual interests of the children. Our view was that without a peradventure they were given us for heaven and for God's service on the way. As well as we knew how their training was begun at the beginning. I do not now speak of wise training with respect to manners, work, or social life, but specifically with reference to the fear and service of God, and their present and eternal salvation. It is

a lamentable thing to see the children of Christians grow up unsaved; and if this is unnecessary and contrary to God's intent, it argues a serious inattention or mistake on the part of parents. We believed that God intended our children should fear and love and serve Him from infancy, and that He had placed us in authority over them to that end—that He held us accountable for the result, so that their irreligion would prove our delinquency. What then, was our duty? Several things. First, to impress upon them this obligation on their part and on ours. Second, to maintain unceasing watch-care and as wise and efficient training as we were able. Third, to expect the co-operation of the Holy Spirit to make our teaching, corrections, training and praying effective. Fourth, to constantly and firmly require and insist not simply on obedience to us, but to God in the Spirit. Fifth, to do all this, not from a motive or in a spirit of self-gratification, or because we had authority or power, but unto the Lord—as being ourselves under authority. It follows that to succeed we must keep saved—always SAVED—and ever on the alert. That if we were wrong, misjudging them, or over severe, unkind or harsh, we must be as ready to confess OUR fault as to require the same of them, thus gaining and holding the consent and approval of their conscience. That when punishment or force was expedient, wise, necessary, we should as unhesitatingly use it for this end—God's service—as we would to correct a propensity to stealing or other social or civil misdemeanor. Whipping?

Certainly, if necessary; but the more thorough the discipline, the less of it required. What of the parent's temper? In one sense he should have none. In another he needs it. An ax needs temper to cut wood. With too much it is brittle and breaks; with too little it is soft and worthless. He should be SAVED. This is a work to be done for God. "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul." "Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." Who would dare undertake this in anger, or for self-gratification, or glorying? If done for Christ, the Spirit will be given and He will help. We generally prefaced and accompanied such correcting with earnest, believing prayer, prayer "in the Spirit." When reason seemed sufficiently developed and the offense called for it, we laid aside ceremony and went in to accomplish the end. Parents are liable to three fearful mistakes. One, not to require repentance and obedience BEFORE GOD. Two, to correct in anger and without faith and the Spirit's help. Three, to leave correction half finished. This is true when the child is left in anger. Effective correction will take away the anger, as a rule, and leave the child subdued, harmonious, sympathetic. It is a dreadful thing to leave them full of pride, anger and revenge. As said before, if God requires this and intends the child's salvation, He will give the Spirit to aid and make the work effective.

Parents generally hold themselves responsible to civil society to forcibly prevent or break up misde-

meanors of a social and civil character, as theft, burglary, etc. They generally find means to succeed. But with all the solemnity of Divine requirement and the promised help of the Spirit, and with all the infinite, eternal interests at stake, they are largely powerless, helpless to secure the piety of their children. The greatest reproach upon our work from the beginning is, in the light of our principles and profession, the unsaved state of our children and young people. They are largely civil, industrious, prosperous; but how often and sadly unspiritual? Full of fear or prejudice against the plain ways of their parents and the church, they take pains to ward off the reproach by a standing advertisement of gold or other vanity of apparel, that they are not Free Methodists, and by suffering it we seem to say we do not really believe what we have all along taught as necessary to salvation.

But how long should a parent exercise such authority over children? At least till they are a hundred years old, if they live in the family. Read the fourth commandment of the Ten, and see how parents and householders are made responsible not alone for children, but all who live with them, for their cattle and horses, and the stranger within their gates. "As for me and MY HOUSE," said Joshua, "we will serve the Lord." Read the history of Eli and his sad end and that of his house, "because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." What infinite encouragement is given us to fidelity, patience and perseverance in a work that assures the salva-

tion of our loved ones, and which will cause them to arise up and call us blessed. And what gain is there of compromise? Will the children as they grow up respect us the more for having been allowed to pour contempt on our principles by disregarding the church and walking in ways of pride and pleasure? I trow not. Children that honor their parents become a crown of joy and a defense. "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth," says St. John.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IF WE have been blessed of God with some measure of success in connection with our children as to their religious character and willingness to work and be helpful to home interests, the following suggestions may be added in explanation. We have laid claim to no special qualifications except a scriptural conscience along the lines enunciated in the preceding chapter. Three things have, however, conduced to the results, yea, four. First, my companion in truth and spirit honored her calling to be a mother. With special qualification for more public labor, she rejoiced in her assumed title, "Queen of the kitchen." She thought it her business with her own hand to care for those given her. No "mission" in her estimation was worthy to draw her from this sacred charge. She could not bear the thought of tossing them about to the care of others, however kind and good, to enter a more conspicuous calling or for the enjoyment ordinarily of travels, visits, or the pleasure of public occasions. When necessary to go for health, or duty, or the care of an infirm husband, her mind was divided; or rather her heart was at home.

Second, she sought to give them a knowledge of the Scriptures and attract them to them by telling or reading to them the beautiful and instructive stories of which the Bible is so interestingly, preciously

full. This was her constant habit with the older ones of the family especially. Thus the word of the Lord acquired supreme and undisputed authority in their minds, and that in an attractive form not oppressing them by the character of its inculcation.

Third, we took a lesson from the wise ways of her most devoted mother, a large-hearted philanthropist as well as an evangelical and spiritual teacher. It was her practice as an old-time Methodist before the date of Free Methodism to restrain her children from vain and frivolous pleasures, from worldly association, and from vanity of dress, and to require the most strict and conscientious regard to the Sabbath, to truth, and to piety in general. But to soften the seeming severity of such denials, she would go to the limit of ability in providing innocent and wholesome recreation and companionship. Thus was their conscience and affection gained; and when restraints were imposed, they were felt to be a necessity for them and on her part a duty. This was ever our practice, and at considerable cost and sacrifice we carried out the principle to find ample compensation in the result. A somewhat expensive trip was taken on one occasion with the express view to ward off an untoward influence and counterwork a dangerous tendency. The educative value alone repaid the expense, but the domestic and spiritual results were of untold value. The motive was wholly unrecognized, and hence no prejudice or antagonism aroused to mar the effect.

Fourth, absolute parental unity had its beneficent

effect on the children. They knew no such thing, nor, probably, conceived of it as possible, as for one to work against the authority or government of the other. Nor was there the oft deprecated prenatal tendency to alienation or hatred of life induced by revulsion from the normal self-denials, cares and burdens of home life. Thus by mutual confidence, sympathy and support each impressed upon them respect, confidence, submission, reverence, for the other. It is not easy to estimate how great the gain from such relations and example in the family. To God through Christ by the Spirit be wholly and forever the glory.

Our trip to Kansas was by team about 600 miles. As we went in company, three men and two feeble women, it proved, notwithstanding an excellent provision for sleeping on cots in a tent by the way, partly by accident and partly by a little mismanagement, an excessively hard trip. The amount of work required in caring in hot weather for four double teams, two colts, and seven young children, was immense. Between wife and myself and our oldest boy of eight and a half years, we had two teams to drive, one a heavily loaded wagon, and one a double buggy with a single one attached and both filled. Most of the way we had pleasant weather and good roads, but between accidents and three heavy rains, it was an overdone, breakneck arrangement, very different from what was planned. We were soon glad to tumble the little ones on a quilt and let them sleep without supper and get to rest ourselves as

best we could without cots or much ceremony in eating. One storm was particularly bad, elsewhere a cyclone. Before our tent was up or fully staked down came a torrent of rain, and while we were trying to hold it down and together, the rain loosened the stakes, down came the tent with tremendous flapping on our heads, the frightened children began screaming, and the women kept time by jumping and shouting and praising the Lord. We had an uncomfortable night with but a slight lunch, and sitting in buggies and wagons. Most of the horses could not be found as they were turned loose to bait and drifted before the storm. Wet and dreary we found shelter in the house of an unfriendly Dane, who charged a good price for the use of a room and bare floor; and as it was nearly night next day, Saturday, when the teams were found and damages to crops paid out of our dangerously small store of money, and the loads brought along, we expected to be turned out on the Sabbath morning and forced to a fifteen miles drive on the prairie to a camping-place. He barely consented at last to our staying till Monday morning.

This liability to Sabbath travel was a new lesson of charity and care to avoid hasty judgment on imperfect evidence. I had once before had singular occasion to learn the same. We have often lived in farm houses out of town when in the regular work of the ministry, thereby guarding our children against unfavorable associations, and giving them preferable country surroundings for health and pleas-

ure. We were once living thus in some seclusion, and as the roads were almost impassable from deep mud, had been closely at home during the week. At length I started for my appointment ten miles away. I was greatly pained to observe men at work in their fields on the Sabbath. I noted as I slowly passed along an unusual number so engaged and became much distressed in mind over it. Finally, as I neared the place of meeting, I halted and reproved a young man whose parents were accustomed to attend church for working at the wood pile. He looked confused as though he did not comprehend me, and objected that it was not Sunday. Supposing it was an attempt at bluff, I pressed home my reproof. He insisted and I began to feel very strange. He said it was Saturday, if I would not believe it, I could go in and ask his parents. I did so and never before had I been in such a plight. I was compelled to accept the evidence, but most absolutely against all my inward sense of things, and most uncomfortably I turned back. As I could not go so far and repeat the travel next day, I went part way and stayed with a friend; feeling all the way like a Sabbath-breaker, until I reached a village, when the spell was broken by general business. I sent word three miles to my family, as I knew they would be at work and play next day. It was toward night when the little boys, with a hurrah! caught their caps for a wild romp, thinking two Sabbaths together would go hard with them. We had some way miscounted and been in the delusion half the week.

A family of devoted pilgrims on the prairie called at the home of their pastor, who was at another point of his work, to take his wife, a thoroughly saved woman, to church. Finding her hard at work over the wash tub, they exclaimed, "Why, Sister C.! do you wash on Sunday?" Of course she felt mortified at the situation; but, as in many like instances, she had lost the run of time and supposed it was "a week day." "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."

One morning we found one of our horses, which had slipped his halter, in a pasture beside which we camped, having broken a half-dozen iron posts, for which I paid \$2.00, and gone over five run of barbed wire. His upper fore leg was laid open with a long, wide and deep gash, one of the worst cuts I ever saw, which, however, we cured successfully with nothing but tar, while we continued to drive.

While driving along day by day the old patriotic prize song which I had not thought of since the John Brown days of my boyhood came back to my mind, the chorus of which runs:

"Ho! brothers, come, brothers,
Hasten all with me;
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains,
A song of liberty."

We felt like strangers going to a strange land—a land of liberty—and never before was the Bible so much appreciated as a treasure to carry along. We first struck a camp-meeting in charge of Rev. E. E. Miller, when immediately the noble old horse re-

ferred to, which we had bought at starting to fill the place of one secured with a driver for the trip in which we were disappointed, took sick and was soon dead. The large-hearted, kind and generous brother in charge raised a subscription and replaced the horse. This was but the beginning of kindnesses on his part extending through years of intimate association.

The meeting was on the same ground as the one I had attended three years before, and one of the first of those I met was a young man converted in one of my meetings in northern Iowa—the Rev. T. C. Beauchamp—who was another tried friend and kind helper.

Soon after we met another north Iowa friend near where we located, Brother Israel Peck and his devoted wife, Julia, daughter of Rev. S. H. Greenup. After camp-meeting we went with Brother Miller, who found us a "claim" near Almena in Norton county.

When we had secured the claim and were ready to settle down among total strangers, save Brother Peck twelve miles away, and Brother Beauchamp, who spent most of his time within five to eight miles of us, we were without furniture, without a buggy, without a house, without provisions, and with only a team a tent and \$2.00 in money. With five young children, crippled and in very feeble health, we were in a situation to trust the Lord for supplies. We had separated from the company and were now by ourselves.

When Brother Miller parted with us for a long trip on his district he gave wife four bushels of wheat to encourage her faith, and we moved into our tent on the barren prairie.

CHAPTER XXX.

THERE was a spring of water about eighty rods away. We had bedding, a dry goods box and camp chair, perhaps a little table I had made by hand, a knife, two forks, two tin teaspoons and some pie tins. Our dishes were in trunks left by friends on a look at the country 125 miles from us (we had no idea where we would locate when we hastily filled and sent them free on their tickets) and it was four months before I found opportunity to go after them. We had sold our furniture with a view to replacing it, but had to use the money to buy the horse that died.

Sabbath morning came and in the confusion of the tent we could find neither Bible, paper nor tract. Our nearest neighbor was a cowboy living alone less than half a mile away, but a brother from a mile distant drove around and carried us to a sod school-house meeting. In the afternoon our tent blew down and we slept under the stars, and then removed it to the side of a little creek and close to a beautiful small spring pond. Here we dug holes in the ground for cooking, washing, and an abortive attempt at baking in a borrowed camp stove. Then came the summer rains and we had an interesting time to manage through the night. The greatest and almost the only season of discouragement I had was in going to

the Prairie Dog at a point three miles away to get some driftwood offered me. I had Brother Miller's very large buggy. I took my boy of eight years and another little fellow who went to show us the place. When I reached the wood I found myself about as fit to get it as one of the little boys; having been able to do no manual labor of account for fifteen years I came near being homesick for the time. I pulled out a few loose sticks, flung them up the bank and gave it up. It took both the boys to help me up myself. I had not intended any such situation, expecting to locate by the side of my sister and husband, a strong man, with whom to co-operate and exchange. Our plans had become deranged, and we were not thus related for about ten months. The severity and absurdity of my circumstances were thus wholly a matter of accidents and not of a well devised plan. However, all's well that ends well; and our homesteading was agreeable and successful till broken up by the school work.

Soon we moved into an unfinished sod house, wrapping the tent around the openings for windows and door. The first night the wind whipped it away and blew in nicely. The next, the rain came through the sod roof, leaving only one dry place in the 12x16 room. The cots proved too weak for us all and I took the bare ground of a floor. A pig being brought up by hand was given wife and we made a little sod pen for it. In the night it climbed over and took to my bed, and as I was never partial to pigs, feeling like Adam Clarke when called to ask a blessing over

a baked one, "O Lord, if thou canst bless under the new dispensation what thou didst curse under the old, bless this pig," the family thought it a good time to laugh at my expense. The children enjoyed the sport of chasing it around the house in the night to catch it and fasten it in again, and so the time passed with us. I was called to fill appointments or hold a quarterly meeting now and then at a long distance away, leaving wife to manage or not as best she could till we could pick up and get in better shape. She poisoned her feet so badly with oak or ivy she could wear nothing, and warmed them in the sun as well as she could; cooked, if she could in the rain over the camp stove, otherwise went without for the time, and with the little boys carried a boiler a long mile to wash, or a bread pan to bake, etc. In a few weeks we had a stove, a borrowed cow, chickens, and pets for the amusement and comfort of the children, and wife, who the year before in her feeble health had scarce averaged a decent meal a day, acquired some appetite and strength. When I was at home we greatly enjoyed walking to meeting and the novelty of our seclusion. We were well on the frontier, buffaloes and wolves having disappeared only two years before, though the creeks had been settled five years. The country was now well filled by the rush of population. After conference I took a circuit fifteen miles away and obtained some small support and help to build our sod house. In spite of best efforts we were in danger of exceeding the limit of law in getting on our claim in a permanent

way. There was occasional "jumping" of claims, and shooting affairs in an adjoining county. When my house was nearly finished and my time limit nearly reached, I met some of the wild young men of the neighborhood and told them I wanted them to put me on my claim double quick. They hinted that it would go hard with anyone who tried to jump it, and came on in force and helped me into the house in time. As there was a deep prejudice among homesteaders against meanly taking advantage of accidents to rob one of a home, and I had the good will of all, it would probably have been a sorry job for the one who should have made such an attempt.

The rude life of the frontier develops great extremes of character and conduct. One of our neighbors, a man of violent temper, and yet of generally excellent character and unlimited kindness and patience to accommodate and assist all, with whom I had intimate association and often prayed, met with various discouragements, and finally threw up his profession of religion. He owned a half section (320 acres) of beautiful land, but things began to go unpleasantly in his family, he took to working openly on Sabbath, and after I left, put his gun to his mouth and bespattered the ceiling of his house with his own brains. His wife then came home and occupied the house.

Another neighbor, a clever but demoralized man, took to carrying his gun everywhere he went, about his fields or in the neighborhood. His wife had been truly devoted as a Christian, but was injured in spirit

by Come-out-ism, caught by the bait of healing faith, and finally, with good occasion probably, left home. With fatal effect one night he used the gun to kill first his sweet little girl of about eight years and then himself.

Our house was built in a secluded place in the center of our 160-acre "claim," and was surrounded by neighbors, one-half mile and one mile and more away, but mostly out of sight. We greatly enjoyed the wild and healthy freedom. My well, forty feet deep, in constant use for eleven years before I left the country, cost me about \$3.00. A young man dug ten feet a day, three and a half feet across. I put the sides of a box three feet deep in the bottom, and a few years after a pine curb six feet deep. That was all the wall it had. The soil, brought to the surface, appeared as though it would be productive all the way down. We put up two posts or crotches, laid a pole across, suspended an iron wheel, and with a bucket at each end of a rope, were in working order. We moved in our house on a ground floor. In time we secured about eight feet of flooring for beds across one end, and a rocking chair, and were like to be regarded aristocratic and extravagant. A neighbor hinted that it would be better to supply provisions. I soon returned all items I had borrowed, and he remarked, "You will soon get where you will neither have to borrow nor lend." I replied, "I don't want to get where I can't lend; but I just as soon not have to borrow." That was the end of all insinuations, and we continued on the most friendly terms.

While I was gone for the trunks a prairie fire swept over the country and left the ground a universal black and charred waste. We missed the thick carpet of buffalo grass, and besides, my stack of winter hay was burned. There had been no rain from July, and except two light showers, wetting plowed ground only two inches, there was none till the eleventh of June the next year. It seemed for a time as though the grass roots were killed, it was so long starting. Wife exposed herself to danger to save a calf from burning. Sad accidents occur in fighting such fires at times. The husband of a sister had both hands helplessly ruined.

My health was not reliable. While Brother Beauchamp was taking me ninety miles to get a cow to lend us (and he had twenty miles farther to go for it), I was taken violently sick where we camped over night near the Solomon river. He drove me on to a house where I lay twenty-four hours pretty low. A boy was put on a horse and run to town for medicine and I was kindly cared for, and often camped near by afterward.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BROTHER MILLER was our faithful counsellor and helper. He was a rugged, uncultured man, but an able, strongly scriptural and faithful preacher; sometimes bearing down pretty heavy, but often exceedingly gentle and kind. Hospitality was as native to him as the air he breathed, and if anything was grudgingly given him, or, as he said, "anything for which I am not thankful," he always gave it away as quickly as he could. Spiritualism entered his neighborhood and threatened an inroad on his family. This aroused his righteous wrath and he announced a lecture on the subject. The school-house was crowded. They were out in force and their imported leader close in front. He had not gone far before he narrated Brother E. P. Hart's description of Satan's getting down on all fours, sucking up the scum of hell, and vomiting it out on the earth in the form of modern Spiritualism. He then went on with freedom and gave an able address. "Do you know why I told that?" he inquired one day. "No." "Well," said he, "they were right there in front of me and I felt all tied up. The atmosphere fairly choked me with the influence. I was likely to be whipped. I told that on purpose to make them mad. I knew if I could get them mad, it would break the spell of their influence. As soon as I got

that off I had perfect freedom." Whatever may be thought of his motive or his method, the result was that their operations were killed in the neighborhood at one stroke.

• Rev. G. B. Howard soon came into the country from Iowa. I was inclined from report to oppose him. Brother M—— favored and received him, and assigned him work with me. I treated him fairly and soon the whole country was stirred up. He was wanted everywhere, as it were, for meetings. We labored together for years very harmoniously. I told him wherein I thought him at fault as openly and freely as there was occasion and he took it without resentment. We had powerful meetings, and there were many revivals. We had numerous families of young people with a flock of little ones, living on homesteads, too poor to send them far away, and a prospect of widespread, increasing revival work. There seemed the greatest need of a salvation school adapted to such a situation.

Father Newel Day, the old one-eyed veteran from Illinois, lived on a claim adjoining mine. Two devoted sisters from New York were in our neighborhood. Father Day often spoke to me of a school on or near my claim. I shrunk from the proposition. But the work of revival went on. The pilgrims would file across the prairies to camp-meeting in caravans. They would go thirty or forty miles to ordinary quarterly meetings. Brother Howard had a peculiar magnetism to attract. He worked hard and the Spirit attended the word. He kept open

house for the pilgrims, and breakfast waited till ten o'clock for morning prayers which ran into a powerful prayer-meeting. He carried on his own affairs and church work with business energy and religious zeal. He would be beforehand at a meeting and his welcome seemed to insure success. At any rate where he went the people would go expecting a good time. They were not disappointed.

I was working one day in my field when all of a sudden there flashed through my mind, as I thought from the Lord, a plan for a school which would not overload the work nor involve the church at large. It was to secure by donation or a light purchase a tract of land on a beautiful slope adjoining my claim which would be in reserve as an opportunity for manual labor and uphold me in looking after its interests. Next build a large two-room sod building and fill with patent furniture. I estimated the cash outlay at \$1,000, and that and the labor could have been easily raised. Then let those who wished procure lots and build homes cheaply or permanently, and so make a little school village about four miles from a good railroad town. Such a building would have lasted ten years, or twice as long, giving the country and the church work time to grow, and when ready, we could build permanently.

I consulted Brother Howard and he approved the plan. I tested some others for a prospective subscription and all were favorable. We then carried it to camp-meeting and quarterly conference, attended by Revs. C. E. Harroun, Senior and Junior, who

approved with interest, and the latter published it in the *Free Methodist*. Conference was at hand in eastern Kansas, and our plan was fully developed to come home and call a meeting in accord with the style of the country, and have the brethren work days, the sisters provide for them, and hold tabernacle services at night.

We went to conference and one of the leading brethren came to Brother Howard, so he informed me at the time, and inquired on the basis of what was in the paper what we were doing. Then with no consultation with me a movement of which we had never heard was projected for a conference school in the center of the State. I realized that the success of that movement meant the failure of ours, and privately determined on suspending what had always before been referred to me by those in the West as by common consent. I allowed myself without saying anything to be put on committee. But for several reasons I felt little interest. One is implied above. Another was that our work in the State was principally divided between the east and the west, having little basis of support in the center. Still another was the lack of adaptation of such a project either to the temporal circumstances of our western homesteaders or the natural indications of the revival work among them. And finally there was friction between the two ends of the work for which I was no way accountable, but which immediately on my going to the State forced me against my will into an implied partizanship. Such was its character and

persistence that it seemed to forbid the success of the new project. The conference was divided into two at that session, or by the immediately succeeding General Conference. Our project was laid by, whether to be ever revived did not appear. But the next summer circumstances seemed to warrant going forward. I had in correspondence with one of the ablest ministers of eastern Kansas who preferred Neosho Rapids to the center of the State, suggested that they build there and leave us free to work in the west. Matters took this turn and with general cordial relations.

