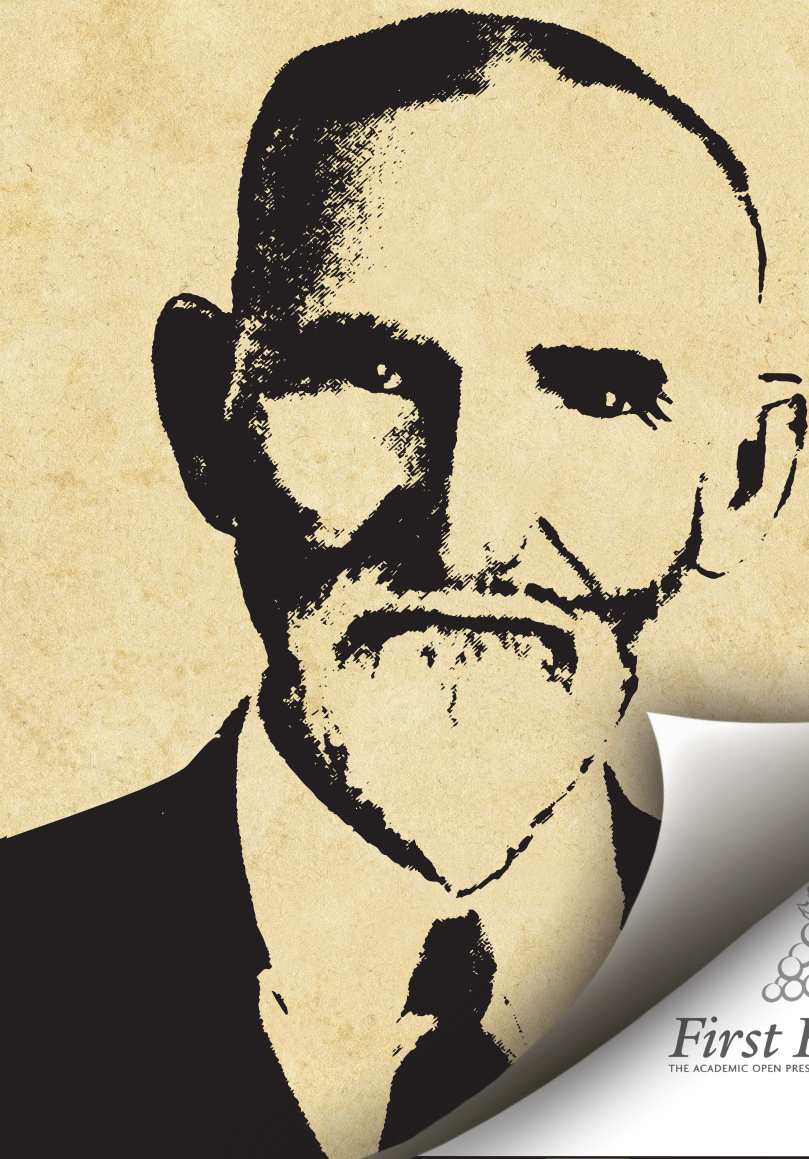


— THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF —
Thaddeus Lafayette Adams



First Fruits
THE ACADEMIC OPEN PRESS OF ASBURY SEMINARY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
THADDEUS LAFAYETTE ADAMS

*First Fruits Press
Wilmore, Kentucky
c2016*

Autobiography of Thaddeus Lafayette Adams.

First Fruits Press, ©2016

Previously published by the author, 1942?

ISBN: 9781621715474 (print) 9781621715481 (digital) 9781621715498 (kindle)

Digital version at <http://place.asburyseminary.edu/firstfruitsheritagematerial/131/>

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204 N. Lexington Ave.
Wilmore, KY 40390
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Adams, Thaddeus Lafayette, 1857-

Autobiography of Thaddeus Lafayette Adams [electronic resource].
Wilmore, Kentucky : First Fruits Press, ©2016.

1 online resource (219 pages) : digital.

Reprint. Previously published: [Los Angeles, CA : T.L. Adams, 1942?]

ISBN - 13: 9781621715481 (electronic)

1. Adams, Thaddeus Lafayette, 1857- 2. Methodist Episcopal Church--Clergy--Biography. Evangelists--United States--Biography. I. Title.

BX8495.A325 A3 2016eb

Cover design by Jonathan Ramsay



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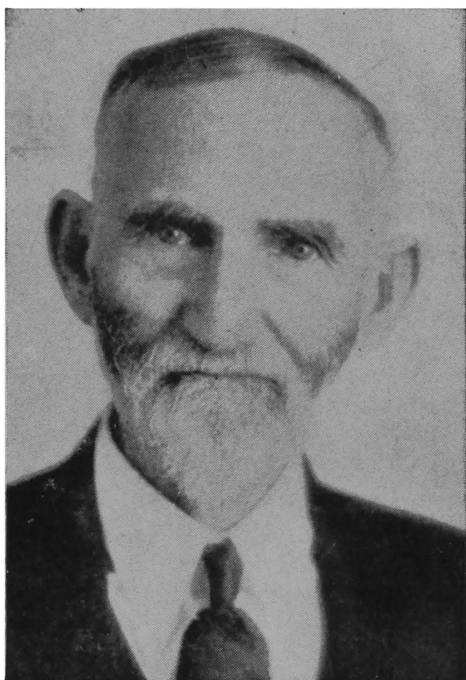
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
Thaddeus Lafayette Adan



T. L. Adams
EVANGELIST
At 80 years of age.

P R E F A C E

When I look back on my life, for nearly 85 years
I see little worth recording, but:

“When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My ransomed soul surveys;
Transported with the view,
I’m lost in wonder, love and praise.”

I am constantly wondering:

“Why did He love me so? Why did He
love me so?
Why did my Saviour to Calvary go?
Why did He love me so?”

To show how He won my wandering heart, and
conquered my stubborn will, pardoned my many sins
(Isa. 55:6,7), purified my heart (Acts 15:8,9), sancti-
fied and keeps me ready for heaven (1 Peter 1:5), is the
object of this, my fifth book.

T. L. ADAMS

419 N. Juanita Ave.
Los Angeles, California

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
THADDEUS LAFAYETTE ADAMS

At the solicitation of Philip Adams, LL.B., my youngest son, I am in my 83rd year undertaking an Autobiography. Many important events have been forgotten, and many things that I remember I covet to forget—would be of no interest to the reader. But a providential hand has shielded and protected me as I have yielded myself to Him, specially.

I can say to His glory: I have been kept all these years without a surgical operation, taking an anesthetic, or spending a night in a hospital, and for the last 20 years with Divine health.

My father, Jeremiah Mitchel Adams, a Virginian, was of an upright, noble, honorable type of man; more than once elected magistrate in his precinct. And for a mother God certainly blessed me with one of the best, most conscientious, consistent of Christians. She was soundly converted at age of nine at an old-fashioned Methodist camp meeting; her father an exhorter in the Methodist Church. Watching her for sixty years I do not recall one inconsistent act or expression. When she promised to reward us children for excellent conduct, we could depend on it, and when she threatened to punish us for disobedience or naughtiness, she would give full tale—do a good job. I have observed some parents chasten their children just enough to anger them, then stop; but she conquered us, and when she got through we didn't want it repeated. I feared once she was killing my sister Donie, but when she grew up to be one of the best women of the land, being awarded a gas stove and a barrel of flour for making the best biscuits in the state of Tennessee, and could take her Bible and compete with the best preachers of the land, I decided, she knew better how to discipline children than I did, and that Solomon was right when he said: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying" (Prov. 19:18), and "Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell" (Prov. 23:14). Think of the souls in hell today who might now be in heaven had they been disciplined and trained up in the way they should have gone!

I look back with sincere gratitude to my parents for the welcome accorded me into their poverty-stricken home as the eighth boy and ninth child, as I never had an intimation that I was not wanted or appreciated.

I was born December 27, 1857, two miles south of

Purdy, Tenn., County Seat of McNairy County, out among the plain farmers where there were not many temptations to draw one away from the path of uprightness. God blessed me with a noble band of Christian brothers and sisters, whose lives and conversation beckoned me on to the path of rectitude. In my growing up I did not see but one person smoking cigarettes. Some smoked pipes or cigars, but no one ever inhaled, never heard of a girl or young lady smoking. Some of them dipped snuff, and not a few old ladies smoked a pipe; many men chewed tobacco. We grew our own tobacco, and all the family learned to use it save my youngest sister. Four of the family suffered from stomach trouble, three of heart failure, and one died of paralysis; all traceable to deadly nicotine.

While I indulged in its use I was tormented with heartburn, my stomach would burn till, if I could not get a drink of water, I would throw up my food. But since abstaining from its use I am never thus affected.

Banks were not commonly used in those days, but surplus gold or silver was hid in an old stocking or buried in an old pot in a secluded place in the ground. The dream of boys plowing about an old abandoned home was to turn up a pot of such wealth.

The principle investment of those days was in colored slaves. One enterprising old lady in our neighborhood sold ginger cakes to earn money to buy a slave at \$1000. It was said it took nearly half a day to count out the dimes. Once, as she carried her cakes to market, her horse stumbled, throwing her off and her arm was broken. While it was being set she enquired if her cakes were alright.

When I was eight years of age Abraham Lincoln set the Negroes free, reducing us to poverty. I never knew just how many father owned. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did not give our attitude toward the slaves. They were treated very much like the rest of the family. My mother corresponded with them long after they went away.

The Civil War followed the loss of our slaves. The soldiers robbed us as high as three times a day, taking everything they wanted, throwing all our corn into their forage wagons, shooting and loading our fattening hogs on top, and driving away without saying Good By, leaving us to "root hog or die," killing every goose, chicken, turkey or duck on the place. We were fortunate if we could scrape up grease sufficient to make a bowl of thickened gravy. But for a beneficent Providence we must have starved. Salt was so scarce people had to dig up the dirt floor of their smoke houses and boil

out what salt had dripped from the meat hanging above.

To make soap mother would take the ashes from the fireplace, put them in an ash hopper, pour in water which would make strong lye as it ran through and dripped out at the bottom. To this she would add grease. In our poverty she would be obliged to boil in shucks (corn husks) to get grease to make soap to wash our clothes.

There were no ready-made clothes on sale, so Ma would card, spin, weave, cut out, and make our clothes. She would sit up and knit a sock a night; and father would put a cow-hide in the tan yard, and when it was leather make us one pair of shoes a year; he tried to get us all shod around by Christmas. After they wore out we wore the shoes in which we were born—no corns in those days!

While we lived on corn bread, butter, buttermilk, sorghum molasses and biscuits Sunday mornings for breakfast, turkey or chicken occasionally, turnips and turnip greens with plenty of open air exercise, we had no dyspepsia and little sickness; but going to the city, boarding at hotels and restaurants, stomach trouble set in and lasted for many years, till the Lord's touch fixed me up and gave me "Divine Health."

S C H O O L S

No public schools in those days! Sometimes a teacher would come along and go around and secure signers enough to teach two months in the heat of summer or the dead of winter, usually \$2.00 per month, or \$3.00 for two. When we would get out the old blue back speller (Webster's), slate and pencil, we would review what we had forgotten during the five months of work time. The school houses were often plain unhewn log houses, split logs with peg legs for benches, no backs or foot rests, wide fireplaces for heat in cold weather. In hot weather we would tear out the chink and daubing to let in the air. Hours for school usually from sun up till sun down. When the teacher chanced to be a Christian he opened school with reading the Scripture, singing and prayer. The course was usually four R's—Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetick — and Righteousness.

No houses of correction in those days. The teacher usually had a bundle of hickorys setting in the corner from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and his watchful eye usually detected misbehaviour and corrected it on the spot. I recall one boy, Taylor C., who was not disciplined at home and refused discipline at school; he had to be

expelled from every school he attended. In later years he came by Milan where I was in business and said to me: "Fayette, I've learned a lesson in the penitentiary that I should have been taught around my mother's knees, i.e., to obey rightful authority."

MY FIRST AND ONLY WHIPPING AT HOME

Mother had fixed and put in a bucket a hot dinner for father and the bigger boys, and brother Richard, just older than I, was to carry it to them a mile away. I wanted to go but was forbidden of mother. I took the matter into my own hands and went anyway. Coming home in the evening, having forgotten all about the broken commandment, I ran to tell Ma of the birds' nests and other interesting things I had seen, but her memory was better than mine. Going to the cherry tree in the yard she chose a limb, the small end of which seemed to have fire or electricity in it, and I won't tell what followed; but suffice it to say, I learned that disobedience doesn't pay. While I had some narrow escapes, the teacher never had to use one of those hickories on me. Some of the more determined to have their own way got into trouble.

One of my brothers, very pranky by nature, said on arriving to manhood, "Here I am of age to enter on life's duties, and in school I've been trying to have a good time and I am not equipped for my life work." After waking up to the realities of life he took another year of schooling and equipped himself and made a successful business man till he retired an old man. He raised a useful family: one becoming a splendid housewife, one son a drummer, one a successful doctor of dentistry, and his youngest son a judge of the Superior Court.

Aspiring young men, after they were of age, would enter schools of higher grades, often working their way through, and prepare themselves for the more responsible positions of life. All us boys save one did this and became successful preachers, teachers, merchants, and farmers. I attended school at Gadsden, Jackson District High School at Montezuma, and finished up at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

A good education now and then,
Is helpful to the most of men.

CRUDE LIVING

My mother was the love slave, "Fly Wheel," and Hero of our family. For many years, without a range or cook stove, she prepared three hot meals daily, winter

and summer, for her healthy growing family. Later a cheap cast iron stove was added, which was stove into by a falling log from the kitchen during the hurricane; but we fixed it up and used it for many years after. Father told me that in Old Virginia where he was raised, the country girls would often carry in their hands their shoes nearly to church, sit down at the spring branch, wash their feet and put on the shoes and wear them to church. After church they would remove them again and carry them home in their hands. I have seen barefoot young men gallanting their sweethearts home from church.

THE PREACHING

The preaching often was very crude. They would gather at early candle-lighting—if there were any there to light—and if Sister Jones forgot to bring her coal oil lamp it was too bad. No janitors, ushers, or sextons to be bothered with. Many of the preachers were uneducated—would have to spell or mispronounce the words. I heard of one who couldn't pronounce Nebuchadnezzar, and he called it "Ne-buckle-dick-belcher." Another came to "Psalter" and pronounced it "Pestle-tree." Still another, reading Matthew 23:24 about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, read it, "Strain at a gate and swallow down a saw mill." Someone suggested that he spell those words, and he spelled, "Ca-saw Mel-mill, and gnat-gate."

The parson, frequently, was the only one carrying a hymnbook. He would "line" the hymn, i.e., read two lines and the congregation would sing them, and so on till the hymn was finished. No musical instruments used, save sometimes the leader would carry a tuning fork to give the right pitch. Sometimes they would get the tune so high they couldn't reach the high notes. One fellow I heard of singing "My soul, be on thy guard, ten thousands foes arise," got it so high he couldn't reach the high notes, so someone suggested that he try it at "Five thousand foes." Some of those illiterate, back-woods preachers, under the anointing of the Spirit, preached the real Gospel, which "Is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." Deep conviction would come on sinners; they would rush to the altar and pray till know-so salvation was realized. Then they would shout the praises of God and go back into the congregation and bring their friends and loved ones to the mourner's bench and pray with and for them till they, too, were saved and filled with this new-found joy.

OCCUPATION

Farming, our occupation, was carried on in a crude way. Most families owned a small tract of land, the richer part would be cleared of the underbrush and the larger timber cut and split into fence rails or firewood, and the rest piled up and burned. As I would split the nice oak timber into rails I would wonder if sawed into lumber it would be good enough to floor a barn—not dreaming that in half a century it would be sought for floors for the finest palaces and used for choice cabinets and furniture.

The land for the most part being hilly, rocky and rooty, had to be cultivated with single horse or ox and plow, and one man could only cultivate 15 or 20 acres. Rain came so often and regularly that no irrigating was necessary. Sometimes the rains would come in such floods as to wash the hillsides into gullies and cover the bottom land with gully dirt, ruining both for cultivation, and where the soil was sandy this deterioration went on much more rapidly. I have seen in North Mississippi, in that sandy part, gullies into which could be rolled a good sized house and hidden. Southern California is comparatively a gullyless country. The rain usually come down so gently that the earth drinks it in so completely that it washes out no gullies. Praise God for the privilege of living in His best country!

CROPS

Corn was grown in abundance for bread, feeding the stock and fattening the hogs: wheat for baking pies, cakes and biscuits for Sunday morning breakfast. Sweet and Irish potatoes with a variety of fruits and vegetables were raised, and the forests abounded with a variety of fruits and nuts to fatten the opossums and squirrels, which frequently graced our table.

Tobacco was raised for home consumption, and most everyone used it. The little girls dipped snuff to be like ma, and the boys smoked to imitate pa. Nine of ten in our family learned to use it.

Fresh cows furnished us milk and butter. Hens, guineas, ducks, and geese kept us in fresh eggs, the latter two furnished feathers for beds and pillows.

GAME

Wild turkeys abounded and the woods were full of quails, squirrels and opossums, and the streams were alive with fish, which when we boys could get a little time off, we would, with gig, sein, or hook, bring in for breakfast next morning, a mess of the finny tribe. No

licenses were needed. When the opossums would get fat on wild persimmons we would go out at night and bring them in for a luxuriant meal. A negro man was asked to suggest an ideal meal. Said he, "Bake a fat possum wid sweet taters, put de chilluns to bed an turn me loose on it."

Our principle crop for money was cotton, which required much time, labor and attention. It was said it took 13 months to grow, gather and market a crop of cotton, and the price was so low we at times realized very little from it; but it kept us busy and at home and out of mischief, which is a great thing for growing boys and girls.

After we had planted the early corn, the first of April, the cotton seed was hauled from the gin. After the huskies had cut, and the neighbors had helped us roll the logs of the trees blown down by the March winds, the stalks and log heaps burned, we younger children, spreading stale ashes in a smooth place in the yard, would moisten the cotton seed and roll them till all the lint would disappear and they could be strewn evenly in the furrow. By April 10th we deemed the ground warm enough to begin planting the cotton seed.

Then we hurried to hoe and plow the burrs and grass out of the corn, which the sunshine and showers coming to grow the corn had made grow also. We would go on making war on "General Green" till about July 4, when the grass is so conquered and the crop is so high and strong that we'd lay it by.

P I C N I C

Sometimes we celebrated the event with a picnic or barbecue, when the whole community would turn out and have a hillarious social time feasting, drinking lemonade, and have a general good time.

If someone came along and raised a subscription school, we children would attend a couple of months, then grab our hamper baskets and pick sacks and break for the fast opening cotton, which kept us busy till Christmas or later.

You ask, "Wasn't that a laborious, monotonous life?" Yes, somewhat; but it did for us three things sadly lacking in modern times: First, it taught us habits of industry—how to work—which the average boy and girl of today does not get. Second, we were free from the snares of city life, which lures on to ruin so many today. Third, we had few other places to go except church, prayer meeting, and Sunday School, and many and most of us sought and received salvation and a hope of heaven.

CRUDE LIVING OF BOYHOOD DAYS

Miss Kate S., one of the leading girls of our country neighborhood, was married at the age of 22 to Bob L., a young man of the community. For a bridal tour they mounted their horses and rode seven miles over to the railroad to see their first train, though, as far as I know, this railroad had been there all their lives.

I said they mounted their horses, as, instead of driving up in a limousine for our sweethearts to take them out, it was a common custom to let them ride behind us on our horse's back. Or, if not more than a mile or so, we would gallant them afoot. It mattered not if the road was muddy and the night dark; what did we care for snow! We men wore boots up to our knees, with warm wool socks; and the girls wore warm clothing, balmoral (woolen) underskirts, with woolen stockings and shoes half way to their knees—and what did we care for mud or snow!

And the girls were pure and virtuous in those days; it was the rarest thing you ever heard of one going astray.

Very few places for young people to get together except the house of God. Hence, most of us sooner or later sought and obtained salvation. Possibly we would have an annual picnic or barbecue; or the non-professors of religion would get up a dance, but if the church members attended and participated, even though it were only a cotillion or reel—where they held each other by the hand at arm's length—they were turned out of the church.

The girls were industrious and instead of using paint to beautify their cheeks they ate healthful food and with healthful exercise developed red blood, which tinted their cheeks from within.

Their mothers trained them at home, and when a man married one of them he could rest assured he was getting not only a loving companion but a mistress of the home, one who would bare and train up his children in the way they should go.

Divorces were nearly unknown. I remember of one suicide in all my growing up. I meditated on this for years—To think a man would go out of this life with no hope of heaven! A self-murderer!

There was a spirit of helpfulness among the people. Rolling logs, building houses, quiltings among the women, neighbors would gather in and help one another, and if one got sick they gathered in to render any aid possible.

FAMILY RECORD OF JEREMIAH MITCHELL ADAMS

Father was born in Greenville County, Virginia, April 1, 1806, and died April 27, 1879. He was married to Ann Hampton Hamilton, December 20, 1838. Ann Hamilton Adams was born in Lawrence County, Tennessee, June 25, 1821; converted, 1830; sanctified, June, 1889; departed this life, May, 1919, nearly 98 years old.