However, when the question came up again in the west the quarterly conference was induced, partly by preference to invest in a permanent building, partly by a large offer, and partly by the hope of securing a very able principal, as suggested and urged by a visiting brother minister, to go to the railroad thirty miles away and build at or near the county seat. I should have much preferred my original proposition; but as various changes suggested were liable to divide us, I said if we can go through with it the permanent plan will do more good, and cordially acquiesced in a disappointing decision. We all worked heartily, had wonderful success, accomplished much good by herculean efforts, suffered much and failed at last through overburden. It does not seem so strange when one considers the more complete failure of the M. E. church in Nebraska in at least three great school projects and how near she came to losing her State University.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MUCH as we enjoyed the homestead as a home (the only one to which the children ever became attached as such), it had its disappointing feature in that the double work of looking after that and my church work also was too hard for me. I would come home from a longer or shorter absence, glance at my mail without taking a chair, and go out to work as hard as I was able, and then be scarcely fit to start off again, and more liable to a sick spell on account of overdoing. There was no help for it. The new plan for a school necessitated my moving to Orleans temporarily, before I had "proved up" and secured a title, and of course we had to move back. The distance was twenty-five miles, and we had to keep up our residence on the place and run back and forth. Although there was pleasure and profit in living in town, and great growth in the burden-bearing and associations of the school work, there was weariness and disappointment as to our home, foreseeing which was one cause of my preference, both of feeling and judgment for the former plan. After returning and securing the homestead, we moved back to Orleans, and then once again moved back and forth to and from the homestead. Here were five moving trips. I took too heavy a burden of school finances at the first and would have been broken, but for the generous

relief extended by the conference, principally through Brother Miller's influence. He looked after the district work, Brother Howard worked like a hero and a victor in building the school and as evangelist, and I cared for the school and building finances—all, of course, co-operating. After a time Brother J. W. Edwards joined us prominently, and Brother Howard went to the Kansas conference.

Success sometimes adds complications and danger to a work. With the best of motives people will gather to a center of influence—persons of strength, independence and aggressive zeal—and perhaps each will suggest some improvement, some new plan, and “draw away disciples after him.” Sometimes newcomers will seriously clash among themselves, and it is well if they do not separate very friends who worked harmoniously before. Often both are right and both are wrong—right in that one excels in one respect and another in another; and wrong in that they fail to see the other's excellency and charitably cover or bear with his weakness or defect.

When we first took our magnificent subscription of above \$2,600 among a handful of people in quarterly conference, Brother Roberts said to me privately, “Now you must keep up the revival spirit all through the conference, or you can't make your collections.” Perhaps it was unavoidable that the overburden of the school finances, necessitating calls for new subscriptions and collections at all meetings, should work diversion and distraction to the spirit of revival. Especially is this liable if there be jealous or

croaking minds to raise such a complaint; or those sincerely but unwisely over-zealous in any given direction.

Probably one cause of our ultimate failure was in kindly proposing to carry subscriptions by hiring money in the interest of those unable to pay. This gave time for the subscriptions to get "cold," so to speak; that is, for zeal to flag, disaffection come in, and various hindrances to collecting. It tends to beget over-confidence in such paper and stimulates excessive and unreliable subscription, while involving the fearful danger of exorbitant interest on accumulating debt. It also involves cost of difficult collections and heavy discounts as an inducement.

Such were some of the difficulties in which we were involved. One can hardly find heart to inveigh against errors and mistakes where others are as much entitled to their judgment and influence as himself, and are as likely to criticize him as he them. If to this is added a sensitive fear of being too positive, self-confident and self-assertive, or an undue fear of being so regarded, and being thought selfish or covetous, the embarrassments to free expression, especially beforehand, are considerable. Perhaps there is no wiser course than to suffer defeat patiently and without explanation, other than to safeguard the future, trusting to the vindications of time or eternity.

In one respect I failed utterly to follow Brother Roberts' advice, and have probably suffered for it. Said he, "You must pass **DOUBLE RECEIPTS**, and **THEN** people will blame you." That I have been knowingly

blamed so little is a great wonder. It seemed impossible and unnecessary. The informal and enthusiastic manner of our work at the beginning, the load carried by Brother Howard without compensation, the completed work on the first building standing before the eyes of the public, worth nearly double its cash cost, owing to such hearty discounts on the value of material and work, seemed to justify or excuse the mere memoranda in the way of accounts, slightly inaccurate in balancing, but evidently substantially correct. It took time and complications to reveal the wisdom of Brother Roberts' counsel.

I was trained to a sensitiveness, perhaps extreme, in regard to borrowed money—my father called it "sacred"—and trust funds. When I saw the deepening complications and began to fear for our creditors and the interests and reputation of the church, I probably suffered more than was known. I once left my wife dangerously sick, with the care of the children on her hands and without help or care, while I hastened here and there on forty-mile trips by team to protect those interests. I was not alone in the suffering, though the brunt of it justly fell on me by virtue of my relation to the public in the matter. Too great credit could hardly be given to Brother Miller for his unswerving fidelity and readiness to bear burdens and suffer. If in anything he erred, it was in judgment and not in respect of integrity. He kept his eye on the great Judgment, and will have his reward.

In the midst of trials there was some marvellous

success. Valuable subscriptions piled up by the thousands of dollars. On one occasion I spent above four months away from home without success, and without means to travel part of the time. I returned and in a few days was off again and raised several thousand dollars. A brother, almost a stranger, loaned me on conviction \$1,000, and then another thousand to the college.

If I had preserved a copy of one recommendation given me by Brother Roberts, it would have been a lasting comfort; it was so full of kindly sympathy, confidence and helpfulness. It was passed into the hands of a rich man who proved apparently heartless. It was a comfort when a member of a leading firm of our creditors in Orleans to whom we were very seriously involved, said to me, "Mr. Damon, we know you have done all you could, more than you ought to; indeed, ——" The remaining words for over-appreciation I dare not quote. My wife and I had done a stranger brother and sister (he was not a member of our church) a favor by risking the peace and comfort of our family to save them disgrace in the case of one under their care entrusted to us in the school. We had apparently also saved the reputation, character and prospects of the one involved. Their gratitude scarce knew bounds. We were compensated so far as money could do it. Several hundred dollars was contributed to the school, and in a crisis when I was a thousand miles away, I had but to telegraph him, and with no security in hand he instantly took \$1,300 from the

bank and sent to Orleans to protect the school. When I returned I speedily paid \$300, secured the rest on my private property, and saw it repaid in full and satisfactorily. By a well-intended but probably unwise transaction, when suffering from exorbitant interest, we had added to the obligations of the school in order to place real estate back of it for a lower rate. In this we failed, and to relieve the corporation I persuaded Brother Miller to share with me in unloading such accumulation by taking land and indebtedness on ourselves personally. The hardest trial, and as I thought the most unjust, I had to meet in all those years, as a matter of personal grievance, determined me suddenly to offer land to a creditor. He accepted it, and I unloaded \$4,200 of private debt. In a few months a disastrous drought so undermined prices that but for this trial and determination I should beyond all question have been forever crushed and burdened. Again a false claim was laid against my land. I was still overburdened with debt, care and trouble, which was sapping what vitality was left. I had placed all I had in God's hands for deliverance. It belonged to wife to replace what we had used in the ministry of her private property, all she had by earnings and inheritance. It was claimed there had been a fraudulent release of mortgage in order to give me a clear title. I had no means to fight a banking firm hundreds of miles away, nor did I care to try. It might be God's way of relief. They offered me \$100 to quit claim, and by losing all we had in it, about \$1,500, the

transfer cleared us honorably of above \$3,000 debt and left us free. On another occasion I bought and sold a valuable house SUBJECT TO MORTGAGE, living in it some years in the interim. It was neglected and sold for one-sixth of its value and a judgment of \$546 brought against the original mortgagor. Without notice or the least brotherly consideration or honor, he clapped it in the hands of an attorney and took a government claim from me without so much as a receipt for it. It would have been my duty to defend him, as it was of the conscienceless one to whom I sold it, to defend me. In the midst of all we never regretted our cash donation of \$1,000 to the school and a turn of \$200 out of a reasonable support. I never lost anything by the school directly, nor did I knowingly rob it. The brethren gave me all my due and I only lost, if at all, by becoming incidentally involved in debt. Our loss in that respect was really gain, and we rejoiced in God to be free and honorably empty-handed; though it proved "mighty inconvenient" sometimes.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THERE'S a charm about the rough life of the pioneer, like that of hunters, miners, cowboys, which largely compensates its inconveniences and want of the refinements of cultured society. All such conditions of life are likely to develop some of the best traits of kindly generosity, as well as the worst features of unrestrained wickedness. One of our brethren, an intelligent and influential German of forty years' residence in America, was speaking of the contrast between the Fatherland, with its oppressive sense of militarism in government extending to all the phases of domestic life, and the freedom from restraint experienced here. He said one would almost involuntarily on landing in America straighten up and take a long deep breath as though drawing in from the very atmosphere the spirit of freedom, opportunity, self-reliance, that goes with our institutions.

So on the frontier there's an immense scope of country, long distances to be frequently traversed, lack of fences to obstruct travel in any direction, the sympathy excited by common privations, necessities or exposures, a hospitality too often unknown by those who have comfort in abundance and do not wish it disturbed, and like features which give a great sense of freedom. My first night in northern Iowa,

thirty-one years ago, was spent in the chamber of a "hotel" in which the four beds of the room were so close together one could easily put his hands on the posts of those in opposite corners. An ex-legislator was telling how when they were all occupied by a company of men with their companions, they had to hunt the right place to sleep after the softer sex had retired. So, when I took my wife to a one-roomed house of a member to stay all night, soon after our removal from New York, she could not divine what was to be done with us, as there was but one bed apparent. In due time, however, it was divided, she was requested to follow the sister out of doors for the men to retire, and then they came in and occupied the one on the floor. We once "entertained" nearly thirty over night in a small house in addition to our family of eight.

I had not been long in Kansas before a brother who in his zeal for religion had graduated from the church, very heartily told me to come to his place and get a load of corn. I was a paralyzed, benumbed cripple; but it was only about sixty miles away, and Brother Miller gave me the free use of his excellent team and a double-box wagon, so I went after it and made the trip successfully. In watering the horses one noon at a creek the bank was so steep that in attempting to drink they both plunged off into deep water, and I was left anxiously watching the outcome. After wading around for a time, as they could find no better place, they came out where I stood and caught them to my great relief.

One unpleasant feature of the country was that the streams often had very high, steep banks, and were on much lower ground than the prairie divides, so that their skirting of timber would be wholly overlooked in viewing the country. I have often walked along the bank of a creek abreast the tops of trees of considerable size and height, so near one could almost take hold of their branches. We built our sod house to overlook the timbered Prairie Dog, a stream a mile and a half away, for the companionship of such a view. We laid its walls parallel to the angling stream instead of by the points of compass. This always confused directions. It was paying rather too much for the "company," but we were in need of trees. We saw some times of great scarcity—starvation times for some, and our children were in a glee at the prospect, when, going of an errand on the prairie, one called to another, "Ma's going to give us a piece of WHITE BREAD"—but we were never so hungry that I would have willingly parted with a fine tree, could we have had one by our house, for a large sum of money. When, riding through Indiana and Ohio on a trip to New York, after years of absence and our experience of the black desolation of a Kansas prairie fire, my eyes rested on a beech tree, it seemed so like an old friend that for hours I watched for such through the car windows. And when, at my brother's, he had fine body beech and maple logs at his door ready for the saw for fuel, I shrank from the unfriendly treatment as an Eastern man might at thought of burning corn,

I had never regarded myself enthusiastic over natural scenery, but on that occasion the rocks and hills and trees and streams of New York and Pennsylvania had a charm indescribable, and I have never lost the relish since, much as I loved the prairie. On another occasion the sense of contrast between our limitless, unfenced prairies and the small fields and useless(?) fences of Michigan, was so great that there seemed need of some great scraper to come along and clean off the country so there would be room for work. And then to see the stone walls around a half-acre in New Jersey!

I once started for conference 300 miles distant taking a grove-meeting on my circuit by the way. I saw I was too feeble for the attempt, so I went back fifteen miles and persuaded my patient wife to leave the children at home in proper care and go with me. We put a bed in the back part of our canvas covered, platform-spring buggy for my use in riding as well as sleeping nights, and taking the oldest boy, nearly ten years of age, to care for the team, made the 600-miles drive successfully. We would throw a quilt on the grass and the boy slept in the open or under the buggy as a rule, while wife and I slept in it for six weeks with only one or two exceptions. In such a climate it is a most healthy and agreeable way as soon as one becomes accustomed to it so as not to fear taking cold. One rises refreshed and vigorous, with no foul stomach or bilious languor in the morning. We took in two camp-meetings by the way and, though at one I failed in preaching and lay in my

buggy in extreme prostration for two hours, I never did more work perhaps at any conference session. But when not thus engaged I lay utterly exhausted in the buggy.

There's an interest in camp life on the prairies with which civilized(?) people are unacquainted. The horses are turned loose to graze, or roped by a "lariat" on the grass, giving them a radius of from forty to sixty feet, more or less, and with or without the harness according to care taken. The camp-fire is built of refuse gathered or kindling carried, and the homespun meal provided from the lunch box. Perhaps a little sheet iron stove is carried, or three iron rods fastened by a ring and with a kettle hook at one end, or an iron ring with legs on which to place a skillet. With a good beefsteak, some sauce, and plenty of sugar for a drink or "general purposes," one can make a good meal with bread and etceteras. At night the bed is quickly prepared if a little hay or straw can be found on which to spread quilts, or with arrangements provided in buggy or camp-wagon. The "prairie schooner" has long been an "institution" in the West, but its day is apparently waning.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WE ONCE made an 800-mile tour by dividing our team and taking two single buggies. "The boys," our oldest two in one, and wife and I, with Irving, four years old, in the other.

There was more than novelty in the trip before we reached Pike's Peak. There were the occasional wild storms, the liabilities as to long drives without water or camping-place, the cactus beds, where for miles a horse could scarce step out of the beaten track without treading on the terrible needles or thorny spikes of the prickly pear and other forms, camping to sleep in the open air among coyotes or prairie wolves, prairie dogs, plains cattle, and, by women, more dreaded cowboys. Such elements added wildness to novelty.

We were kindly treated one night by two "boys," or young men in their little Colorado "dug-out," near the Kansas line. It formed very cramped quarters for seven, with its one small room with earth floor and unplastered and almost windowless earth walls, but was much better than being exposed in the storm. As we neared the mountains we were hindered one afternoon by a very cold and violent rain. Springs and rain in that region were much like ice water. Our only protection was to turn our backs to the storm and wait. The boys had an umbrella and we had a top buggy.

Long-horned cattle came wildly running to and around us, as though to investigate the intrusion on their territory, and we would fully as soon they had been somewhere else. Brother Jellison used to claim that there was no more proof of Satan's dwelling in a hog than in a Texas steer; and when I asked a cowboy why it was they so universally carried and made use of revolvers, he at once suggested that if one's horse should chance to step in a hole and be thrown, his situation might not be very pleasant among Texas steers. So they have a reputation as well as the swine. Perhaps Dowie, of Chicago, does not know that.

We ate a lunch, and when the storm abated drove on. It was nearly night. We had expected to reach friends on a camp-ground that day, but were many miles away. One of our way-marks was to pass "Gates' ranch." Suddenly our road ended by a little building used for shearing sheep. This appeared like a poor resting-place, wet as was everything about, and we were decidedly uncomfortable. We turned back a little and found a dull track. Soon we struck a plain road forming a "T" with the track we were on. We had no idea which way was right, but it was light enough to discern the appearance of buildings some miles away on our left and we turned toward them. There proved to be a group of them, and as we drove up and halted a man came from one toward another. I inquired and found that this was "Gates' ranch" and he was Mr. Gates, proprietor of some thousands of cattle and sheep. I said, "We want to

stay over night. We expected to reach a meeting so and so, but are hindered. If we can have it, I would like a bed for wife and myself and a place for the children on the floor." Said he, "My wife is in Denver, but we'll have to do the best we can for you." Pointing ahead, I inquired, "Shall I put my horses out there on the grass?" "Put them in the barn and feed them hay LIKE A CHRISTIAN," was his response. We were generally dripping wet, and it was disagreeable to go into the house, but a rousing fire improved the situation, and wife was soon in conversation with a man visiting him who came from Binghamton, N. Y., the home of her childhood, and who was familiar with names and places mentioned. We arranged for the children on the floor, and he took us to his cook house and gave us the bed of his foreman, who was away. This took us through a very narrow room where were two sets of long berths one above the other, and into an adjoining room. This was close enough proximity to the dreaded "cowboys," and of all wild situations I had ever been in our sleeping room formed the climax. The walls were hung and table covered with all sorts of things, guns, knives, whips, horns, etc., etc. A picture of nude women on the wall, and a library of books in a case including several languages, Greek, Spanish, and others, with a Bible, indicating advanced education and conglomerate morals. Wife retired with her clothes on and eyes open, while I crawled behind her and trusting to her protection went to sleep. After another storm in the night had taken us out to look at the

buggies she was more composed and fell asleep. We were invited to a hearty breakfast and to give thanks before eating. At close without waiting, I proposed to sit back and have prayer. We had a good free time and nothing to pay for all our trouble and entertainment. I should be glad to meet Mr. Gates again.

We reached the camp-ground safely next day and had a warm greeting. Brother Crouch, who lost his feet in the mountains years before, was in the preacher's stand. When he gave out the hymn he said, "SING TO GOD" such a number. Ah! that's the true spirit of song in Divine service. But what a sudden, sweeping change of the ordinary choir-singing does it imply! Why should sacred song in God's house and worship be prostituted to mere entertainment of carnal ears any more than prayer or preaching? Why should those who shrink from other forms of ritualism think it acceptable to God thus to discriminate and appoint worldly minds to perform a part of worship without a thought of grace, when other parts are supposed to imply regeneration and the Holy Spirit's assistance?

Sister Crouch had died since I met him and my heart had ached for him at the thought, though I knew he had the care of a blessed, self-denying and most devoted daughter. I had heard him say, "MY WIFE'S A SAINT ON EARTH." I knew her spirituality and devotion. How could he spare her with his afflictions? Not even such a daughter could take her place. And then he hoped that God would yet "restore to him the years that the canker-worm had

eaten" (Joel 2: 25); but of what avail if He should, without the dear companion who had shared his trials, losses and deep afflictions, to enjoy them with him. I felt a deep and affectionate interest to know whether the grace which had so triumphantly carried him through the former deep waters, enabled him to endure and triumph now that life's heaviest blow had fallen upon a frame already so badly broken and deeply bruised. When I had opportunity to speak with him there was the very same blessed spirit of calm trust in the One who had thus smitten him. "O, she wasn't afraid to resign herself into the arms of her heavenly Father," was the triumphant strain that placed the climax on a history of resignation in suffering.

The camp-meeting was on "the Divide"* between Denver and Colorado Springs, and after a good visit with the Frakers there, we went of course to our friends, Brother and Sister Loomis, of Fountain, still farther south than the latter beautiful city. I once published an account of his wild, rough life in the mountains, the mines, and on "the coast," among Indians, highwaymen, and the rough classes of the

*On this same Divide I had a few years before held a camp-meeting of singular interest. Arriving a few hours before its opening, I retired to the little seven-by-nine tent assigned me, for meditation and writing. I had occasion to answer some questions on Scripture doctrine, and while looking into the word I discovered as I had never seen it, the distinction between the systems of law and grace as methods of salvation. Converted into Bible readings, the revelations of truth from day to day made this, one of the smallest meetings I ever attended, one of the richest both to myself and others. It was a quiet, blessed occasion.

early days, when as a young man in 1852 or 1854, or thereabouts, he sought his fortunes in those wild regions. He had been arrested by the Spirit of God when in the act of raising an iron to cleave down an enemy, had gone many hundred miles to get in a religious meeting, and there God had met and saved him. He had befriended and been a comfort to us before, and now entertained us right royally.

The mountain scenery about Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pike's Peak, abundantly repays the cost of a visit to one who can make it. I had important business calling me there, which made the opportunity so much the more enjoyable. Glen Eyrie, the Garden of the Gods, the Canyons, the celebrated springs, caves, monuments, varied rock formations, wierd and fantastic, the foothills, lower peaks and the mighty, majestic Pike's Peak, towering over 8,000 feet above the town, itself 6,000 feet above the sea level, though approached so gradually across the great plains that one is not conscious of the elevation, these are the prominent features which attract the tourists to this renowned center of interest to travelers; though the mountain towns and cities are themselves of much interest. Their rapid growth, great and beautiful buildings, magnificent dwellings, hotels, churches, mining and manufacturing plants, public and government buildings, shaded streets and boulevards with irrigating rivulets along their borders, artesian wells and fountains, are elements of attraction and often of curiosity.

No slight sketch can do any adequate justice to

the beauty and grandeur of mountain scenery. If "the undevout astronomer is mad," he who can stand in a narrow canyon and view its massive walls of rock rising almost perpendicular from one to three thousand feet above his head, as the Cheyenne or the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas, which the boys took advantage of a cheap excursion to visit, and not be awed into a sense of solemnity as in the personal presence of creative majesty and power, must want the best elements of an appreciative mind. There are other features of beauty and sublimity in the evergreens of varied species, the cascades of mountain streams hollowing out their basins of solid rock, gigantic boulders, roads on the narrow brink of precipices and overhung with jutting masses of rock, ever varying the scenery and aweing or enchanting the senses of one unaccustomed to such localities.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ONE OF the marked features of Free Methodism has been the strength and independence developed by it. Its strongly reformatory character bringing men of good natural abilities, though without special culture, into antagonism with those of conservative principles, develops a phase of solid ability, that might well be coveted by men of books who have not been thus trained in the school of conflict and practical experience.

This feature was very noticeable at the General Conference in Burlington, Iowa, in 1882. Those who stood together in the heat of a partizan discussion one day, or one hour, in a manner to suggest personal attachment, would the next be in conflict of opinion and equally in earnest in maintaining their views against their apparent friends of the preceding question. This fearless independence was well calculated to insure respect and confidence in their conscientiousness and integrity, and in the future of a movement in their hands. One question was handled in a manner not so well qualified to maintain this confidence. Among the proposed amendments or corrections of Discipline was one of a strictly doctrinal character. It was discussed in the Committee on Revisals and came into open conference, near the close of a laborious session. There

was imminent danger of its being passed hastily, more in the spirit of anxiety to get business out of the way in order to adjournment, than from well considered views or convictions of its truth or error, or the great importance of its doctrinal teaching. There were able disputants on both sides, with an apparent preponderance in favor of a change, when a skillful motion to lay it over till the next General Conference averted such an issue. Apparently the disposal of the question in this manner was for the sake of relief from the hindrance of what was to many doubtless a burdensome and uninteresting discussion. The curious aspect of the matter, not to use a more expressive term, was that a doctrinal statement lying at the very foundation of a question no less important than that of the nature of the great Atonement itself, after standing in the articles of faith about a hundred years, and probably from the date of the English Establishment, was in danger of being made to teach, if not the very reverse, at least the reverse side of so fundamental a truth. It still stands as aforesaid.

The bold individualism and independence referred to are liable to excess and constitute one of the gravest problems that confront the successful administration of the church. Like the revolutionary movement of our forefathers, or like Abolitionism, Prohibitionism, and such-like reforms, there would have been no Free Methodism but for this very element of character. It lies in one of the great world movements inherent in the teaching and trend of

Protestantism, and explaining also the great political upheavals of modern times. But carried to extremes it also explains the weakness of Protestantism in its absurd multiplicity of sects, which not only wastes money and energy in the great civilizing and evangelizing movements of the day, but, in contrast with the doctrine of authority which makes the papacy so formidable in our politics, especially our municipal and social affairs, makes it weak and disgraceful in withstanding the incoming tides of immorality which threaten to submerge our Sabbath, our homes, temperance, and indeed every other virtue of our American institutions and society. A cloud like a man's hand appears on the horizon, if not of the substituted tenth," at least of the two-tenths which constitute the next strata above, which betokens the presence of the Divine Spirit in the great world forces of society telling us that Christ died not alone to save men's souls, but to save them into a co-operative brotherhood of true Christian fellowship and helpfulness. Wisely to balance these two opposite and oftentimes opposing forces of modern society as they enter the church is the problem of our leaders. The wonderful good fellowship that prevailed in the conference in spite of all disappointments and defeats seemed to indicate a fair balancing on that occasion. A good brother in the ministry who had in former life been trained in the pugilistic art of boxing and often practiced it in his life of sin, in speaking of certain phases of experience said, "If I didn't whip, I always got whipped." So it was there;

and the brethren seemed to take it into account very philosophically that some one must get "whipped," and good naturedly took their turns. Inability to gracefully submit when one's turn comes is the explanation of broken and defeated projects not a few.

It is to be hoped that as a people we may avoid splitting on the rock of excessive individuality without unduly sacrificing that personal independence so necessary to fidelity in the work of God.

I have elsewhere made allusion to our school project on the frontier as being defeated. It would hardly be right to pass such a judgment without noting the good work accomplished during several years by such teachers as Professors Tiffany, Norington, Warren, Davis, and the three years' presidency of the very able Rev. Clark Jones, whose prayers at chapel exercises, Mrs. D. said, "were worth the tuition" of the students, and which used to attract her to stand in the door of our home to listen to them. Such prayers, as should be expected, were made ON HIS KNEES. Nor should we fail to mention the zeal and success of Sister Jellison, the conscientiousness and purity of Sister Upton, the quiet and graceful ability of Sister Titus, and the burden-bearing of Sister Emma Hillmon, who carried the school a year under circumstances of special difficulty. The efficient labors of my warm personal friend, Rev. C. E. Harroun, Jr., and his co-workers, were after my departure. The influence of Rev. H. H. Farnham, Professor Shay and others on the Pacific coast, of many fine young people in Colorado,

and of Rev. G. G. Kessel and many others elsewhere, who attended, as well as our foreign missionaries, Sisters Heffner and Hillmon-Haviland, forbid the supposition of lost labor. Indeed the blessing of God seemed specially to honor it in the conversion of one, Sister Nellie Ewell, who came to attend, and was saved before the opening of the first term, almost immediately on her arrival.

Were it not invidious to the solid rank and file who stood behind the enterprise without honor, more might be profitably said of the genial and hospitable Brother Edwards of active business turn and faculty, of Brother Ellison who came from Michigan and entered most heartily into the work and went back to die, and of the eccentric evangelist, Rev. "Tom" Gates, whose special mission is to stir up things generally and let such a deluge of truth and salvation fall suddenly on a community that it sometimes comes perilously near proving devastation instead of salvation. However, he gives place to the freedom of the Spirit who often works with him in great convicting energy. I have never seen communities more generally stirred up to seek God BY HOUSEHOLDS than where he has labored. And this grand feature of parents and children united in religious love and zeal is one of the most important elements of a successful work of God. It is unspeakably lamentable to see a church without children and young people, and families in which the children seek pleasure and worship among the formal, fashionable and worldly, instead of seeking the company of the spiritual with

their godly parents. Such an abnormal state of things meets no countenance from Brother Gates, who uses the hail of truth to sweep away the refuges of deceived hopes and false professions.

When we started the Orleans *Advocate* in aid of our school enterprise and church work on the frontier, we advertised that it was not to be "strictly religious, but thoroughly Christian." Such refinements were too much for the redoubtable "Tom," and he naively informed us at sight that for his own part he "professed to be STRICTLY RELIGIOUS."

We once felt it to be duty to withstand him in an ebullition of discouraged and censoring conversation at the home of a friend, and realizing the occasion of sore perplexity and temptation liable to result from it, made haste to call on him before breakfast next morning. Sitting on the sickbed of his beloved wife, the brave and devoted 'Cinda, and venting his sad complaints, he exclaimed, "AND I TELL YOU, THE VERY WORST COMPROMISER IN ORLEANS IS BROTHER DAMON." I replied that I "wouldn't give much for one who didn't know where to begin," and he soon felt relieved. A day or two after, in his vehement exhortations in a tent-meeting he turned and exclaimed, "Here's Brother Damon! I've plowed great furrows down his back—I believe" (with sudden transition and drop of his voice) "he is improving." Well, so may it be. At any rate his impetuous and fiery torrent of invective often in the hand of the Spirit works conviction where a milder type of dealing seems powerless to awaken and save,

A perplexed mother once came to him for counsel as to her inability to wisely manage her well-grown daughter. His abrupt advice was, "I'd teach her holiness at the end of a club." How far this was from Solomon's injunction, "Thou shalt beat him with a rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell," we leave to our readers to decide. Our own opinion is that wisely interpreted and applied it is very salutary in many instances. The responsibility incurred by soft dealing on the part of parents who cruelly permit their children to serve the devil and ruin their souls is simply horrible to contemplate. Unbelief and indifference at its root ill becomes the professors of holiness.

During the latter part of our labors at Orleans we had occasion to go to Oberlin, the county seat of one of the western counties in Kansas, for a protracted meeting. While there, we had printed at the *Advocate* office, through the kind assistance of our able foreman, since the Rev. A. J. McKinney of Colorado, several tracts, and distributed them broadcast in the community. We append them to this chapter, followed by one on Christian schools, as throwing light on the nature of our work and in part illustrating our view of truth "thoroughly Christian" though applied to secular topics and duties.

TO THE PEOPLE OF OBERLIN.

BY C. M. DAMON.

You have many virtues. The good order of your beautiful village commends you. Your countenances, in favorable contrast with places where the liquor traffic prevails, commend

your prohibition principles. You seem to be giving due attention to education and business enterprise. Your peaceful homes are "a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever." But so far as I can judge, you are not treating Jesus Christ and his gospel well. Your town appears to be "wholly given" to the idolatry of tobacco. Your "lodge directory" indicates that the secret orders are sufficiently numerous and prospering. Your billiard halls do not aid the industry, economy or virtue of the place. I am told that over 400 tickets for the theatre here were sold lately. The theatre is under the ban of the best Christian sentiment and society. It is publicly branded as a corrupter of morals, and an enemy of the gospel, and of the virtue and the prosperity of the people. Your record in the instance is not good. Attendance upon preaching is not large. It would seem that most of you are living in open disregard of Christ's claims upon you. The Sabbath is given for Divine worship and spiritual profit. If not openly profaned, is it properly used by you? But is it used by none of you for business or pleasure? How is it with your horses and drivers? Have they the rest prescribed for them? Happy are you if the day is not desecrated.

"Because of swearing the land mourneth." Are you clear in this also?

You have churches. Their value is measured by their power, experimentally and practically proved, to save men from their sins. They are to be judged, first, by their members; secondly by their power of rebuke. The gospel preached, if it does not result in the purity and holiness of the membership, in rebuke and restraint of public vice, and in such exaltation of Christ as draws you unto him, is valueless. If the churches should prove a palliative to your consciences by such a standard of membership as warrants your saying, "These are the representatives of Christ and the way to heaven: I am like them, as good as they; therefore I need no renewal as fitness for heaven," their influence would be positively injurious—a false light, a delusive guide, a waymark to death. As to the facts, it is your business to inquire. We have little knowledge of them; with persons scarce any acquaintance. We affirm nothing: we pass no

judgment. The church is no place for "lovers of pleasure more than God;" for those who are covetous, proud, prayerless and powerless. It should be composed exclusively of saints—penitent, humble, holy—"having the form and seeking the power of godliness," if not already "filled with the Spirit."

The pastors of your churches are supposed to be holy men, "filled with the Holy Ghost," "ministering the Spirit," "saving themselves and them that hear them." On the ministry of such you should attend, and to provide and sustain such you should contribute your means. Without God men are "without hope in the world." As a Christian community your civil magistrates are supposed to be God-fearing men, a terror to evil, praising them that do good. No business can occupy their attention and yours so important and obligatory as promoting the kingdom of Christ. To save ourselves and then save others should engage our immediate and continued attention. Time is short and swiftly passing. The scenes of the future will be on us soon. Eternal awards await us. Vice should be suppressed, the wicked rescued, Christ honored and obeyed. No community is safe without Christ. Every home should be consecrated to Him; every place of business sanctified by His presence and approval; every office dedicated to His glory. The call of God is to repentance and to become in truth a Christian society; to dedicate heart, body and life to His glory; and to devote children, home and business to His service. "Happy is that people that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

A WORD TO BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN.

BY C. M. DAMON.

SIRS:—Will you permit a word of suggestion, appeal and expostulation by a minister of the gospel? Your position in society carries with it considerable influence. Of this you are probably aware. Largely you control public sentiment. Your relations affect not your own quiet, orderly community alone, but an extent of outlying country having a radius of several

miles and a considerable population. You control the order of society. What you agree to have suppressed, is suppressed. What you agree to patronize, flourishes in your midst. Have you duly considered the responsibility which your influence carries with it? If you favor education, schools flourish. If you foster the churches, they spring up in your community. If you patronize theatricals, you have theatres. If secret lodges, they abound. If you insist on an orderly Sabbath, the Sabbath is observed. If you favor profanity, your streets resound with profanation of the sacred name of Deity. If you detest profane swearing, they are free from the awful wickedness. If you welcome the circus, it comes. If you agree to it, your shop windows, store fronts and vacant places abound with pictures, placards and conspicuous posters exhibiting nude females, obscene postures, and lewd scenes. If you abhor such corruption of morals, these debauching influences are removed from view. Your community is the theatre of ribald jest and midnight carousal or otherwise, according to your election. The officers of the law are largely chosen at your dictation. Their efficiency and promptness in the administration of justice is dependent to a great extent on the backing of that public sentiment which you control. They go as far and as fast as you demand or they are assured of your firm support.

Have you considered that you are responsible for the religious welfare of the individuals and families of your community and surrounding country, as well as for their morals? And that morals have their root and spring in religion? That, as Washington reminded his countrymen in his Farewell Address, it is vain to hope to conserve the one without promoting the other? The moral tone of your local papers, with their powerful educational effect for good or ill, is what you make it. If you say the Bible shall be the standard and text-book of morals in your schools, its sacred and wholesome teachings are there made to control and mold the character of your children. If you prefer and insist on pure religion, with its firm protest against and stern rebuke of sin in your churches, they become seats of moral and spiritual power. Otherwise they are crippled

and dwarfed; and "a jewelled gospel falls on velvet ears" without spiritual power to bring health to the souls of your people. Should you insist on putting the gospel of Christ to the front, you could soon arrest the attention of all classes of your people and attract to the brightness of its rising the surrounding population. Your homes would resound with the voice of prayer and praise. Healthful moral influences would stream forth in spiritual vigor to permeate your own and penetrate surrounding communities, and every temporal blessing would follow in the train. For such results are you not responsible? The position, the power, the opportunity, are in your hand. If you neglect, God will call you into judgment. If properly used, you will have a good reward. What course are you taking? What course will you take?

A WORD TO MUNICIPAL, TOWNSHIP AND COUNTY OFFICERS.

BY C. M. DAMON.

Suffer a stranger to call your attention. Among the excellent principles pertaining to the elevation, rights and responsibilities of the common people, entering into the origin and lying at the foundation of American society, were two important religious principles. One was the outgrowth of reaction from ecclesiastical or church domination in social and civil affairs. It protested in favor of freedom of the Christian conscience and ultimated in an amendment to the Constitution, That Congress should make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting its free exercise. Evidently this was not intended to suggest equality in the estimation of the people, and in administration of the laws, between the pure and wholesome teachings of Christianity and the rites of Paganism and the abominations of false religions. Our fathers never intended that the pure, peaceful homes of our citizens should be exposed by having a Mohammedan or Mormon harem settle down in our midst, and our children contaminated by the lecherous

example, and then extend over both alike the protecting ægis of the national Constitution. Every sentiment of our Christian faith, and of American patriotism, forbids the infamous supposition. Oneida communities and free-love practices may not claim the shelter of our laws under pretense of free religion. No more may free whisky, a free Sabbath, and anarchism.

The other principle was the permeating control of all civil and social affairs by free, pure, independent Christianity. This principle found its expression in the general public religiousness of the fathers; in the recognition of God and His providence in the charters of all or nearly all the States of the Union; in laws protecting the Sabbath and prohibiting public immoralities; in the use of the Christian oath as an instrument of justice; in the appointment of Chaplaincies; in public fasts, Thanksgivings, etc. Infidelity would rob us of these foundational institutions and features of the public life of our country. It would break down these hedges of morality and let in the wild beasts of atheism, anarchy, free whisky, a desecrated Sabbath, and shameless profanity. It would open the flood gates to the immoralities of the theatre and scenes of vice and debauching literature. And it would fain persuade you that your duties lie in a sphere having no relation to these influences. But the Christian conscience of the public calls you to account. The voice of motherhood appeals to you to protect her children. The peace and purity of our homes plead with you to shield them from profanity, vice, and open profligacy. The word of God assures your conscience that the magistrate is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil, and that he beareth not the sword in vain. Its doctrine is, that "he that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." As certainly as men of business are amenable to the laws of God for the morality of their business, so surely are officers of the law responsible to govern the community, and transact its business, in harmony with Christian truth and conscience. The welfare of the people whose interests you are chosen to subserve, lies first and chiefly in their religious interests. To protect them from immorality, to give them a quiet

Sabbath, to suppress profanity, to favor the progress of pure religion, is the demand of conscience, the requirement of Christianity, and the spirit of true Americanism.

CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

BY C. M. DAMON.

There is a broad distinction between a strictly Christian school and an ordinary one. The Christian school teaches science, philosophy, history, in their relation to God as creator, preserver and governor of the world. It sees God in providence, in history, in principles of statesmanship, and inculcates all this truth. It freely imparts the knowledge of God from the strictly Christian standpoint in dealing with moral philosophy, and civil relations and duties. The Christian school determines to influence character as well as inform intellect. It spares no pains to insinuate and openly inculcate the spirit and mind of Christ. Hence it provides experimentally Christian teachers, that by their influence and that of patrons and managers there may be created the very atmosphere of pure religion. The child will drink it in with his studies. He will imbibe almost unconsciously love for virtue, hatred for vice.

In the study of physiology and hygiene he will learn, under the influence of such teachers, to reverence his body as the temple of God. In the study of social ethics, he will realize his obligation to temperance, chastity, the Sabbath, pure government as opposed to secretism and monopoly, national arbitration as opposed to war, etc. He will thus be qualified, if he will, to take his place in society as a virtuous citizen. He will learn the relation of the family to society and government, its place at the base of national existence and prosperity. And he will learn that to sustain the relation of parent, and discharge its duties wisely and well is a first demand of life, and hence that the education required by patriotism and an enlightened conscience must impart instruction relative to these high duties and responsibilities. Only the truly Christian school will give

the kind and quality of instruction requisite to a successful place in the government.

In addition to these considerations is the effect upon the child of those associations and too often vicious influences of the ordinary school which are largely restrained by such a school as we are considering. Profanity, vulgarity, wrong tempers, corrupt books, papers and pictures, and the direct suggestion of impure thoughts and acts, in the relations of school are apt to leave a moral blight on the character never to be effaced.

Christian education is of vital importance to the salvation of the country. There is a mighty conflict going on in the land between the forces of good and evil. Great effort is being made to exclude the Bible from the schools; and then to break down the school system of the country itself. In this dangerous and deadly work infidels and Romanists join hands. The saloon element of the land seeks also to destroy the Sabbath. In this they are abetted by the government, which licenses the one, and runs its mails on the other.

Secret societies disturb the relations of men in business and government. They dictate to the laborer, derange traffic, destroy property, prevent justice, corrupt politics, threaten life, and blight reputation and character. Yet they are chartered by government, recognized in high places on public occasions, and so are made honorable and fatally influential. Vanity and extravagance appear in social life; and monopoly and unrighteous control of trade and the money market, oppress the poor, multiply millionaires, and foster caste distinctions in society. Great corporations trample on the Sabbath, and the nation refuses to be governed by the law of God.

The ballot is so readily given into the hands of ignorant and often vicious foreigners, and politicians for votes and power so truckle to their un-American and anti-Christian ideas, that our institutions are greatly endangered. Corrupt divorce laws threaten the dissolution of the holy ties of the family, and thereby undermine the very foundations of Christian society and of the nation. These vices of society and corruptions of

government must be met and defeated by Christian education. This is one of the agencies the church must seize upon and use for the promotion of pure religion. This requires the Christian school, which must be multiplied and sustained by the sacrifice and prayer and faith of God's people. True education includes the molding and training of character. For this the Bible is the standard and text book. It must be honored and used, Christian teachers must seize the appliance of prayer and secure the enlightenment and help of the Spirit. To promote this is a great work. Will you help us?

The Orleans Advocate
ORGAN OF
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A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL

DESIGNED TO PROMOTE SOUND LEARNING, PURITY OF
CHARACTER, CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP, AND EVAN-
GELISTIC AND MISSIONARY LABOR.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

TERMS: \$1.25.—In advance \$1.00.

REV. C. M. DAMON, EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN THE fall of 1890, we removed by invitation of Rev. C. E. Harroun, Jr., to Burlington, Iowa. Since 1871 we had lived in the West, in a new or frontier country, largely deprived of fruit, and with some inconveniences and exposures incident. I hoped to improve the comfort of family circumstances and prolong my active labor by returning somewhat toward the East; and when the invitation came to supply one of our Burlington churches, as I was no longer needed at Orleans, the call was accepted as providential. Not wishing to weaken the work or discourage the struggling brethren, I retained my conference membership and persuaded Brother Harroun to go West, and render the valuable assistance which for some time he gave to the school interest there. At length it appeared more suitable to request a location than to take a transfer, and I twice wrote the conference to that effect. The following reply to one of those requests explains itself. As "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and the love and confidence of one's brethren are a valuable, and should be a cherished, treasure, its publication in this connection is deemed suitable.

And here these reminiscences must come to an end. They are by no means intended, as before intimated, as a strict and full history of life. Many

intensely interesting experiences of such history were either too private and of mere local interest for value, or, as in some instances, were too full of conflict coupled with partial mistakes and errors, to be of profit here. These are merely some of life's incidents impressed forcibly on the page of memory and written without reference. Only in a few instances is a free rendering given to any quotation. If entertaining, it is hoped their value is thereby increased, as it is one of the beneficent laws of the Creator that to an unperverted mind substantial profit is connected with a hearty relish.

Almena, Kan., Aug. 26, 1893.

REV. C. M. DAMON:

Dear Brother and Fellow-worker in Christ's Vineyard:—Being appointed by the West Kansas conference to bear to you the greetings of said conference, we most gladly do so.

1. The West Kansas conference is not unmindful, neither is it unappreciative of your arduous, self-sacrificing and effective labors within her bounds.

2. We are aware that the sale of Orleans College is the occasion of deep feeling, many suggestions and doubtless severe temptations to you. It could hardly be otherwise. We sympathize with you in the sadness which you must realize in view of such misfortune overtaking an enterprise which lay so near your heart as that of the Orleans College.

3. We are inclined to the belief that grief over such blasted hopes lies under your request that this conference grant you a location. The appreciation of this conference of your past services as a minister of the gospel of Christ, its love and fellowship with you in Christ Jesus, and also a sense of duty prompted the conference to continue you in a superannuated relation, instead of granting your request—a location.

We invoke the blessing of Almighty God to rest upon you and cause you to abound more and more.

Yours in Christian fellowship.

J. L. DODGE,
C. E. HARROUN, JR. } Com.



Your Sister.
F. E. Damon.

MRS. C. M. DAMON.

THE engraving opposite is presented as a memorial to our many friends. Frances E. (Frankie), daughter of R. H. and Mrs. Jane Dunning, was born in Honesdale, Pa., January 3, 1848. Her mother was well known in the church as a woman of extraordinary piety, of marked ability as a writer, an evangelist and a soul-winner, and for sixteen years as superintendent of Providence Mission, New York City. Her only sister, Lida M.—Mrs. Wm. Lamont—has been for some years connected with the celebrated old Jerry McAuley Mission in Water street, New York, where her engraving appears as matron in a late annual booklet. An older half-sister, Mrs. French, died a few years ago in Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Damon was powerfully converted at the age of fifteen in connection with the labors of Brother and Sister Roberts, on occasion of the introduction of Free Methodism into Binghamton, N. Y. As an encouragement to parents it may be well to state that it was a direct result of her mother's fidelity in moving into the city to help make a home for the workers against the daughter's protest with bitter tears on account of the reproach among her school and town acquaintances. She was soon humbled at the feet of Jesus, and then speeding with triumphant testimony to those very friends, she thus began a

life of active and successful Christian labor, maintained first in her mother's mission and since in aiding and upholding her companion in the work of the ministry.

She is the joyful mother of nine children, two of whom are in heaven, and all the rest (save one afflicted), to the credit largely of her unwearied diligence in Bible teaching and patient family training, are in the church.

Her devotion to the work of God in private duties, in pastoral visiting, as class-leader, and her occasional pointed and spiritual contributions to the columns of the *Free Methodist*, have endeared her to a circle of acquaintances who will welcome, we are persuaded, this brief testimonial from one who knows her best and most reveres her godly life and character.

APPENDIX I.

The following article appeared in the *Guide to Holiness* for October, 1868, and is the one referred to by Brother La Due:

VOICE OF WARNING.

REV. C. M. DAMON.

One year has passed away since I was enabled, through faith in the all-cleansing blood, to enter the holiest. Previous years of my experience have been fraught with rich blessings, but this has indeed been more abundant.

With trembling I entered the way of holiness; but the water which Jesus then gave me to refresh my thirsty soul has proved a LIVING FOUNTAIN "springing up into everlasting life." Language fails to express the deep gratitude which I feel is due to my heavenly Father for the grace that has enabled me to keep inviolate my solemn covenant with Him. Frequent repetitions of that covenant have shown a depth of meaning in those expressions relating to a DEATH UNTO SIN, the crucifying of the flesh and a life of faith, far beyond any former conception. But close tests and severe inward conflicts have but magnified the grace of God, and proved that He who has promised is faithful, and will keep that which is committed to his charge. All praise to our covenant-keeping God.

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

In the providence of God I have been called to cultivate His vineyard in this distant field. In entering upon the untried duties of my life-work, far removed from the scenes of childhood, surrounded by strange faces and associations, the possession and enjoyment of holiness has been an unspeakable comfort. And yet, while the gentle dews and the refreshing showers of grace have rested upon my own heart, my rejoicing has been mingled with sorrow because of the low state of piety which so universally prevails. It is a matter of grief and pain that so few are consecrating themselves to lives of eminent usefulness. So few that are emulating the bright examples of our denominational biography.

For some months I have been revelling, as it were, amid the rich experiences of the past, and trying to reproduce them in my own. My heart has cried out, "O for the truthfulness and earnestness of Wesley, the melting love of Fletcher, the humility of Bramwell, the holy zeal of Carvosso."