Eight sons and two daughters were born of this union, viz:

1. Mary Louisa Frances, born Oct. 20, 1840; died, 1910, about 73.
2. Jeremiah John Robert, born Mar. 20, 1843; died, Mar. 17, 1926, near 84.
3. An infant was born and died before he was named.
4. Thomas Daniel Webster, born June 26, 1846; died, Aug. 10, 1893, at 47.
5. George Washington, born Aug. 13, 1848; died Oct. 31, 1930, 82 years old.
6. Rev. William Mitchell Grigg, was born June 23, 1850; died at the age of 68.
7. Henry Zachariah Taylor, was born March 19, 1852; died March 17, 1853.
8. Richard Calvin Hamilton, was born July 2, 1855; still living.
9. Thaddeus Lafayette, born Dec. 27, 1857; converted, Aug. 1, 1875; sanctified, April 28, 1889; still living, and enjoying Divine Health in his 83rd years.
10. Donie Dee Mitchum, born Oct. 2, 1860; converted at 12; sanctified, June 6, 1889.

All but two attended school after we left home, qualifying ourselves for business career, and three for the ministry.

Brother George died a successful farmer in western Texas at 82 years of age.

Brother John was a successful merchant in Humbolt, Tenn., for 52 years.

Brother Richard, a retired merchant, has just passed his 85th years in Memphis, Tenn.

Brother William spent many years in the ministry as a pioneer itinerant, spreading "Scriptural Holiness" over the land.

Sister Donie, after she was sanctified, was a zealous Evangelist and was used of God wherever she went. She is now approaching her 80th birthday in her nice home in Nashville, Tenn.

And the eighth son in his 83rd year, saved nearly 65 years ago, sanctified more than 51 years, with renewed youth (Psa. 103:5), and Divine Health 20 years, was never happier or more active, works incessantly, rarely

feels tired at any time, with the Comforter within and heaven just in view, is having the time of his life! Halleluiah!

THE HURRICANE

My mother was an earnest, consistent Christian, converted early in life. Living in the country far from church, with no conveyance but ox wagon or on foot, but she was a woman of prayer.

When all of her children but one (the writer) had been converted, father had grown cold, Dec. 3, 1873, God helped mother in her evangelization of the family with a tornado.

It had been very stormy all day. Bro. Richard, next older than I said, as we were hauling with the oxen, "We are going to have a 'hail Columbia' tonight." Well, his prediction surely came true. We had brought in a turn of wheat and brought in corn in the ear to shell for mill-going tomorrow, and just as we were seated to shell it a storm had been brewing in the west with thunder and lightning, roaring like a waterfall, wiping everything before it, hit our two-story hewn poplar house, tearing it to pieces as though it had been a pile of cobs, turning over the bottom log, scaring me almost to death, for I was unsaved at that time.

The first puff blew off the latch of the door, blowing in a torrent of rain and hail. We boys leaped to help mother shut and fasten the door, rolling a trunk against it and setting a sack of wheat to hold the door. But the next instant all came over in a pile. We began calling each other. All answered but mother who seemed a little addled by the falling door. But presently she came forth with a shout and praise to God that we were all spared from so narrow an escape. Then she began preaching to father and me, exhorting us to get right with God, seeing we had been so miraculously spared from so imminent a death. I think I never heard so impressive a sermon.

Not long after father was gloriously saved, died a shouting, and I was soundly converted and have preached the Gospel nearly 60 years.

MY CONVERSION

When in my 'teen age, more than 65 years ago, Rev. Wm. Rowsey, a local Baptist minister, a farmer, laid by his crop, saddled his horse, rode out on the hill and said: "Lord, take care of my crop while I win some souls for you. He came into our neighborhood and found an old vacant house, fitted it up with benches and started to hold a "Protracted Meeting." My brother, for some

reason, said in my presence he would have nothing to do with the meeting. I had for a long time been seeking salvation, and secretly hoped to find in this meeting. Bro. Rowsey was a man of prayer and came into our home and sang:

“Come, all ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear the shroud;
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb.

Chorus:

“Then you’ll cry, and want to be,
Happy in eternity, Eternity, eternity,
Happy in eternity!”

Conviction seized upon the people, and a gracious revival swept the community. The first sermon was preached Sunday, 11 a.m., when a number held up our hands for prayer. At night we went forward to the mourner’s bench as seekers. I became in earnest and vowed, “Jacob like,” not to let Him go till He saved my soul. About 11 o’clock Bro. Richard (who, by the way, had gotten greatly revived and shouted the praise of God in the meeting) came and asked me if I did not want to go home. Well, I never wished to inconvenience people, so I said, yes, and started home with the family. But Satan, ever on the alert, said to me “There, now, you have lied to God, promising not to leave till saved.”

“My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair.”

I felt doomed! That God would soon send me off to hell as I deserved! I looked up to heaven, without a word my heart cried: “Lord, if you could be merciful to such a sinner as I am for Jesus’ sake, do it now!” Quicker than it takes to tell it, the burden of my heart rolled away, joy came into my soul, I laughed all the way home, to bed, to sleep, and for more than 65 years that laugh has not left my soul. Praise to our God forever!

FAREWELL TO HOME

Thirty days before my 21st birthday, having gathered in the crop, and hauled up 14 loads of wood for winter fuel, on November 27, 1878, Bro. Richard and I said “Good bye” to father and mother and sister Donie, and turned our faces to try the world, to shift for ourselves. Brothers John and Web, in the family grocery business in Humboldt, Tenn., offered to set us up in a similar business, and we were off to accept their prop-

osition. Brother R. was to stop with them to learn the business, and I went on to Gadsden to clerk in a store and get acquainted with the people. But a very grave test awaited us.

A GREAT TRIAL

Our elder brothers purposed to put liquor in the business, and all I possessed was salvation and a temperance pledge—both of which I must forfeit to sell whiskey. I prayed, and wrote mother, she replied: "Don't sell whiskey." And my conscience said Amen to her advice. But we were penniless, inexperienced and away from home. I gave myself to prayer, weeping and wetting my pillow with tears, till midnight. I like Daniel, "Purposed in my heart" I would not sell whiskey!

Taking the train to tell my brothers that I had purposed "that I could dig, and grub, but I would not sell whiskey." That settles the business," said they. And I walked out, Abraham like, not knowing what next to do. But let me say: All these 81 years I have never lacked food, raiment, a bed on which to lie, or friendships to comfort me.

My brothers decided to try the business without liquor. Thank God, I lived to see them put it out of their business, seek and obtain salvation, and both became stewards in the Methodist church, and died leaving testimonies that they were ready for a home in heaven. Halleluah!

In May, 1879 we were all called home to see father the last time, as his sickness was unto death. As he lingered the other boys returned to business, leaving me to bury father and wind up the estate, which I did and took mother and sister with me back to Gadsden, where Richard and I were in business, our board comfortably supporting them.

MY SOCIAL EPISODE

Gadsden, a small town, full of pretty girls and lively young men, and I being of a social disposition, with leisure nights and Sundays, with a fellow clerk to introduce me, and being a clerk in a prominent store gave me prestige with the best society; and I reveled therein. The first thing I knew I was strongly infatuated with Miss F. T., and it almost made me sick to break off from her. But, you say, "Why should I?" Well, she was a dancing Campbellite and I knew that I was called to be a Methodist preacher. And besides, I was conscious of unfitness and lack of preparation for my life work. Much study and schooling before I as-

sumed the cares of a family. The wisdom of this course was proven 17 years later when Providence and circumstances suggester the time had come to take a life companion. God had a sanctified graduate from a Methodist college ready for me, to rear children and assist me in the ministry. Praise to His name!

Not only from this one, but I saw that if I fulfilled my obligations to God and the souls of men I must dissipate less and consecrate my time more to my life work. And although it was great self-denial—sitting in my room reading on Sunday afternoons, as the young people roved around, was almost like holding my fingers in the fire—but preparation for life more than compensates me for all I suffered. Business being quiet, I entered school, helping evenings and mornings in the store, studying as late at night as I could keep awake. We rented and lived in a large two-story house in a beautiful grove. One night we retired as usual. In an hour we were awakened by fire, and in five minutes we could not get into our burning home. Then we decided to move to Milan, Tenn., twenty miles north-east, where business was better and we soon recovered what we had lost in Gadsden. Mother and sister lived upstairs and we were happy.

I have always had great admiration for the opposite sex. When I went to Gadsden I met many fine girls and had a great social time with them. Miss Florence T. was my favorite girl. I accompanied her to a social one evening where Miss Nora B. was with another gentleman, and trying "cut him out". Miss Florence decided that she was second in my estimation, and she discarded me and went back to her old sweetheart, Roe R. But loving her as I did, I sought an interview with her, to which she consented. I told her I had no intention of marrying her. "Then," said she, "why were you waiting on me?" I replied, "You would not have had me?" I unthoughtedly had her. If she had said, "Yes," I would have demanded, "Why did you discard me?" Had she replied, "No," I would have demanded of her, "Why did you encourage my attention so long?"

Molly S. was a lovely girl who had a splendid fellow, John C., but I waited on her till she discarded him, who would have possibly made her a good husband. My heart smote me as I heard she married later a man with whom she was not very happy. I became more conscientious about monopolizing the attention of a girl, though it was ever so delightful, with no purpose of hooking up for life, should our friendship grow into real love. A definition for flirtation is "**Attention with no**

intention." But even now, in my 82nd year, the association with beautiful, pure young women is delightfully enjoyable to this scribe.

But back to Gadsden. The last sweetheart was Miss Minnie M., a beautiful black-eyed, curly-haired, cultured girl whom anyone would admire. I loved her because I could not help myself. But my urge to prepare for my life work gradually won my affections from her, and she later married Dr. S. and moved to Arkansas, and was lost sight of.

I remember a little incident with Miss Molly S. Reared in the country, where we had kissing parties, I thought nothing of kissing a young lady. One night I kissed this girl, at which she was greatly offended, and threatened to tell her father. Well, it woke me up, and no matter how much self-denial it involved, I went to the other extreme and I never offered to kiss the woman I married till 12 hours after I was married to her. And to this day I deem promiscuous kissing very imprudent conduct between other than husbands and their wives.

EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS

I cannot remember, in answer to mother's prayers and the influence of a pious home, just how early I was impressed that I should get right with God and flee His wrath, which I felt continually hanging over me. While a small boy, playing with baby sister Donie, my brother William came and sat down and told us about heaven and hell and who went to those places. I remember I felt that I wished I had died when an infant, when I was ready for heaven, for I was conscious of unfitness at that time. Had he told me how to repent and trust Christ I believe I would have been converted on the spot.

I cannot remember how early I began to pray and try to be good. One Monday morning I heard father say to mother: "Ann, I saw Richard at the mourner's bench yesterday. Do you reckon he knows what he is doing?" Oh, I thought I had as well quit, for I was two and a half years younger and I knew I should have been saved. And quit I did, and put off seeking for many years. Had father said, "I wish every son and daughter we have would seek the Lord," I believe I would have been among the first to get salvation. And when I finally did seek I found it very difficult to yield and trust God for His pardoning grace. Jesus said, "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea." . . . "Woe to that man by whom

the offense cometh" (Matt. 18:6,7). "Offend, to hinder in obedience or draw to sin."

How the children should "Seek early," yea, "First the kingdom of God!" "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth" (Ecl. 12:1). But I ever cherished a desire for salvation, and at the age of 17½ God was pleased to grant me the grace of repentance and a faith that laid hold of Him, in Jesus' name, for salvation and I was gloriously saved, praise His dear name!

When I was twelve years of age my brother George, who had run away at the age of 14 to join the Confederate Army, after the surrender, had wandered over the earth, wrote father if he would move to Mississippi he would give father a year's work. So father sold his two farms and moved twenty miles south to cousin Thaddeus Lafayette Adams' farm, who was moving to Corinth to educate his children, and we were to cultivate his farm. The rich land and increased force soon began to yield prosperity, but father longed for the fellowship of his old neighbors and soon planned to return. So after spending a year near Ramer, Tenn., he bought a farm within one mile of his old home, where he spent the remainder of his life.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY

A minister of the Gospel, from the pulpit, said to us young people, "God has a work for every one of you to do, and if you do not know what it is, why pray Paul's prayer; which I felt impressed to do. So after my day's work was over and chores were finished, I would retire to the woods for prayer, always ending with, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I had not prayed this prayer long when unmistakably the answer came: "I want you to preach the Gospel." This came to me like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. I was naturally so timid and bashful, especially in matters of religion, feeling my unworthiness and unfitness. I laughed God in the face, saying, "You know I couldn't do that." But, though I continued to pray this prayer, He refused to show me anything else. When I yielded and consented to do as He bade me, joy flooded my soul, and abides as I walk in the light of His Word and Spirit. My preacher brothers came home bringing a song expressing my conflict:

One night as I was walking along the lonely road,
My Saviour spake unto me, and filled my heart with
love.

He chose me for His watchman, to blow the trump
of God,

And cheer the weary pilgrim, along the heavenly
road.

Said I unto my Saviour, My talent is but small;
And if I am a Christian, I am the least of all.
The cross is great and heavy, and I am in my youth;
Besides, I feel unworthy to preach the Word of
Truth.

Said Jesus: "Lo, I'm with thee, in every trying hour,
Tho sinners may reject thee, I am the God of
power."

I'll take the Gospel trumpet, and I'll begin to blow:
And if my Lord will help me, I'll blow wherever
I go.

Tho sinners may reject me and slight the Saviour's
love;
I'll bear the blood-stained banner, stained with the
Saviour's blood;
I will cry, Behold Him, bleeding on Calv'ry's tree,
O, look by faith and view Him, and He will set
you free!

Then blow the Gospel trumpet, ye servants of the
Lord;
To every blood-bought spirit, proclaim the faithful
Word.

And when the last loud trumpet, shall welcome us
to come,
We'll bind our sheaves together and shout the har-
vest home.

Father's old neighbors re-elected him magistrate,
which office he held the remainder of his life, and he
was contented to live where he had spent the most of
a long life.

I heard that he had been quite a zealous Christian
in early manhood, but had somewhat drifted till when
I knew him, although living a noble, upright life, he
was not a church member. But as he felt the sands
slipping from under him, and the end approaching, he
went to church the Sunday before taking to his dying
bed, to join, but as no opportunity was given he sent
for the minister, united with the Methodist Church,
was renewed in the faith and died in the triumphs of
a living faith.

Brother Richard and I cleared up a new ground on
which we made better crops. The last year on the farm
God graciously helped me. As I needed rain in an-
swer to believing prayer, it came just on time. Praise
His name! After the crop was gathered, and being
21, I said good by to home folks and with my youngest
brother went north to where brothers John and Web

were in business, and were to set us up in business sharing equally in the profits. This proved providential, as five months later we were called back home to witness our father's death. After the funeral I was left to wind up the estate and bring mother and sister Donie to live with brother R. and me at Gadsden, Tenn., where we were in business.

After our residence burned, we decided to move to Milan, a larger town about 20 miles north where we succeeded better in business.

But my heart was not in making money, for God had laid on my heart the burden for the salvation of souls. But like Lot, I was slow to leave the business and launch out into the ministry.

One night the town caught on fire, and the fire was sweeping right toward our business. Then the Lord spoke to me, saying, "If your business burns down you will have to go back to the farm to support mother and sister." I said, "Lord, if you will save the house I'll pull out and go into your work." Believe it or not, the wind changed, the house was saved, and I was soon on my way to school preparing for my life work in the ministry.

Settling up with the firm I was penniless. A minister at the high school sent me word that he would board and room me for doing the chores of his home, and the school gave free tuition to licensed ministers. My brother gave me money to pay carfare, and I left with a happy heart. I don't remember having the blues one time that year. Note: No blues in the center of the will of God. I don't remember having but one dollar that whole term. I picked a wad from the corner of my vest and it was a dollar bill.

During vacation I taught a country school and earned sufficient money to pay my room and board for the next term. So I went on teaching and attending till I finished high school.

The last school I taught was near my home in Milan, Tenn. I could spend Saturday and Sunday at home. I had long been praying for Brother Web and the Lord had assured me He would save him. When I was getting ready to start back to school, he said to me, "My wife has gone home to get her church letter and she wants me to join with her. I don't know that I am good enough. I want you to pray for me." We went to prayer, he arose wiping his eyes, and thanked us. He joined with her next Sunday, and died in the Christian faith. The last school I attended was the Theological Department of the Vanderbilt University.

Entering the pastorate, I found by experience that

mental and spiritual preparation were not synonymous terms. Discouraged, I ask to be relieved from the pastorate; but failing here, I took to prayer. For days I wrestled in importunate prayer. One evening I went out at sundown and wrestled till about 9 p.m., when I prevailed. Sixteen were saved the first service thereafter; forty-two in a few days, and 500 before I left that charge. "Not by power, nor by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. 4:6). From studying the Bible, reading the writings of eminent saints, and my own experience, I saw there was a deeper work of grace for me than I had, to satisfy my soul and equip me for my ministry and soul-saving. I had had refreshing drinks from the wells of salvation, but Jesus said, "It should be in us a well of water springing up into life eternal." "Out of him from within should flow rivers of living water" (John 7:37). My timidity was a great hindrance and embarrassment, and I saw that "Perfect love casteth out fear" (1 John 4:17). Jesus prayed the Father to "Sanctify his apostles and those who should believe on Him through their word." This included me. And that "Both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one" (Heb. 2:1); and that "The offering up of the gentiles might be acceptable, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 15:16); and the dictionary says, "To sanctify, to make holy," and God commands, "Be ye holy, for I am holy" (1 Pet. 1:16). And "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14). Then I began to seek sanctification with all my might and I read, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And Peter tells us that when they received the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire," it "purified their hearts" (Acts 15:8,9).

I began in earnest to seek this Holy Ghost baptism. The prophet (Mal. 3:1-4) said, "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come into his temple, . . . Whom ye delight in." This He had done fourteen years before, to my great delight. "But who may abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth? For He shall be like refiner fire, and like fullers' soap; and He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." But many are not willing to "Put away all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God" (1 Cor. 7:1). If he has paved the streets of heaven with gold, and the city is "pure gold like unto clear glass" (Rev. 21:18, 21), is it unreasonable that He would "purify and purge His saints that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness"? "Then shall the offering be pleasant unto the Lord, as in days of old, and as in former years" (Mal. 3:1-4).

MY SANCTIFICATION

So, after seeking for a long time, on April 28, 1889, I was enabled to present my body a living sacrifice to God, "And the very God of peace sanctified me wholly." Cremating, "Destroying the body of sin" (Rom. 6:6), by the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire" (Matt. 3:11), enabling me to live a victorious, overcoming life. (1 John 5:4.) Enabling me to witness (Acts 1:8) from Kentucky to Cuba, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans to God's Full Salvation.

And although more than fifty years have passed by since that day, I still sing:

I'm sanctified wholly (1 Thes. 5:22-24)
And made free from sin (Rom. 6:22):
The Spirit now comforts (John 14:16),
Christ reigneth within (Col. 1:27);
My love is perfected (1 John 4:17),
He casteth out fear (1 John 4:18);
I've the blessed assurance (1 Thes. 1:5),
My heart is made pure (Acts 15:8, 9).

This wonderful grace was given me while I was pastor of the Methodist Church in West Jackson, Tenn.

How foolish that soul who rejects God's will!

(1 Thes. 4:3; Matt. 7:21-23)

How blessed that one who does the will of God!

(Mark 3:35; Rev. 22:14, 15)

TESTIMONY OF MY MOTHER

Mrs. Ann H. Adams

"I professed religion, when about nine years of age, at a camp meeting at Pleasant Grove Camp Ground, seventy-five years ago. I was very young but I know I was soundly converted. I enjoyed religion and happy seasons, but sometimes I would get cold and felt as if there was something I lacked but could not tell what it was till about eighteen years ago, at Humboldt, Tenn. Some good people came through preaching, singing, and praying on the streets. I went to hear them and saw that they had something that I did not have, so I commenced to seek it. I prayed but there was something that I could not give up. I was a great slave to snuff. I had learned to use it when I was only thirteen years of age. I used it over sixty years. The Lord showed me that it was wrong, but I thought I could not give it up. I commenced to take three dips a day, but I got to taking four a day, then five, and then as much as ever. I asked the Lord to give me grace to resist the temptation, but I prayed on for this blessing till last

spring. Seventeen years ago Bro. Cillins and his wife and Bro. Rinehart came to Milan, my home town, and held a meeting. In that meeting the blood of Christ cleansed me from all sin, washed me from all inbred sin, and gave me grace to resist the temptation to use snuff. God blessed me and gave me the victory. I praise the good Lord that He showed me it was wrong to use it. My health now is so much better since I quit using it. I could not sleep at night; sometimes it would be midnight before I could go to sleep. But now I can go to sleep as soon as I go to bed, and sleep like a babe.

“Praise God for a clean heart! I am eighty-eight years old and the good Lord still keeps me saved and healed. Praise His dear name! I am looking for the Lord’s coming.”

IN THE PASTORATE

Finishing up at the Jackson District High School, I engaged as colporteur of the American Bible Society in Henderson, Tenn. But, receiving a telegram calling me to fill out an unexpired time as pastor on the Medina Circuit (West Texas), my brother, Rev. W. M. Adams, the pastor, desiring to go out farther west to learn the Spanish language. The first Sunday I drove out to a school house to preach at 3 p.m., calling on a brother to pray the concluding prayer. Fifty-five years have not blotted out the memory of one clause of that prayer: “Oh Lord, bless this little preacher coming out here trying to preach us the gauspel.” My first revival was held on the Boregas. The altar was filled, but I could not get them saved. I prayed and as I went around I found all had yielded to God and were saved. I was so happy that I could hardly sleep that night.

Our camp meeting was held at Oak Island. I found a poor man who said he would come to meeting but had no clothes to wear. I gave him the next best suit I had. He came to the meeting and professed religion. Before the meeting was over they made up money and bought a new suit for the pastor.

I have never been satisfied with my preaching; but God has blessed it to the salvation of many precious souls, and has blessed me in the work.

TITHING

On my way to this, my first pastorate, I read a pamphlet on Tithing, by Layman of Chicago, which was so convincing that I counted the money on hand and laid aside the tenth for the Lord’s work, and continued to do so the rest of the year. This was in May, and by

the end of the year I had given more to God's cause than all my life before, had enjoyed more thrills from giving and had more money left than ever before! Praise to our God! And as I have carefully paid to God His tithe these sixty years, though I have not grown rich, finances have been easy and I have laid up constantly treasures in heaven. And as I have walked close to God everything has gone well with me.

At conference I decided to return to school, but as it was too late to enter the fall term I decided to sell books till the opening of the spring term. But I did not succeed till I prayed through. Then God helped me till I had sufficient money to pay my way through school and nearly buy an outfit as a Circuit Rider.

I had an impression as I was leaving high school that my school days were over, but I thought I must finish at Vanderbilt University, and I came near dying while there. I believe I could preach better when I entered than when I left the university.

MY SECOND CIRCUIT

Returning home to spend vacation in Milan, Tenn., Dr. Duckworth, P. E. of the Jackson District, met me at the train, informing me that the pastor of the Decaturville Circuit had been paralyzed and he wanted me to fill his place till conference. No, I replied, I am to return to school in September. But he insisted that I take charge during vacation, which I consented to do.

I learned a lesson on this charge that I never would have learned in the university. It was not college the Apostles need, but the Holy Ghost. When He came on them nothing could stand before them. As I prayed through, and He came on me, victory perched on my banner. Revivals broke out wherever I went. When school opened I asked father what to do? "Go right on where you are!"

Remaining on this charge two and half years, God saved about 500 souls and 400 were added to the church. My room mate at school remained to graduate, adorned a "Begum" (silk) hat, married a fine city girl, and I heard he got into trouble getting money to pander to her whims.

I united with the Memphis Conference and was next assigned to the Medina Circuit, near Humboldt, where lived Bro. John, and not far from Milan where mother and sister Donie lived.

This charge was among a well-to-do, cultured people, though, sorry to say, not very spiritual. One of my class leaders, in a fit of anger, broke his wrist striking a negro over the head—not becoming a Christian. This

same man asked me, "How long a Christian could be happy at a time?" I answered, "What do you think about it?" "About an hour and a half or two hours is the limit," was his answer. I told him that I thought it might continue longer, even perpetually. Said he, "If ever you get such an experience, come and tell me."

During my second year that I was stationed at West Jackson Mission, 1899, the Lord graciously baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire, and turned my little seep-well into an artesian well of full salvation. Praise our God! I drove all night to get to his Camp Meeting to preach to him from this text: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst: but the water that I shall give him shall be in him **a well of water springing up into everlasting life**" (John 4:13, 14). I never learned if he ever had his well deepened to the artesian strata of not, for it is expensive.

In order to get this artesian well of Full Salvation, one must:

- (1) Make an unreserved consecration. "Present your body a living sacrifice to God." Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price."
- (2) "Be crucified to the world" (Gal. 6:14). "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John 2:15).
- (3) Humble yourself. "He giveth grace to the humble." "Humble yourself in the sight of the Lord and He shall lift you up" (Jas. 4:6, 10).
- (4) Yield all to God's will. We are taught to pray: "Thy will be done on earth as in heaven." "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."
- (5) Mortify, crucify the flesh. "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its passions and lusts" (Gal. 5:24).
- (6) Love and obey God. "If ye love me, keep my commandments; and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." "The Holy Ghost, whom the Father hath given to them who obey him."
- (7) Wait on the Lord. "Wait patiently for him." "Tarry . . . until ye be endued with power from on high."
- (8) Persevere. (Luke 11:5-13.) Would not take "No" for an answer.
- (9) Believe. "He that believeth on me . . . out of him shall flow rivers of living waters. This spake he of the Spirit" (John 7:37, 38).
- (10) "Ask and ye shall receive." "Your heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him" (Luke 11:13).

At this camp meeting there seemed no opening for preaching a full salvation, so I started to leave, going to Milan with sister Donie, but God burdened my heart, and the farther I went the more burdened I became. So I said, "Lord, if you want me to return to the meeting and will provide a way, I'll return." Almost instantly a friend, Coka Barham, came in sight, going to the camp meeting. He had room in his vehicle and gave me a ride. We arrived just as the service was beginning. The preacher's throat had given out and he asked me to deliver the message, which lifted my burden, enabling me to deliver the message that God sent me there to give them. It is useless to say I was greatly helped as I showed them from the Bible and my own experience of a full salvation, a deliverance from all sin now and here, through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus, and a satisfying salvation through the abiding comforting Holy Ghost.

At the close of the Conference Year, my P. E. suggested that I transfer to the Indian Mission Conference, but I informed him that Bp. Key wanted me to transfer to Texas, to which Conference I was assigned.

Arriving at the session of Conference, Bp. Key informed me that this was the citadel of anti-Holiness. God enabled me to give a clear, ringing testimony to His sanctifying grace and preserving power, and the P. E. informed me that after my testimony it was hard to get me an appointment. I was assigned to St. Jo Circuit, near the Red River. My P. E. said, "I'll be around in the morning to tell you how to preach to those people." I informed him that if the Lord so led, I'd do as He said, but he was too late. The Lord had put in His Word what to preach. See 2 Tim. 4:1, 2. God greatly blessed us on this charge with many souls being saved and a number called into the ministry. Dr. W. B. Godbey assisted in a great camp meeting at Dye Mound. Wicked people threw stones at us, but God mightily blessed us. One night I retired for an all night of prayer. God assured me that He was in charge. I thanked Him, retired, and He surely handled the situation. Praise His holy name!

Bp. Key, a sanctified saint of God, appointed me to preach the opening sermon at the District Conference, and the Lord seemed pleased to have me preach on being "Sanctified Wholly" (1 Thes. 5:22-24), and He gave me liberty in delivering the message. At the close, the Bishop said: "Well, the young man has put it pretty strong! But not a whit too strong. Everyone who hasn't the blessing and wants it, meet me at the altar." Immediately the altar was filled with preachers; I have

no idea how many were blessed. However, one pastor told me that he prayed all night and was "Wholly sanctified." Afterwards he went out as an Evangelist.

I soon learned that some of these Texas preachers were "Long Horners." Having an occasion to write to a neighboring pastor, I just added at the bottom of the page: "Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?" And he fired back, "Have you been to Jesus for humility?"

NORTHWEST TEXAS CONFERENCE

A large class coming in, I was no longer needed in this Conference, so I was transferred to the N. W. Texas Conference and assigned to the Abilene Mission. I began revivals immediately and many souls were graciously saved, praise His name!

I gave Jo Blair a tract: "Prepare to Meet Thy God." He was converted and later testified that its message burned in his mind for five hours, and he never got over it till he was soundly converted. He wished for the fullness of God's grace, and he and his wife prayed God to send his pastor. He said to his wife, "Do you think God will send him?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then go to the store and lay in supplies." Though twenty miles away, I felt I **must** go to Blair's that night.

HORSE HEALED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

Arriving about sundown, his hired boy put up my horse and fed him, but said on returning to the house, "I tell you, the parson will have to walk tomorrow, as his horse is very lame."

Bro. Blair and I went down to the stable and found him so lame that his right front leg seemed to be paralyzed, so that he had no use of it. He knelt on one side and I on the other, and we told God all about it, reminding Him that He was able to heal him, and if not I was able to walk. The same boy went to feed the horse next morning, and return, saying, "I tell you, the parson's horse is alright this morning."

BRO. AND SISTER BLAIR'S SANCTIFICATION

After supper we went into the front room, I began singing a song, Bro. Blair fell on his knees praying. We prayed till about 11 o'clock when the blessing came. We rejoiced together. Then we retired in adjoining rooms. Bro. Blair began singing a song; words and tune given him:

"Jesus has come, Him have I met,
Glad were the tidings to me;
Joy arise to the King in the skies
Jesus has sanctified me."

Then the Spirit said, "Sing it to your wife this way:
"Jesus has come, Him have I met, glad were the
tidings to me;
Joy arise to King in the skies, Jesus is calling
for thee!"

"Wife, are you ready to meet Him right now?" "I fear not," she replied. "Then get right out and on your knees and settle it." About 4 a.m. he called me, saying, "You are needed in here." I hastily dressed. Going into their bedroom I found her struggling to yield her all to God, and receive His crowning blessing for His saints. (1 Thes. 5:22-24.) In a short time she was enabled to abandon all to God, and the Holy Spirit flooded and filled her with His purifying (Acts 15:8,9), sanctifying (2 Thes. 2:15), "love perfecting" (1 John 4:17) grace. We didn't get much sleep but the whole family was sanctified wholly during the night.

The next day was preaching day at Clyde, their church, and I could hardly get Bro. and Sister Blair quiet long enough to preach; they were so overjoyed over their newly received experience.

But it cost him something. His Baptist father-in-law swore out a complaint and sent him to the asylum, saying he had lost his mind, and indeed he had. But he had found the mind of Christ (Phil. 3:5).

Bro. Blair prayed to God, who assured him according to Rev. 2:10, "Ye shall have tribulation ten days"; that would terminate his imprisonment. Sure enough, on that day he was loosed and let return home, where he lived an earnest, consistent Christian life till death, when I preached his funeral from this text: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace" (Psa. 37:37).

Bro. Blair carried a New Testament in his coat pocket from which he read constantly, and imbibing its spirit he walked with God. One morning they got on their knees at 7 o'clock for family prayers and got so blessed they continued till 10 o'clock. I asked him if he would like to keep under this anointing all the time? "Yes," he replied. "But," said he, "I'd have very little liberty, the people who could not understand me would keep me locked up all the time." The old colored man sang:

"I went down in the valley to pray,
I got so happy that I stayed all day."

The Bible describes two classes who enter heaven: 1 Cor. 3:15, "Man's works burned and he saved so by fire." "Scarcely saved." (1 Pet. 4:18). "By the skin of his teeth." (Job 19:20). But 2 Peter 1:11 tells of

the possibility of an "abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Which I aspire unto. Amen.

A RARE JEWEL FOUND

During the year I was invited to visit a local preacher living in a sparsely settled country north of Abilene. Arriving, I found Bro. Logsdon, a very saintly man, one of the few Christians whose faces had a heavenly radiance (Exo. 34:29). He had gathered in the neighbors and I preached on sanctification. "There now," said Bro. Logsdon, "I have had that experience for 28 years and God had to send this preacher over here to tell me what I had." He had been testifying that "God had set him in a wide place." The blessing is not always labeled when given.

I preached in many school houses where other denominations would preach other Sundays, as I usually only preached one Sunday in the month at a place.

SPRINKLING

I remember contacting Bro. Wells, the Baptist preacher, who also preached at these school houses. One day he said to me, "Bro. Adams, I read the Bible through twice to see if Sprinkling was in it, and lest I had overlooked it I went through the third time, and I tell you it is not in the Bible." "Well," said I, "Bro. Wells, I think I understand. It sprinkled on you several times, but you was so intent to find ponds, tanks, and creeks, in which to immerse, you paid no attention to the sprinklings." (1) Isaiah 52:15 said of Jesus, "So shall he sprinkle many nations." (2) God said (Ezek. 36:25-28), "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes . . . and ye shall be my people and I will be your God." Was ever more precious promises given of God to man? (3) The greatest baptismal service on record.

Paul in his Epistle to the Corinthians, ch. 10:1,2, says, "Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant how that our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea."

By what mode were they baptized? It is certain not by immersion. Pharaoh and his gang were immersed—buried by baptism into death, without a resurrection. The Psalmist said, "The clouds poured out water" (Psa. 77:17), certainly not very copiously as the

record says, "The children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground" (Ex. 14:22). It must have been a very delicate sprinkling. It is estimated that there were about three million of them. **The largest baptismal service on record.**

A saintly Baptist blind brother, who spent much time meditating on the Bible, said to his Methodist friend, "Bro. Smith, doesn't the Bible say 'The children of Israel were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea?'" "Yes, brother, that's the way it reads." "Weren't the infant children along?" "Yes, it is estimated not less than 600,000." "Then," said he, "I will not fall out with you Methodists for baptising your infants."

(4) Sprinkled water typified the sprinkled blood that cleansed (2 Chron. 29:22; Lev. 4:27-31), hence (Heb. 10:22): "Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience."

In Heb. 9:19 we are told that "Moses took blood and water and sprinkled all the people." Peter (in first Epistle 1:2), says, "Elect . . . through sanctification of the spirit, unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." Many think the water should be sprinkled, typifying the sprinkled blood.

PHILIP AND THE EUNUCH

Dr. Godbey toured the Land of Canaan and says in the desert where Philip baptized the eunuch no water can be found deep enough to immerse a chicken. Only a spring, called "Philip's Fountain," which is soon drunk up in the desert sand. And he says the translation is equally correct, (Acts 8:38), "They both came down to the water . . ." v. 39, "They came up from the water." The Eunuch had just read Isaiah 52:15, "So shall he sprinkle many nations."

(5) Others contend that as the Holy Spirit is always "Poured out" (Joel 2:28, 29; Acts 2:17, 18; 10:44-45; Ti. 3:6), the water which typifies the outpoured Spirit should be poured on the candidate. Isaiah 44:3, God says: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." Had Wm. Cowper written:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from the Saviour's heart:
And sinners sprinkled with that blood,
Are cleansed from guilt and stains,"

he would have written, not quite so rhythmically, but more Scripturally. Many "households" (families) were

baptized; for instance, Stephanas (1 Cor. 1:16), Lydia (Acts 16:15), The Jailor, v. 33, and there are none excepted as being too young. Of the jailor it is said, "He washed their stripes and was baptized, he and all straightway," possibly using the same water.

But, one objects, "The word, Baptize, means, to plunge or dip." But the same dictionary (Websters) says, "Or to pour or sprinkle water on as a religious rite," and a majority of the denominations of the world practice the latter mode of baptism. I have observed, "Some people who use the least grace use the most water in baptism." The Apostle Paul said, "I thank God I baptized none of you but Chrispus and Gaius . . . **For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel.**" Two leading religious denominations do not practice water baptism at all.

THE IATAN MISSION

I heard that my P. E. was offended for some cause at me, and said he could fix me, that he had a starvation circuit to which he would send me, the Iatan Mission. People, to get more land for their growing families, had pushed out into that arid region, and because of no rain had raised no crops the past year, and were greatly impoverished. On arrival, the outlook was anything but encouraging. For horse feed I found one little pile of "sorghum" at one of my member's house. The circuit was so large that I scarcely spent two nights in the month at the same house.

I put my horse in a pasture and spent a month visiting relatives in the east. On returning I drove my horse a month and he looked better than he did on the pasture. It was surprising how a little feed could be found for the horse as I shared the hospitality of those hard-pressed struggling people. They were very appreciative and "Used hospitality without grudging."

I called on one old infidel (?) who did not invite me in, but I talked to him and invited him to church and to my camp meeting. He got so interested that I visited him again, and he asked me to spend the night with him, telling me that he had no Bible when I was there before; he now had three and wanted me to order for him the fourth, and assured me if he ever got saved, "Another cart would hit the road" (meaning that he would go out preaching). He brought and gave to the camp meeting a large steer for beef. God greatly honored our ministry on this needy charge; hundreds were saved and many sanctified, and eleven preachers went out preaching from this charge.

During our revival at Iatan (a small R. R. station)

one night old Bro. Boswell arose and said, "Brethren, may I say a word?" Granted permission he preached a little sermon. "Thar, now, that's been festering in my hear for forty years. God called me to preach forty years ago, and I refused, and He told me He never would give me peace if I did not obey Him. And now, Brethren, though I am 72 years old, the father of 24 children, and have no education, I'm a guine to preach! You may license me or not, I'm guine to preach." Well, we gave him a license, he prayed all night, was baptized with the Holy Spirit, went out for souls, and the last I heard of him, the Lord was using him and souls were being blessed.

A CHRISTMAS EXCURSION

On my trip east, Cousin Sally Bobbitt said to me, "Cousin Thad, wasn't it awful on the excursion?" "Why?" said I. She replied, "Bro. P., who came on the next day of the excursion (a Presbyterian minister) said they were drinking and shooting till he was tempted to get off the train and give up the trip." "Well," I replied, "I think I understand it. He put his religion in his grip, put on his dignity and let them run over him. When I boarded the train I put what dignity I had in my grip (suit case), put on my salvation, went through and distributed tracts from one end of the train to the other, gathered as many Christians as I could find, sang, prayed and preached in three different coaches, and had a halleluiah time all the way. Praise the Lord! "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," said the apostle (Rom. 12:21). I began with seven appointments, and spread to needy communities till at the end of the year I was preaching at 17 places.

The Bp. gave me an assistant preacher for the next year, and by alternating we gave them monthly preaching, he one month and I the next.

LELA GREER'S SANCTIFICATION

Little Lela Greer was saved on Saturday at our summer camp meeting. Tuesday found her at the altar for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. I remember how simply she prayed, as all the people had left but a little faithful band tarried with her as she pressed her case before the mercy seat. "O Lord, I'm getting mighty tired, but I'm not going to leave till you sanctify me." Of course, God never "sends such seekers away empty." In a few moments she arose with her youthful face radiant with the anointing Spirit, rejoicing in His full salvation. God convicted her parents for the same experience. Soon they were both, with her sister, sanctified wholly.

After the camp meeting was over while I was seeking a suitable school to prepare her for the mission field, the Lord took her home to heaven. Etta, her sister, died a missionary in Japan, and the last I heard of her father, Hood Greer, he was preaching the Gospel of a full salvation in the Church of the Nazarene. While holding family prayer in Bro. Carey's home, on this charge, Miss Fannie C. prayed a never-to-be-forgotten prayer: "O Lord, I'd rather die than sin against thee!" This is the Spirit that prompted the martyrs to forfeit their lives rather than their Christian integrity.

I heard Father M. L. Haney testify: "Brethren, I have walked with God for sixty years without a break." Without a wrinkle in his face, he was buried on his ninety-seventh birthday. Sin is the only thing that can separate the soul from God. (Isa. 59:2.) Cast Lucifer from the heights of heaven down to the depths of hell (Isa. 14:12-15). Turned Judas, the honored apostle, into "the son of perdition." Turned King Saul, the God-selected, anointed king, into a suicide. Turned the invulnerable Samson into a helpless, blind laughing-stock for his enemies. Sin has ruined earth, robbed heaven and peopled hell.

GIB TOWN CIRCUIT

At the close of two years I was assigned to the Gib Town Circuit, Jack County, Texas. This was a very hard unresponsive circuit, with a very worldly, lodge-going, tobacco-using P. E.

Not very much of note was accomplished, spiritually. However, one thing worth mentioning took place. When I was received into the Methodist Conference the bishop, after solemn fasting and prayer, demanded of me: "Are you going on to perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you groaning after it?" I answered in the affirmative, and started on a stretch for the experience, feeling my need, and seeing from the Scriptures it was my privilege and duty to obtain it. Which was graciously given me, through the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire (Acts 15:8,9), to my great joy, benefit and satisfaction. But to my surprise, and horror, the very ones who rushed me into the experience now persecuted and discounted me for having it. Giving me the most undesirable charges in the Conference. Which reminds me of a farmer who "Sicked" his faithful dog on a pole cat which had been stealing his chickens. "Ooie! Sic 'em! Sic 'em! Sic 'em!" Chasing the pole cat around the barn, over the hill, under the bridge, through the culvert, till at last exhausted making a last lunge, he grabbed it in his mouth and came proudly

wagging his tail bringing it to his master. But to his surprise and mortification his master shouted: "Be gone from me! Go off!" enforcing his commands with sticks and stones as he held his nose.

One village on this circuit was called Paradise, but I could have found a more suitable scriptural name of it. "Shank Bone Circuit" would have been a suitable spiritual name. But God had His eye on His servant. While I was banished out there, with little spiritual fellowship, God in His goodness sanctified Rev. L. L. Gladney, pastor on an adjoining circuit, with whom I have had blessed fellowship for forty-five years, and I trust shall have to all eternity; similar to that of David and Jonathan (1 Sam. 18:1).

Another little incident occurred in "Paradise" on this charge which makes me smile every time I recall it. Speaking to a man about the Holy Ghost, he informed me that "The Holy Ghost was not for us today; it was only for the Apostles." I replied, "You should have told me sooner, for I have received Him in my heart, to my joy and satisfaction, and you say it wasn't for me." I will not soon forget his confusion as we said goodbye and separated to meet again at the "Judgment bar of God." (Acts 17:31.)

NEW MEXICO CONFERENCE

At the close of the Conference Year Bro. Gladney and I were transferred to the New Mexico Conference; he stationed at San Marcial, and I at Cerrillos. In this Conference God graciously used us, giving us great revivals everywhere we labored.