The clearer light which has shone upon the inspired word since the Holy Spirit came to "illuminate my soul," has wrought a great change in my views of the state of justification. They had been much confused. I had no idea of the great change wrought in the soul in regeneration.

As light dawned upon my mind and I began to realize that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and

yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," I began to look anxiously at professors of religion and inquire, "If this be true where are these?" Later observation has verified the sad foreboding that many, yes, MANY of them are not "born of the Spirit." Close searching and probing in the spirit of love has brought the confession, "I am not justified," and "I am backslidden."

Yet these are in good standing in the church, and perhaps have never been suspected of being in such a state. Without such searching they might have gone down to ETERNAL DEATH. Think of it. From the bosom of the church and under the eye of the pastor, a professed Christian going down to the REGIONS OF THE DAMNED. Would that I had a voice and an unction from the Holy One to reach and arouse the slumberers at the post of duty. From my quiet room may not these words of warning go forth and fall on the ears of the watchmen?

HOLD UP THE STANDARD. By every motive from within us and around us, by the memory of the fathers of Methodism, by the eternal destinies of immortal spirits, by the solemnities of approaching judgment, by the glorious heaven awaiting us, by the wailings of anguish which come up from the world of the lost,—by all these considerations let us HOLD UP THE STANDARD.

What is this standard? Hear it. "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." It does not say the wholly sanctified Christian, but every one that is "born of God." Here is the vital error. The min-

istry fail to make the people feel that every Christian is a holy man.

That truth was never written on my heart by any sermon I ever heard. I doubt it would not have been till now had not the Holy Spirit applied Wesley's sermons to my conscience.

But is it not true that the outward life of every justified person is as upright as that of the sanctified Christian? Certainly, if it be true, as Wesley preached, that he "has power both over outward and inward sin, even from the moment he is justified."

Oh, brethren, the careless, pleasure-seeking, self-indulging professors about us, who refuse to bear the cross and follow Jesus, are not safe. "Look round, and see how many of them are still in apparent danger of damnation."

If every preacher would constantly speak the whole truth, the church would soon be too warm for them. Should we earnestly insist on every particular of inward and outward holiness, in meekness and love, how long would it be before these diversion-loving, jewelry-adorned, tobacco-chewing and smoking members would be converted or reclaimed? How long before the membership would be generally characterized by humility, love, peace, self-denial and zeal?

Does not worldly association minister to the degeneracy of vital godliness, more than almost any other evil? "Come out from among them (the unbelievers), and be ye separate" is the plain word of God. How is this universally violated by those

Christians who join hands with the unconverted in the secret societies of the day.

To the writer it is a sad reflection that just at this point the lover of holiness whose convictions lead him to declare the whole counsel of God, is embarrassed in his efforts by the example of his brethren in the ministry older and wiser than himself, and whose superior influence almost neutralizes his own.

Yet for all this he should not hold his peace, but, with the love that beareth all things and thinketh no evil, cry aloud, spare not, and show His people their sins. With a heart throbbing with impulses for the future, with the wide world for the field of labor, willing to do or suffer, I am trying to sow the seeds of life, waiting in faith for the harvest. Even now are there signs of its coming.

The church is quickened, and sinners are beginning to weep. Around me the fields are white already to harvest. Pray that God may send forth more laborers.

APPENDIX II.

THE MINISTRATION OF THE SPIRIT.

REV. C. M. DAMON.

NUMBER I.

THAT preachers of Christ's gospel are to impart instruction in the word of truth is a familiar thought. They should have a clear understanding of God's Word. They need skill in teaching—qualification to "rightly divide the word of truth." They should know the difference between law and gospel; between truth and grace, works and faith, and be able to inculcate the righteousness of faith. They are expected to MINISTER THE TRUTH, gospel truth—new birth, spiritual resurrection, perfection in Christ. But "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor. 12: 3). Hence all truth is ineffective that does not convey, along with the truth, the enlightening Holy Spirit whose province it is to convict, to give repentance, to impart life, to lead to and in sanctification—in short, to quicken the soul and energize the Word that it may become a true seed of Divine, spiritual life. That it is the function of the minister to control, handle, impart, the Holy Spirit, as a part of his office as a preacher, and a most vital and essential office, is probably not a familiar truth. Indeed the above form of expression seems

almost to shock our sense of reverence, and to savor of Romish sacramentalism—as though we could impudently manipulate the Divine Spirit. Yet we have chosen it to arrest attention and convey the truth, so dangerously overlooked and neglected, of Paul's expression of a needful, solemn and glorious reality concerning the ministration of the Spirit, in the words of Galatians (3: 5), "He therefore that ministereth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles among you, doeth he it by works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?"

In an introduction to a recent work on this topic by the late Dr. Gordon, of Boston, Rev. F. B. Meyer, the able and spiritual London preacher, says, "It is remarkable how many in these last days have been led to deal with the sublime subject to which this treatise is devoted. Without doubt the mind of the church is being instructed, and her heart prepared, for a recognition of the indwelling, administration, and co-operation of the blessed Paraclete, which has never been excelled in her history, and is fraught with the greatest promise both to her and to the world."

My own mind was first called definitely to a recognition of this infinitely important truth, by some private remarks of the late lamented founder of the *Earnest Christian*, between twenty and twenty-five years ago. I had come by a painful yet ultimately very blessed process, to a realization of the fulness of the Spirit's personal presence and permanent indwelling some years before; but this was a distinct

idea, a new and somewhat revolutionizing thought, that it pertained to a preacher's calling to minister the Spirit to others, so that through his preaching they might directly and definitely receive the Holy Spirit.

In order to a clear comprehension of this truth one must first apprehend His Divine personality and then His office-work under the Christian economy; that is, in the new and Pentecostal dispensation as distinguished from the former covenant before the atonement in Christ's blood had been accomplished, and He, as our great High Priest, had gone up on high to appear in the presence of God for us. The interested reader should study the Scriptures as to His Divine person and weigh the arguments in proof of His divinity until able to clearly discriminate and distinguish between the presence and acts of a person and the influence which might be supposed to emanate from another person, as God the Father, by an exercise of His will and power upon us in answer to prayer. By the Christian formula we are baptized into as distinct an apprehension of the personality and authority of the Holy Spirit, and as definite an experience of His presence and power, or varied offices, as of those of either the Father or the Son. He is also represented by Christ and the apostles, both in their form of speech concerning Him and in ascribing to Him characteristic words and works, with the definite attributes of personality.

As to His pentecostal offices it may be a great preparatory aid to our apprehension, to consider how

dark and terrible and fatal a void would be occasioned in the Christian scheme were Christ to vacate in our thought His mediatorial office in the economy of sacrifice, priesthood and government. And some such loss we may naturally suppose should be occasioned, if indeed the Holy Spirit be a Divine person, (and who of us can deliberately question it?) by the non-recognition of His distinct and peculiar offices in the economy of redemption, and in the government of the church.

From this standpoint, then, let us glance at the teaching of the Scriptures. Not to be too elaborate we will only touch upon some salient features. In the new birth He is the spiritual life-giver. He witnesses to adoption. He is the sanctifier. He comforts, teaches, leads. He is the giver of power—nay, **HE IS THE POWER.** Those who receive Him, out of them flow rivers of refreshing, life-giving waters, which make spiritual deserts bring forth abundant verdure and bloom in beauty and fragrance. But He assumes authority and leadership in the church. Truly Christ is the head of the church which is His body; but it becomes His body, in its collective, organized capacity, only as indwelt by the vitalizing Holy Spirit. When Peter by Divine choice and authority used the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and opened its doors, first at Pentecost to the Jews, and then to the Gentiles at the house of Cornelius in Cesarea, it was only in the coming of the Holy Spirit, and as He fell upon them and filled them with His purifying presence and power. When the time came

for Christianity to burst its narrow boundaries of local and ceremonial Judaism, it was He who took charge and led the disciples forth. Thus Philip went to Samaria, then to intercept the minister of state under Candace, queen of Ethiopia, and thence north from Azotus. So Peter and John were sent to Samaria, Peter as above, to Cesarea, Barnabas to Antioch, and more explicitly Paul and Barnabas from Antioch to the Gentile world of Asia Minor, Macedonia, Greece and Rome. It matters not that in some instances the church or apostles are more especially noted, or that Silas was substituted for Barnabas. The book of Acts is a brief memoir, not of the acts of the apostles, so much as of the leadership and acts of the Holy Ghost in bringing Peter and John out of prison after Pentecost, and bidding them, in defiance of human authority, "Go stand in the temple and speak unto the people all the words of this life;" originating the Diaconate, scattering the pentecostal fire after the persecution about Stephen, and then organizing the church in the hands of the apostles and prophets into a fiery evangelistic and foreign-missionary corps, until all the great capitals of the world, religious, literary, commercial, and governmental and military, were occupied, closing with the gospel ready to radiate from the golden post in Rome's center to all the world.

NUMBER II.

THE office of the Holy Spirit in relation to the new covenant being so important and vital, it becomes us to inquire as to the nature of His manifestation under the present economy.

PROMISE OF THE FATHER.

We are first met by the great "promise of the Father" to which the Savior refers in Acts 1:4, in which Joel's prophecy is fulfilled on the day of Pentecost. The point of prominence is that the outpoured Spirit was to be the distinguishing feature of the new dispensation. This is true whether we regard it from the standpoint of the law which should be written in the heart (Jer. 31:33); of refreshing (Isa. 44:3, 55:1); of purification and spirituality (Acts 15:9, Col. 3:1); or of usefulness and power, as in John 7:38, Acts 1:8. It was to mark the inauguration of the "kingdom of God," in which the least should excel the greatest of former dispensations. "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he" (Matt. 11:11).

The third chapter of 2 Corinthians sets this matter in so clear a light that we need do no more than refer the reader to its clear and forcible contrasts between the ministrations of death and the life-giving Spirit, of condemnation and righteousness. Galatians 3 and 4 bring out in a striking manner the childhood of the church under the old dispensation.

LAW VERSUS GRACE.

The careful student of the New Testament will note how large a space is given in the Pauline Epistles and in Acts and Hebrews, to counteract the tendency to Judaism in the early church, and the careful and lengthened discussion of the two economies of law and grace under the two dispensations growing out of the controversy concerning circumcision. This discussion stands directly related to our subject, as it is everywhere assumed or shown that the law feature of the former covenant, predominant though not absolute, relegated its subjects, through the power of the flesh or indwelling sin, to failure, bondage, condemnation, darkness and spiritual distress. "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth," the reality of good things foreshadowed under the law, "came by Jesus Christ." Grace through faith brought deliverance, salvation by the power of God. This deliverance is a free gift presented to faith. The province of faith is to apprehend and receive the gift of God—not to save by virtue of any power inherent in itself. But the salvation of one in bondage to his desires, corrupt affections and fears, through indwelling sin, requires power, and the gift of God offered to faith is the power of His hand to break the chains of sin and deliver the groaning captive. Hence justification by faith stands in immediate connection, not to be distinguished in point of time, with the adoption of sons, the Spirit's testimony, and change of heart by the new birth; or as some would have it in reverse

order, regeneration and adoption. Now these latter, at least in depth, degree and clearness of certification, are operations of that Spirit who inaugurates and distinguishes the new dispensation or kingdom of God. It is true that, as in every nation, so in all former or lower dispensations than properly characterize the new kingdom, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness was and is accepted of Him.

FREED BY THE HOLY GHOST.

But in this kingdom, the pentecostal church, the children of God by faith are made partakers of the Holy Ghost. The kingdom of God is in power. The gospel *is* the power of God. That power is the Holy Ghost. "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." This, we apprehend, is the striking transition from the groaning state of Romans, seventh chapter, "carnal, sold under sin," to the joyous state of the eighth in which the triumphant strain is, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." We are not unaware of the strong asseverations with which the theology of holiness identified the "gift of the Holy Ghost," the mark of the new dispensation, with a state of entire sanctification. But we remember also its liability to minimize that state of justification which "is neither dangerous nor deplorable," in the language of the great commentator, Adam Clarke, by associating it with a lamentable weakness under power of car-

nality, delinquency as to personal obedience and practical righteousness, and disgraceful worldliness and pleasure seeking on the part of the church.

JUSTIFICATION AND SANCTIFICATION.

Two questions, however, will arise in sincere minds. Upon this view where is the discrimination between a state of justification and entire sanctification, as concerns this distinguishing mark of the new dispensation, "The gift of the Holy Ghost?" If converted souls have that which characterizes the dispensation, wherein do they differ from the wholly sanctified? What more is required? We answer, the difference as concerns the possession of the Spirit is one of degrees. We are privileged and required to be *filled* with the Spirit. The self-consciousness of converted souls, of those who have the joyful witness of adoption, when intelligently interpreted, witnesses that they are not thus "filled." They are often greatly blessed. Walking in the light "as obedient children" the Spirit dwells with them both to carry on His work of inward illumination and purification, and inspire and lead them to seek the conversion of others. But generally He is not then clearly apprehended in his personality, much less received in the fulness of His permanent indwelling independently of joyous emotions. His comforting presence is often, though not necessarily, transient, the witness interrupted and His leadings and empowerment in labor far less clear and strong

than is true of those filled with faith and power by His full indwelling.

And there is a reason for this difference. Inward sin has not been excluded. He cannot fill the soul not emptied of sin. He can dwell there so long as obediently followed in exposing, reproofing, repressing and exterminating sin. His full incoming is coincident with sin's complete expulsion.

STATE OF APOSTLES BEFORE PENTECOST.

But what then was the spiritual state of the apostles and saints prior to Pentecost? Evidently they were then "filled with the Spirit," and He does not thus baptize unsaved souls. The answer is, and it is at this point much confusion is admitted into holiness writings, they were accepted saints according to the measure of their pre-Pentecostal dispensation. But they occupied a materially different plane as to the degree of illumination and depth of spirituality and power as respects all privileges of witnessed sonship and regenerating grace, from those born of God under the laws of the new kingdom set up on the day of Pentecost.

REGENERATION UNDER THE TWO DISPENSATIONS.

Unfortunately the privileges, relations and experiences of the two dispensations as to regeneration are generally treated as identical, the distinguishing mark of the new being made to consist in entire sanctification by the baptism of the Spirit, which is thus confounded with His fulness to the great loss

of purity, righteousness and power in the truly regenerate or justified state. Clearly to apprehend this distinction aids greatly in understanding much of the epistolary writing of the New Testament, which concerns the transition from law to grace without specific discrimination as to grace imperfect, progressive, perfected. There is a system of law which as a method of securing acceptance with God is a failure, and leads to and leaves the soul in bondage on account of sin in the nature. There is a system of salvation by grace through faith which results in deliverance and glorious victory. This latter system apprehended, utilized and experienced in one degree gives us regeneration, a victorious state of justification, in another degree gives purity and the fulness of the Spirit. Entrance into the kingdom of God on the basis of grace through faith gives a title to all its possessions and benefits. The eye of the apostles was on the kingdom with its grand deliverance from the darkness and bondage, and its fulness of victorious grace, and they exclaim, "dead unto sin," "free from sin," "free from the law of sin and death," without stopping to mark the stages of progress and development—the blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear—in that kingdom. Hence Pentecostal grace has as much to do with the quality and power of conversion as with entire sanctification; "and he that is least in the kingdom of heaven" is made spiritual in a degree not comprehended by the great and good Baptist. The Corinthian church were manifestly sadly defective in

respect to heart purity and even consistency of outward life, yet they had the Spirit—the gift of the Spirit as marking the kingdom of grace—in the abundance of His supernatural manifestations. They needed entire sanctification as respects cleansing, and to “be filled with the Spirit” on lines of grace and spiritual power.

NUMBER III.

ONCE more we take up the question of possibility and responsibility in regard to the function of the Christian ministry in communicating, or causing men to receive the Spirit. When the apostle (Gal. 3: 5) says, “He therefore that ministereth to you the Spirit,” assuming the fact, he does not say ministereth *IN* the Spirit, as to the quality and power of the labor performed. This was doubtless true as to the fact, but a higher truth is suggested. Paul repeatedly asserts that his preaching was “in demonstration of the Spirit,” not “in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.” Doubtless this was true in general of the apostles, and not less true of the ministry of their age. Timothy, Titus, the unknown minister to Galatia, and their co-workers—indeed all Christians of the Apostolic age were taught to labor in dependence upon the Holy Spirit. They were to preach, pray, sing, prophesy, exhort, in public, in private, in dependence upon His aid, nay, “*IN* the Spirit.” They

were to be taken up and used by Him—to preach, pray, witness, exhort, etc., IN THE SPIRIT.

This is a great truth. How it invests the church with responsibility, dignity, power! They have a Divine mission, a Divine prerogative. The Holy Ghost is with them, commissioning, leading, superintending their work. He appoints, anoints, controls—nay, He does the work through and by them.

THE HOLY GHOST A PRESENT FACTOR.

But this is not all. The kingdom is to be spread and perpetuated. The Holy Ghost ever lives. As truly as Christ “ever liveth above to make intercession for us” and that function is vital to the life, welfare and labor of the church—so the Spirit ever liveth to make intercession IN us. He is with and in the church “to the end of the world,” in an office as truly vital to its interests and work as that of the Savior Himself. He must be apprehended, received, lived in, walked in, worked in, continuously, everywhere to the end. Timothy was to commit to faithful men who should be able to teach others, the things he had received of the apostle, and provide bishops and deacons, laying hands suddenly on no man. Titus was to “ordain elders in every city.” These ministers and officers in the church would need the Spirit for their office, not alone to qualify them, but to use them. We do not intimate that they had apostolic functions to perform; but it is not alone in the realm of supernatural gifts, or miraculous endowments for apostolic functions, that He works,

but in order to the conversion and sanctification of souls. To the end of the world the ministry and all workers, nay, in their sphere as witnesses, and in prayer and testimony, all believers need the presence, leadership and inspiration of the Spirit. Provision is made for the supply of this necessity by communication. The Holy Ghost is given by human agency, but in Divine order. There is a ministration of the Spirit. "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word" (Acts 10: 44). Thus at Pentecost those who heard were "pricked in their heart," and when they were baptized they received "the gift of the Holy Ghost." So at Ephesus (Acts 19: 6), "The Holy Ghost came on them." So it should be, so it must come to be, in the church now. In order to the purification of believers; in order to inspire a vigorous spiritual life, a life of self-denial, aggressive evangelistic and missionary zeal, and victorious faith and power; in order to the realization by the church of her exalted standing in relationship to Christ her head, in order to victory over sin and the world and the mystery of fellowship and intercourse between the bride and her Divine Lord, the Holy Ghost must be in the church, and if He is to be thus in the church, He must be communicated to believers. The ministry must rise to an apprehension of its exalted calling to "minister the Spirit." Qualification must be taken on to fulfil this Divine prerogative. We must rise to the level of the supernatural, the realm in which we can deal with the mysteries of the gospel, "not in word only,

but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance" (1 Thess. 1: 5).

HOW IS THE SPIRIT MINISTERED.

One point only remains to be considered—to develop in full what has just been outlined—How is the Spirit MINISTERED? What are the evidences of such a ministration? We tremble to enter the precincts of this Holy of Holies of our subject, lest the undue handling of these sacred things of the inner sanctuary should beget irreverent familiarity, and lest by multiplied words we weaken the force of truth at that point where, to give it living power in the experience and hands of the reader, it must be taken up by the Holy Spirit Himself and revealed to the eye and heart. May He help us to walk softly and with uncovered feet.

In all experiences of Divine things there comes a point where, as it is in entering the dark valley of temporal death, one must go alone. Friends can go only to the border—they can not accompany the traveler across its mysterious bourne. However, a more full consideration of the Scriptures to which attention has been called may light the pathway to a practical realization of the subject.

MINISTERS SHOULD MINISTER THE SPIRIT.

We repeat that it is the function of the ministry to communicate to their congregations and to individuals the Holy Spirit. This is A PART of that gospel which is not merely in the letter, "not in word only

but in power." This is evident from the above scriptures. At Ephesus Paul laid his hands on them and the Holy Ghost came on them. It matters not that they "spake with tongues" so long as we know from other scriptures that purification of heart also attended the reception of the Spirit and was the more essential thing. Miraculous endowment was an important incident, but induction into the experience and spiritual power of the new dispensation was the main thing intended. "When the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John: who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus). Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost" (Acts 8: 14-17). Rehearsing his experience at the house of Cornelius, Peter says, (Acts 11: 15, 16), "As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning. Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that he said, John indeed baptized you with water: but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." We may reasonably infer that similar acts and experiences attended the preaching of Barnabas at Antioch, if not of those who preceded him. Acts 11: 19-24. Immense force is added to this truth by the casual assumption (Gal. 3: 5), "He therefore that ministereth to you the Spirit, and worketh miracles among you."

GOD'S PURPOSE FOR THE PREACHER.

These are sufficient in view of the scenes of Pentecost, to indicate that God's order is to accompany the preaching of the gospel, (in the full sense of the New Testament), "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," in connection with prayer and the laying on of hands, when faith measures up to the Divine standard and provision, with, or to cause to fall on the people, the Holy Ghost. We may as well accept the Scriptures in the simplicity of faith. We can not improve upon the Divine order. If we consider the requirement of heart purity, the absolute necessity of the Spirit baptism to accomplish it (for He is the agent who regenerates and purifies), the prerogative of Christ thus to baptize with the Holy Ghost, and the intent of the gospel to promote this work—that IT IS THE POWER OF GOD—we shall not wonder at this order. It will also aid our conception of its appropriateness to consider the relations of the kingdom of God to the gifts of grace made by Divine promise to faith in all ages, especially from the days of Abraham, whose son Isaac, in whom his seed should be called, was born by miracle, his parents being past age, to Christ who was not only supernaturally born, but was "proclaimed to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." * In other words the kingdom of God is wholly supernatural. It is entered by the new birth, a real and literal manifestation of the hand of God—"not of works lest any man should boast." Grace, promise, faith, gift, the power of God, all proclaim

its supernaturalness. We are planted together in the likeness of Christ's resurrection (Rom. 6: 5), that we may know the exceeding greatness of God's power toward us (in regeneration) according to the "working of his mighty power which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead" (Eph. 1: 19, 20). The agent of this power in us, and in those to whom we minister, is the Holy Spirit.

That God should, then, attend preaching, prayer, and the laying on of hands, when in a faith that apprehends "the living God" in the fulness of His supernatural kingdom, with "the gift of the Holy Ghost"—that is, with the outpoured Spirit Himself—as well as "with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost," upon occasion, "ACCORDING TO HIS OWN WILL" (Heb. 2: 4), is in fullest accord with the supernaturalness of His gifts and saving work in all the ages of the church, and especially in this dispensation of the Spirit.

A CONSCIOUS PRESENCE.

As to the evidences of the reception or impartation of the Spirit, while He is given to FAITH, and this is a receptive attitude, expectation and grasping of the promise—of that which IS PROMISED or offered to faith—prior to realization, as in all religious experiences, there is nothing SO CONSCIOUS in actual attainment as His presence. He manifests Himself. He communicates with our mind and spirit; and if we truly apprehend His PERSONALITY—that He is mind, Spirit, the Author of our intelligence, the

Creator of our spirit—we can hardly fail to anticipate this or wonder that it should be so. But there is all the blessed manifestation of His fruits to attest the fact in after experience. The “love of God is immediately shed abroad.” This, with joy, peace, patience, meekness, humility, and in general all “the fruits of the Spirit,” is felt in the sensibilities and manifested in the conduct.