In San Marcial, bankers, merchants, and railroad men, and a multitude of the common people were swept into the Kingdom of God. (John 3:5.) And at Cerrillos, the revival broke out immediately and ran throughout the year and was running when I left for Conference. Many were sanctified. Bro. Gladney married the banker's sister-in-law, and developed into a wonderfully gifted and efficient minister of the Gospel.

Having been on "Hard Scrabble" circuit the year previous to transferring to the New Mexico Conference I was hard pressed financially, and Bp. Key, being a very approachable brother, I frankly told him about it. Said he, "The Missionary Board will pay you \$400 and the charge can raise as much more and there will be very little room for faith with that amount." Dr. H. C. Morrison, editor of the Pentecostal Herald, came through enroute to California and assisted me in a very gracious revival, in which many of the leading townspeople were saved and some sanctified. Preachers and

missionaries were started out for souls. The revival ran the whole year through. Four miles in the mountains was a mining town where we preached Sunday afternoons, to a very ungodly people. During the year an explosion occurred in the mine and 24 men were killed. I was asked to preach a funeral sermon. After earnest prayer and consideration I felt led to preach the Gospel to the living, as I would have the opportunity as never before nor ever would again to preach to them. As a text I took John 5:28,29: "The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." I remarked at the outset: "These men are dead, their destiny is fixed, I cannot change it; I'm going to preach to the living." Some who would be comforted in their sins were disappointed.

At the Conference I was assigned to Gallup, a mining town in the western part of the state. A very cold town climatically and spiritually. Being in the high mountains, snow was on the ground from November till April. If there had ever been a real Holy Ghost revival there, very little trace was to be seen of it.

MARRIAGE

Being now stationed at one church where I could be with a family, and approaching my 38th year, and being in love with Miss Lena Kelly, the daughter of a Methodist preacher, a sanctified graduate of a Methodist College, who had been a missionary to the Mexicans for six years, and after fasting and praying over the matter a day, feeling satisfied it was God's will, we decided to get married. I being a missionary stationed at Gallup, New Mexico, she a missionary to the Mexicans at Nogales, Ariz., the S. P. Railroad gave us one cent a mile rates, so we decided to take a bridal tour to Los Angeles. We were married privately in the home of Rev. J. F. Corbin, her superintendent in El Paso, at 8:00 a.m., December 25, 1895, in the presence of a few relatives and friends. In an hour we boarded the train for Los Angeles, where we spent two very pleasant weeks in a delightful honeymoon, with headquarters in Penial Hall, where I preached every night save one, when we ran down to the beach to preach in San Pedro Penial Mission. I conducted the watch-night Service, and just at midnight two young men were saved. Praise to our God! With two weeks up, time and money gone, we returned to Gallup to resume our labors in the pastorate.

This being a very cold non-cooperative town, not much was accomplished in soul-saving work. A worldly Congregational Church was there, and when we would get the people convicted they would "Jine" them in without salvation. One drunkard, I heard, they had voted to receive, committed suicide before they could initiate him.

At the Conference we were assigned to El Paso, Texas, City Mission, where Paul, our first son, was born, December 2, 1896.

This being a new charge we had no members or place of worship, but in answer to prayer God gave us an old print shop building, as dirty a house as one could hardly imagine. The owner put in a new floor right over all the filth leaving an incubator for roaches, right down on S. Oregon St. in the slums, in a block of Utah St., the "Red Light" district, which was infested with French harlots almost as brazen as the devil himself.

A NARROW ESCAPE

One day on my rounds to reach and rescue souls from sin, one of those harlots, standing in the door, invited me in—which not unfrequently they would do, weeping, and would beg us to help them out of their life of shame and misery. Unsuspectingly I stepped inside, when to my surprise she locked the door behind us and grabbed the preacher and tried to seduce him. Looking to God, who had promised to "Always make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. 10:13), I was on the devil's territory and must have instant help. Rev. A—I had gone down under just such a trial. I looked to God. "Pray!" said He. Falling on my knees I lifted my heart and voice in earnest, importunate prayer for help, and help came instantly. She let loose, and fled across the room, crying, "Don't pray, **Don't pray, Don't pray.**" I stepped back, unlocked the door, opened and stood in it. Then she asked why I would not yield to her solicitations? I replied, "I came not to drag you deeper into sin but to help you to a right life, for adulterers would be turned into hell. When I had finished preaching to her, I went on my way. Some time after that, I heard the city mayor was passing along that street when they grabbed and dragged him in before they found out who he was. God graciously raised us up friends and we had a great time of soul-saving. We put a sign over the door: DOOR OF HOPE, and I trust many received new hope.

We heard of a white and colored woman living across the street, running a house of ill fame. We went over to rescue the white woman, could do nothing with her,

but the colored woman, though a notoriously rough character who had whipped four policemen and then ran around and gave herself up, was gloriously saved, married the man that she was living with, and turned her home into a salvation station. She would get them convicted, get them down praying, and come over to the mission for help to get them through. And the last I ever heard "Annie Runey" was standing true to God. The night she was saved our first boy was born. We gave her a small picture of him, she had it enlarged to life size and it hangs on my wall today, after more than forty years.

A Roman Catholic came to the Mission one night. She listened to the singing, testimonies and preaching without being especially moved. But the radiant face of Sister Page, a sanctified sister, attracted her attention and she asked, "What is the matter with that woman?" "She has the Holy Ghost." "I want it." She fell at the altar and sought with all her heart, and God never disappoints such seeking.

One night before retiring in our bedroom, which was partitioned off in the rear of the Mission, wife said, "It's so close in here, let's raise the window for a little fresh air." "They will steal everything we have, if we do," I replied. But I raised it about eight inches to please her. This was about 10:00 p.m. At midnight we awoke, the window was clear up, and my pants had been fished out with a long pole, were hanging on a barrel, money (less than a dollar) all gone. The pole was still lying there, but was gone next morning. One night we were awakened with a shooting affair around the Mission. One fellow ran and hid under the back steps, exclaiming, "I tell you, fellers, they got me." But all were gone next morning.

We never kept any weapons to defend ourselves; only trusted in God, and He has brought me safely through these 81 years and will lead me safely home. It is said that once while John Wesley was riding in a robber infested region one came from his hiding, grabbed his horse by the bridle reins and demanded his money. "Don't be so wicked," protested Mr. Wesley. "Give me your money." As he handed to him his purse he said to him: "Remember the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin." Years after, passing through the same community a man came to him, asking if he remembered that a man had robbed him there? "Yes, I do." Do you remember the Scripture you quoted to him? "Yes, the Blood of Jesus Cleanses from all sin."

"Well, said the man, "it has done it and here is your money."

I was called to assist a pastor in a revival in a neighboring charge. I spread the letter before the Lord and asked counsel. He seemed to say, "If you will go and do that work for me, I'll take care of your work here." I went and a gracious revival resulted and our Mission was cared for in my absence.

MAGDALENA & KELLY

After one year in this Mission we were sent to Magdalena and Kelly charge. The former, a town that was the terminal of a spur track of the Santa Fe Railroad, the latter a worked out mining town. It is said that a man discovered a lead mine there, got discouraged, and sold it for \$40 and a burro. The purchaser mined out nine million dollars worth of lead, but the man working it when I was there was just eking out an existence.

We moved the church house up nearer the center of population, and the Lord gave us a gracious revival of religion in which many souls were saved and not a few were sanctified. I met a woman 35 years later who said she was saved in that revival and had been preaching the Gospel for 30 years. She was running a mission in El Paso, Texas, the last I heard of her. A plain woman's face is clearly depicted on the side of the mountain, said to be 100 yards across, and has been christened "Magdalena," from which the town and mountain take their names.

One of our members was running a goat ranch up in the mountains near by. Visiting him, we were privileged to drink goats milk (Prov. 27:27), said to be the richest milk known. Also we ate butter made from it—white as chalk. Could I afford it I'd never want any other kind.

WHITE OAKS

Being assigned by the Conference to White Oaks for the next year we shipped our belongings, and wife, little son and I drove in an open cart 135 miles across the desert to our new charge.

We found the work in a badly run down condition, bickering and contentions in the membership, and very few real Christians. Charlie White drove up with a load of coal for us. "Do you attend church?" asked my wife. "No," said he, "There is more contention down there than in the saloon." The church raised the pastor's salary, \$40, the year before and that with entertainments. We shut down on the entertainments. At

the close of the first service "Old Sister Dishrattler" announced a musical cantata for next Friday night to raise money to pay for repairs on the church house. "Kindly postpone that indefinitely," I asked her, "for we are beginning a revival tonight." The revival ran a month, and with a freewill offering the debt was paid. We turned the Ladies' Aid into a prayer meeting, and they went into the soul-saving business in which many souls were saved. All the factions were reconciled and the revival swept on till most of the town was saved—young and old. Charley White, the coal hauler, was saved and sanctified and went out preaching the Gospel. Our young people sought and were saved and filled with the Spirit, put them on a cottage prayer and testimony meeting from house to house, every Friday night, and enthusiastically they gathered to pray to and praise the Lord and tell of His gracious dealings with their souls.

An instance will illustrate how far reaching this work among the young people went. Said a young unsaved man to the writer as he drove him over to the railroad, 80 miles away, "I'm going to leave this town." "Why," said I. "You can't have a respectable Fourth of July ball," he replied. "I heard you had one last night," I said. "Umph! What did we have? One girl and seven old stags. I'm leaving a town that can't beat that." "Why didn't you come across the street?" I asked, "We had two or three rooms full of interesting happy young girls and boys having a good time." But it takes the touch of God, making "New creatures in Christ" to enjoy what they were enjoying. As John Newton expresses it:

"These are the joys that satisfy, and sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high, and leave the
world behind!"

I drove out 40 miles in the country to visit Brother and Sister Humphrey, and as she told me how she had prayed God to send them a Holy Ghost preacher, God made it plain why He had sent us to such a cold, run-down charge. Bro. H. had laid in a box of tobacco for use, but when God sanctified him the appetite for it was taken away. Praise to our God!

Our daughter Lois was born to us on April 24, 1900, of our second year on this charge. Wife and I had read "Fowlers Science of a New Life." Denying ourselves, gave her the "Right to be Well Born, and her strong body and vigorous constitution more than compensated us for all the self-denial it cost us—she never

was sick, could work all day and sit up all night with no apparent harm, and is now the joyful mother of two lovely girls.

A CHILDHOOD INCIDENT

When Paul was four, one of our members, Bro. Langston, who was often in our home, offered him a nickel for his little sister, reminding him that he could buy candy with it. Though he loved her very much, like Esau, his appetite got the better of him and he closed the bargain. But when the candy was eaten, like Esau, he sought to undo what he had done, and was more successful than his predecessor, for Bro. Langston let him keep the baby.

God very graciously blessed us in this charge with a far-reaching revival. People of other faiths and various nationalities were saved. In a day service we found eleven nationalities represented, though it was a small audience.

The Annual Conference met with us that fall in White Oaks. Bp. Morrison, a man of God, presided, and asked me if I desired to remain in this charge, and the second time in life I made a mistake by suggesting a change, and was sent to a charge where I failed to accomplish scarcely anything. I'd like to say here, while the Episcopal form of church government, i.e. the pastors appointed by the bishop, at the advice of his cabinet, composed of the presiding elders, has some disadvantages, it is in my judgment the best system of church government known. Under this system "every church has a pastor and every pastor has a charge." Congregational government, i.e., where every church hunts and hires its pastor, and every pastor hunts his own charge, church statistics show more friction in getting pastors in and out, and more churches without pastors and more pastors without charges.

A GRACIOUS VISITATION

Being assigned to the Gila Circuit, I sent my family on the train, and knowing I'd need my outfit on the new charge I drove through with my horse and open cart, about 350 miles, mostly desert and uninhabited country. I carried food and feed for myself and horse, with bedding to sleep out. One morning I was told by steady driving I could reach the White House Ranch, 40 miles away, where I could spend the night. I don't remember to have seen a soul or passed a house that day. Just before sunset the house hove into sight and I rejoiced over the prospect of lodging indoors. But to my sorrow no response came to my knocking, but the door was

unlocked. So after feeding my horse and eating my lunch I made down my bed in the middle of the floor and lay down to rest my tired body and was soon fast asleep. In the night I was awakened by STRAINS OF THE MOST FASCINATING MUSIC! As I listened I wondered about its source. I decided that it was an Aeolian harp, which possibly the cowboys had stretched across the window and was being played by the wind. But the next morning no such instrument could be found. Then I decided that as I was leaving my wonderful, lovely White Oaks Saints for a hard, unappreciative people, God had, out on this lone desert, sent His angels to minister to his little disconsolate servant to cheer him up. (Heb. 1:13, 14; I Kings 19:5.) The Gila (pronounced Hee-la) River circuit proved a hard, "burnt-over charge. We tried at every appointment to have a revival but with little cooperation or results. They had had preaching by gifted and earnest ministers, like Rev. L. L. Gladney and Dr. Carradine, and most of the people refused to walk in the light, preferring to live after the flesh. I could do very little with them. However, during the year my family and I made two trips, one to California, the other to Texas, to the great Waco Holiness Camp Meeting.

HEALED BY FAITH OF SMALLPOX

Lena and the children left for Texas to visit her people, the next morning I was taken down with smallpox, which was raging in the land. I was very sick till I broke out all over—inside and out—so that I could not sit, stand, or lie, without pain. I could see it, smell it, taste it, and feel it. I had a sanctified doctor within a stone's throw of the parsonage, who would have gladly treated me free of charge, but I did not feel free to call him. So I cried to God, and He undertook for me, assuring me, "I will heal thee, and the third day thou shalt go up to the house of God" (2 Kings 20:5). I said, "Lord, I don't care whether it is three days, weeks, or months, but I want you to undertake." The third night I was able to go to the church but still being broken out, I only stood outside and listened to the services. The seventh day I obtained a certificate from the doctor that there was no danger of taking it from me, I started for Texas for the great Waco Holiness Camp Meeting, where for ten days I preached with unusual liberty and power. Praise to our God for His great love, power and goodness. Amen.

On our return from Penial Hall, Los Angeles, Calif., we found the thieves had robbed the parsonage on the Gila River, taking everything down to the mattress, and

mattress and all from one bed, robbing the bee stand of its honey. We were disgusted and disappointed. One man with whom we left the money for our return trip stole it.

Bro. Gladney and I, having traveled and preached in about all the charges of the New Mexico Conference, and feeling a burning desire for the salvation of souls, decided to leave the pastorate and

ENTER THE EVANGELISTIC FIELD

Our first meeting was held in McGregor, Texas, the second at Milan, Tenn. In neither of these was much accomplished. But at our third, held in Florence, Ala., in Rev. L. P. Adams' Mission, who had thoroughly prepared the community and had everything ready for a revival. And even then, Satan put up a stiff fight. Bro. G. and I, feeling the powers of darkness pressing down upon us, started in for an all-night of prayer. At midnight we felt victory come (at the same hour the Lord healed my very sick son in Milan, Tenn., as I held to God for him). The revival broke out and swept as I have seldom seen, carrying everything in its wake. Scores were saved and many sanctified, and I heard of three preachers starting out from this revival. Three young ladies attended a day service when the conditions of turning ones back on the world, flesh and the devil, and consecrating ones self wholly to God, for time and eternity, and "Abstaining from all appearance of evil" in order for "The very God of peace to sanctify one wholly, and preserve the whole soul and body and spirit blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Th. 5:22-24). Said one of the girls: "We won't do it, will we Lill?" "Yes, I will," said Miss Lily Sweeney. And she *did*, and 21 years afterwards I met her in a Nazarene Camp Meeting in Pasadena, Calif., when she told me that she had gone through several training schools. Had traveled with Chas. N. Critenden, the millionaire evangelist, had pastored a church in New York City, ran a mission in Chicago, a home for girls in Atlanta, had evangelized all over the land, and was then in charge of the children as Evangelist in the Great Camp Meeting. A woman of whom Judge Bullock said, "She is one of the Nobility of the land."

Sister Lily married Rev. S. E. Galloway, and when I moved to Santa Monica they were in charge of the Church of the Nazarene, and after they entered the evangelistic field they bought a home in Venice where they have lived for many years. And since my children are grown and gone, wife dead, no one makes me feel more at home than they do.

Eight years after her full salvation (1Th. 2:13) Lily returned to Florence to hold a revival. One of the girls who refused to yield all to God and be **fully saved** came up to her and said, "You don't recognize me, do you Lil?" She replied, "I don't believe I do." "I'm your chum who refused to let God have His way." She looked dark and dejected, "I'm a mother of children, but not worthy to be." So you see, "**It pays to serve Jesus**" even in this life, and in the beyond: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him" (1 Cor. 2:9). Lily's father died when she was a child and she adopted me as her father, and for more than a third of a century she has tenderly and thoughtfully treated me as such.

This revival spread over to Tuscumbia, where in an old store building many souls were saved and filled with the Spirit. Then it swept out to country school houses. They would load up their two-horse wagons with on-fire saints and drive on to spread this great salvation in other communities. All glory to God for He is the One who did it all!

OUR FIRST HOME

Bro. and Sister Bob Plemons, a railroad conductor, entertained us in his home in Tuscumbia, and though I had two children I had never owned a home. I sent for my family and as Lena's father had left her a few hundred dollars and my brother Web willed to me \$700 or \$800, we decided to buy Bro. Plemons' home, which we did at \$1000, giving our note for the balance. We bought a good milk cow and were happy in our lovely three-room cottage, which we publicly dedicated to God our Father. We lived here several years. Receiving a call to hold a meeting with Rev. Sawders, in the Indian Territory, Brother G. and I went and God gave us a gracious revival among the Cherokee Indians, a wonderfully wealthy, educated people. A beautiful Christian among them taught me that song:

"Since my soul is saved and sanctified, feasting, I'm
feasting,
In this lad of Canaan I abide, feasting with my Lord.
Feasting, I am feasting, Feasting with my Lord;
I'm feasting, I am feasting, on the living Word."

Heart failure of my wife called me home before the meeting closed, and afterward I was called to hold a revival in the pine woods of Alabama. The people were poor but appreciative. The place where I stayed had

a smoke-house (where they smoked their meat), kitchen and dining room combined. As we came to the table tall heads bowed or struck hanging meat. But they were cooperative and appreciative and God gave us a blessed revival. The Methodist pastor professed to get clearly sanctified. At the close of the revival a little money was raised to pay railroad fare and they gave the evangelist a keg of ribbon cane syrup for his family.

PINE TORCHES

It was interesting to see these people coming up with bundles of fat pine wood for torches which they would light after the service, and go waving them to light their way home through the dense dark forest of tall pine trees. Jim Wilson, said to be the best man in the community, who would dare to talk to the merchants about salvation. Sanctification was clearly set before him on Sunday and he prayed for it and on his return said God had given him the experience. He said to me: "I wish I could 'hep' you." I replied, "You are helping me, your shining face is an inspiration."

Bro. G. returned and we went to New Decatur, Ala., where we had held a wonderful revival, just after we closed our Tuscumbia meeting. But this time we did not succeed as before.

Then Bro. G. went alone, and I took my family, and wife and I did the preaching. We held meetings in Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee, none of which were of special note.

FLORIDA

But getting some calls in Florida, though this should be and frequently is rest month (December) for evangelists, being short financially and learning they had no winter there, we rented out our home furnished, sold our milk cow, and a brother (in the Lord) gave us \$5, which enabled us to just purchase tickets to our new field of labor. Arriving there penniless, Bro. Geo. Henderson took us in charge, our entertainment was free, transportation, by land and river, cost us nothing. SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY fully exemplified. But best of all, revivals were given us of God for three months up and down the Colusahachie River from La-Belle to Ft. Myers, in which a multitude of souls were saved and believers sanctified and built up in their faith. But I, being much run down through excessive labors, and not conserving my strength as I should, was taken down with malaria fever. I had noticed that the children in that region looked swarthy, as though, if their

ears were cut off, they would not bleed, and I wondered. But when I had shaken with fever and ague, I saw it was malaria. There was an island in the Collusahachie River called "The Devil's Elbow." I kinda' coveted it for an orange and walnut grove, but after I got up from that attack of malaria I didn't want anything in Florida. Though I am told on the beach it is healthy, and even the inland since the mosquito ponds and sloughs have been drained, malaria is less prevalent.

CUBA

As I began to recover, my wife, who spoke Spanish fluently proposed that we go over to Cuba, 80 miles away, and she evangelize while I recovered my strength. We put out a fleece (Jud. 6:37), "Lord, if this is your will for us to go to Cuba as we revisit the churches, let them send us and finance it."

This they gladly did. One man, driving an old blind horse, said he could not think of giving less than \$25, "though", said he, "I will pay half now and the balance when you are ready to return home." And this he did, faithfully. God graciously used us in Cuba. We went to Casilda, a town in which, it was said, a protestant sermon had never been heard. We rented an old storehouse and ran a revival in which a number of the best people of the town were saved, and 14 years later we learned that they had a pastor and were going on for God. One day a Cuban came to us and said, "We Cubans ought to love you Americans, when we were in bondage you freed us; when we were starving you fed us; and now you have brought us the Gospel: but you ought to have brought it 100 years ago." To which assertion I did not know how to reply. We have had the light for centuries, and let our neighbors grope in darkness—only 80 miles away.

It was pitiful to see how these missionaries from their pitiful allowance denied themselves and sacrificed to make us an offering in appreciation for our services, after they had shared to us their hospitality.

TEXAS

After three months in Cuba, laboring in Matansas, with Rev. E. L. Latham, a most self-sacrificing brother, living on a war pension, who afterwards went to Chitrie, Panama Zone, and died in the work, with Bro. Edwards, and the Smith and Fergusons at Trinidad and Casilda, we boarded ship at Havana for evangelistic engagements in Texas. Bro. Thrower, hotel keeper at Havana, a Methodist, said to me, "Bro. Adams, our church is doing much to educate, uplift and socially reform these

Cubans, but they never get right down to soul saving." What a mistake! Jesus said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." Then, "Teach them" (Mark 16:15). But first get them saved!

Our ship was ballasted with pineapples. We ate breakfast in Havana on the ship, bound for New Orleans, but as soon as we pulled out of the harbor into the Gulf of Mexico we were all seasick. I asked the chef how many were at breakfast next morning. Out of 74 passengers I think he reported 4. But as soon as we entered the mouth of the Mississippi River all were well and ready for our meals.

Our first engagement was with Bro. and Sister Cagle, at Buffalo Gap, Texas. Wife had to do most of the preaching as I was still suffering from malaria. Next we went to hold a meeting for Sister Sheeks for ten days. Having recommended several Cuban girls to the Meridian Female Holiness School at Meridian, Miss., we were called to hold revival meetings at the opening of the fall term. I being so run down, and throat so sore, Lena accepted a position as teacher in the school till I could get on foot again. Not improving very much, and as our son Philip was to be born in July, in February my wife resigned and we started for California.

CALIFORNIA

On the way to California, where there was no malaria, we stopped in Albuquerque, N. Mex., and I ran down to San Marcial and held a revival in the Methodist Church, where the Lord blessed us, but at the close we resumed our way to Los Angeles.

A CHILD'S PRAYER ANSWERED

As we were seeking a location and a business to pay expenses, as we would pray at family prayers Lois, our five-year-old daughter, would pray: "Lord, give us a place with lots of pretty flowers," and we were strangely drawn to buy a nursery, largely to raise flowers.

Finding no opening, and not being able to preach had we found it, we bought

A NURSERY

where for thirteen years we grew and sold trees, plants, and flowers, and largely raised our three children during this period. We sold our home in Tuscumbia, Ala., for \$1000, and after paying transportation and setting up housekeeping we paid down \$800 and gave our note for \$1700 for five lots with a two-room cottage. With close economy and self-denial and with hard labor, in thirteen years we paid all but \$600, which Bro. Balie Mitchum loaned us without interest. In the meantime,

outdoor exercise and the blessing of God, my health was greatly improved and our children grew up industrious, having good church and school advantages. We opened our doors to a weekly prayer meeting where many souls were blessed. Philip, our youngest son, was born in our nursery cottage, July 18, 1905, five months after our arrival here, where we remained thirteen years. This was 4444 Hammel St., Los Angeles. The first year in this business, in prosperous times, we took in \$2900, but as finances got more and more stringent, the last year our sales were \$900. And after feeding a horse and hiring a hand, we were much depressed, financially.

A THRILLING INCIDENT

During these hard times their mother would some times give the children money to buy a noon lunch. They wanted to make her a present (birthday or Christmas, I have forgotten which). Not having the money, they went all day without lunch to save the money to buy the present.

When World War I broke out, and we went into it, we were almost reduced to eat sawdust bread, there was no money left to buy flowers, so we closed the nursery, letting much of the remaining stock die, while I obtained a job in the shipping room of the Southern California Edison Co., with whom I have labored for thirteen years, and at the age of 74 was retired on pension for the remainder of my life.

At the age of 22 our daughter Lois was happily married to Charles E. Anderson, a most excellent gentleman, who has proven himself an honorable man, a splendid husband and father and a good provider for his family. He was elected councilman and mayor of El Centro, and was a successful business man in his community. He sold out and went north to Mendocino County, bought a 10,000-acre ranch and is now raising cattle and sheep. Two bright daughters have blessed their marriage.

Paul and Philip, after graduating from high school, entered Pomona College, the latter after two years left college and entered the business world. After serving successfully in several capacities entered and completed a law course, was admitted to the San Francisco Bar, was married December 8, 1933, to Alyce Rahman, who is making him an "help mete" indeed, and loves her father-in-law.

Paul, like his father, after waiting till he was about 38, was married to Miss Jean Leonard, who is proving just the wife he needed.

MY WIFE

Lena, my wife, took the children and rented a house in Santa Monica. I sacrificed our place in Belvedere, 444 Hammel St., at \$3650 (in less than two years was worth possibly \$30,000), to buy her a home in Santa Monica where she lived a few years, left it and died among strangers, October 15, 1937.

After my retirement from the Edison Co. I rented out my home, and rented a room near Angelus Temple, my Church home, where I have served as Elder, on the Communion Board, in the Prayer Tower, as S. S. teacher, and anywhere I could glorify God and help on in soul-saving work. In later years I have been led out in book-writing, and have become the

AUTHOR

of several books, which has enabled me to reach many that I otherwise never could have contacted. The Lord has enabled me to write and publish the following:

“The Bible Hell, and How to Escape It”

“Sanctification”—Showing how to be “Meet for the Mater’s use” (2 Tim. 2:21), and ready for the coming of the Lord and a Home in Heaven. (Heb. 12:14.)

“The Spiritual Multi-Million-Aire.” 186 pages.
Showing the possibilities of the grace of God.

“The Bride, The Lamb’s Wife”—Showing from the Bible who will be the Bride.

I have also published a chart to encourage the reading of the Bible, A PLAN FOR READING THE BIBLE THROUGH IN A YEAR, by reading three chapters every weekday and five on Sundays, showing where one should be every day. Dr. Courtney told me that this plan had revolutionized his whole Bible study. He is one of the professors in L.I.F.E. Bible College. I often have appreciative expressions of my books by those who have read them, which convinces me that “MY labor is not in vain in the Lord.”

And here I am, writing on my sixth publication, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MY LIFE, which I undertake by faith, as my others, I saw not how to finance them, but when the time came, without embarrassment the money came. It makes me happy because I write to make others happy, for time and eternity.

DIVINE HEALTH

“Beloved, I wish (pray) above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth” (3 John 2).

When I was "sanctified wholly by the baptism of the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 15:16), fifty years ago, "He healed all my soul's diseases" (Psa. 103:3). About twenty years ago as I was milking the cow one morning, just as the sun was rising the Lord flashed into my mind "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings (3 John 2). I was **instantly** healed of lumbago, which was chronic with me, and a weakness in my family. And for these twenty years I have enjoyed "Divine Health." With scarcely a pain or an ache, a cold or a cough, and although in my 82nd year, I am able to work all day and sleep all night without pain or very little weariness. All glory to our God, for He doeth it through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

"But," do you say, "do you live a reckless life, and depend on Him to keep you well?" Very far from it. When Jesus found the man that He had healed of an infirmity of thirty-eight years' standing. He said to him, "Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee" (John 5:14). The sin that brought on the ailment will, if indulged in, bring it back again.

USED OF GOD IN INGLEWOOD

While I was teaching my Bible class in Trinity Missionary Church, boarding at Bro. Depews, working for the Edison Co., at Alhambra, a member of my Bible class moved to the suburbs of Inglewood, into an Italian Catholic community. And being desirous to help the people, started a prayer meeting in their home. The people became hungry for salvation, and the interest increased. They came in and asked their teacher to go out and help them. Gathering up an auto load of young people we went out Thursday nights and a revival broke out with conversions almost every night. One man, when his wife got saved, began a fierce persecution, but conviction seized him and he was soundly converted and became a zealous worker.

One night when I failed to get their attention, I took a magnet and spread different kinds of metals which I had collected (as my work where I was employed was metallurgy, which is discerning and separating metals). I spread these metals before the people, and passing the magnet over the pile only the steel and iron was drawn up to the magnet. So I explained to them, only the holy and righteous will be drawn up to meet Jesus when He comes for His jewels. The illustration caught them and I had a number of responses to my altar call. There were some very eminent saints among them. They

would bring their sick, no matter what their ailment, and in answer to believing prayer they were healed. One case I remember, a child who had a running at the ears could get no relief, but was instantly healed in answer to believing prayer.

One testified: "Used to have cellar full of wine; no more wine or tobacco for me."

After ministering to them for about a year we built them a church house and turned all over to the Church of the Nazarene.

"Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." Prov. 31:30.

"Follow peace with all, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Heb. 12:14.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Matt. 5:8.

How often do people indulge in what they know they should not, and resort to doctors and drugs to correct their sickness—forgetting that God has said in His Word: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit **shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting**" (Gal. 6:7-8)!

So I do not live to eat, but **eat to live**. Carefully I keep out of my stomach in quantity or quality things hurtful, eat nothing between meals, allowing at least five hours for a meal to digest, eat plain simple food always. Carefully controlling every appetite and passion, using every organ of the body only for that use designed by the Creator, which the "Sanctified" experience (1 Th. 5: 22-24: ch. 4:3-8) enables one to do. Halleluiah!

RETROSPECTING

These later years are proving the best years of my life, reaping what He has enabled me to sow for more than eighty years. Striving to do no one any harm, but "Doing all the good I can, to everyone I can, in every way I can, and that as long as I can," has won to me a host of friends, whose Fellowship is second only to fellowship with God. With many of these friends I trust to walk in fellowship the gold paved streets of heaven forever. (Luke 16:9.) "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord and He delighteth in his way. Delight thyself also in the Lord and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart" (Psa. 37:23-24).

THE SOUTHERN NEGROS

After the negroes were set free, the Southern Methodist Church, of which I was a member, minister and a pastor, set them up as a separate denomination, tore out the galleries (sometimes called "nigger heaven") which were built to accommodate their slaves. When I was stationed in West Jackson, Tenn., the colored people sent to us for a teacher to teach in Lane Institute, their school to train preachers and teachers. The pastors, not that I was better qualified, "But," said they, "you are unencumbered, having no family, and consequently have more time, are the one for the place."

I accepted the appointment and found in my class a bishop (Lane), pastor, young preachers, and teachers. The Lord blessed us and I trust good was accomplished. I will never forget one clause put in a graduating address of one of these young women, which read as follows: "**Pleasures like flowers are scattered along the pathway of life. If plucked they wither in the hand, if passed by in the line of duty, they scatter fragrance all along the pathway of life.**"

It is interesting to note how God has a way of bringing to pass all His promises and good pleasure to those who fulfill their part of the covenant (2 Cor. 6:14, 17, 18). "Sonship," "Healing" (Exo. 16:26). "Deliverance" (Psa. 50:14, 15). "Pardon" (Isa. 55:6, 7). "The Comforter" (John 14:15, 16). "Crown of Life" (Jas. 1:12). "Entrance into the City" (Rev. 22:15). "All Things" (Rev. 21:7). "All Good Things" (Psa. 84:11). "Things Inconceivable" (1 Cor. 2:9). "Desires of the Heart" (Psa. 37:4).

HEAVEN

What must it be to be in heaven? Trials all past, no devil to tempt, no world to allure, no flesh to be denied or mortified (1 Cor. 9:27); but ever in the presence of the Father who loves us (John 3:16), the Son, who redeemed us with His own precious blood (1 Pet. 1:18, 19) and loves us (Eph. 5:25-27), "Who gave himself for us that he might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing of water with 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," and the Holy Ghost, who lightened our darkness" (John 1:9), convicted us" (John 16:8), "Regenerated us (Titus 3:4, 5), "Sanctified us" (Rom. 15:16), "Taught and guided us into all truth" (John 16:13), "Anointed and sealed us and adopted us into the heavenly family" (Rom. 8:15), "Perfected and witnessed to what He had done" (Heb. 10:14, 15). To meet

and converse with our "Ministering angels" (Heb. 1:13, 14), who "Delivered us" (Psa. 34:7; Acts 12:7-10), from dangers seen and unseen now: And be restored to long lost loved ones, to enjoy them forever more! "Trials all passed, home at last, ever to rejoice."

Just to think, that we, once Satan's slaves, serving divers lusts and passions, now by His grace victors, overcomers, more than conquerors, "Complete in Him." Leaning on His arm, "Robed in fine linen clean and white (Rev. 19:8), standing before the Father to be united to the heavenly Bridegroom (Rev. 19:7), "To sit with Him on His throne" (Rev. 3:21), "AND SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD." Oh, what can we not afford to undergo here, if we can but stand "Complete in Him in that day" (Col. 4:12) and hear Him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matt. 25:21). To meet and greet long lost loved ones, "Friends who will receive us into everlasting habitations" (Luke 16:9), with whom we will promenade the "gold paved streets" and enjoy their society evermore. Halleluiah, Amen!

PROGRESS

When I was born into the Kingdom of God, and "Adopted into His family," in my teen age, He put an aspiration in my heart to be like Him, and His dear Son. (Psa. 17:15; 1 John. 3:2, 3). So I set about to leave off every bad and adopt ever good habit to this end,

First, Although I was not a profane swearer, I was much addicted to bywords. The Spirit showed me that they were unnecessary and sinful (Matt. 5:34-37), so by His help I have abandoned them all.

Second. Born into a family where all (save one) used tobacco, where it was raised, I early began its use, dipping snuff, smoking pipe and cigars (the cigarette was unknown at that time). But the Word suggested, "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God" (2 Cor. 7:1), and "When he (Jesus) shall appear we shall be like him: and every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure" (1 John 3:2, 3). So the day my father lay dying—more than sixty years ago—I said, here goes tobacco. Live or die, sink or swim, I'm done with it! And now it makes me sick to smell it. **I despise it.**

What must the angels think of human beings, created in the image of God, defiling themselves with this

filthy, poisonous, degrading weed, used only by "a filthy worm, a fetid goat, and a foolish man." I recently wrote and had published the following on this subject. Elizabeth Hassell, Nashville, Tenn., wrote "The Cigarette Speaks," to which I added the fifth verse.

THE CIGARETTE SPEAKS

To a Young Girls Over a Period of Years

I'm just a friendly cigarette—
Don't be afraid of me!
Why all advertisers say
I'm harmless as can be!
They tell you that I'm your "best friend,"
(I like that cunning lie!)
And say you'll walk a mile for me,
Because I "satisfy."

So come on, girlie, be a sport!
Why longer hesitate?
With me between your pretty lips,
You'll be quite up to date!
You may not like me right at first,
But very soon I'll bet,
You'll find you just can't get along
Without a cigarette!

You've smoked one package, so I know
I've nothing now to fear;
When once I get a grip on girls,
They're mine for life, my dear!
Your freedom you began to lose,
The very day we met,
When I convinced you it was smart
To smoke a cigarette!

The color's fading from your cheeks;
Your finger-tips are stained;
And now you'd like to give me up.
But, sister, you are chained!
You even took a drink last night!—
I thought you would, ere long,
For those whom I enslave soon lose
Their sense of right and wrong.

And should you e'er a mother be,
For that was God's design for thee—
Your offspring, poisoned with nicotine,
Will likely fill an early grave.

Or following in your footsteps
Will add more poison to
The blood stream now already defiled,
And thwart God's plan for you.

Year after year I've fettered you,
And led you blindly on
Till now you are just a bunch of nerves,
With looks and health both gone.
You're pale and thin, and have a cough—
The doctor says "T. B."
He says you can't expect to live
Much longer, thanks to **me!**

But it's too late to worry now;
When you became my slave,
You should have known the chances were
You'd fill an early grave.
And now that I have done my best
To send your soul to hell,
I'll leave you with my partner, DEATH—
He's come for you! **FAREWELL!**

A PARABLE ON TOBACCO

T. L. Adams, Evangelist

It is said that only three creatures use tobacco:

A filthy worm, a fetid goat, and a foolish man.

Seeing that men professing to be servants of the most high God were corrupting themselves and becoming filthy and abominable, a great and wise prophet stood up and did prophesy these words of truth and soberness, "Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened to a grain of tobacco seed, which though exceedingly small being cast into the earth, grew rapidly and became a great and mighty plant, spreading forth its leaves rank and broad, so that huge worms came to eat thereof, and leave their filth and slime thereon, and men claiming to be nice men, did pull the heads off these worms leaving their carcasses, adding to the filth and weight of the leaf.

"And it came to pass in those days that the sons of men did look upon this filthy plant, and were very much enamored therewith and a plant very much desired to make lads big and manly, and bring comfort to the aged and infirm.

"And having cut and smoked and cured these leaves, they stripped and pressed and wrought them into strange shapes and forms, and the sons of men gave gold and silver for it, and did chew thereof. And some that

chewed, it made sick at stomache, and others it made their heads to ache, and still others to vomit filthily, bringing on heart disease, stomache trouble, and paralysis, yet for all this they continued the use thereof.

“Then it was ground into dust and was called snuff. And it came to pass that ladies—some beautiful fair ladies—did make to themselves brushes and mops and dipped the same into this snuff, and did put this same into their mouths inhaling it into the lungs, thus shortening their lives.

“And it came to pass that the leaves of this filthy plant were cunningly wrought into little round rolls, called cigars, and the sons of men did set fire to one end and put the other end into their mouths and sucked mightily, even as calves suck, and looked very grave and calf like.

“And it came to pass, further, Satan seeing in the little children a desire to imitate their parents and other big folks, but observing their hesitancy to tackle the pipe, quid or cigar, assembled the infernal Council. After due consideration the CIGARETTE was launched forth as an experiment. And when volumes of smoke, inhaled, coating the lungs and nostrils with the deadly nicotine, was seen pouring forth from the nostrils of various ages—from the gabbling youth to the aged sire—and even unsuspecting fair young girls through alluring billboards, and cunning advertisers, were induced to take up this destructive deadly habit, disqualifying themselves for God’s best in this life, and beclouding their prospects for life everlasting.

“EUREKA! sounded through the walls of Pandemonium. ‘WE have hit the deadliest of all!’ And the sale thereof became a mighty business in the earth, and the merchants and speculators waxed rich thereby.

“And it came to pass that those who continued the use thereof, became exceedingly unmanly and unladylike—smoking in restaurants, dining rooms, parlors, and everywhere, and though the delicate protested, they cared for none of these things, but invaded the sacred precincts of the Most High God, and with prayers on their lips and tobacco in their mouths, would return home, saying, ‘We have worshipped God today.’”

O tobacco, filthy tobacco,
Keep your bodies, temples clean;
How can those who use tobacco,
Have a conscience void of sin.

We will never use tobacco,
We'll not chew nor dip nor smoke,
It defiles both soul and body;
And it may our God provoke.

"But the Lord was greatly displeased therewith and said: 'Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness' (Isa. 55:2). Wherefore this waste? 'Come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing and I will receive you.' 'Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God' (2 Cor. 7:1).

"But unanimously the chewers and dippers and snuff-ers and puffers exclaimed: 'We canont cease from chew- and dipping and snuffing and puffing and spitting and sneezing and coughing—we are slaves!'

"But it came to pass, in those days, when a full sal- vation (Heb. 7:25) was proclaimed 'By them that preached the Gospel with the Holy Ghost send down from heaven' (1 Pet. 1:12), of a 'Christ who was mani- fest to destroy the works of the devil' (1 John 3:8), 'To make men free indeed' (John 8:36) 'Through faith in this Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost' (Zech. 4:6), 'Many of the saints were purified' (Dan. 12:10), 'Saved from all their uncleanliness' (Ezek. 36:39), 'Bap- tized with the Holy Ghost and fire' (Luke 3:16), and realized instant deliverance from all enslaving appetites and now 'glorify God in their bodies and their spirits, which are God's' (1 Cor. 6:20) and say with the apostle, 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, God and his Father; to Him be glory forever and ever. Amen' (Rev. 1:5, 6). 'And we shall reign on the earth' (Rev. 5:10) over every passionate ap- petite and propensity, God's free men in Christ Jesus, for 'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affection and lusts' (Gal. 5:24). They have 'Cleansed themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, per- fecting holiness in the fear of God' (2 Cor. 7:1), and say with the apostle, 'Thanks be unto God, which al- way causeth us to triumph in Christ' (2 Cor. 2:14)."

FIFTY YEARS IN THE EXPERIENCE OF FULL SALVATION

My Experience (Tune "Jesus Saves") T. L. Adams

Editor's Note: "Daddy" Adams, now over 80 years old, has walked with Christ in Christian fellowship for more than 50 years.

I.

Now I see the morning light. Psalms 130:6
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 150:6
Thou hast kept me through the night. Psalms 4:8
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 150:1
Kept me from earth's deadly quake, Isaiah 29:6
Falling bombs and Satan's rage— Peter 5:8
Preserved our all from destruction's wake. Revelation 16:18
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 149:6

II.

I know I'm born from heaven above. John 3:3
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Ezra 7:27
For in my heart I have God's love. 1 John 4:7
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 103:1
I've peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; Romans 14:17
As a Son of God I make my boast. Psalms 34:2
All witnessed to by the Holy Ghost. Romans 8:16
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 44:8

III.

Since I've had my Pentecost, Acts 2:1-4
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 34:1
My heart's made pure by the Holy Ghost. Acts 15:8-9
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 117:1
Circumcised in heart and ears, Acts 11:51; Deuteronomy 30:6
Delivered from all tormenting fears. 1 John 4:18
With Christ I'll reign through endless years. Revelation 20:6
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 92:1

IV.