EVIDENCE OF HIS PRESENCE.

The gospel has to contend, not only with spiritual death, insensibility to Divine things in the hearts of individuals, but with every conceivable form of hardness of heart and hostility to God and righteousness. Corrupt desires and propensities are strengthened by practice until confirmed into habits and fortified by environment. The persecuting power of society and civil authority supplements pride and prejudice to an extent that renders it evident none can be delivered but by Divine power. Hence the awakening and quickening by which men are brought to penitence, confession and faith, are a token and measure of the demonstration of the Spirit. Conversions and entire sanctifications witness His presence and power.

But we are too apt to overlook the immediate manifestations of His personal presence, the joyful commotion that generally attends His conscious coming, abundantly evident in Scripture as in all history and experience, in looking at His works. He would be appreciated for His own sake. He is God. He honors the Father. He reveals and glorifies Christ. He comes to enable and cause us to grow

up into Christ our head. It is as we realize His presence, enter into free and joyful communion with Him, and heartily surrender to His guidance and control, that He can successfully and most rapidly work in us conformity to Christ. Hence we should cultivate a consciousness of His personal presence and fellowship, and look rather for this than the after effects. They will most assuredly follow and be richly manifested.

APPENDIX III.

The following treatise on "National Religion" is taken from articles published in the *Free Methodist*.

Introduction.....	Moral Reforms.
Chapter I.....	National Treatment of Christ.
Chapter II.....	Christ and the Public.
Chapter III.....	Influence of Christ in Society.
Chapter IV.....	How Should Christ be Treated?
Chapter V.....	How Shall Christ be Honored?

MORAL REFORMS.

MORALS (from manners, relating to conduct) are intimately related to religion and derived from it; yet they are not exactly the same with it. They vary as to motives when agreeing as to form, while religion is a matter of the heart. Love to God and man is the essence of religion. This produces good fruit in external conduct; but the manners which spring from it, or rather, which are developed among men as it prevails, vary with knowledge and are modified by many influences. Practical righteousness is a certain product and fruit of true religion, in proportion as the knowledge of obligation extends. In promoting Christianity applications of its principles to conduct are necessary and duty is thereby enjoined. There are besides many plain precepts to be declared

and they carry with them the force of immediate obligation as essential parts of it as a system of religion. It is important to guard against the supposition that one can have the religion of the heart in disobedience to its external requirements. "This is the love of God that we keep his commandments."

Thus it is with the relation of moral reforms in society to Christianity. They are its outgrowth and fruit; yet they may be simulated in the absence of its spirit. They are, in truth, the result of the application of its principles and precepts to various forms of evil in society. Hence, they are natural and necessary phases of its progress; and to be on the right side of such reforms is as natural to the Christian as is obedience to God externally in private conduct.

There is this, however, to be noted: The kingdom of heaven is as leaven in meal, or the seed which appears, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. In other words, the spirit of Christianity seeks the good of humanity, and realizes it by methods of wisdom and often of gentleness and caution. It seems evident that Christ and the apostles were not violent nor hasty in setting aside the Jewish economy, but in some sense let it wear itself out or become gradually displaced by the new kingdom, and fully so with the abolition of the old in the secular destruction of Jerusalem. Many illustrations might be given from the Sabbath, circumcision, ceremonies pertaining to vows, things offered to idols, etc. On some occasions Christ would not have his miracles "blazed abroad" lest he be brought unduly

into conflict with the civil or church powers to the hindrance of his work. Perhaps also too great an excitement over the wonders of his work was unfavorable to that spiritual growth needed in the hearts of men where seeds of truth and faith were already planted. The same course appears in connection with the Roman authorities and customs tolerated or sanctioned by it. Believers were enjoined to submit to the civil powers, abominable though they were, slaves to wicked masters, and wives to husbands as well, not only the good and gentle, but also to the froward. But it should not be forgotten that at the same time truth was being disseminated that directly tended to undermine and dissolve the gross evils and horrible iniquities of the age; and when this truth, boldly declared, brought them face to face with persecution unto death, they did not flinch, and were bidden not to seek to save their lives on peril of the loss of their souls. Hence it appears that any hesitancy to antagonize the civil powers by utterance of incendiary truth did not arise from fear of persecution, but from a wise regard to the best methods of securing God's designs of good to men and the purification of society.

To follow in the footprints of the Savior and His disciples requires heavenly enlightenment, so as to know when it is wise to speak and when to be silent. Jesus plainly taught that fear or shame to confess Him before men would forfeit His favor, and the apostles boldly declared in the presence of persecution and shame, "We ought to obey God rather than

men." So now we should fearlessly declare the truth needed to enlighten society and rescue men. Equally so should we hold ourselves free to use "wisdom toward them that are without, that the word of God and his doctrine be not blasphemed." The good of men is the motive, and truth in the Spirit the instrumentality by which it is sought. This harmonizes wisdom with boldness, and joins the truth with meekness and love.

CHAPTER I.

NATIONAL TREATMENT OF CHRIST.

A CAREFUL study of the Bible makes it clear that the Lord Jesus assumes to control every department of human life and conduct. In all man's relations, labors and duties he is a responsible being, and his accountability is to Christ, before whose judgment seat we shall stand. Business, as well as private morals, comes within the domain of conscience and moral obligation, and social relations as truly as these. But no more do these render us accountable to Christ's judgment domain than do our relations to civil and political life. The truth is that inasmuch as all men are fallen and redeemed, mankind as a whole have their natural life, their perpetuated existence as a race, by virtue of such redemption through Him, and hence the whole fabric of society, including civil government, with all social and domestic relations and all political ties and obligations, rests on this basis and comes within the scope

of definite accountability to the personal Jesus by whom God will judge the world.

It is a matter of immeasurable astonishment to see how lightly this is considered in social and public life and how it is treated.

Taken within the theological realm and within the precincts of strictly church life, the truth of these relations and obligations to Jesus as distinct from the Father commonly apprehended as the Almighty God, will be readily enough recognized and conceded. And this traditional recognition makes it the more difficult to comprehend the different treatment noted when we come into more public and secular life. However, those who will observe carefully the public trend of concession on the part of Christians in society and in the whole political sphere to the sentiments of anti-Christian citizens whenever they meet on debatable ground, as in handling the school question, and in the treatment of public institutions, more especially in things and places specifically political, as in our legislatures, in dealing with the relations of religion to public questions, will note a decided and painful tendency to ignore, or at least obscure, all definite admission of the sovereignty and authority of Christ the Savior. The terms in which our thanksgiving proclamations are made, the preambles in which our State constitutions recognize religious obligations, and the forms of such recognition by political parties in platforms where there is any admission of religious obligation, illustrate this tendency.

The effort is to satisfy the conscience in regard to a proper public recognition of abstract religious obligation without giving offense to a class of citizens supposed to have equal rights in the political sphere who ignore or hate Christ.

It must be a surprise to themselves for our Christian church members, Sabbath-school and Bible class teachers, who have supposed themselves to reverence the Lord Jesus as a divine Savior and sovereign ruler of men, when they are elevated to public station in civil life and brought into contact with skeptics on a new plane involving supposed equal political rights, to find how weak a hold the doctrine of Christ's Divine sovereignty in the political sphere has upon them after all. To find themselves disposed to truckle, shuffle and evade, until Christ is removed out of sight, denied in the presence of his enemies, and a stone of deistic recognition of God, A GOD, is given to the public in place of the bread of true Christian sentiment and service.

We may be sure Christ will resent all such shuffling, such denial of His rights in public life, and refusal to confess Him in a political capacity. We claim to be a Christian people. Traditionally and by right of inheritance of Christian customs and institutions social and civil we are such. And such we are pronounced in a national capacity by our highest courts. Why then do we try to evade an honest admission and avowal of it, ashamed to confess the Savior except when humbled by some overwhelming public calamity? Why do we not plant

ourselves firmly on the platform of public confession of Christ, place our public institutions under His care, teach Him openly in the schools, and with His banner over us confide boldly in His divine guidance and protection?

CHAPTER II.

CHRIST AND THE PUBLIC.

THE Lord Jesus cannot be ill-treated by men with impunity. God demands for Him and He claims for Himself submission, reverence, worship and love. Men are often ignored, slighted, opposed, or treated with contempt, without serious consequences. But Christ is heir of all things. The world to come is put in subjection to Him. All the angels of God are required to worship Him. All power in heaven and earth is His. Kings and judges of the earth are required to serve Him with fear. The heathen are His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth His possession. He is the Savior of the world, equal with God, and is God. Though a man, and sustaining very intimate and kind relations to men, it is evident that if He be God He is to be regarded with reverent, holy fear, and implicitly obeyed, as well as loved and trusted.

Consider His relationship to us. It involves first, all there is in God. He is our Creator, Ruler, Judge. By natural right He claims all the submission and reverence that belongs to Him as Divine. Second, He is our Redeemer. He has purchased us with His

own blood, and acquired title to us as Mediator with all authority to appoint terms of salvation, repentance, faith, obedience, love, etc., as well as right and power to save.

Hence our obligations are those of highest gratitude in view of redemption, as well as those that arise in the natural realm. The special point to be noted is that these obligations, covering the entire race of mankind, especially since the fall, and in every form and capacity of human development and activity, pertain directly to the Lord Jesus, and cannot be met by any exclusive recognition of and submission to God simply as God. We call ourselves Christians, denoting our recognition of the Messiahship and sovereignty of Christ and our professed discipleship in that aspect. But it is astonishing with what ease and want of conscience, when we meet His claims in certain public capacities—as citizens among citizens—we shuffle, and seek to satisfy all religious demands by a simple deistic recognition and worship of God. This is seen conspicuously when members of Christian churches join hands with sinners in the lodge worship of those secret orders which do not pretend to own Christ—at least as respects His atonement and mediation for sin. But not alone therein; it must be noted in many other directions. There is a frequent tendency to affiliate in some degree with religionists as such who have no claim to any title as Christians, and some whose claim is spurious or doubtful. We might name Jews, Mormons, Spiritualists, not to speak of sects denying His

divinity. This affiliation is exhibited chiefly when brought into competition on the plane of citizenship. One prominent State paper in the early history of this country might be quoted, in which the government assumed to have no essential religious character as a Christian nation as opposed to Mohammedanism. We should include the refusal or hesitancy of political parties to plant themselves openly on a platform of avowed Christian morality, and also the public tendency to yield to the demands of infidelity in excluding the Bible from our public schools.

But especially open to criticism or denunciation as shameless abuse of Christ the Savior is the social and public immorality exhibited in the increasing desecration of the Sabbath, flaunting its brazen advertisement of all sorts of entertainments in parks and elsewhere in our towns and cities, openly or tacitly sanctioned by government in carrying the mails and permitting railroad traffic; in the liquor trade of the country; and in the various forms and degrees of social impurity practiced in the land.

A proper regard for Christ in public relations would make His expressed will the basis of law and the standard of social morality, and would lead to a vigorous suppression of those evils which degrade, disgrace and impoverish society and the nation.

There is another feature of this subject that demands attention, or one that should be treated more explicitly. It is the manner in which Christ is and should be treated by citizens—the mass of the people—in relation to government. I refer more particu-

larly to our own country. The vital relation government sustains to the best interests of the people, and hence its great responsibility, is not duly considered. As concerns business, how greatly is the comfort of the people enhanced by the reduction of the price of sugar; and if legislation effects an unnecessary increase in the price of commodities, as cloth, fuel, furniture, or machinery, how greatly are they made to suffer; and inasmuch as the most powerful temptations are liable to be brought to bear by manufacturers, producers and great corporations upon government in favor of class legislation, the moral and religious character of law makers concerns the welfare and safety of the common people. More especially are they interested in legislation upon strictly moral questions, in view of the fact that by this means the people are led into the paths of sin or righteousness, and thereby the favor or judgments of heaven are incurred, or judgments upon the land may be directly provoked by sin of the rulers. Consider how legislators, and the people through them, stand related to the favor of God in dealing with Sabbath labor, marriage and divorce, the chartering of secret orders, drunkenness, gambling, lotteries, and "the social evil." The authority and power of government are so great and extensive, the privations or punishments it can inflict are so great, that the motives it brings to bear upon men are practically irresistible by multitudes in their present state of knowledge, character and surroundings. They are almost forced, and if not are certain to be led, into

great wickedness by wrong legislation. And wicked rulers, that is, men who in private life are men of corrupt moral principles and character, will assuredly legislate wrong if placed in position to do so by the votes of the people. Hence the demand of God is, "Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them to be rulers," etc.

It is clearly evident that the Savior, who so loved as to die for all men, can not look with pleasure on the powerful temptations to sin placed before the multitude by acts of wicked legislatures. He does not want them environed with circumstances which so nearly compel them to wrong doing; a network, for instance, woven for their feet wherein they must see wives and little ones face to face with starvation if they refuse to work on the Sabbath day. Just as clearly then, is it evident that He does not want men placed in authority to legislate who are likely to do this. And if so, it is equally evident that He does not want the people to so use their high privilege of the ballot as to place them there. It is a public affront to Christ, whose the people—the suffering, tempted people—are, and whose dominion includes the kings of the earth and all legislatures, to elect wicked men to be law-makers and rulers. Suffrage is a high responsibility entrusted of God to the citizens of representative governments to be used for their own welfare in His fear and to His glory. If the immense influence of government upon the vital interests, religious and eternal as well as temporal,

of the mass of the people, were more fully considered, the right of suffrage, it is to be hoped, would be used under a more sacred sense of responsibility.

It is, however, with special reference to our relations to Christ who has redeemed us, and into whose hands has been given, not only "all power" in earth, but all rights of government, whose incarnation and death underlies the very existence of the race, and sustains the whole fabric of society, that we call attention to it. It is an insult to Him in the face of the sun, and a gross scandal upon the name of a Christian people, to be governed by the responsibility of their own act, by wicked and corrupt rulers. When voting comes to be regarded in the true light of its relations to Christ, and its misuse considered as a public disloyalty, insult and abuse toward Him, the liquor traffic, and all other forms of social corruption and oppression will soon find their solution.

CHAPTER III.

INFLUENCE OF CHRIST IN SOCIETY.

THERE are lights as well as shadows in a true view of facts as to the manner in which Jesus is treated by the public. He has, notwithstanding the shameful deficiency of our regard, a wonderful hold on the conscience and affections of the mass of the people. Multitudes of those who do not love and worship Him as they should would doubtless take up arms and die in defense of His claims. One of

the highest eulogies we have ever known pronounced upon Him was by the great Napoleon, contrasting his own influence over men with that mysterious yet manifest and powerful dominion of love by which the hearts of men are drawn, and masses are swayed by Christ in the realm of His spiritual dominion in the world. Napoleon felt that He governed not as man and pronounced Him more than a man.

Amid all the multiplied vices of civilized society and its flagrant crimes, which go on for a time in widening scope and increasing malignity, as seen in slavery and the liquor traffic, the thoughtful observer recognizes the counter force of spiritual truth leavening the minds of the masses preparatory to some sudden and overwhelming collapse of the giant evil. Thus at the present time, with constantly increasing sales of liquor and widening sweep of political influence, drinking habits are being driven more and more from highest seats of moral and social influence to haunts of shame under the ban of public sentiment. Even more and more are the lines being drawn between the enlightened public conscience and the confessed vices of men. And the tendency of civilization in all such issues, slow though the progress may be, is so manifestly toward the elimination of such vices and the gradual elevation of the people that the outcome can scarcely be considered doubtful. Now this tendency of civilization is but the manifestation of Christ and His truth working in society. It is an evidence of the secret and

powerful hold He has taken on the leading elements and forces of the world's progress. As surely as wealth, education, and political influence and civil power have come into the ascendancy in Christian nations and are making most rapid progress in Protestant countries, so surely is Christ's truth and dominion, in spite of the defects and vices to be noted, gaining the ascendant among the forces of the world's progress and is destined to win an ultimate triumph.

The discussion in congress and the final settlement there of the attitude of our government in relation to the closing of the great World's Fair at Chicago on the Sabbath, notwithstanding the imminent peril there was of defeat, are an interesting sign of progress, or at least of the vital hold which Christ has to-day upon the American conscience. Driven to it they may have been (to their great reproach and that of the people who chose them as their representatives in halls of legislation, be it spoken) but when so driven there were not found wanting men of eloquence to argue with great logical force the right of the day which was conceded Christ's day, the great memorial day of His redemptive work, to legal and social recognition as day of rest and worship in America and before all the world. In view of its perils this is a grand triumph for the depth, breadth and permanency of Christ's influence in society and government. And it will doubtless become the fulcrum of a mighty leverage in favor of wider victories for righteousness against

floods of ungodliness which deluge our land.

To the influence of Christ in society must be attributed the mighty stride during the eighteenth century which the rights of man as man made under the form of democracy, by which the individual asserted and assumed due prominence against the overweening power of kings and nobles: to the same influence may we not look for a new scale of elevation possibly under some form of Christian socialism to be developed out of the agitation of the great labor question by which the true brotherhood of the race shall come to a fuller recognition and respect?

CHAPTER IV.

HOW SHOULD CHRIST BE TREATED.

FIRST of all, if he be God, the Divine Mediator, Savior and Ruler of men, he should be confessed as such, with all the obligations implied, in the varied relations and all the relations of life. It will not do to acknowledge Him such in the place of secret prayer and in the church and Sabbath-school, and then when we come into social and political life shrink from that profession and sacrifice our principles to His enemies by keeping Him out of sight and influence. If we hold that there is no way of approach to God and favor with Him but through the name of Jesus, if there is no worship acceptable—none that will not bring us under added condemnation, then wherever and whenever there is demand

for public expression of religious belief and forms of acknowledgement and worship of God, all such forms and expressions must be with distinct avowal of their Christian character. That is, wherever it is liable to be misunderstood, called in question or opposed, this avowal must be expressed in terms that admit of no misapprehension. Not to do so is to fail to confess Christ before men, and to go through the form of worship otherwise, or joining hands with His enemies is a profanation wanting little if anything of blasphemy. Why should there be any hesitancy? Are we not Christians? Are not our churches dedicated to Christ? Do we not profess that prayer is of no avail and worship a mockery save as in the name of Christ's mediation? This public, political or social hesitancy is a distinct concession to infidelity, that is, to the enemies of Christ. It is sinful and dangerous, though only under the specious form of a negative of simple silence or assumption. We must CONFESS Him.

And this we have the most undoubted and manifest right to do in this country, in keeping with its customs and laws. Tradition, precedent, and rulings of courts, are in our favor. The institutions of our country and her usages and laws were founded in Christianity. And this was no mongrel misnomer. North and South alike, our colonial foundations and subsequent national development were laid in the plain and unhesitating recognition of the Christian religion. We have only to name in this connection the Presbyterians and Congregationalists of Puritan

stock, the Baptists, Quakers, Episcopalians and Huguenots, who from Massachusetts and Rhode Island to Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas laid these foundations to make the facts apparent. And for the purposes of this paper none the less credit is due the Catholics of Maryland. And none will think the fiery zeal of Methodism any detraction from the Christianity in which our institutions were fused or framed. The Christian character of our great State papers, especially in times of danger, and the act of congress importing Bibles from Holland, confirm the view. Washington was one of the vestrymen of a church still standing in Alexandria, Virginia, and the truly religious tone of his public utterances and farewell counsels is in harmony therewith.

But in our days of prosperity and with the constant inflow of the mighty tide of European immigration, the greatest exodus of all the ages, adding so much of infidelity and immorality to tempt through the ballot box our native-born pride and love of political power, we are in infinite danger of forgetting the God of our fathers, the Christ of both Testaments.

But if we are thus to recognize and treat Christ, we should and must conform our laws and social customs religiously to His will. We must suppress vice. We must choose God-fearing magistrates who will do it. We must break up this arrogant Sabbath railroading which is demoralizing the land, together with the more responsibly wicked run-

ning of the mails by authority of the government. This moral pestilence, which does not merely walk in darkness, but with speed of steam and electricity travels by day, in the sight of our children, is fast corrupting the nation. With the Sunday newspapers, and other forms of profanation, and all public vices, it must, in deference to the will of Christ, be thoroughly and totally abolished. There is no middle ground to take. Simply to PROFESS Christ publicly while we fail to obey Him is hypocrisy. "If ye love me, keep my commandments," is His message to us, as applicable in public as in private life. The magistrate is the minister of God, who beareth not the sword in vain, and whose duty is to suppress public vice. Idolatry, licentiousness, drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking should be suppressed.

As citizens our vote must be cast for Christ; that is, for magistrates and rulers who revere and love Him and who will rule in His fear. Our legislatures should not simply appoint chaplains; they should religiously, reverently seek Divine guidance. They must make Christ's will authoritative. And we as citizens, whose servants they profess to be, must see that they do it. That is, we must choose such only as will do so. Then shall we be a righteous nation.

But if such be the duties of citizens and magistrates, how grossly inconsistent for churches and church members to be slack concerning Christ's commandments! When such seek their pleasure on the Lord's day, when they are covetous and proud,

when they join hands with sinners in unhallowed friendships, when they fail to subject their business or their politics to Christian requirement, how are the hands of the wicked strengthened, and how sadly is Christ wounded in the house of His friends! They should rather enforce upon the public conscience the varied obligations of Christianity, especially in business and political life, and confirm it by example in society.

The mighty revolution in human affairs which brought the common people into prominence and gave them authority, and even sovereignty, in matters of legislation has been attended with a serious evil somewhat more than merely incidental. The revolt from kingly domination and priestly tyranny led our fathers to say, "We the people do ordain," etc., in a sense that too nearly implies that the fountain of authority and right is in them instead of in God, who is above all. One of the most prolific sources of evil in public affairs in this country is the tendency to hold the will of majorities as right and to consider the people as the fountain of moral authority in legislation.

Revolting against the divine right of kings, it is to be feared we have established in sentiment and in equally erroneous tenet the divine right of "the people" to set aside or settle all cases of conscience in the field of legislation and civil government. This false theory would set aside the authority of the law of God in politics, and refer the greatest questions of morals to the determination of public sentiment.

Although this pernicious doctrine was not held by the most of those who in the early history of the country laid the foundations of our government, as we have seen, in the fear of God, it seems more and more to acquire influence and become practically prevalent as our politics falls into the hands of demagogues and the swarm of un-Americanized voters who play into their hands.

To treat Christ as He should be publicly treated, the authority of His law must be avowed in the political field and government itself take its place openly under the ægis of His Divine guidance and control. Doing this, one of the most immediate and prominent effects would be to do away with war and refer differences to courts of arbitration for peaceable solution. The horrors of war, devastating all the material interests of a people and blighting every moral and religious influence, are an unspeakable calamity and crime in the world. And they are largely as unnecessary as it has been proved to be for enlightened people to carry the old bowie knife and pistol and settle affairs of honor by the duel.

Christ is the Prince of Peace. His outlook is upon the nations to the intent that they beat their swords into plowshares. "The field is the world" into which He will have the gospel seed cast until the horrors of heathen superstition and crimes of slavery and war are done away. In order to this the government, which is the voice and will of the people, must be converted. The government, which represents the scattered people through all the borders of the

land, in cities, towns and hamlets, the manufacturing centers, the wide sweep of the farming populations in river valleys and on broad prairies, mining settlements in mountain fastnesses, lumbering camps in the heart of the forests, the government which voices their sentiment and fulfills their decrees must be converted to Christ. It must be brought to a distinct, humble acknowledgment of His claims and a definite apprehension of those spiritual interests in which are wrapped up the highest material advantages for all the world. Then will the people, through the government which executes their purposes, honor Christ in two distinct particulars. They will give themselves to the suppression of vice, those great vices of war, oppression, superstition and degradation which afflict both civilized and heathen lands; and not to the great national vices and oppressions alone but those which corrupt the people in their more private capacities, the social vices which undermine the foundations on which the government builds itself among the homes and communities of its citizens: and secondly, to the uplifting of the downtrodden by sin and by the oppressions of the cruel and the powerful. They will seek publicly by wise and legitimate means to overthrow oppressive despotisms which enslave, persecute and torture those whom they should protect and nourish. They will use their power to deliver the spoiled and oppressed out of the teeth of the oppressor. And as Paganism with its dark, corrupting superstitions and cruel abominations, is the most fruitful source of all oppressions,

they will seek to lift this pall of mysteries and miseries by the spread of the glorious gospel.

We have referred to a public confession of the Lord Jesus, and to the suppression of vice by social and legal influence. The subject goes deeper than this. Christ came into the world and gave Himself in love and pity and sacrifice for men. What for? To destroy the works of the devil, and recover men to the lost sonship of God, and restore the brotherhood of the race. In sacrifice He made Himself our Divine exemplar, and "brother to our souls became." Nay, he became "brother" to our humanity as we are in this life, joined soul and body, and not merely to our "souls." In this also He is the great type and pattern of what His members should be. In His account of the last Judgment He says expressly to those who visited the sick, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, etc., "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." This shows explicitly that discipleship requires friendly, compassionate helpfulness to the poor, the distressed, the downcast and outcast. The strife and rivalry and competition by which one seeks to build up himself by casting another down, or by independently distancing him in the selfish strife, is wrong in principle, and wrong in spirit and practice.

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care."

This illustrates the Divine Spirit with which Christ

animates His followers to pattern after Himself in seeking to uplift and bless humanity instead of taking advantage of them for their personal selfish benefit. The intent is to bring us into a oneness of interest, relations, affections and fellowships, by which the lost brotherhood of the race shall be recognized and restored.

Of course this realizes the fellowship of saints in the spiritual kingdom of God; but it means much more than this: for as Christ died for all men, and all should be brought into the kingdom of His grace, we must first recognize the original brotherhood of creation. God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Savage and barbarous nations, being ignorant of this great truth, hold as enemies and lawful prey those of other tribes and nations, and captives taken in war are put to death, often with horrible tortures, or made slaves, as a matter of course. The Christian truth, held in the Christian spirit, a moment's thought will show, will banish war from the face of the earth, and carry slavery with it—two of the most widespread and gigantic evils that afflict humanity. But it will also and equally abolish that modified form of war and its consequent slavery remaining in enlightened society, wherein by trade and various forms of commerce one selfishly seeks his own profit by overreaching, defrauding and oppressing the poor. The groans of these prisoners of temporal circumstances appointed to die by starvation wages given for labor to enrich their employers will cease out of the land.

And not only will the gains of oppression and intentional fraud be reached and remedied; thoughtless indifference to the welfare of others, forgetfulness of the sufferings and needs of the poor, neglect of the religious and social needs of the employed by the employer in whose hands God has for the time largely entrusted their interests, and every vestige of the spirit of caste, social exclusiveness not based on righteous and regenerated character, are included in the broad, beneficent scope of Christian principles, and the evil corrected. Love to man is of the essence of the gospel. Recognition of these and questions of like character and the treatment accorded, Christ esteems as done to Himself. Hence we include in the public treatment of Christ all such efforts as are here implied for the uplifting of humanity, particularly its downtrodden and outcast classes. One who obtains a broad grasp upon these questions by a world-wide view and comprehending the progress of civilization, will observe that among them the elevation of woman, literally the most enslaved of all classes, demands a large share of attention. Christ would have a hearty and enthusiastic devotion to philanthropic and missionary labors in His own behalf.

CHAPTER V.

HOW SHALL CHRIST BE HONORED?

IT WILL appear to many at first thought that we have ascribed religious functions unduly to civil government. This thought probably arises from a

wrong standpoint. Instead of contemplating government as a compact between a multitude of individuals, some Christians and some anti-Christian, having equal rights to frame legislation for and against Christ, we should rather regard all the people as belonging to God, under moral government and responsibility to Him, and inquire what is His will concerning them in a civil capacity. Born to society and under natural law and necessity to organize government, what kind of a government as to its religious attitude would He have them organize? It will thus be discovered that the government is but the central authority and power by which the people, under such responsibility to God, voice their sense of obligation and express their responsibility in providing for their mutual interests and wants in a social capacity.

Under this ideal contemplation they would act by one central authority and voice in a two-fold capacity to provide both for religion and secular affairs. They would thus originate a church and a civil authority closely inter-related, harmonious, friendly, helpful one to the other, but both free and independent, so far as one dominating the other. Both would be equally religious, equally Christian, as recognizing responsibility to God and desiring to glorify Him, the one in a spiritual, the other in a business capacity. The underlying religiousness would frame the ecclesiasticism in the fear of God, and no less so the form and mode of secular government.

This issue would be very like that of ancient Israel,

in which, instead of fusing the two functions into one as commonly supposed state church, some think and profess to clearly trace the fact that they were kept entirely separate and distinct, though intimately related. It is plain that the vast aggregate of the people can only act in discharge of their obligations to God and each other by delegated authority. They would originate a representative government. This government would be as distinctly religious in attending to its secular business, that is, in acting in a political capacity, as church authorities in performing spiritual functions.

Wherever, then, and whenever it becomes the natural duty and necessity for civil government to deal with moral questions, as marriage, the Sabbath, etc. (and perhaps all legislation has some moral aspect), it should deal with them openly, avowedly and distinctly from the Christian standpoint. There is no alternative. Just as ordinary business must be conducted upon Christian principles, so must the political business of the country in the wider field of legislation.

Christ is to be honored, then, by the Christian character and course of the delegates and representatives by which a people acts in a public capacity. We reiterate the conclusion, in order to give it positiveness and force, that they must prohibit and suppress vice, legislate in harmony with the will of God or Christian morals, and do all they can legitimately do to foster religion and promote benevolence.

Do the classes oppress the masses? Their power

must be broken. Does the "sweating system" enslave and starve and tempt or sell the virtue of the poor? Public sentiment must be turned into action, and if need be legislation must interpose to overthrow it. Is woman deprived of those civil rights which as naturally belong to her, and which are as truly a privilege and a necessity to self-protection, as to men? She must be elevated, educated, enfranchised, treated as a human being having the rights and privileges of other adult and sound-minded human beings. Caste must be abolished and the poor must be protected and lifted up. The people acting publicly and through their representatives must do the things that Christ will approve.

We cannot close these articles on the relations of Christ to society without a more specific and full consideration of the condition and claims of certain classes. Christ's death, bringing life and immortality to light, puts value upon the soul of man, puts honor upon man as man, that is, upon the individual, the human personality. Sin has introduced all manner and degrees of caste distinctions and relations among men, a thousand-fold more oppressive than the unintelligent are aware. The absolute ease and heartlessness with which living persons, often captives or slaves, are burned with the dead in Africa, and even fattened for the cannibal market, shows how utterly void men may be of a sense of the value of life, and of the interests and claims that grow out of a common relationship to God as the one Father of the race. Captives in war, and generally

people of other tribes or nations, seem to be held without any compunction as having no claims whatever to mercy, kindness, love. The feelings with which we are conversant in this country that subsist on the part of whites toward Negroes, Indians, and the Chinese, are the lingering elements of this spirit of caste not yet purged out by Christianity. Out of this spirit in the darkest nations grow the terrible cruelties and oppressions of various superstitions. On occasion of death the devil doctors will charge witchery on some person, as we are told by the missionaries, and suddenly, no matter how young, fair, healthy, robust the person may be, or what kindly relations to friends and community he may have sustained, he becomes an object of execration perfectly excluded from all claims of sympathy and compassion, and is subjected to tortures probably ending in death. In lesser degrees this terrible spirit existed among the Jews of Christ's time, and frequent Scripture allusions bring it into view. The public estimation of "publicans" and "sinners" is an illustration of it, as also "eating with unwashed hands," etc. Into all this system Christ broke with impunity, not only trampling under foot its unfounded prejudices, but in His teachings and institutions, as in the choice of a publican for an apostle, and in commissioning the gospel to the Gentiles, prepared for its utter abolition and overthrow.

He is to be honored by a similar spirit on the part of his people. Race prejudices and caste distinc-

tions in society must be swept away. One only grand distinction and ground of classification must be left to remain—separations on the basis of character determined by the moral law and relations to Christ.

The prevalent discussion as to rights and privileges of women, both in church and state, is to be interpreted in the light of this question we are now considering. No one can understand it but as he takes into account the condition of women in heathen lands, and studies the origin of their fearful debasement and their unmitigated sufferings, as related to other phases of this most widely prevailing and strongly entrenched system of caste. In this investigation he will doubtless be surprised to find that he has struck the tap root of the system, and that the greatest crimes, oppressions and abominations of humanity flow from this source as a central spring. Among them are polygamy and slavery. It is said that there are in India to-day twenty millions of widows, half of whom were NEVER MARRIED. That is, they are child widows, those whose betrothed husbands died in childhood, and they are doomed in absolute helplessness to lives of misery, cast out in abject poverty as objects of universal detestation in society to a fate far worse than death upon the funeral pile of their husbands.

The inequality of wages by which women receive less than men for equal work, the grinding prices paid sewing women, the temptations placed before young women clerks and workers in factories to sell

their virtue to eke out a scanty subsistence, the injustice of laws concerning the property of women, concerning their rights to their children, concerning "the age of consent," and public sentiment as to their equal control with their husbands of their own person in the marriage relation, are but remnants of these heathen superstitions and oppressions. One reason that good men fail to espouse the cause of their liberation and elevation to equal rights and privileges with men is that under the influence of traditional sentiment and custom, and the blinding effect of the false adulation by which praise instead of justice is given them, they are unconscious of the facts in their relations and bearings. Another is the failing to recognize the true character of those Scripture references that are to be interpreted as similar ones concerning slavery and other existent evils, or as the historical treatment of polygamy and other tolerated evils of patriarchal and prophetic times.

It is certain that Christ is Friend and Brother to our common humanity. He has died for all and He will have no false distinctions set up in His kingdom, no oppressions of the poor, no outcast classes or races of men beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, care and helpful effort.

APPENDIX IV.

THE following brief treatise on "Holiness" is taken from the author's articles in the *Free Methodist*, 1883:

HOLINESS—ITS NATURE.

The Scriptures afford us abundant data from which to determine the true character of the holiness required of man as a qualification for communion with God here and heaven hereafter. In three distinct views it is pictured before us: In the character of God; in His law; in Jesus the Christ.

First, and most prominently, is the Divine character placed before us as the pattern of ours. Not only should we be holy because God is holy, but as He is holy. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Ye therefore shall be perfect, as, etc., R. V.)—Matt. 5: 48. The context, "Love your enemies," etc., shows that in kind or nature our moral purity or perfection is to be in imitation of our heavenly Father's. "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy" (1 Peter 1: 15, 16). He only is holy who in spirit and practice is conformed to God. This is the standard set up of old and kept constantly before the minds of the people. "Ye shall be holy unto me: for I the Lord am holy,

and have severed you from other people that ye should be mine" (Lev. 20:26). By this standard are we to judge ourselves, and those who profess and preach holiness.

The evangelism and proselytism of doctrinal holiness is a matter of great thankfulness of itself, as it is likely to be on the whole a gain for truth. Doctrinal correctness at least paves the way to heart revivalism. But as in all the past, so now, making proselytes to a doctrine by no means determines the actual prevalence of the required experience.

What, then, is the character of God as bearing on this question? We answer, It is made up prominently of goodness, righteousness and mercy. These are exhibited in His works of creation, and in His administration of the moral government of the world, and in His plan of redemption for sinners. In general, both in creation and providence, "the Lord is good." "He is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." Goodness is a disposition to please and provide for the happiness of all sentient beings, as far as righteousness and the ultimate good of the universe as a whole will permit. God is good. He sends rain on the just and the unjust. He fills men's hearts with food and gladness. He doth not afflict willingly. He takes no pleasure in pain for its own sake. Not a sparrow falls without His kind notice and sympathy. What a pattern for human kindness and gentleness! What a rebuke to cruelty toward men or the brute creation!

Again in His moral government God exhibits righteousness. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "In righteousness he doth judge and make war" (Gen. 18: 5; Rev. 19: 11; also Rev. 16: 5-7). God's righteousness is conspicuously manifested in the measures adopted and the energy put forth to repress sin in the world. This, in fact, is the focal point on which the Scriptures chiefly concentrate their light on the Divine holiness. By His judgments the inhabitants of the world learn righteousness. By the displays of His zeal against the workers of iniquity He strikes terror into the hearts of the wicked, and throws a solemn awe upon His people; so that in view of His terrible majesty as a sin-hating God, the pious fall reverently before Him and exclaim, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory." The question heading the late able article of Brother Gould in the *Free Methodist* concerning the modern holiness movement is pertinent to the subject. In vain do reverend doctors and admired evangelists enter upon a crusade in favor of a theory of holiness, while this solemn sense of the evil of sin is wanting. Attempt to conceive of the holiness of God apart from giving prominence to this phase of His character, and how soon would the moral purity of scripture teaching fall into decay, and the divinely glorious system of scriptural religion be debased to a comparative harmony with the false systems of the world. As certainly as God is the high and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, so certainly is

He the enemy of sin, and of those worst of all sinners, the flippant, pleasure-loving professors and preachers of holiness who demoralize the public conscience by making the impression that this sacred experience of walking with God can harmonize with worldly lusts and friendship. So certainly as God is holy, "the soul that sinneth it shall die."

Yet again the holy man is like God in mercy. This implies not merely his disposition to forgive sinners and restore them to happiness; which would require a radical renovation of man's corrupt propensities to revenge and self-exaltation; but involves all the sacrifice, self-denial and zeal necessary to recover them. He alone is holy who, like God, is willing to come to his own home and heart and call for the sacrifice of the most cherished things of his possessions and affections for the salvation of sinners; yea, of his enemies, and of the vile and debased. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common" (Luke 14:33; Acts 4:32).

The further consideration of the nature of holiness as brought to view in the Scriptures must be reserved for future articles.

NATURE OF HOLINESS—THE LAW.

WE HAVE said that the Scriptures picture the moral character or nature of holiness in the Divine law.

"The law is holy." By the law is the knowledge of sin (Rom. 7: 12 and 7).

This does not imply legal perfection—an error which assumes such a state of restored righteousness as does not depend for acceptance on the atonement. It rather asserts the obligation of dispositions renewed to harmonize with God's claims, so that one can say, "Oh how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day" (Psa. 119: 97; also Psa. 1).

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul, and he is blessed whose delight is in it.

God's commandments are exceeding broad. They demand a perfect heart. Nothing can be higher, deeper, broader, than the claim, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and soul, and mind, and strength." This is wholeness, a state of moral purity in which the soul's affections and energies are positively and fully devoted to God. This is an epitome of the law, its essence and substance.

Love worketh no ill, therefore it is the fulfillment of that law which is designed for the definition and protection of mutual rights. It is the contradiction of all disposition to injure another, and helps us to help each other, to build each other up. This is the law of society. This is holiness in its relation to neighborly duties.

As pertaining to God so exalted in purity and glorious in holiness, nothing could be better adapted to the elevation and purity of man's affections than to continually place Him before them as an object of admiration, love and worship. The duties of sub-

mission, service, and delight in God, required by the law, reveal the highest conceivable standard and state of moral purity and holiness of which man's soul is capable. This is godliness,—God-like-ness, the basis of sweet communion and hallowed fellowship with the Father and the Son.

The law says: "Be ye holy; as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of living." Not only does perfect love, by excluding the contrary affections and dispositions, imply the purity of the soul, but the letter of the law as above, demands both a holy heart and a holy life. The particulars of character involved in such heart and life are to be learned by the specific teachings of the law. These define as well as prohibit sinful emotions, desires, propensities, and acts. Hence the necessity and obligation of unhesitating, universal submission and obedience to this standard of the Divine claims.

It should be understood that the gospel, technically speaking, precious as it is, does not furnish a standard of holiness. No one would know the nature of his depravity, the extent of his fall and ruin, or the measure of recovery required, but by comparing himself with the holy law of God.

"The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part."

The gospel is a scheme of recovery, the remedy for sin. Its aim is to restore men to the high level of the law, *i. e.*, to holiness. For this end Jesus gave himself. He magnified the law. Hence the attempt to place law and gospel in opposition or

unfriendly contrast is a shameless impertinence and imposition. It overlooks the essential oneness of spirit and purpose between the Father and Jesus in the economy of redemption; and ultimately dishonors the gospel as effectually and basely as the law.

We repeat that this position does not affirm technically perfect obedience to the law as a condition of even continued justification in a believer; but restored perfectness of disposition as measured by the law, a righteousness constantly dependent both for inspiration and acceptance on the atoning blood of Jesus.

NATURE OF HOLINESS—JESUS.

In Jesus we have a living picture of that holiness which was less clearly revealed, directly and historically, in the Divine character and administration; and which we have seen was very definitely made known in the law. "God was in Christ." He was our example. "He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked."

We can not imitate Him in His miracles of power; but even in these we may copy the spirit and aim with which they were performed—always subservient to the good of others and the general interests of God's kingdom, and not selfishly as signs and wonders. In His character and life as a man He was the perfect pattern of what we should be as saints. By attention to this example we learn some important lessons on holiness.

First, from its excellency and from the meekness and gentleness which in part constitute it, one might infer that the possessor of holiness would find general favor with men. But Jesus was despised and rejected of men; wonderful was the rejection and abuse which He met. Many of His disciples forsook Him. His mother and brethren sought to lay hold on Him as insane; He was accused as gluttonous and a winebibber, a blasphemer, as having a devil, as a perverter of the people, and treasonable to the government. His own received Him not. He tells us, "It is enough for the servant that he be as his master." "These things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father nor me." The cause is in the natural and necessary enmity of the carnal mind to God and His ways. We should, then, lay aside the thought of holiness harmonizing with the world, and look that men say all manner of evil of us falsely. We are in danger of serious mistake at this point. Holiness is kind, gentle, patient, loving, and lovely. Thus was Christ; so is the Father. But it is loyal to God, and men are averse to God. That which passes for holiness and does not antagonize the spirit of the world is un-Christlike, is not of the Father, but a base and dangerous imposition.

The life of Christ throws light on the relations of holiness to the church. The pertinacity with which holiness teachers adhere to formal religious establishments at the cost of fatal compromise of truth is painfully conspicuous. Jesus treated the divinely

instituted church reverently. He fulfilled all righteousness in connection with it. Nor did He speak or act in relation to it as the no-sect teachers of our day. Yet He boldly and unflinchingly antagonized and assaulted its corruptions, and publicly denounced the men and parties who had usurped its leadership for selfish purposes. He lived in the church, respected its ordinances, and practiced the duties arising from such relationship; yet He planted the seed of a purer faith within its pale, which by design developed there as a germ in its seed until bursting its shell, so to speak, it took on the form of a new ecclesiasticism. "New wine must be put into new bottles" (Luke 5: 38).

Holiness is not simply incompatible with the spirit of the world. It excites the opposition of the world. As certainly as God has a controversy with men, those who most resemble Him will be in conflict with men who oppose God. As truly as the depraved, wicked spirit of the world led to the crucifixion of the Savior, may those who conform most closely to Jesus in the spirit of holiness expect its enmity.

Yet was not Jesus churlish or ascetic. He was magnanimous, pitiful and courteous. His spirit enjoins, "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification." No truer friend or more genial companion ever graced the walks of social life.

The balance and blending of two unlike features make up chiefly the character of Jesus as a pattern of holiness: absolute self-sacrifice and devotion to

the good of men; inflexible integrity to truth and His Father's kingdom. "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." "He that seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion toward him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Jesus was the Prince of Glory, but He left all to redeem fallen, impure, guilty man—man who not only received His coming with cold ingratitude, but with fiendish malignity murdered his benefactor. So holiness is a missionary spirit, which certainly prompts its possessor to-day to forsake all and in lowest depths of degradation seek out the victims of sin.

But with all His tenderness and anxiety to save, Jesus never abated by a jot or tittle the claims of the Divine law on the sinner. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath," father, mother, brother, sister, houses, lands—yea, his own life also, "he can not be my disciple" (Luke 14: 33).

The young ruler was told to sell all, though the severity of the requirement cost an influential adherent, and probably the man his soul. "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them," though the scribes were offended; and Matthew the publican was admitted to the school of apostles, though Jesus knew full well that this blow at their caste aristocracy would give mortal offense to the whole Pharisaic establishment. So all through His life Christ's course was marked by singleness of eye to God's glory, resisting every allurements and threatening intended to turn Him aside.

True holiness to-day will declare the truth and insist on God's conditions of acceptance, though whole bands of disciples should go back, and the whole fraternity of Masonic preachers conspire to defame and crucify the faithful Christian apologist.

To repeat, though Christ was not inconsiderate and rash, blurting out truth to show His dexterity and win applause for conflicts unnecessarily aroused, He did deliberately pursue a course which He knew would antagonize the prejudices of the national church, as on the Sabbath question, and as above cited, and array against Him the authority of the whole civil and ecclesiastical power. Here let the lines be drawn, and let it be well considered that to withhold the truth in teaching and administration in order to court popular favor or shun the cross, is to deny Christ and deceive men.

HOLINESS—CHRIST'S EXAMPLE.

In Christ is seen a perfect example of true holiness. In man holiness may be obtained by a perfect copying of this example. But this imitation relates to his dispositions, or state of heart; to the motives and spirit of his acts, and to the actions themselves.

As to the first, Christ's coming into the world evinces absolute unselfishness, love to enemies, regard for the honor and glory of His Father, and a willingness to suffer for the good of others. His life and death farther illustrate this unselfish state of soul. There is not a shadow of a fact to indicate in

His life the love of the world, desire of riches, honor, pleasure, a vain ambition in any direction. He fulfilled His relative duties in the world, honored the Father's ordinance that man should live by toil, sanctified a life of obscurity, and showed that to enjoy the approval of God and promote His glory on earth is satisfaction for a right-minded person.

He was absolutely unworldly, yet not morose or cheerless. To promote God's glory, extend His kingdom, redeem men, He accounted a sufficient and worthy object of life, and with this work His time and hands were cheerfully filled. With submission He bowed to drink the cup appointed by the Father as necessary to human redemption. Opposed and gainsaid in His work, mocked and scourged at His pretended trial, He invariably exhibited that meekness which was normal to His soul, and on the cross breathed the prayer which is the model of forgiving love to persecutors. Notwithstanding, His meekness was not meanness, as shown in His spirited retorts upon the Jews, (John 8), and in His cleansing the temple. With holy resentment He flung back their blasphemous accusations, and uncovered the dark and devilish depravity of their hypocritical hearts. It is a deception, greater and more dangerous than may be considered, that holiness deals softly with the enemies of truth.