Since I'm filled with the Holy Ghost. Ephesians 5:18, Acts 9:17
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 66:2
In God's perfect love I boast; Psalms 34:2; 1 John 4:18
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 41:18
The Comforter with me abides, John 14:16
Since I'm wholly sanctified; 1 Thessalonians 1:22-24
With Christ in clouds I soon shall ride.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 140:4

V.

Since I'm walking in the light, 1 John 1:7
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 107:21
I've joy and gladness day and night; Isaiah 35:10
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psalms 10:28

Not a sorrow, not a care, Phil 4:6
Thou dost all my burdens bear. Psa. 55:22
Soon I'll meet Him in the air. 1 Thess. 4:17
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psa. 66:2

VI.

Christ now lives and reigns within. Col. 1:27; Jude 25
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psa. 22:3
Keeping me from disease and sin. Psa. 116:8
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psa. 33:1
Soul and body in perfect health, 3 John 2
Endows me with His gracious wealth; 2 Cor. 8:9
Feel like a multimillionaire, Rev. 3:18
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psa. 117:2

VII.

With God I have sweet fellowship, John 1:3
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psa. 148:14
His praises flow from pen and lip. Psa. 34:1
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Isa. 60:18
At peace with God and all mankind; Heb. 12:14
At rest in body, soul and mind. Isa. 11:10; Matt. 11:28-29
Ready to meet Him at any time. Matt. 25:10
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Psa. 147:20

VIII.

Hallelujah to the Lamb. Rev. 19:1
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Rev. 19:5
He makes and keeps me what I am. 1 Pet. 1:5
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Isa. 12:1
Soon He is coming for His own. Rev. 22:7
To seat them on His glorious throne; Rev. 3:21
Hallelujah evermore, Rev. 19:6
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. 1 Pet. 4:11.

A SAINT OF GOD BEARS GLOWING WITNESS

Dear Brother Johnson:

I want to thank you for a welcome among the band of people, whose hearts God has touched, composing your Sunday night audiences. I feel such fellowship for you and them.

You must feel honored to minister to so distinguished a people. Am praying God to give you great grace and wisdom for such a work.

I have just passed my 50th anniversary in full Salvation, by the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire," and am enclosing a poetical account of some of the benefits therefrom.

Should you find room and deem it worthy a place in the King's Ambassador, I'd be delighted to testify to your 10,000 readers what God hath wrought in my heart, by His Holy Spirit.

I am your loving brother, and fellow helper,

T. L. Adams

Before I left my 'teen age I began daily reading the Scriptures, reading through annually, **to know the way to heaven**, which I have vowed to do as long as eyesight permits, and let me say to His glory, He has so saved and kept me that **from lid to lid they comfort me! Halleluiah!** He enables me to walk in sweet "Fellowship With Him." (1 John 1:3.)

"I Am Never In at Night"

Thadeaus L. Adams is eighty-one years old. Back at the turn of the century he went to California for his health. He used a cane in those days when he walked, and he never went out at night. He writes under date of December 21, 1938: "But now I don't need a cane, and am never in at night—too many good places to go for my Lord."

Mr. Adams began his career at an early age as a colporteur for the American Bible Society. Then, after completing his education, he held pastorates for twenty-five years. Later he entered evangelistic work. When he was thirty-one years old, he became a Life Director of the American Bible Society upon payment of \$150. For fifty years the Society has furnished Mr. Adams with \$2.50 worth of Scriptures for free distribution to needy people—a privilege accorded to any Life Director requesting it. "One year," writes Mr. Adams, "I gave out twenty-four Testaments, and I saw twelve of their receiptis brought to Christ."

Mr. Adams is in perfect health of body and soul, and works full time as an evangelist and Scripture distributor. He has read the Bible through sixty times. Long may he prosper.

—From Bible Society Record.

A WEEK OF TESTING, OPPORTUNITIES AND VICTORIES

June 25-July 2, 1939, seemed to be a week of opportunities to test my eighty and a half year old strength. I ate no breakfast, spent the morning from 5 to 8:30 in study and prayer, spoke forty minutes to my Bible Class. Before I was seated a young man was after me to go fifteen miles north of Hollywood to preach to the Four Square Church. A lovely, appreciative congregation greeted me and I enjoyed complying with their request to preach on Sanctification, the subject nearest to my heart. Two came to the altar, one for pardon and the other for purity. Both seemed to get what they sought. A good dinner and lovely fellowship with the pastor, a jar of preserves, \$2.00, and a lovely ride home in a nice limousine, made the evangelist happy. An

afternoon rest fitted me for Floyd Johnson's wonderful service in the Biltmore Theater where I met so many dear lovely friends given me of God. Bro. Haymaker and family picked me up in their lovely machine, drove me over and brought me back bringing me by Betty's ice cream parlor and treated me to malted milk—my second meal for the day—after which I slept sweetly through the night. Tuesday, went to Santa Monica, worked hard from 8 to 12 noon, fixing shades for my new renter, hurried down to the hotel to inauguration service of the President's Club. Sister Mauford paid for me a lovely dinner, and I had to hurry off to reach an appointment to preach to a crowd of children at 4:00 p.m. in Los Angeles, whom Mabel has collected in her neighborhood.

Wednesday I returned to Santa Monica and visited Sister Bromley, an intimate friend who recently moved to an old cottage of her own, which she is fixing up to live in, all grown over with vines and trees. With a butcher-knife she had done what she could, but needed a man with a saw, so I rolled up my sleeves and did an intensive day's labor with a saw and enjoyed her lovely dinner and supper. After this I came back to Los Angeles, but was too tired to get much out of Bro. Richy's sermon at Angelus Temple. Was much refreshed in a good night's sleep, and was early picked up by Bro. E. Josephson who drove me out forty miles in the country to preach for him in his "Chapel of the Hills" that night. He and his band were fasting and praying for victory which God very graciously gave us, as I preached under the Spirit's anointing (Luke 4:18). At the pastor's request I preached on Sanctification (1 Thes. 5:22-24) and at the invitation more than half of the congregation came to the altar for the experience. In answer to earnest prayer many were blessed. The atmosphere felt like an old-time revival. We stopped on our way home to take a malted milk, arriving home at 12:30 a.m. Next night we went with Margie Johnson to the Four Square Mission on Fifth Street, Los Angeles. The brother appointed to preach failing to appear, I was asked to substitute for him. Looking to God I seemed to be led to give them "The Bible Picture of the Unsaved and Saved" (Zech. 3:1-7), which the Lord graciously helped me to impressively set before them.

Thus closed an unusually busy week, leaving me feeling all right. Praise God! July 5, 1939—Went to Santa Monica today and finished fitting shades and curtains for my new tenant. Took dinner with Sister Gal-

loway, who is enthused over the thought of us driving through to Tennessee for a month's visit, about September 5-October 5. Arriving home tired, after sleeping an hour, and going for a malted milk, I decided to stay in and listen to Bro. Cooksey and Floyd Johnson on the radio. And now at 10:30 p.m. I retire for a refreshing night's sleep.

SAYINGS

"Why wait till the iron is hot to strike, when by striking we can make it hot?"

* * * *

"Sister, if you did not keep your husband in so much hot water he would not be so hard boiled."—Teaford.

* * * *

"The greatness of greatness is the simplicity of its modesty."—A. P. Gouthy.

"If I amount to anything in this world, I must live where God is real to me."

* * * *

"The body gives me sense consciousness,
The mind gives me self consciousness,
The spirit gives me God consciousness."—Dr. Walkem.

* * * *

"God first, others second, and self last."

—L. W. Schultz.

* * * *

"Glory to Jesus, He satisfies me, Glory to God, I'm free, I'm free, Glory to the Spirit, He sanctifies me, with Jesus in heaven I ever shall be."

* * * *

"Look away from the cross to the glittering crown."

* * * *

"God took great responsibility on Himself when He created man."

"The worst things that come to you are the best if you pray and wait."—Rheba Crawford.

* * * *

I AM BUT A TINY ROSEBUD

Shut up in me are beauty, food and fragrance.

If I, selfishly, refuse to open my petals and give out my attractions and usefulness, I blast and the world is impoverished.

If I respond to kisses of the sun's rays and generously open my petals, God and man are delighted with my beauty; and my fragrance and utility make them glad.

The bees laden with my sweetness fly away to mingle it with that of other flowers to bless mankind with nutritious honey.

And my falling petals, combined with others, are crushed, from which is distilled the priceless attar of roses.

Then when my attractions are gone, appears the colorful rose apple, which attracts the eye, the olfactory nerve, and is a nourishing food. And last of all, my matured seeds fall to the ground, reproduce and bring forth other after my kind.

—T. L. Adams.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
President of the United States of America.
Dear Sir:

When God planted us a liberty loving people in His greatest land; we put on our money "IN GOD WE TRUST."

Protected by the two great oceans, we labored energetically and perseveringly and under His smile and blessing we have become the greatest nation of the world.

But enemies have arisen who are casting jealous, covetous eyes at us and who would tear down "Old Glory" and supplant it with their own rags.

With the stealthy submarine and powerful airplane, our great waters are no longer protecting barriers, and we cannot, as formerly, feel secure.

Just this morning I was reading in the Book of books (2 Chr., 20th chapter) how the combined enemies of God's people came against them. When King Jehoshaphat was apprised of their peril he sought the Lord, proclaiming a general fast among the people, and all came to seek the Lord. The King stood in the midst of the people and prayed, reminding God of His power, so that none could withstand Him, for they had no power to resist the enemy. God sent a message by His Spirit: "THE BATTLE IS NOT YOUR'S, BUT GOD'S. Ye will not need to fight in this battle, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." So they went out praising the Lord with a loud noise.

And the enemy turned against each other, everyone helped to destroy each other; **none escaped.**

And they were many days gathering the spoils of their enemies.

If God never changes, don't we have access to this same source of protection? Would it not be wise to humble ourselves, as a nation, and seek unto God in our peril,

T. L. Adams.

1724 Kent St., Los Angeles
July 17, 1939.

SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1939

This was a day worth recording. After a refreshing sleep I awoke at 5:15 a.m., had three and a half hours for prayer and study of the Scripture for my Bible Class at 9:30 a.m. The Lord helped me and I enjoyed teaching. Fairly good service by Evangelist Raymond Richey followed. Hurrying home I enjoyed my chicken pie dinner. Read, slept and rested till 4:30 p.m. and went to the hospital to assist Sister Hal Smith. Prayed the opening prayer, but could not stay long as I must hurry off to assist in Floyd B. Johnson's service at the Biltmore theater. I arrived just as Bob Pierce was opening the prayer service. The presence of God was sensed from the very start. Bro. Johnson asked me to pray the opening prayer. I felt led to ask God to unctionize the preacher, and God was pleased to grant my petition. I think I never heard him preach more clearly, joyfully, or interestingly as on this occasion. A number of seekers for pardon and purity came at his invitation, and prayed earnestly.

"THE BROOK CHERITH"

In the seventeenth chapter of 1 Kings is recorded that Elijah told the wicked king of Israel, Ahab, faithfully, of God's impending judgment of an awful drought for the sins of Israel. To save his life Elijah hid away in the wilderness, drinking from the Brook Cherith: but it dried up because there had been no rain, and he was directed to Zarephath for water and food. Next we see him ministered to by the angels of God, then he is taken up to heaven.

Soon after God saved me, I united with the Methodists where I was nourished for twenty-five years. They dried up for lack of rain. The Nazarenes nourished me several years, becoming insipid, I was nourished under the ministry of Dr. G. D. Watson. He dying, I sat for years under the ministry of Aimee McPherson. Now (1939) I am greatly refreshed under the ministry of Floyd B. Johnson.

When God sanctifies a soul (which He did for me fifty years ago), that soul requires a different kind of food than before, which He has graciously and constantly supplied for me all these years, praise His holy name. It is required by law to feed cattle that are shipped on the railroad at least every thirty-six hours. A pilgrim enroute for glory is nourished more often than that.

HINTS ON HEALTH

1. Seek and obtain a right relation to God. (Isa. 55:6, 7)
2. Present your body a living sacrifice to God. (Rom. 12:1, 2)
3. Control every appetite and passion. (Gal. 5:24; 1 Pet. 2:11).
4. Do not live to eat, but eat to live. (Deut. 8:3).
5. Do not live an indulgent life, then resort to doctors and drugs to overrule your folly. (Jer. 17:5-8).
6. Avoid highly seasoned food. (Prov. 23:1-3)
7. Eat temperately of plain well cooked food, at regular intervals. (Eccl. 10:17)
8. "Eat what is set before you, chew it well, and don't chew too much of it."—Duckworth.
9. Divine healing is good (Jas. 5:13-16), but Divine health is better. (3 John 2)
10. Eat nothing between meals. (Eccl. 10:17)
11. I am told that the ballroom crowd often dances till a late hour, goes by the restaurant, eats a heavy, highly seasoned meal, then by the drug store for a dose of "dynamite" to correct their folly. (Prov. 13:15; Eccl. 7:17)
12. Said I to an Alabama physician: "Doctor, I never take medicine; when I am bilious I fast, for constipation I eat bran food and fruit and fruit syrup." "Ah," said he, "you have the secret of living."
13. Never drink coffee or tea. "Cambric tea (hot water) is better. When I drank coffee and used tobacco I was very nervous, but fifty years ago "God graciously sanctified my soul by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire" (Matt. 3:11, 12), took away the desire for these narcotics and in my 82nd year my nerves are as steady as a post. Praise to our God!
14. How do I keep well?
I arise at 5 a.m., take one and a half hour for prayer and exercise, reading and Bible study, then eat a light breakfast of cereal and fruit, cambric tea, or milk for drink. At noon I eat meat, vegetables, fruit, and cold cereal (no hog meat, as it is not good for me). I rarely eat supper, but from church eat a "Giant Malted Milk" or a pint of ice cream. After retiring at 11:00 p.m. I usually sleep very sweetly. One of my rules of life is: "After breakfast, rest a while. After dinner, sleep a while, and after supper, walk a mile.
I am absolutely well with never a pain or an ache. He keeps me so, Halleluiah!

For an In-growing Toe Nail

Never gouge at the corner, but let the corner grow over the tough part of the toe, filing or scraping thin the top of the nail. Soon all will be well.

A GRACIOUS DAY—August 9, 1939

Arising at 5 o'clock this morning, I had time for prayer, reading the Scripture, and had breakfast at 6:30 to 7:00 a.m.

Went to Angelus Temple and heard, though it was not true, that "Jerry" had been confined, though not due for two months yet, and would prevent our contemplated trip to the country. So I stopped and had a nice talk with Sister Finnell's nephew about his soul's salvation.

9:20 a.m., Ed Josephson with his party arrived and we were all soon off for Arcadia, fifteen miles northeast, for a gracious day, visiting the Treat family, newly converted. Ed's machine was comfortably filled with six men and women, all saved but one. We sang and testified most all the way up there and returning. Arrived at 11:30 a.m., found them upholstering at their work. They gave us a hearty welcome, prepared us a lovely meal, and we had an enjoyable time of fellowship, being new converts they were hungry for teaching in the things pertaining to everlasting life. Poor, struggling to get a start in business, we sympathized with and prayed for their success. He, returning from a delivery of some work gave Bro. Josephson, his pastor, \$2.00, and this scribe a \$1.00 bill. I sent off his subscription for the Pentecostal Herald till the first of the year.

At 7:30 p.m. we were arranging for a preaching service in his home, when Bro. Treat remembered a little struggling "Full Gospel Mission" a half block away, and proposed that we all go down and worship with them. They invited this scribe to bring the message which I felt led to do on the subject of a "Single Eye" (Matt. 6:22). God helped me and the people expressed appreciation, and we were all edified. The young pastor and wife are arranging to enter Bible School this fall.

As we were arranging to leave for home, 10:00 p.m., Bro. Treat would have us dedicate his business to God and pray specially for \$100 to come in immediately to meet an emergency obligation. We all laid hands on and prayed. So at 10:15 we started with a lug of peaches and their blessing for our homes in dear old L. A., arriving in about an hour for a good night's rest of our tired bodies and refreshed souls, Halleluiah!

1724 Kent St., Los Angeles, Calif., August 21, 1939

A busy and happy day! Early I carried off my laundry after my delightful season of communion and devotion, Scripture reading and prayer, and a light breakfast of cereal. I wrote and carried by a note to Bro. Ed Josephson that he would preach at Sister Gurdens Tuesday, the 29th, instead of today. Then I hastened to see Margie, my dearest friend, to ask her to preach in the Mission Friday night, which she thought she would do. Then I came by to see if there would be room in the auto to ride with Sister Gurden to Long Beach. The machine being full, I arranged to ride with Burt Teaford, dean of L.I.F.E.

Leaving here at 11:10, we arrived in Long Beach before the morning service closed, it being a "Get-together of All the Pastors of the District." Services closing, we repaired to a beautiful park where on long tables spread under lovely shade trees the ladies had a wonderful dinner for us ending up with ice cream and cake (the kind and flavoring suited my fastidious appetite as though I had ordered it). I met and fellowshiped with many lovely friends, eating beside Sister Silvia, pastor of the Four Square Mission, 709 East Fifth Street, Los Angeles.

After dinner Bro. Teaford drove us back to the Tabernacle, where a young preacher was conducting a service. He called on me and I was enabled to give my testimony with considerable liberty.

Dr. Knight gave a long talk on the bright outlook of the Four Square work. Starting at 6:00 p.m. Dr. Teaford drove us back by a new way. Beautiful scenery, through towns and villages, while to our left the sun, through fleecy clouds, gave us a gorgeous sunset, bringing cool, wonderful California twilight, closing an ideal, enjoyable day.

Having a few moments before service time, I lay down but failed to get a nap. I was sleepy later on. I arrived at service in time to offer the opening prayer also to give my testimony just before leaving for the Prayer Tower for the 8-10 p.m. shift.

My faithful band of three men was on hand. We had an enjoyable season of prayer. At 10:00 o'clock I came by the Bon Ton, got a pint of ice cream and some soft peaches for my supper, and after eating, I retired at 11:30, and slept without waking till 5:00 o'clock in the morning. Praise to our God!

A WISE PRAYER

"Oh, Lord, prepare me for all that Thou art preparing me for."

LOST

"Two golden hours, set with sixty diamond minutes each. No reward is offered, for they cannot be recovered."

THE PSALMIST PRAYED:

"Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." (Psa. 19:14.)

FAITH

"Is giving God credit for being honest enough to do what He has promised."—Floyd Johnson.

"THE FIRE

of God's Spirit will burn out of our souls every vestige of sin's corruption, or we will be swept from this earth into the pit of eternal fire."—F.B.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it (heaven) anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." (Rev. 21:27).

PRIDE

There is a pride of face (Jezebel—2 Kings 9:30); a pride of place (John 4:20); a pride of race (Peter—Acts 10:28); and a pride of grace (the Pharisee—Luke 18: 11, 12).

"We were making the world safe for Democracy, not Autocracy."—Dr. McPheeters.

"In God's sight there is only one race, the human race!—Thomas Anderson.

"I met God in the morning when my day was at its best.
And His presence came like sunrise, and His glory filled
my breast.
All day long His presence lingered, all day long He
stayed with me;
And I sailed with perfect calmness, o'er a very tempestuous sea."

"He looks and ten thousands of angels rejoice!
And myriads wait for His word,
He speaks and eternity filled with delight:
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord."

A VISIT TO DR. L. L. GLADNEY, TUCSON, ARIZ.

Having not seen my old friend for a score and a half of years, a great desire came into my heart to see him. and casting about I found that though he was 500 miles away, with a clergy credential, I had sufficient money to go and return. Sister Galloway insisted that I should go. So at 8 p.m. Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1939, I boarded the Southern Pacific train and all went well till at Nyland, near the Arizona line we struck a flood of water from a cloud burst east of us, and as this town is 132 feet below sea level the track was washed out before and behind us and we were marooned for twenty-six hours. I got out my mouth organ and began playing hymns and the saints gathered around and sang and we broke the monotony. Found out that we had a Nazarene and a Congregational minister on board. We distributed tracts to all on board and all we could reach at the stations where we stopped.

Though I was more than a day late my old "Chum" was at the depot to carry me out in his big Lincoln car.

Thirty years had greatly changed our outward appearance, but that blessed fellowship with each other and our Lord was just the same that was implanted by the Holy Ghost forty years ago, in which we were able to revel in, untrammled, for two nights and a day. Praise our God! Amen.

I found him a veritable hermit. He had bought himself a house four miles in the country and lived in seclusion, going to town once a week for supplies, besides spending his time in reading and praying, fourteen to eighteen hours a day, loving and looking for "His appearing." He has a large well selected library. The volumes show that he reads and marks their contents. Although he carries well earned B.D., M.D., and D.D. degrees, he seems to "Make himself of no reputation" as did his Master. I had a good time singing, playing, testifying and distributing tracts on the return trip. At the suggestion of my friends, Brother and Sister Haymaker, I telegraphed them when our train would reach the Los Angeles station and though we were delayed four hours, arriving near midnight, there were our dear friends awaiting with their lovely limousine to speed us to our home. Halleluiah! Thus ended a delightful four and a half day visit through flood and heat to fellowship with one whose love has not dimmed for all these years.

LOS ANGELES, OCTOBER 3, 1939

A lovely day since the unprecedented nine days of the hottest weather I have ever seen in California during the thirty-four years of my sojourn here.

I enjoyed my early hour of communion. Arising at 5:00 a.m. I had not to hurry. After doing my morning chores, at 7:50 a.m. I hurried to take off my laundry and at Temple Street I caught the car for Santa Monica, as the rent on my home was due today.

I stopped at Twenty-sixth Street to visit my old friend, Mrs. Bromley (who recently was married to Mr. Buss) and had an enjoyable time with them. They took me in their nice limousine over to my home. On the way we stopped and saw Bertha Liebig whom I had not seen for years. She esteems me as a father. After eleven when I arrived at my home. My tenant asked me to stay for dinner, which I gladly accepted. I offered to reduce the rent to \$28.00 on condition he would remain a year, which he agreed to do. He drove me over to Sister Galloway's, where I had a homey visit till 5:00 p.m., driving around in the city. They are preparing to celebrate their Silver Wedding anniversary October 7th.

Arriving home at 6:30 so tired I lay down for a little rest, dropped off to sleep and waking at 7:00 I remembered that Dr. Teaford, the dean of L.I.F.E., had invited me to visit the school at this hour. So I hurried off and arrived after the chapel hour was past and Bro. Van Cleve was speaking to his class, lecturing on the book of Genesis. At the close I was allowed to speak a few words of "Wisdom" (1 Cor. 12:), as they were given to me for which many of the students expressed appreciation. At 8:00 o'clock I was in the Prayer Tower, where for two hours I and my three faithful helpers prayed over written requests for people who were in all kinds of trouble. Being the Chaplain, it was mine to receive phone requests and pray with people in various manners of distress such as wives being beaten, impoverished, and disgraced by drinking, debauched husbands who had once solemnly vowed to "Love, cherish, honour and be true to till death should them part"; people out of work, suffering for the necessities of life; runaway children; lustful unfaithful companions running away with others; unruly, stubborn, disobedient sons and daughters; people tangled up in life threatening to end all in suicide; penitents wanting help to God; believers desiring prayer for the cleansing and filling with the Holy Ghost and fire; students wanting work to pay expenses through school; people undergoing operations praying for grace; mothers for sons being tried for

crimes in court—it would take a heart of stone not to be touched with sympathy for a bleeding, suffering world such as we are now in. But halleluiah to our God, **“Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.”**

After coming by Betty's Ice Cream Parlor and eating a malted milk, which I eat instead of supper, and walking nearly a mile to my room, I was enabled to get to bed by 11:00 p.m., my accustomed hour for retiring. It had been a busy but happy day, and I was conscious I had spent it in service of God and my fellow beings, and had many expressions of appreciation, and at its close felt no remorse but gratitude to God for using me. Though in my 82nd year I felt little weariness or fatigue from the day's activities.

TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO

At 8:15 a.m., Tuesday, October 24, 1939, I boarded the train for San Francisco to visit Philip and Alyce and see my first grandson, STEVEN ADAMS, now nearly three months old. A fine, noble looking boy! This is my fourth day here and I have heard him cry once. He goes to sleep at 7:00 p.m. and sleeps till 7:00 a.m. without waking. His mother works unhindered all day, except to feed and bathe and supply his needs, which seem fewer than any baby I have ever seen. Alyce, his mother, seems less awkward than most mothers with their first child.

At 6:00 p.m., as our train pulled into San Francisco, Philip was at the depot and we were soon in his auto wheeling up to meet Alyce and the baby, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SIX MONTHS from their home. Living all alone, it is a great privilege to be in the home of my children.

Wednesday morning found me scurrying over the great bridge to Oakland to see Mrs. Swafford in behalf of her son Tison. It was an unusually lovely morning, clear, shining after rain, and I enjoyed the ride very much. I also called on the Schotanis children at their mother's request and went by and ate supper with them, Jack, Paul, and Faith. After an enjoyable meal and pleasant visit, Paul drove me over to Glad Tidings Temple, where I heard Evangelist Alice Bridges preach a wonderful sermon to my delight and edification. Thursday I stayed in and wrote on my Autobiography most of the day. At night I went to the Glad Tidings Mission and testified. Friday after breakfast I went to the Exposition where I met some lovely friends, saw some wonderful airplane stunts, gave out all the tracts I had with me. Came by Philip's law office in the Mills building

and we came to his home together, and being tired I am resting and caring for the baby while they are out to-night.

“The world is one vast temple made, for worship
everywhere,
And to men of every class and creed, His glory
I declare.”

* * * *

Saturday, Oct. 28, I stayed and rested till near noon, when to get physical and spiritual exercise, I went down one street and up another distributing tracts to all I contacted. Found some excellent bran muffins and plum pie and brought them for dinner, which we all enjoyed. Stayed and watched the baby while Phil and Alyce went to a wedding. When he awoke I entertained him with music from my mouth organ. They returned at 7:30 and Philip proposed to take me to Glad Tidings service and we were soon there. A blessed service; God greatly helped me sing my testimony, “I’m all right now, Jesus saves me from all sin, and He rules and reigns within, Halleluiah! I’m all right now.” I was given liberty in testimony, praise to our God.

Sister Bridges preached a great sermon on “Sin.” Many came to the altar. I prayed with one brother who had been backslidden for twenty years and, praise God, he seemed to get clearly restored. I gave two tracts to two women and preached to them on the way home, and they seemed to appreciate it.

Philip and I sat and talked till midnight, which I enjoyed and appreciated. Six hours of refreshing sleep brings me to a lovely California Sunday morning. Every moment of which is for God and souls.

* * * *

Sunday was a great day. Arising at 6:00 o’clock I read my Bible and had a good season of prayer. Arrived at Glide Memorial Church in time for Sunday School, where I was enabled to testify to God’s miraculous works of saving and sanctifying my soul, and keeping me, soul and body, unto the coming of our Lord. Dr. McPheeters’ sermon at 11:00 a.m. was a masterpiece of eloquence and oratory, inspirational and uplifting. My soul was fed and edified. Coming back to Philip’s I ate a good dinner, slept a nap and was off for afternoon Glad Tidings service, which was a thrilling service. Mary Bridges was at her best, the Spirit used her and it was a gracious service, praise to our God!

Returning to 1212 Leavenworth, I found not only my son and his family, but a distinguished Chinese offi-

cial with other lovely friends of the family, and we had a nice visit in the family, such as a homeless one enjoys.

I returned to hear Sister Bridges at night but the activities of the day so wearied me that I could scarcely keep awake and consequently got very little out of the service. But thanks to our heavenly Father, a good refreshing night's sleep gives me pep as I turn my steps toward dear old Los Angeles—to me the dearest place on earth.

THE TRIP HOME

Although I had made reservations on the Streamliner days ahead, when I went to buy my ticket they said all seats were taken and I'd have to take the next train. However, if I'd be there at train time someone might cancel their passage and thus make room. So I was at the window on time and as I explained to the agent my predicament a lady standing by spoke up and said her daughter had a reservation but couldn't go. The agent then handed me the reservation and I was, to my joy, soon seated in a lovely seat by a large window on the shady side of the "Daylight" train. How our Father has a way of pleasing His saints!

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

An armless girl was on the train. I said to her: Years ago in Texas I was the pastor of a boy without arms. She asked if his name was Paul Desmuke. When I assured her it was, she said, "He is on this train," and she accompanied me to the place where he was sitting, and after fifty-seven years I was looking in the face of the boy in whose home I had been and whose parents, John and Hulda Desmuke, were members of my church in West Texas in 1882, as a boy preacher. I secured the autograph of each of them. Taking my fountain pen between their toes and as they train was running they wrote plainly their names.

LOS ANGELES

Arriving back in my home town there were Brother and Sister Haymaker with their car, whom, at their request, I had written the hour of my arrival. They took me and my baggage to my room, 1724 Kent St. How good God is to His unworthy servant!

After resting awhile I hurried off to the Prayer Tower to intercede from 8 to 10 p.m. for the less fortunate than I. People wrote and phoned in for prayer to help out of their distresses of various kinds.

Tuesday, Nov. 1, found me enroute to the So. Calif.

Edison Co. to receive my \$34 pension check which they agree to give me monthly for life. Then I went and ate dinner with my friend M. G. and had a pleasant time. After dinner I took the trolley car for Santa Monica to collect rent on my home, and to visit the Galloways. Found him quite ill but after praying with and for him he seemed better. Spent the night with him. Coming next day to Angelus Temple found they were to have a service on the word SURE, and as I frequently use the expression SURE in the service they requested me to sing a solo on that subject. Not being able to think of a suitable song, I took two choruses and adjusted them to that subject, as follows:

I'm sure, I'm sure; O yes I'm sure;
The Holy Ghost bears witness:
And I'm sure, I'm sure, I'm sure!
(Tune: "It's Real")

Sure, Sure, Sure!
Christ now makes me sure;
My heart was full of doubt,
The Holy Ghost burnt it out;
Now I'm sure, sure, sure!
(Tune: "Free, Free, Free")

A story is told of an old colored man trying to row his skiff across the river in a wind storm. The waves dashed high and threatened to overturn his boat, falling on his knees he prayed, "O Lord, des carry me safe across and I'll give you half I've got." Then laying hold of his oars he labored with all his might to make the shore. But the wind blew harder, and the waves dashed higher, and it seemed he must perish. Dropping his oars he fell on his knees again, crying, "O Lord, if you'll carry me safe over I'll give you all I've got!" "Dad, I wouldn't do that," protested his little boy who was sitting in the rear of the boat. "Shut yo mouf, when I gits across I won't give Him nuffin." How like humanity! In trouble we vow, but in prosperity we forget.

TWO HAPPY, BUSY DAYS, OCT. 7, 8, 1939

Arising early Saturday, and remembering it was Brother and Sister Galloway's Silver Wedding, and as she had requested, I hastily did up my chores and hurried to their home in Santa Monica to render any assistance in getting ready for the great crowd that they were expecting for 2 to 5 p.m. We drove over to the city to make some purchases, I bought half a dozen chicken pies which made us a lovely dinner. Sister Lura Waltz came out to assist as did Frances —. Brother Gallo-

way seems much improved. The friends poured in till eighty-nine had registered, bringing silver platters, knives, forks, spoons, and money; I counted more than \$100—very helpful to their depleted treasury. Besides congratulatory cards and verbal expressions of sympathy and encouragement and appreciation for their helpful twenty-five years of married life.

At 2:45 they stood amid the throng and the pastor of the First Nazarene Church of Los Angeles read a beautiful ritual and replighted their vows of love and loyalty to each other "Till death do them part." One party made them a large cake, another made a large quantity of lovely punch, which served the whole throng with a little left over. The writer was called on to assist in the ceremony and pray the prayer which he greatly enjoyed, as Sister G. was sanctified in one of his evangelistic campaigns more than thirty-five years ago, and since which time she has treated him as though he were her father. At 9 p.m. Sister G. drove us into the city in her car and thus ended an enjoyable. happy day.

* * * *

Sunday, awaking at 5:30, and remembering I had been relieved of my S. S. class, I took another needed nap awaking at 6:30, feeling very much refreshed. After reading five chapters of the Word on my 61st time to read the Bible through, I dressed and went to Sunday School. I decided to visit the small children, among whom I received the thrill of the day. They sang, prayed and played on their toy instruments as an orchestra. Then the leader let the writer talk and testify to them, and God blessed me as He did in no other service of the day. Friday night I was permitted to labor with drunks and down and outs, but it is so much better to guide the little feet into the right paths and keep them from straying.

Sister McPherson preached a nice sermon to us, at the close I got a chicken wing at the restaurant for my lunch, which I hastened to my room to eat. I got a much needed nap and on waking Bro. Ed Josephson knocked at the door asking me to go with him to visit his wife and new born son at the maternity hospital, which I gladly did. We were permitted to visit and distribute tracts. At 4 p.m. we drove to the General Hospital where, assembling the workers (Sister Smith, the leader, not yet arrived), I prayed and organized the bands to bring down the beds to the chapel for service. We had a large attendance and an interesting service. I was privileged to sing and testify, which I greatly

enjoyed. The sick and afflicted enjoyed the gracious service the Lord enabled us to hold.

At the close Ed drove us over to the Biltmore Theater to Floyd Johnson's great service of the day. Bob Pierce was up holding the prayer service when I arrived. Bro. Johnson had been suffering with foot trouble for several weeks and on arrival he called three of us elders to pray for his healing, which we did. He was forced to preach with one knee in a chair but said while on his back he had been communing with God and preached to us an unusually impressive sermon on our possibilities and responsibilities **as the best country in the world.** At the close many stood for prayer. The writer was called on to pray the closing prayer in which he was greatly helped by the Holy Spirit.

Brother and Sister Haymaker insisted that I should ride with them and their lovely family in their machine. Coming by Bettie's we all enjoyed malted milk at his expense, which ended up the day delightfully and enabled me to get in bed happy at my regular hour, 11 p.m. and two days of enjoyment and busy life.

Monday, Oct. 9, as usual, I take off as rest day only attending three services and spending 8 to 10 p.m. in the Prayer Tower. At the close of Sister McPherson's birthday service I came by and was given a piece of the cake.

Tuesday was so much like Sunday I must make a small record. Having several matters of business to attend to I hurried around to reach the Monthly All Day Holiness Meeting at the German Methodist Church. Arriving at 10:30 I was permitted to pray the opening prayer, and enjoyed the service. Rev. L. DeVries, whom I had started out in the evangelistic work years ago, and whose work God has greatly blessed, came and I was privileged to fellowship with him in the lobby. God gave me a testimony at the 1:30 meeting after Dr. Ridout, a world missionary, delivered an inspiring message on world affairs to our edification.

Coming home I found a long looked for letter from my lawyer son, Philip, telling of my first grandson, STEVEN ADAMS, now 70 days old, saying, "Though he might never become a martyr, they will endeavor to raise him to be a good boy of which grandpa will be proud. After eating my refreshing malted milk I was enabled to get in bed at 10:30 and weary enough to sleep well through the night. Praise our God!

* * * *

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! For he satisfieth the longing soul, and **filleth the hungry soul with goodness.**" (Psa. 107:8,9.)

SAYINGS

The old colored man was asked how he was succeeding trapped. Said he: "I ketched two coons des as due as de nights come, and sometimes one."

* * * *

Sam Jones said, "Any man that will sell whiskey is an infernal rascal, and any man that will drink it is an infernal fool."

* * * *

Solomon said: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

* * * *

Ed Roberts said that his widowed mother divided the chores among the children and it fell to his lot to milk the cow. And this was her admonition: "**Milk her dry every time or she will go dry!**" Some preachers in taking their collection seem to have the same idea.

* * * *

A negro preacher is said to have, in his sermon, asserted, "There are des two roads: One leading to hell, the other to damnation." A thoughtful listener yelled out: "Den I takes it through the woods."

* * * *

"Beloved, I wish (pray) above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth" (3 John 2).

* * * *

Sam Jones was preaching to the negros, when an old colored auntie remarked: "Mars Sam, You'ze the best white preacher I ever hearn preach. You preaches des like a nigger, you'ze got a white face but you shore must have a black heart." Bro. Jones said he wasn't sure whether she was complimenting or critisizing.

* * * *

Teacher: "What is it that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?"

Pupil: "The landlord when he gets his back rent."

* * * *

"Immodesty admits of no defense;

But a want of modesty is a want of sense."

* * * *

The Rev. Sam P. Jones was assisting a rather narrow visioned pastor, when he remarked: "Brethren, your pastor needs to travel; he is so narrow that a fly can

sit on his nose and paw him in one eye and kick him in the other.”

* * * *

A very spiritual brother was laboring in a meeting which practiced closed communion, i.e. only members of that church could eat the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Though of a different faith, he presented himself to be served. "No," said they, "you can't partake." "If it's the **Lord's** Supper I **will**, if it is not, I don't want it."

* * * *

It is said of a man who had long, through absorption in business, neglected the aesthetical taste of his devoted wife, at her sudden apparent death, lashed with remorse, purchased from the forest a beautiful and expensive wreath and laid it on her coffin. Instantly she sat up in her coffin, exclaiming, "John, I did not know you loved me that much; I don't believe I'll go."

* * * *

Dr. Carradine said, "Many a man never realizes that he has an angel for a companion till he hears the rustling of her wings flying up to glory."

* * * *

An old colored man was asked how cold it got up in the mountain where he lived and he replied, "Dey has no thermometer up dare and it gits des as cold as it pleases."

* * * *

"A moment in the morning, e'er the cares of life begin,
E'er the heart's wide door is open for the world to enter
in:

Ah, then alone with Jesus, in the silence of the morn',
In heavenly sweet communion let your duty day be
born.

In the quietude that blesses with a prelude of repose,
Let your soul be sweetened and softened as the day
revives the rose."

* * * *

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." (2 Chron.16:9)

* * * *

"I am the almighty God, walk before me and be thou perfect." (Gen. 17:7)

HEART PURITY

Having been asked by Dr. Flora Gurden to bring the message in her home at 817 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 7, 1939, as I thought on the subject, Matt. 5:8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," impressed itself on me as a suitable text, and the following meditations ensued:

This with the other two: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light" (Ch. 6:22), and "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven" (Ch. 7:21), **are the high lights** of the Sermon on the Mount, the greatest sermon ever preached, and greatest piece of literature extant.

"Jesus began to preach and to say: Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" (ch. 4:17).

The great God, whose throne is in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all (Pha. 10:39), through His Son has come down to earth to prepare a people to compose his kingdom, in whom and over whom He is to reign forever. Of course, they must repent, renounce all allegiance to Satan, the usurper, who by guile and deception has captured the human race, and to their sorrow, degradation and destruction, rules over them. And when they have "Renounced the world with its vain pomp and glory," the devil with his wiles, the flesh and its gratifications, and have not yet been received into the kingdom of heaven, they are very "POOR in spirit." Jesus assures them that "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And though they "Mourn," He soon sends His Spirit, regenerates them, makes them new creatures in Christ, "adopts them into His family" (Gal. 4:5), "writes their names in heaven," and sends His witnessing Spirit into their hearts" (Rom. 8:16), and "they are comforted."

I shall never forget that night sixty-four years ago when all this took place in my heart. I doubt if eternity will blot out the thrill I experienced as I was admitted into the heavenly family and became an "heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ" (Rom. 8:17). "To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for those who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time" (1 Peter 1:4, 5).

But Jesus said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," indicating that there is something more to be sought after we are in the kingdom. James said, not only "cleanse your hands, ye sinners, but purify your hearts, ye double minded" (Jas. 4:8).

Mal. 3:1-4 says, "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come into his temple . . . but who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like refiner's fire and like fullers' soap, and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." "And purge them as gold and silver." So it takes fire to purify the soul. John said of Jesus: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire . . . he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into his garner but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." Only thoroughly cleaned wheat is fit for the garner of the skies, and **only souls saved from the last and least remains of sin are prepared for the "Mansion in the Sky."**

But you ask, "How are we purified?" James 4:8-10 says, "Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands ye sinners; and purify your hearts ye double minded. Be afflicted and mourn and weep: let your laughter be turned to mourning and your joy to heaviness, humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and he shall lift you up." In regeneration we are given a new heart (Ezek. 36:26), but Peter tells us that the pentecostal "Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire purified their hearts" (Acts 15:8,9).

"Blessed (meaning happy) are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Now let us turn to Job 7:7, marginal reads, "To see, that is to enjoy." Now let us read it: **"Happy are pure in heart, for they shall enjoy God."** All will see God (Matt. 25:32; Rom. 14:10; Rev. 1:7). But His face will strike terror to those not right with Him and they will cry for the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from His face (Rev. 6:16), the very scene that will thrill His saints with eternal joy (Rev. 22:4).

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost abide in the heart of a purified saint of God (John 14:15, 16, 23), making a heaven in which to go to heaven.

"And purity is His free gift, thus saving to the uttermost;

And by His Holy Spirit's power, He gives us our Pentecost."

How sweetly this morning I was enabled to fellowship my loving, beneficent heavenly Father, my redeeming Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, and coming King, the Son; and comforting, guiding, and upholding Holy Ghost! Three in one! Lord God Almighty! Halleluiah!

"He's every things, He's every thing to me,

He's every thing, He's every things to me:

My Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, and coming King,

He's every thing to me."

A SOLILOQUY

Well, here I am at last in heaven. In spite of all earth's difficulties and hindrances.

I was born with my back toward this place, I was not willing to submit to the authority of the King; I wanted to have my own way (Isa. 53:6) which would have forever excluded me from this place. (Matt. 7:21). God showed me by His Word and Spirit that there was nothing awaiting my stubborn selfwill but His prison house called hell. Which He described as "A furnace of fire" (Matt. 13:42), "Outer darkness" (Matt. 25:30), "A lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" (Rev. 21:8), "A place of torment" (Luke 16:23, 24), and it was "everlasting" (Matt. 25:46), and that I would be an eternal intruder as it wasn't prepared for me, but "For the devil and his angels" (Math. 25:41), —and though haunted by dreams at night and visions by day of my pending doom I dickered long with my long-suffering heavenly Father before yielding to His sway. And indeed I think I never should have, had He not "Made of me a new creature" (2 Cor. 5:17). "Turned me into another man" (1 Sam. 10:6), implanted the love of God in my heart (1 John 4:7), and afterward when I found the "carnal mind which is enmity against God" (Rom. 8:7) remaining in my heart, I cried, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. 7:24). But I found Jesus had fully anticipated and provided for this trouble, and by "the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire" my heart was purified and my nature was sanctified" (Acts 15:8, 9), and "The body of sin was destroyed" (Rom. 6:6), "Perfecting his love in my heart" (1 John 4:17, 18). Then I could truthfully say, "I delight to do thy will, O God." No one in heaven wants their way, for they have found that "God's way is the best way." That keeps peace and harmony in that celestial city.