The God of holiness needs no sentimental apologies for His dealings with the antediluvian world, the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, the tribes of Canaan, or His own apostate people. We need not

blush for the vindictive Psalms, nor cringe at the stern invective of the Savior. Had not sin been dark and guilty, the world would never have seen the cross of the immaculate, well-beloved Son of God. But what is sin apart from the character of the responsible sinner? Were not sinners obnoxious to righteous denunciation under certain circumstances here, we should hardly regard them proper candidates for "the vengeance of eternal fire" hereafter.

Nor is it a moral sentiment that always faults the administrator of justice through sympathy with the victims. Without the Scripture background of justice which measures the sinner's guilt and deserts, the whole gospel scheme were meaningless—a failure. "He that condemneth the righteous, and he that justifieth the wicked, even they both are abomination to the Lord." "Woe to them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," is no more authoritative than "Beware of false prophets. Ye shall know them by their fruits." The spirit of holiness once directed thus: "If thou shalt hear say in one of thy cities, which the Lord thy God hath given thee to dwell there, saying, Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which ye have not known; then shalt thou inquire and make search, and ask diligently; and behold, if it be truth, and the thing certain, that such abomination is wrought among

you; thou shalt surely smite the inhabitants of that city with the edge of the sword, destroying it utterly, and all that is therein, and the cattle thereof, with the edge of the sword. And thou shalt gather all the spoil of it into the midst of the street thereof, and shalt burn with fire the city, and all the spoil thereof every whit, for the Lord thy God: and it shall be an heap forever; it shall not be built again. And there shall cleave nought of the cursed thing to thine hand: that the Lord may turn forever from the fierceness of his anger, and show thee mercy, and have compassion upon thee, and multiply thee, as he hath sworn unto thy fathers," etc., (Deut. 13: 12-17). The same Spirit now directs the church, "not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner: with such an one no not to eat" (1 Cor. 5: 11).

Christ's disposition then was one of unswerving loyalty to God; stern, unflinching opposition to sin and sinners, especially to the corrupters of religion whom he denounced as making his Father's house a den of thieves; and at the same time of life-long sacrifice and labor for their salvation.

But He should be contemplated in His active life. For holiness is not wholly subjective, relating to one's disposition and intention. It demands an outward practice of righteousness, a conformity to Christ's life.

We call attention to His ceaseless activity in spreading His gospel and relieving the suffering;

His cheerfulness in labor when weary, hungry, overthronged; His early rising, and above all His life of prayer. Notice also on different occasions His submission to constituted civil authority, His non-interference with the duties which pertained to others in strictly secular life, and His enunciation of the principle that should govern Christians in their relation to earthly rulers.

Without entering into detail, we observe that Christ gives us a pattern of a truly rational and benevolent, as well as spiritual, religion; submissive and loyal to all social, civil, and religious obligations imposed by the law of God and the well-being of mankind.

Holiness, then, is not some speculative, airy thing that exempts from ordinary trials, and religious and social duties; but is an imitation of the patient and lowly, suffering Son of man; kind to all, but inflexibly true to righteousness and God.

NATURE OF HOLINESS—LOVE.

AS LOVE to God and man is the sum of the law, so is it the soul of holiness, whose obligations are measured by the law. Hence it deserves separate treatment in discussing the nature of holiness.

Perfect love recognizes God's right as supreme in the universe, and acknowledges the obligation of absolute submission on the part of all creatures, particularly in view of His wisdom, purity and good-

ness. More than this, it regards His interests as supreme and recognizes the duty of promoting them in infinite preference to the combined interests of all created beings. Hence when God's will and preference are brought into competition with those of any other being, not a moment's consideration is necessary to determine the position of an upright mind in harmonizing with God in the issue.

Perfect love recognizes the value of the rights and interests of every being in their independent responsibility as creatures of God. As in the family the interests of every child have inherent rights and value which every other is bound to respect, and which he is also bound to respect by reason of their mutual relations to the parent, so are the obligations of man to his fellow man. How one man should feel and act toward another is to be determined by the will of the Father, whose superior knowledge and supreme interests control his obligations. Love to man regards the welfare of men. If men are in harmony with God; that is, if they are holy, their welfare is co-incident with their happiness, and love to them regards the promotion of their happiness.

If unholy, love seeks their welfare by trying to lead them into restored harmony with God, without respect to pleasing them; yea, if necessary, by giving them severe pain, as would a physician or a surgeon in seeking the health of his friend. If they cannot be restored to harmony with God, then love, as a universal principle, respecting the rights of all parties, takes sides with God in perfect sympathy

with His administration in dealing with these rebellious subjects.

God's ordinance for bringing men into restored harmony with Himself is the preaching of the gospel with the accompanying means of grace. The measure of man's alienation, the standard of restoration, and consequently the means of his conviction, is the law of God. Hence love seeks man's welfare by a judicious admixture of law and gospel, of truth and grace, applied to the conscience and heart. This is true of all classes and grades of character, sinners and saints.

We here call attention to Paul's discussion of the relative value of love among the gifts and graces of the Spirit of holiness.

In the first chapter of the first epistle, the Corinthians are acknowledged as "the church of God, sanctified in Christ Jesus, called saints." They were rich in all utterance, and in all knowledge. They enjoyed the gifts of the Spirit in profusion, and were not destitute of grace.

It appears, however, from the various topics discussed in the epistle, that they valued themselves unduly for these gifts, and did not fully realize that they were wanting in grace. Many faults of temper and practice are corrected and they are reprovved for divisions and contentions. In the twelfth chapter they are exhorted to humility and unity by considering that the different gifts, administrations, and operations are by the same Spirit "dividing to every man severally as he will." "But covet earnestly the

best gifts, and yet show I unto you a more excellent way." Then follows in the thirteenth chapter a eulogy in which it appears that above all gifts and works, yea, among all graces, love is preeminent. The succeeding chapter discusses the relative value of different gifts, in which an important principle is established; viz., that such gifts though imparted by the Spirit, are not to be indiscriminately exercised, particularly not for self-gratification or display, but are to be subjected to the control of a sanctified judgment and used with reference to the Divine design—the benefit of others. "Forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church." Hence says Paul, "I thank my God that I speak with tongues more than ye all; yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." Here, then, is the governing principle, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Rom. 14:7). "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again" (2 Cor. 5: 14, 15).

Love, then, the soul of holiness, is "good will to men;" and gratitude to Christ finds expression in sacrifice and labor for man's salvation. The joy of the Lord is one's strength, and praise is comely for

the upright; but the Christian may not build tabernacles to abide in the mount of transfiguration. He has work to do, and pain to bear for Christ. He is "debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise." In discharging this debt he must be wise to win souls. This wisdom consists in the practical adaptation of means to ends. He must study to show himself "approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Love is no sickly sentimentalism, which calls evil good, and good evil, healing slightly the hurt of the daughter of God's people. It deals with the stern, sad facts of human depravity and wickedness, and in the spirit of Christ applies the knife or balm according to the varied necessities of individual cases. This is its province: to "reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables" (2 Tim. 4: 2-4).

HOLINESS—COMPASSION.

This series of articles on the nature of scriptural holiness would be incomplete in evangelical spirit without special prominence being given to this Divine element of compassion.

God was holy in the exalted perfections of His

nature before "the morning stars sang together," "or ever the earth or world was." "Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne," and His final vengeance on the wicked will be a proof and illustration of His holiness.

But righteousness and judgment alone do not awaken, at least do not subdue in evangelical repentance the obdurate heart of man. Fletcher of Madeley says: "Repentance is a plant which grows best in the shade of the cross." The Scriptures assure us that "God is rich in mercy." One of the psalms magnifies its importance by affirming in every verse, "His mercy endureth forever." While it is true that God is glorious in holiness, and terrible in righteousness, it is a sight of His mercy that breaks the heart of stone. "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared."

Christ's compassion is illustrated in His weeping over Jerusalem, in His treatment of the woman taken in adultery, in the case of the Syrophenician woman, and in that of the dumb child (Mark 9), and elsewhere.

How fully does Paul breathe this spirit in 1 Thess. 2, "We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children; so being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us." "How we exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children." Also in 2 Cor. 2, "Out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote unto

you with many tears." Phil. 3: 18, "Of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping." How tenderly does John say, "My little children."

So in Heb. 12: 12, 13, we are exhorted to "lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees; and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way; but let it rather be healed."

Peter manifests the same spirit (Acts 3: 17) where, in the midst of the most earnest and cutting reproofs, he says, "And, now brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers." Undoubtedly it was this oil of kindness, the fruit of compassion, that caused the sword of the Spirit to do such successful execution. If this sword was designed principally as a weapon of destruction, oil would not be needed, but seeing it is intended for the separation of joints and marrow, and to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart in order not to destruction, but salvation, it is well to breathe the spirit of kindness in wielding it. "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves."

The first impulse of a converted heart, next to gratitude and praise to God, is that of pity and yearning toward unsaved friends. This is proof of the origin and nature of compassion as an element of holiness.

In entire sanctification this spirit is greatly intensified. Such a one may exclaim, "Oh, that my head

were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

Compassion should be cultivated, not an affectation of it, expressed in whining tones of diluted sentiment, but genuine, Divine sympathy governing by natural influences, words, tones, and manner in addressing sinners. Such a spirit and manner are suitable to our relations and circumstances, and being inspired and prompted by the Spirit should be suitably exercised in order to success. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou also be tempted" (Gal. 6: 1).

The counsel of Rom. 12: 19-21, is often as applicable to one's spirit in dealing with men's souls, as to social relationship. "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." "Bless them that curse you," says Christ. Thus "Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil, he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee" (Jude 9).

Doubtless undue and misplaced severity toward the unsaved, inappropriate, in view of our relations to them, often blocks up our way to winning them.

It is sometimes necessary to "rebuke them sharply," after they have resisted truth first presented in friendly and ingratiating tone. There was probably more of warning than denunciation in Paul's words, Acts 13: 40, 41, "Beware therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets; Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you."

The world will not be redeemed until the love of Christ constrains the church to a yearning that will lead to sacrifice and melt its way into the frozen heart of humanity. What infinite depths of pity must have moved the heart of the Son of God to come into this world to die for men. It is this compassion that makes its way into the stony heart and creates there a soil for the seed of truth. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." This is the inspiration of all successful missionary work. It is preeminently the spirit of Christ that wins its way to the hearts of individuals and communities, and gives success to the labor of evangelists and pastors in all the work of God.

"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing" (I Pet. 3: 8, 9).

HOLINESS—PRACTICAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

There are certain fruits of inward holiness by which its existence is as surely proved as a tree is known by its fruits. Theoretically it will be readily enough admitted that outward obedience to God's commands follows as a result of holiness. It is as readily apparent to spiritual minds that, not only do many profess to be holy who do not furnish the requisite proof of genuineness of experience, but that an extensive representation of holiness teaching, by recognition of such defective experiences as genuine, and by silence concerning many important applications of its principles, invalidates its claim to correctness and thoroughness.

From all that has previously been written it will be apparent that there is no more certain sign of scriptural purity than the harmony of the soul with the righteousness of God. This manifests itself in open espousal and defense of unpopular truth and issues in society in which reputation, property, and worldly friendships, must be sacrificed. God is "the helper of the fatherless." He says, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me" (Mal. 3: 5).

Israel of old was thus rebuked: "How is the faithful city become an harlot! It was full of judgment; righteousness lodged in it; but now murderers. Thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water;

Thy princes are rebellious, and companions of thieves: every one loveth gifts, and followeth after rewards: they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them. Therefore saith the Lord of hosts, the mighty one of Israel, Ah, I will ease me of mine adversaries, and avenge me of mine enemies" (Isa. 1: 21-24).

It is strange if one can read the prophets and believe that a person can be holy, or have any favor with the Lord of holiness while seeking to save his reputation by shunning unpopular issues, and evading responsibility in regard to public righteousness and justice. "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it" (Matt. 10: 39). Paul says: "Ye endured a great fight of afflictions; partly, while ye were made a gazing stock both by reproaches and afflictions; and partly whilst ye became companions of them that were so used" (Heb. 10: 32, 33); and exhorts us to go forth unto Christ without the camp "bearing his reproach." Of Onesiphorus he says, he "was not ashamed of my chain. But when he was in Rome he sought me out very diligently, and found me" (2 Tim. 14: 16, 17). How unlike the course of those nice holiness preachers that will scarce touch the reproach of God's little ones with one of their fingers! For instance, to one who with any candor and honesty will examine it, the institution of Masonry bears on her brazen forehead the proofs of her damnable religious harlotry, and enmity to good government and social equality. The evidences are abundant and by years of discussion are

forced upon public and individual attention. Yet holiness publications to this day with clam-like pertinacity close their pages to its exposure, and assume its compatibility with genuine Christian character.

It is well known that numbers of true saints have suffered the loss of reputation and comparative social ostracism for their defense and advocacy of this truth; and a large number of other professors of holiness shun their fellowship, and enjoy a widespread reputation and influence, amounting in comparison to a degree of holiness aristocracy. This failure to receive a prophet in the name of a prophet, and give a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, in our judgment invalidates the scripturalness of their professions, and endangers the final rejection, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

This principle of judgment is applicable to various questions: as to a man's political action when parties are corrupt; loss of employment for Sabbath observance; persecution for rebuke of national iniquity, refusal to bear arms in an unrighteous cause, etc.

There is a point of still greater moment, with the consideration of which we close. The most deeply rooted, influential, and controlling of all principles in human society is the religious. Religion is the inspiration and fountain of moral practices. He who would affect society most powerfully, for good or ill, must do it through the medium of these prin-

ciples. Religion corrupted not only weakens the inspiring cause of good morals and beneficence—it poisons the very fountain. Henceforth it must send forth depraved and depraving streams of social activity.

How jealously has God in all the history of the church guarded the purity of the religion he ordained! What barriers of ritual and legal prescription did he build up between the Jews and other peoples! Essentially the same separation is enforced in the New Testament. Says Paul, "The things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God: and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils" (1 Cor. 10: 20). Methods of church administration are indicated, and the evil person required to be put away. 1 Cor. 5: 13. A trespassing brother who refuses to hear the church is to be held as a heathen man and publican. Matt. 18: 17. He is commended who cannot bear them which are evil, and tries and exposes false apostles (Rev. 2: 2); from all which we infer that true holiness sympathizes with Jesus in scourging from the temple of God those who make it a den of thieves, and both obeys and delights in that law which demands the purity and spirituality of the church. Consenting for the sake of peace to harmonize with or endure the apostasies and wickedness of nominal churches, is un-Christ-like, and a fatal compromise of the principles of that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.

HOLINESS—HOW ATTAINED.

We propose by the above caption, not so much the investigation of man's method in seeking as God's process in accomplishing this work for man. God is essentially and underivedly holy. In His own image, originally, made He man holy. Man was as truly holy; his holiness was in nature the same as that of the Maker. It is perhaps unwise to make comparisons as to degrees of holiness between man and God.

One should think and speak reverently concerning "The high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity." It is not in regard to the intensity but the nature of his holiness that man is required to be holy as He which hath called us is holy.

We have seen that with all the strength and perfection of His nature God is holy: *i. e.*, He is righteous, abhorring, repressing, destroying iniquity, fostering and promoting virtue. He is not only subjectively pure in that He thoroughly conforms His emotions, desires, and will, to the dictates of His intelligence; but His intellect always approving of that which is true and right, He chooses, wills, performs that which is right, and wholly delights with infinite and intense satisfaction, in the true and pure, both abstract and in connection with responsible intelligence and character. Hence, "The Lord trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth. Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup. For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his coun-

tenance doth behold the upright" (Psa. 11:5-7).

Man was created with the same holy disposition. In the constitution of his soul there was the same adjustment of his varied powers both to each other and to truth and righteousness. We need not dwell upon the extent of his ruin by the fall and the dreadful depravity that since unhappily distinguishes him. Suffice it that God purposes his restoration: not indeed here to those glorious, unimpaired powers he then possessed; that final consummation is reserved for the day of resurrection. But a readjustment of those powers by which they shall be here again attuned to harmony with God, and truth, and purity.

Two sad effects resulted from the fall. Man's soul was bereft of the life-giving, ennobling society of its Maker; and his powers fell into derangement, and gross abnormal development. He became selfish, corrupt, a victim and a monster of lust and rapacious tempers.

The gospel scheme, instituted for his recovery, requires the fulfillment of two conditions: reunion with the offended and withdrawn Creator; and the purification of the heart from those desires and dispositions by which its harmony with itself and with God and holiness was lost. The first involves the new birth, the soul's introduction into the kingdom and family of God, and such impartation of Divine life as favor and union with God implies, a life of faith and spirituality and heavenly-mindedness dominating the earthly, sensual and devilish. The other is quite distinct in nature, the purification of such

new born souls from those inhering corruptions which defile the heart they cannot control.

To enquire why God does not at once fully restore to purity and holiness the soul into which He comes to dwell at conversion, is as wise as to ask why He does not make the blades of corn a ripened ear, or an infant a full grown man. Whether or not He does so restore the soul depends on the testimony of experience and of Scripture. The first truly apprehended and obtained is probably universally in the negative. The latter is varied in kind but uniform in effect to the same end.

Perhaps as just an explanation as any that may be given of the reason of God's dealings in this matter, is that the work of purification being totally distinct in nature it is as reasonable to make it a test of obedience and faithfulness to a converted person to seek the extirpation of sin, as it is to condition pardon on the repentance of a sinner. Besides it is in harmony with the system of salvation to supply the soul's felt needs in answer to believing supplication. And the gross heart of a guilty transgressor cannot discern properly impurity or unlikeness to God. He deals with the question of relationship, not conformity. When forgiven and made sensibly alive to God, and the joy of heirship to holy association and heaven fills the soul, then first is one prepared to appreciate the nature of holiness, discern and lament his unlikeness to God, and intelligently aspire after purity of heart. Thus is this blessing like other gifts from the Father bestowed on terms of asking and receiving,

seeking and finding. The penitent sinner, because he could not, neither asked nor received, neither sought nor found, this experience.

With two observations we close: From the above appears the necessity, not simply of an assumed pardon, but of a genuine Divine regeneration, or new birth, of a soul in order to intelligently apprehend the nature and receive the experience of true holiness; and also the necessity of conviction of heart depravity in order to its removal upon the terms of the gospel.

HOLINESS—HOW ATTAINED.

We have seen that the nature of man's sinfulness is such that a work of purification is required to eradicate the depravity of the heart subsequently to pardon and adoption. The holiness required of man in order to fellowship with God is not limited to his activities, nor even to his motives; he must be holy as to his whole moral nature. All those powers and susceptibilities of his soul which render him capable of emotion, thought, desire, propensity, and disposition, must be so purified that their spontaneous and normal action will harmonize with Divine purity. Man is as responsible for this state of the affections as for the standing of the will and wrong action—in this sense, that he can not will or act in purity without regenerating grace, more than he can think and feel in purity without sanctifying grace, both of which are offered him. And that element in the

Divine holiness which demands the sinner's submission to converting grace in order to fellowship with God, likewise demands of the believer submission to sanctifying grace in order to continued fellowship.

All of God's work in man's soul is in the direction of holiness. The work of grace in the heart of the convert is a pure, a holy work. Born of God, his new desires and affections, inspired by the Spirit, are truly holy. His new born love to God, causes him instinctively and indignantly to hate iniquity. So his obedience is from right motives. In this respect the regenerate soul has real, though incomplete holiness.

Yet he has also, as matter of experience, which the Bible recognizes, assumes, and provides against, elements of unholiness. Roots of bitterness, springing up trouble him exceedingly. He becomes distinctly conscious of the presence and power of a terrible evil within him. It is well if he fall not by its deceptive and insidious influence. Hezekiah was truly pious and in prayer prevailed with God to the lengthening of his life; but when the messengers from the king of Babylon came, he was betrayed by vanity to exhibit his treasures, and became subject to Divine reproof and judgment. Jehoshaphat feared and loved God, yet he joined affinity with Ahab, and was thus rebuked: "Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord?" Peter was a true and zealous disciple; but was over-confident, unduly impulsive, and at length overcome disgracefully by disappointment and fear. Barnabas had

been a good man, full of the Holy Ghost; but being carried away by Peter's dissimulation he lost the sanctifying grace and through undue fondness and sympathy for a relative continued with him and separated from his divinely appointed coadjutor in missionary work. In all these cases, the evil was in the heart underneath and co-existent with the generally dominating power of regenerating grace. They needed not to sin. Under the same circumstances, wholly sanctified they could still have yielded to temptation; but in all probability would not. With the heart-evils washed away, they would doubtless have easily repelled the outward temptations. Thus the regenerate man, the habit of whose life is loving obedience to God, is truly holy. At the same time the smouldering fires of inherited sinfulness within expose him to sad danger of falling under the power of some sudden and surprising temptation, and warn him to flee to the fountain of cleansing from heart corruptions. In view of the existence of these corruptions, conscious or unknown, he may also be truly regarded as unholy; *i. e.*, not entirely holy. To him the mandate applies, "Be ye holy." He is the person exhorted to "cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness." How shall it be done? We answer, by coming to the fountain of cleansing as the sinner comes for pardon, to the precious blood of Jesus. A direct answer to the question, "How shall holiness be obtained?" might be given, "By faith." God purifies the heart by faith, and thus makes men in the full sense holy.

So long as one wrong temper, desire, or propensity remains in the soul this work is not wrought. No experiences of blessing; of joy, or power, or answered prayer; can substitute this positive, complete purification.

It is important to note that the faith by which purification is received must with reasonable clearness apprehend the nature of the work to be wrought. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." But the desiring, asking, and believing for certain things, implies the seeing of those things. The asking and believing is for definite things; so there must be a definite view of those things. If the making holy relates to the destruction of depravity by the purifying of the heart, there can be no "shorter way" to holiness than by conviction of such depravity. In a future article we shall speak of feeling as connected with conviction and desire of purity. We introduce the subject of conviction at this point because it appears to be dangerously slighted in much so-called holiness teaching. We have known a person loaded down with a profusion of showy jewelry, in a holiness meeting attended by a number of able ministers, to put up a pitiful complaint because some objected to her mode of dress, while the prevailing tone of the meeting was to exhort people to look away from themselves to Christ. We insist that to teach faith to seekers of holiness in the absence of such revelations of depravity as will lead to conviction of its existence and sinfulness, is to teach a delusion. The

Divine order is, "Be it unto you according to your faith," and this we have seen respects a definite work needed and desired. Otherwise the faith of the seeker of pardon would secure full holiness, in as much as he knows that the holy God requires men to be in a general sense holy.

Conviction of unholiness may be produced by comparison of man's thoughts, feelings and desires, with those of God, and by the application of the law to his heart activities. Such conviction must be produced or he will never seek its removal. In the absence of a knowledge of heart impurity, one may receive precious manifestations of Divine love, may ask and receive remarkable answers to prayer, may seek and obtain much happiness; but he can not seek nor receive holiness. Holiness is obtained by that faith in the cleansing efficacy of atoning blood which moves God to extirpate confessed evils and sinfulness of nature coexisting with a sense of adoption.

ATTAINMENT OF HOLINESS—REGENERATION— PURIFICATION.

A more important topic for investigation has not been heretofore announced. We attempt it with hesitation. The wretched condition of affairs in the ordinary religious world and the almost fatal stumbling of the modern so-called holiness movement, relate directly to the point involved in a comparison of the nature and relations of the works of grace

above indicated. In discussing the nature of holiness, its God-likeness in feeling, disposition, and action, has been shown. The question before us is, How much of this holy affection and practical righteousness is wrought by regeneration? How much remains to be accomplished by purification? How do they differ?

There are very important bearings of this question. If purification so differs in nature and conditions that it can only be wrought subsequently to regeneration; and if the nature and evidences of the latter are such that the average character and life of nominal Christians disprove its possession, then is their dangerous condition painfully exposed, and also the folly and delusion of professedly leading them from their present standing into a state of true holiness.

A modern work on this subject from a standpoint not inheriting Methodist traditions, yet apparently affiliating with the holiness movement, treats the seventh of Romans as exhibiting the Christian experience of the Apostle Paul, who groans under the bondage of conquering sin, and then, as might be expected, represents entire sanctification as simply a state of assured and constant victory over this enemy of the soul's peace.

The more common error in teaching holiness, if we rightly observe, is to pass so lightly over the whole question of regeneration as related to experience, that the mind is carried from assumed pardon unconfirmed by evidences of regeneration, to the necessity of a subsequent work by which the affections

shall be renewed and grace become the practically controlling principle of the life. In such a case the danger of mistaking conversion for entire sanctification, will be apparent to every discerning mind,—yea, even the danger that a superstructure whose foundation is sand may fall and involve its occupant in utter ruin. With many, a favorite comparison appears to be made between the wandering Israelites in the wilderness and the condition of justified believers. The illustration would be far clearer, if the disobedient multitude, under the judgment of God, were taken as representatives of a backslidden, worldly church of the present day, and Caleb and Joshua, with their loyalty and loving zeal, as types of the truly justified.

The purposes of truth would be better served by a habit of speech contrasting regeneration with entire sanctification, rather than making justification the first term of comparison. Converted souls are justified, and persons wholly sanctified can never be more than justified. Disobedient failure to go on to perfection forfeits the divine favor implied in justification. The attention of the church needs to be turned to the necessity, nature and evidences of regeneration. A late writer from India, in the *Central Advocate*, says: "Here everybody counts himself as a Christian who is not a Hindoo, or a Musselman, or a Parsee, and most of these boldly insist upon their right to the name, no matter if they do lie, or cheat, or swear, or commit adultery. Even the numerous prostitutes of the capital of India are put down in the city direc-

tory as Christians. And men and women live together in adultery for years, observing family worship every day. These reprobates will bow or kneel in prayer, on entering the house of God, with as much outward reverence as though they had never done anything in their lives but walk with God." Is there no similar tendency in this land? The above shocking state of affairs is attributed mainly to the ritualism of the English church; and constitutes as severe a charge as we have ever known made upon Freemasonry, or an American church. The cure for such a condition of things is not to be sought in glowing contrasts between such justified souls as those and persons sweetly and beautifully sanctified; but rather in scriptural truth and a corrected standard concerning regeneration.

In its theological import this term includes the Scripture idea of the new birth, and signifies the change of heart in conversion invariably accompanying pardon. It is the principle and power of Divine grace planted deep in the subsoil of the soul's moral nature, dominating all its tendencies to depravity, and producing a fervent spirit and practical righteousness. The crying demand of this day on the holiness question is to teach the holiness of regeneration. A moment's reflection will show that no person scripturally converted, having the glad testimony of adoption, joyous in love to God, triumphant over the world and sin, can reach the practical level of the average professor of religion without loss of first love, an actual falling from

grace. To treat this low level of selfish worldliness and practical unrighteousness as a state of justification is a burning disgrace to American Christianity, and a crime in holiness teachers.

“Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world.” “He that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not.” “Who-soever is born of God doth not commit sin.” “If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.”

All the spiritual affections of a soul wholly sanctified exist in and control the temper and life of regenerate persons. Such are alive to God, have a spirit of devotion, are given to prayer and praise, love the assembly of the saints, have their conversation in heaven, live holily, justly and unblamably. Read Bunyan and Baxter, and behold the spirituality, discernment of sin’s subtle devices and shunning of iniquity attributed to a state of regeneration.

Purification relates to the removal of controlled depravity which defiles and weakens the heart of the humble, obedient, and practically holy, child of God. It is necessary to confirm and maintain this righteousness of the regenerate, and vastly increases their love, joy, zeal and power. Without it, the pride, lust, avarice, anger, and other evils of an un-sanctified heart, will be morally certain; partly from their native tendencies, and partly from the neglect and disobedience implied in the failure to expel them; to involve the soul in disaster, and ultimately in condemnation and death.

However, if this purification is to be genuine and

fruitful, the saintship of the regenerate must be recognized, and a type of conversions secured which will separate from an ungodly world and bind the whole brotherhood of believers together in full fellowship, rather than introduce into the church a select class, a virtual holiness caste.

HOLINESS ATTAINED—ITS EVIDENCE AND RELATION
TO THE BAPTISM AND FULNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

If the truth as heretofore presented in these articles relative to the nature of holiness is kept distinctly in view, it will appear there is no great liability to mistake in the experience of purification. If the witness of pardon is clear, and the evidences of a concomitant state of regeneration are manifest; the believer having separated himself from ungodliness and ungodly men, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, and enjoying communion with God and saints; conviction for and the removal of heart impurity, will readily distinguish itself from conversion. There being no sense of guilt, but a groaning for conformity to all the will and image of God, the mind is certainly as likely to discern truly the nature of its own exercises in seeking purity, and the Spirit's operation in cleansing, as to understand the work of conversion.

The blessed consciousness of purification will closely attest and confirm the Spirit's direct certificate that the work is wrought, and justify not the profession of one's belief that it is done, but of his

experience of cleansing. There will then be added the testimony of experience as time progresses evidencing the absence of unholy dispositions and desires and all defiling propensities of heart, together with the powerful prevalence of universal love, and the bowels and mercies of Christ. Compassion and the spirit of sacrifice and labor will be found hand in hand with indignant hatred of injustice, oppression, hypocrisy, and all other sins; especially perversion of religious truth. Integrity will not only be found perfect in the will, but the inmost affections of the heart will gladly respond to any call that God may make for the sacrifice of reputation in the cause of truth, or of friendships, property, time and energies, in the promotion of righteousness.

There is no more reason to suspect that God would withhold the Spirit's direct testimony to a work differing so much in nature from justification as the purifying of the heart; and yet so important to peace and usefulness, and essential to His continued favor and heaven; than that He would withhold the witness of adoption. Accordingly the Scripture teaches (1 Cor. 2:12) that "we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God." And the experience of the sanctified accords therewith. Perfected holiness relates directly to the purification of the heart from inbred sin. This operation of the Spirit makes man holy. So converts are born of the inward operation

of the Spirit. But this life-giving and purifying agency of the Spirit may be distinguished from the illumination, comfort, guidance and power, which it is His office to impart. And though these belong to the positive side of the works of regeneration and sanctifying grace, yet the measure in which they will be apprehended and enjoyed will depend somewhat upon the exercise of a specific faith for that end. It is often said that purity is power. This is true in no other sense than may be affirmed of regeneration. They are the conditions of the Spirit's indwelling, who should always be recognized as the source of wisdom, joy and power. So that the measure of one's power will be the degree in which his faith recognizes and receives the Holy Spirit in His personal presence as an indwelling source and supply of spiritual power.

It is a peculiarity of the new dispensation that converted souls receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. There is a baptism of the Spirit imparted to true converts under the Christian economy, giving illumination, comfort and power, which distinguishes them from believers under the old dispensation. The common references to Pentecost and the previous condition of the apostles, intended to identify the baptism of the Spirit with entire sanctification are unsatisfactory inasmuch as the circumstances and privileges of the two dispensations so materially differ. And this confusion of thought has probably much to do with the low, worldly type of conversions recognized in the churches. "He that

is least [the new convert] in the kingdom of God is greater than" John, in that he receives a measure of that peculiar impartation of the Spirit by which rivers of living water flow out of the soul. For in John's day the Holy Ghost was not yet given. So true it is that converted souls discern the spirituality of method, aim and end, of Christ's kingdom, and are clothed upon with freedom, joy and power, as it was not the privilege of the apostles themselves to be before Pentecost. This baptism of the Spirit distinguishes the adoption of sons from the acceptance of those of old who feared God and worked righteousness. Yet manifestly, converts are clothed with various measures of the power of this Spirit baptism. So the inheritance of the wholly sanctified is to be filled with the Spirit, a measure differing from the lesser impartations, and especially from fulness of mere sensible blessings. That the convert should be able to say, "I was as happy as I could live," or later in experience, "I was blessed at such a time all I could contain," is not to the point. For the instance in question relates to the Spirit's personal, permanent indwelling, and not to visions, manifestations, or revelations. One may be with Jesus as truly filled with the Spirit amid the shades and sorrows of Gethsemane as when encompassed with the glories of Tabor. This abiding presence of the Spirit, apprehended and retained by faith, entirely independent of particular emotions, is a blessed experience, and is the secret of the freshness and power

of some growing experiences, in contrast with the dryness and comparatively empty and dwarfed experiences of others who may have been purified. The language of the New Testament to some is, "Did ye receive the Holy Spirit when ye believed?" (Am. R. V.) Of others, "They were all filled with the Holy Spirit." Let none stop short of the clearest realization of the fulness of the Spirit's personal presence.

HOLINESS DESIRABLE.

My desires were first permanently attracted to the experience of heart purity by reading the Memoir of Carvosso. His constant serenity and cheerfulness, deep and abiding spirituality, great faith and power with God and men, all evidently springing from his entire sanctification, give great beauty to his character. There is also a beauty in purity alone considered. And when such heavenly-mindedness and usefulness are contrasted with the low, selfish, pleasure-loving, and worldly life of professors who know nothing of this experience, its beauty is made the more attractive to one who has anything of the life and love of Christ.

Entire sanctification is necessary to perpetuate a state of justification. First, in view of the Divine command. But particularly to remain justified, one must maintain the victory of a regenerate state over the carnal desires, tempers and propensities of the soul. In order to do this, purity of heart is necessary; for though regeneration implies controlling

and keeping grace, it will appear from the prevalent experience of the church, and from the natural tendency of heart corruptions, to be practically impossible to maintain this victory without aiming directly at their destruction when revealed. Not only does the outward life of the church generally evidence a want of devotion, and a spirit of pleasure and worldliness together with practical unrighteousness, inconsistent with a regenerate spirit; but the confessions and testimonies of the more serious show painfully that they are too generally the weaker party in the struggle with the heart evils. The same is shown by those general revivings which occur in protracted religious efforts, and those humiliations and blessings when death approaches, neither of which raise them above, if indeed they reach, the devotional and victorious spirit of their first conversion. What means this almost universal defection, assuming the complexion of a religious law? For a considerable time true converts maintain the spirit of fervor and victory over the world, which shows the triumphant nature of regeneration. During this period they have not generally become conscious of the sinful nature of those elements arising up to trouble them, or have not learned the provision made for their deliverance. Afterwards they settle back into a wilderness state,

“Where they wander weary years,
Often hindered in their journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments,
Thickly sprinkled all the way,”

until alas! too many fall there fatally and forever. It is the nature of the regenerate spirit to seek purity. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure" (1 John 3: 3). Equally so it is the natural tendency of the carnality in the heart to break out into open action and acquire ascendancy.

So when evil desire or wrong temper is discovered in the soul, not only does the failure to mortify and purge out the carnality cut one off from Divine grace and strength by disobedient neglect, but the indulgence of these tempers gives them growth and strength to prevail over the spiritual graces. Pride, anger, fear of man, love of pleasure, unbelief, avarice, or desire of honor, is yielded to and the soul brought under condemnation. Then follow painful struggles to regain the lost ground, until, the conscience weakened and benumbed by defeat, ceases the conflict, and the deluded soul accepts this degraded condition of bondage to transgression as the normal experience of established Christian life. Thus the nominal church, instead of being in a state of justification, is more generally, if its members have ever been truly converted, in a state of wilderness disobedience and backslidings, shorn of her beauty and strength, where Christ is dishonored and wounded anew in the house of His friends. Is there any remedy for this state of things? Yes, a cure absolute, practical and glorious. Purity will remove the whole bent to backsliding by eradicating unbelief, fear, and love of the world, and so enthrone Christ in the

affections, that the whole life of the individual and church becomes at once consistent and vigorous. Heavenly-mindedness, fidelity and zeal, make the character beautiful and glorious, and Christ is honored among men by the purity and fruitfulness of His people. There are many living saints whose resignation and patience, whose purity and love, and whose fidelity and ceaseless energy, show this to be a practicable realization. Holiness brings the soul into full communion with God, where prayer becomes a delight, and one can talk with Him face to face as with a friend. O how the heart can then pour out its burden of complaint and desire, make its requests known, and dwell in the secret place of the Most High. Holiness brings God into the soul with fullness of joy and strength. It brings the life of heaven to earth and hallows all human relationships. It removes the jarrings of discordant wills, the vexations, disappointments, and anxieties, that are born of ambition and worldly desires. It sweetens every cup of sorrow, makes burdens light, and exalts the aim and end of life to the eternal and heavenly. A soul thus sanctified can glory in tribulation, and shout triumphantly in prospect of death. Thus joined to God it dwells here in firmest confidence of heaven, and sings:

“A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear;
Its evils, in a moment end;
Its joys as soon are past;
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.”

Holiness is absolutely essential to usefulness. Purity, spirituality, and unity in the church are necessary to impress men with its example. Self-denial and renunciation of the world are requisite to turning the attention of the church to soul saving. And heart purity is necessary to supply the flame of devotion, love and zeal required to accomplish the end. It supplies the illumination and power necessary to prevail with God and find access to men. An unsanctified man can not discern the devices of Satan, the hidings and workings of carnality, and the refuges and excuses of sinners, sufficiently to do faithful and successful work in winning, probing and healing souls. Nor can he with sufficient clearness discern the leadings of the Spirit to secure the requisite wisdom and help in making his approaches and suiting his addresses to the wicked. And since the love of Christ constrains those who are regenerate to "seek the wandering souls of men," holiness as a qualification must be infinitely desirable.

HOLINESS OBLIGATORY.

Many weighty motives constrain the believer to perfect holiness in the fear of God. The same considerations which render it desirable prove its obligation. But first and above all the will of God binds the conscience to its attainment. One passage of Scripture exhibits the requirement of both Testaments: "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation, because it is

written, Be ye holy; for I am holy" (1 Peter 1: 15, 16). God is holy, the law is holy, our faith is a most holy faith, designed to bring us into communion with the Holy Spirit here and to a holy heaven. Is it strange that "this is the will of God, even our sanctification?" The whole scheme of Scripture aims manifestly at the transformation of sinners into saints, at the production of holy character, at fitness for fellowship with God, to make us "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." To deny this would be little else than blasphemy. To accomplish this purpose requires reconciliation, regeneration, purification. To reject one step in the saving process is as fatal as to reject all. The command to be holy is as peremptory and binding as to repent. The one applies to the sinner, the other is laid upon the converted person. Neglect in the one case is as certain disobedience as in the other. There are more and higher considerations obliging the believer to purification than the sinner to repentance. Disobedience in the one case will as certainly ensure condemnation and death as in the other.

Provision has been made for our purification: the blood, the truth, the Spirit. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1: 7). "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth" (John 17: 17). "God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth" (2 Thess. 2: 13). "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar

people, zealous of good works" (Titus 2: 14). "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2: 3.) Consider the will of God, the design in giving Christ to redeem us, the love and mercy which prompted the sacrifice, and inquire, Can these provisions of grace be neglected with impunity? If we may refuse to be cleansed, why may not a sinner refuse to be forgiven and born of the Spirit? But what motive could lead a child of God to decline this purification? He must either shrink from the pain of crucifixion, or deliberately prefer the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. And will not either course separate him from the love of Christ? Those insensible souls who cannot feel responsibility or sense Divine obligation, cannot be regarded as in a regenerate state.

Purification is essential to continued fellowship with God. Consider the nature of holiness. As certainly as it loves righteousness it hates iniquity. When the revealing Spirit brings up to the surface of consciousness the hidden evil of the heart, its nature being recognized and the means of its removal, holiness demands that the believer "cleanse himself from all filthiness of flesh and Spirit." To neglect is disobedience; is sinning. Holiness in God demands that He enforce this obligation as a condition of His fellowship. Otherwise He would approve the moral character that deliberately prefers depravity to purity, or at least yields to idolatrous desires and affections. This consent of the soul to remain impure, this preference of depravity

gives it an inward attitude of opposition to the will of God, and works immediate forfeiture of justification.

Holiness as a condition of usefulness has been considered. The desire to be useful in winning souls is the response of gratitude, the instinct of the new born spirit. But the claims of the law of holiness underlie the operations of the Spirit of grace. Jesus says, "Ye are the light of the world." Heartless unbelief and cold indifference responds, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yea, verily, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." "Hereby perceive we the love of God because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." To question whether heart purity will increase usefulness, is to doubt whether faith will be strengthened by purging away unbelief, and love and zeal increased by the removal of selfish and worldly desires. It is to question whether God will take a purified, fervent spirit into closer union and greater intimacy of communing with Himself, than one defiled by sin and cold in spiritual affections. Whether, in fact, to be filled with the yearning Spirit, who "maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered," adds anything to the prospect of prevailing at the throne of grace. The Christian, then is under most solemn obligation to secure this qualification for winning men and promoting the varied interests of Christ's kingdom.

There are, besides, obligations of consistency

growing out of our professions and relations. The convert has received forgiveness at the hand of God, by which the long catalogue of his crimes has been canceled, and the lowering storm-cloud of Divine wrath averted. From being an heir of hell, he has been adopted into the family of a King and made heir to mansions in glory. He has tasted that the Lord is gracious, and partaken of the Divine nature. He sees the corruption of the pit out of which he has been taken, and rejoices in the freedom, purity and glory, of a new life in fellowship with saints and angels. He sees the nature and excellency and obligation of holiness, as no sinner realizes his obligations. By such considerations is he prompted to avail himself of the full benefits of atoning mercy. If he may now refuse the purifying blood, why may not the sinner rest easy? Surely the higher obligation presses the one who professes his love for Christ and truth and holiness to move out into the fulness of light and life and love.

Besides, he has perchance obligated himself by public covenant pledge to seek diligently until this prize is gained. Neglect in such a case adds guilt of broken vows made at the altars of a religion that teaches truth in the inward parts. O God, forgive, and send thy life-giving Spirit to quicken benumbed consciences and dead hearts.

HOLINESS ATTAINED BY FAITH.

After all that has been said, and justly said, of the necessity of thorough conviction, deep feeling, strong desire, and complete consecration, it must never be forgotten that sanctification is by faith. Yea, by faith alone. God forbid that we should put that honor upon man's feelings or works in seeking holiness which belongs to Christ. What is faith? That belief and trust which brings the helpless soul to God for blessing. Faith is the hand of the confiding child put forth for the gift offered by the parent. It is the channel through which blessing comes. It is that in the seeker which gives God an opportunity to do the work for man, and have the fact that He does it recognized, and the glory returned to Him.

Faith must not be in faith. "Can faith save him?" For this very purpose, doubtless, is it ordained as the one only immediate condition of all grace, that by it the salvation may appear to be of God. There is no virtue or power in faith to save. God saves, and faith receives the gift, and gives Him all praise. Conviction is a necessity in order to seeking and believing. Consecration is a divinely ordained prerequisite. "Present your bodies a living sacrifice * * and be not conformed to this world, * * that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable and perfect will of God." But faith alone is the condition of sanctification as of justification.

Nor must the faith be in tears, groanings and strivings, as though these could render the soul acceptable and worthy to be cleansed. For salvation is by

grace. "Grace first contrived the way," and Jesus in the fulness of His own grace gave Himself for us. We are saved, justified, sanctified, for Jesus' sake.

For His own glory, "the God of peace * * * through the blood of the everlasting covenant, makes us perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in us that which is well pleasing in his sight."

Neither is it wise to lay too much stress on any particular formula of believing, as that, "He now doeth it." This will be applicable at a certain stage in every believers' experience, but would be inapplicable and untrue at every other point in his progress. And as that point may not be easily discernible by another person, its use as an assistant is of doubtful character. Independently of such prerequisites as conviction, energetic purpose, ardent desire, contrition of spirit, and a perfect consecration, God has not promised and will not "now do it." And seeing it is possible, as a mere mental exercise, for any person, no matter in what state of preparation or want of preparation, to adopt such a formula, there is liability to deception. It is better to secure the aid of the Spirit, whose unutterable groanings in the believer will lead up to the crisis when the use of this particular pivotal belief will bear the soul over the sandbars of doubt into the safe harbor of rest.

The true exercise of faith relates to the provisions of grace, and the assured will and promise of God. Theoretically the seeker is already persuaded that the gospel provisions include heart purity for him. But in order to soul reliance or trust he needs to look

more at their amplitude and certainty. Of Jesus it is said, He "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." The purpose of God in bringing many sons unto glory, there to ascribe honor unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, is to make them here meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. Can we doubt the efficacy of that blood which Jesus said is shed for the remission of sins, to completely wash them all away as well as to procure forgiveness? He says, "Blessed are the pure in heart;" and again, "Blessed are they that wash their robes (Rev. 22: 14, R. V.) that they may have the right to come to the tree of life, and may enter in by the gates into the city." He is declared able to save unto the uttermost, and this heart washing is an essential part of salvation. "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." Such are the gracious provisions for our purification. And as to the will and purpose of God, it is not only said to be "our sanctification;" but "that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Says Paul, "I also labor, striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily."

Attention may also be profitably called to the

operation of faith in connection with the Jewish system of sacrifices, by which its rational and deliberate character as a business transaction is illustrated. "For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?"

Faith should be strengthened by feeding it such truths as are adapted to the end in view, and encouraged by placing before its eyes the grounds of confidence that God, who desires and wills our purification for His own glory, and for the honor of Christ in our fruitfulness, is "faithful, who also will do it." Assure the seeker of the assistance of the prevailing Spirit, until he yields his own dissolving spirit into His gracious hands to be borne through the travail of this second spiritual birth into the fulness of Divine life.

We advise the seeker of purity in view of the will of God, its absolute necessity in order to continued justification and heaven, its desirableness in order to full happiness and usefulness, and the gracious and abundant provisions for its attainment, to form by the aid of the Holy Spirit the deathless determination to become holy. Count well the cost and determine to sacrifice the right eye and hand and foot to buy.

Bring all your precious things to God; and considering that He alone must do the work, that He is

able and willing and wills to do it now, determine that it shall now be done. Yes, now! You will have to come to this point and may as well reach it at this moment. Here Satan will make his last and strongest stand. This is the critical point. Here comes the death of self. This decided, yield into the hands of the helping Spirit, and He will carry you through. As He leads the way, surrender, devote, believe, trust, and when He puts His moulding hand on your plastic spirit, praise God for victory through the blood. The work is done. Amen! Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.

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Damon, C M

Sketches and incidents; or, Reminiscences of interest in the life of the author, with an appendix containing treatises on "The ministration of the spirit," "National religion," and "On holiness," with other matter. Chicago, Free Methodist Publishing House, 1900.
2 p.l., 7, viii-xiv, 15-366p. port. 20cm.

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