Well, one look around, and one breath of heaven's atmosphere convinces one that heaven is cheap at any price. "That the self-denials of the way seem nothing when he arrives at the end of the way." To think of looking in the face of Him "that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and his Father" (Rev. 1:5, 6), to meet with long lost loved ones, "Friends who will receive us into everlasting habitations" (Luke 16:9), To fellowship, and walk with them the golden streets forever, to sit and converse with our "guarding angels who encamped round about us and delivered us." "Who had charge of us, to keep us in all our ways."

“And were sent forth to minister to us who were to be heirs of salvation” (Heb. 1:14). To be before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple: and to have him that sitteth on the throne dwell among us, when we hunger no more neither thirst any more . . . for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes” (Rev. 7:15-17). To hear Him say: “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world” (Matt. 25:34), and to think of the honour conferred on His overcoming saints, “To sit with him on his throne, even as he overcame and has sat down with his Father on his throne (Rev. 3:21), and “To stand around the throne in heaven and be consulted as to best methods of carrying out His purposes” (2 Chr. 18:18-21). “Then shall every man have praise of God” (1 Cor. 4:5), and honors awaiting the faithful saints that stagger us to contemplate, but they are written in God’s Word, “And God cannot lie.” No wonder the apostle wrote: “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him” (1 Cor. 2:9).

SAYINGS

A Christian judge on Sunday attended a camp meeting where was preached the privilege and possibility of being filled with the Holy Ghost. He humbled himself, met the conditions and received the experience. As he sat on the bench Monday morning, all who sat in the courtroom (As with Steven of old, Acts 6:15) saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. A lawyer said to him, “Judge, what has come over you?” “Oh,” said he, “I went to that camp meeting yesterday and was ‘Filled with the Spirit of God’.” “I’d give the world,” said the lawyer, “for such an experience.” Said the judge: **“That’s just what it cost me!”**

* * * *

“Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it will be well with them that fear God” (Eccl. 8:11, 12).

* * * *

Tobacco is a filthy weed,
—The devil sowed the seed;
It hazards the health,
As well as the wealth;
Soils the clothes,
And makes a chimney of the nose.

* * * *

“The gum-chewing girl, and cud chewing cow, are somewhat alike yet different, somehow. What difference? Oh yes, I know! It’s the thoughtful look IN THE FACE OF THE COW.”

* * * *

— G L E A N I N G S —

Just Being Happy

“Just being happy, is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side, rather than the blue:
Sad or sunny musing is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy is a brave work and true.
Just being happy helps other souls along,
Their burdens may be heavy and they not strong;
And your own skies you brighten
If other skies you lighten
By just being happy with a heart full of song.”

* * * *

“The world is one vast temple made,
For worship everywhere;
And flowers are bells, in groves and glades;
That ring our souls to prayer.”

* * * *

“How hard to see things in their true light,
When duty leads one way, and inclination the other.”
—David Magie, in Springtime of Life.

* * * *

“If I had one thousand lives, all would be preachers.”
—W. B. Teaford.

* * * *

Full salvation will clean one up, and clean him out,
Fill him up and send him out for God.—Isa. 6:1-9.

* * * *

If you will give yourself to God, God will give Himself to you.”—F. B. Johnson.

“The fire of God’s Holy Spirit will burn out of our hearts every vestige of sin or corruption; or we will be cast into the lake of fire.”—Floyd B. Johnson.

NOVEMBER 14, 1939

A great day! Rising at 5 o’clock, God was pleased to draw nigh to me in devotion and I was enabled to write with scarcely a correction the following song:

- (1) Now I see the morning light,
 Glory, glory, glory!
 Thou hast kept me through the night:
 Glory, glory, glory!
 Kept me as in days of old,
 Saved and sanctified my soul:
 Spirit and body with wealth untold;
 Glory, glory, glory!
- (3) Sun now rising bright and fair,
 Glory, glory, glory!
 Feel like a multi-million-aire:
 Glory, glory, glory!
 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory's beaming through the sky:
 Th' coming of the Lord is drawing nigh,
 Glory, glory, glory!
- (3) Let the testimony roll,
 Glory, glory, glory!
 God lives and reigns within my soul,
 Glory, glory, glory!
 O, that all might taste and see:
 The peace and joy that comes to me,
 And will last to all eternity.
 Glory, glory, glory!

I have sung to appreciative audiences at the Santa Monica Bible Club, The Four Square Mission on Fifth St., Los Angeles, and also in the large Mission near the corner of East First on Los Angeles St., this new song.

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"Sing unto the Lord a new song." "He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise to our God: many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord" (Psa. 40:3).

— S A Y I N G S —

On Rev. 2:26-28, "He that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, . . . I will give him the morning star." Wesley commenting on this says: "He whom this star enlightens, **has always morning** and no evening. An unspeakable brightness, and peaceful dominion in him."

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"THE YOUNG receive impressions like wax, and retain them like adamant; the OLD receive impressions like adamant, and retain them like wax."—Dr. O. S. Parrett.

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Just as eating more than the body requires tends to weaken it, so medical men "Would readily allow that lying in bed longer than is needful tends to weaken rather than strengthen the body."—Muller.

“‘But if thine eye be single.’ Singly fixed on God and heaven, thy whole soul will be full of holiness and happiness.”—Wesley.

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“Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.” “Many lives are failures because something secondary has been given first place.”—Mingledorf.

* * * *

“Souls won, grace attained, and deeds of goodness performed will be our treasures in heaven.”

* * * *

AN INCIDENT

“Bro. Adams, would you like a spin in my new automobile?” asked a beautiful young friend of mine. “I would be delighted,” I replied. She drove me amid the beautiful scenery of Los Angeles and ended up at a sale place of oil land (for which she was working, with whom she had earned her new machine). I listened attentively while they put on their high-powered salesmanship. At the close all were taken into different rooms to, if possible, make sales and close deals. I said to them, “Gentlemen, I am not interested for three reasons: 1st, I have no money to invest; 2nd, I have sufficient income till my needs are fully met; and 3rd, I have struck a ‘Gusher of Full Salvation’ of which I wish to tell you.” And opening my Bible I proceeded to tell them of the rich provisions, not only for our getting by, but that we may become Spiritual Multi-millionaires in grace. That “Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

They took me from room to room to represent my spiritual wealth. Seating ourselves in her car to return home, I said to my friend: “I have disappointed you. You took me down there to sell me oil land and I preached the Gospel to them.” She replied, “That’s just why I took you, I wanted you to preach to them.”

* * * *

Sin is easy and natural for fallen men, but **living a life acceptable to God demands self-denial, determination, and our best effort.** The crowds are not willing to pay this price, and they are not going this way.

—O. E. M.

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“It is not the Divine will in eternity, but the human will in time that settles one’s destiny for heaven or hell.”

"The mind says: I see it. The conscience says: I ought to have it. The heart says: I want it. The will says: I'll get it. Faith says: I take it. The conscience says: I've got it!"—Andrew Johnson.

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"Reading makes a full man. Writing makes an accurate man. Speaking makes a ready man, and Praying make a holy man."

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"Lord, deliver us from the shallow service of display, or the hollow service of habit." "Drawing near to God with our lips, while our hearts are far from him." Isaiah 29:13.

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"Wider than the widest ocean, deeper than the deepest sea; Sweeter than the sweetest music, is God's love in Christ to me."

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"**MORE THAN CONQUERORS** through Him that loved us." Bill Wildman tells a very striking story illustrating what it is to be more than a conqueror. His father had a large Rhode Island rooster, his neighbor had a small game one. One day when their fathers were away the neighbor son said to him, "Bill, let's have some sport today." "How?" I replied. "Let's fight our fathers' roosters." "Good," I replied. In my imagination I could see our big rooster hit that little one a few times and drive him off the field. But to my surprise, when they had fought but a few minutes the big Rhode Island Red dropped his wings and bleeding head and broke for the barn. The little game cock threw back his head and crowed defiantly, as much as to say: "I've conquered everything in sight, if there are any more antagonists bring them out!"

So, "through Him that loved us," we can "overcome all things" (Eph. 6:13 Mar.). As a gladiator cuts down every antagonist and stands with sword in hand, saying, "If you have any other, I am ready for him." We may conquer every foe and stand complete in Him, by the power of His Spirit. We can "be more than **CONQUERORS** through Him that loved us" (Rom. 8:37).

Thursday, November 23rd, was set for **THANK-GIVING** by President Roosevelt instead of the last Thursday of the month.

Brother Ed and Sister Josephson came by from church and took me to their home where we spent the day and till bed time in thanksgiving and Christian fellowship, with Hal Treat and lovely family. He had

just been reclaimed from a backslidden condition. He presented me with a lovely spring cushion for my rocker which I needed greatly, adding to my comfort.

Our hearts welled up in and our lips expressed our gratitude to God for "All His benefits!" Specially for a table loaded with good things for the body, around which we gathered at 4:00 p.m.

How good God is to His solitary servant, to enjoy this Thanksgiving, though far from his own children and grandchildren to be with loved ones who appreciate and treat him as though he were blood kin, which he is, for the blood and Spirit of Christ unites people second to none other! We sang, prayed, testified and studied the Scriptures, and our "hearts burned as we communed together of all His benefits."

The day was ideal and the moon was high overhead as we broke up for homes, with gratitude in our hearts for so enjoyable a day and evening. Bro. Josephson and I am persuaded Bro. Treat are preparing for the ministry, with their consecrated wives. I am trusting for them lives of blessed usefulness.

* * * *

Friday, Nov. 24, I feel was a day worth recording. I arose at 5 a.m. on time, had an unusually nice season of devotion. The prayer in "God's Minute" (a prayer book) was inspiring and uplifting. Had a good morning reading and writing, and after dinner I had an enjoyable visit with my friend Margie S., then to Sister Hal Smith's service, which was edifying and uplifting. Then 2:30 found me in Rev. Dunaway's service which was helpful indeed, as he was so heart appealing and spiritual. At the close of the service Brother Hal Treat walked up and came on with me to my room and we had a nice visit for a long time, till I thought that it was the night to go to the Four Square Mission on Fifth Street, in Los Angeles. After fixing him a couple of sandwiches we started to the Mission. God seemed unusually present in the service and our souls were joyful in His salvation. I was permitted to testify and a brother and I played a duet with our mouth organs which was received with such applause that we played a second number.

Sunday, Nov. 26, 1939, was a busy and happy day, for God and souls. Arising at 5:30 a.m. with almost Paradisical weather, hills and vales green with the Lord's sward, delighting the eye everywhere, with not a pain or ache in the body, and not a cloud of guilt in my spiritual sky, I besought the Lord for grace to be a blessing to souls. Starting out without a strap or string of restraint, free to go where He leads, remain as long

and return at His pleasure, Brother Hal Treat picked me up at 9:45 a.m. and we were off for Bethany Church, nine miles north to Alhambra. Invited into Dr. Britton's large Bible Class, he gave way for me to address them, which I greatly enjoyed. They had just completed a three-story Sunday School building and I have a secret impression I will yet teach this class, as I have been relieved of my class in Angelus Temple, and Bro. Britton is overworked and expressed a desire that I should help him, and a brother said he would drive me over every Sunday morning. A large audience assembled for the 11 a.m. service. Dr. Britton gave way for two missionaries to farewell for India. At the close they were ordained and a collection was raised to ship their house trailer to India (\$400 the amount necessary). Then the people filed out to witness the christening and dedication of it to the service of God and souls.

Hurrying back to Los Angeles and to Sister Fallis to partake of a lovely roast beef dinner, to which I had been previously invited. After enjoying fellowship for a while I retired to my room to rest and pray, preparatory for 6:30 service with the young people of North Hollywood Four Square church, fifteen miles northwest. At 5:45 p.m. we were seated in the limousine of Bro. W. G. Wilson skimming over the lovely boulevards to arrive in time for thirty minutes of prayer before the service. A lovely appreciative audience greeted us to whom we greatly appreciated preaching on the "Overcoming Victorious Life" (1 John 5:3). I sang to them my new song, "Morning." They gave me the collection, \$4.00, and the leader of the Junior Crusaders invited me to come at a later date and speak to her boys. I remained for the regular service. The pastor, Rev. Burbury, invited me to sing my song and pray the opening prayer, which the Lord helped me, and I enjoyed. The pastor bought a full set of my books, saying he wanted material to preach. Took me to the parsonage, served supper, where we had blessed fellowship. Afterward his wife and friends brought me home arriving at 10:45 p.m. Closing a busy and happy day with not a dull or unhappy moment all day. Praise God from whom all blessings—not drip—but **FLOW!**

P.S.—At Bro. Fallis' home at 1:45 we listened over the radio to a most enjoyable and helpful sermon by the pastor of the Lutheran Church in St. Louis, Mo.: "The Privileges and Possibilities of This Age."

THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1939

Franklin D. Roosevelt, our President, for reasons best known to himself, changed, from the 250-year time honored custom of the last Thursday in November for a day of National Thanksgiving first proclaimed by Geo. Washington, back one week to the 23rd instead.

On that day I stayed in my room, wrote, read and prayed till 1 p.m. when Bro. Ed Josephson came by and took me to his home to share his hospitable Thanksgiving dinner, with his lovely family and also the inestimable family of Bro. Hal Treat. We began reading, testifying, praying and giving thanks at 1 p.m. and had scarcely a letup till 10 o'clock at night. A lovely day of homey Christian friendliness and fellowship—such as a homeless saint enjoyed, and a beneficent heavenly Father delights to give His own. Many of the people were not pleased with the change of the day and observed the old day as usual. Among whom were Bro. and Sister Galloway, from whom I received invitation to eat Thanksgiving dinner. Added to this family were Brother and Sister Waltz. No greater friends have I in this world than gathered around that turkey dinner, cooked by that wonderful Southern cook, Sister Smith. Joining hands, Sister Lily's custom, we poured out our thanksgiving to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," afterwards we partook of this well cooked bird, with brown gravy and cranberry sauce, ending up with sweet potato custard made in Southern style. Reminding us that "No good thing does He withhold from them that walk uprightly" (Psa. 84:11). After driving over the city of Santa Monica we spent the night together in lovely fellowship.

Arising at about 6 a.m. I had time for a season of prayer and Scripture reading and communing with the Lord before breakfast. After which we scurried around getting flowers, mottoes, etc., ready for Sister Lily's Bible section of the W.C.T.U. which was a very pleasant meeting held in the Methodist Church. I came back by Sister Galloway's, ate another turkey dinner, then hurried off for Los Angeles to get ready to preach at Sister Sylvia's Mission on Fifth St., Los Angeles.

After resting and prayer, 7:15 p.m. found our band of young people enroute for the Mission, where the Lord graciously helped us, from John 3:16, preach the Gospel to an attentive congregation.

Coming back Vera Wilson and I stopped at Betties' and had a malted milk together. A good night's refreshing sleep brings us to see a gorgeous sunrise ushering in December 2, the 43rd birthday of my eldest son.

Who to my delight visited me today. He looks to be in health and says he has a good job and has had a recent promotion.

We went to the church and filled nearly 4000 glasses with grape juice for the Communion service tomorrow.

— G L E A N I N G S —

Some years ago, it is said, that a man by the name of McKinley owned four bulldogs, a male, female and two pups. Anita Baldwin, a wealthy lover of dogs, came by, saw the dogs, and proposed to give him 25 acres of land for them. "No," promptly replied the owner, "I want to raise them and make some money." Anita went her way. Mrs. McKinley, from the kitchen heard the conversation and called her husband, and said to him, "**Why didn't you take her up on that proposition?**" McKinley ran after her and traded. She had her attorney make out a deed to twenty-five acres of sage covered ground where is now located the famous Santa Fe Springs oil wells. Soon after a well was bored striking a gusher and the Standard Oil Co. paid to McKinley \$25,000,000 for his twenty-five acres

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Mr. Greenshaw, my nephew, is responsible for this story: Years ago two young men conceived that there was oil near Bakersfield. They rigged themselves with a boring outfit and went to work. But when they had exhausted their resources no oil was found. They sold a controlling interest to the Union Oil Co. who resumed work. But after much expense and labor, getting discouraged, they wired their foreman to "Shut down that project, they couldn't afford to put all they had in that hole in the ground."

The order was received at 6 a.m. The operator looked at his watch and remarked: "My shift will last till 9 o'clock, then I'll stop. But during these three hours they struck a gusher which poured out \$27,000,000 worth of oil.

How like many a man seeking full salvation—just before he strikes the gusher he gets discouraged, gives up and fails to get that which would have made him infinity rich for time and eternity, which, thank God, I struck fifty years ago, making me a Spiritual Multi-Million-Aire for all time to come. Halleluiah to our God, evermore!

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John Wesley is quoted as writing to some of his parishioners as follows: "Cleanse yourself and family of lice, cure yourself and family of itch:—use no tobacco,

unless prescribed by a physician." Someone asked "Will he take away all our luxuries?"

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The country "Parson" on his way to his appointment accosted a little boy fishing on Sunday, with these words: "Sonny, aren't your parents Christians?" "Well, yes," said the boy, "but you can't hardly tell it on them."

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It is said that Hyper-Calvinism may be expressed as follows: Of salvation—

"If you seek it you won't get it." (You must wait till it gets you.)

"If you get it you won't know it." (Only hope that you've got a hope.)

"If you get it you can't loose it." "If you loose it, you can't regain it." "If you loose it you never had it."

The Bible teaches:

If you seek you will find (Matt. 7:7).

If you find you will know it (1 John 3:14).

If you get it you can loose it (Hos. 14:1).

If you loose it you have had it (2 Tim. 4:10).

If you loose it you may regain it (Hos. 14:4).

Halleluiah! You need not loose it (Jude 24).

December 10, 1939, was another busy and unusually happy day. The Lord's Day! Arising at 5 a.m. I had time to commune with my Lord without disturbance. I went at once to the study of the Scriptures for my Sunday School class. I enjoyed studying Matt. 11:16-30, and the Spirit gave me light on it. And blessed me as I taught mothers on the roof as their children were being taught in an adjoining room in Angelus Temple.

I had two dollars, which I was trying to stretch till payday, the 15th. O. N. Cook came before I left my room and pleaded so hard I gave him one dollar. After Sunday School I hastened to South Hollywood to the Trinity Mission Church as the Kilburns were to speak; just returned from China. Hazel Kilbourne, one of the finest of missionaries, gave a glowing report of the wide open doors in war-torn China, thrilling our hearts. She told one instance of the character of the work.

"An usually stubborn, rebellious son, seeing the excellence of the mission schools decided to attend one. Said his father: 'I will pay your way in any other school except that one.' But the self-willed son had decided on the Mission School. The enraged father threatened to kill him if he turned to that foreign God. The boy went one term, coming back, though he had not gotten

saved, told his parents of the superiority of the Christian school. He returned for the second term, with his father's renewed threat hanging over him. During this term God wonderfully saved him, and coming home he testified to them of the wonderful love and peace flooding his soul. His father ordered them to bring in his coffin, and his son to get in; which he meekly did, folding his hands across his breast. Calling for hammer and nails he proceeded to nail down the lid, listening to see if he would recant and cry to be let out. Not a word could be heard, but meekly and resignedly the son lay in the coffin. **'Bring back the hammer.'** Cried the father. 'Let him out.' 'Son, tell us of a religion that doesn't fear death!' And the boy testified to the family and gathered in neighbors of his new-found treasure."

When she was through I gave her my other dollar, and told her if she had any missionaries of that type to send them over to evangelize America.

At 4:30 p.m. we went over to hold a service in the General Hospital where I was permitted to sing and testify to the sick gathered on their beds in the chapel.

At 7:00 p.m. we hurried to the Biltmore Theater to hear Floyd Johnson preach a gracious sermon on Divine Healing, after which we anointed and prayed for a large class, possibly 100. One old negro man, deaf and crippled, got a touch from God, forgot his crutches and walked up the aisle shouting and praising God. His wife, seeing her husband so wonderfully healed, cried out: "I wants a tetch of dat stuff myself." They left glorifying God.

— S A Y I N G S —

"Home is where we are treated best and act the worst."—J. L. Brasher.

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Said an infidel master to his Christian slave: "Tom, your expressions about religion are so nonsensical and unreasonable. You say you are in Christ and Christ is in you. How could that be?" "Massa, I can't 'splain it, but I knows it's true." A bright thought struck Tom. Seizing the fire poker, he stuck it into the hot fire till it glowed with white heat. "Dare, now!" said the negro. "De fire is in de poker and de poker is in de fire. Des like me and Jesus."

* * * *

A minister was called to pray for a snake-bitten member of a very ungodly family, and he prayed as follows: "Lord, we thank you for the blessings of this life, for the assurance that 'All things work together for good.' We thank Thee for rattle snakes. Send one

to bite John, send one to bit Sal, and, Lord, search the forest over and send the biggest one You can find to bite the old man; for nothing but rattle snake bites will ever make them pray."

"It may be champagne (sham pain) at night, but it will be real pain in the morning."

An old prospector who had existed on canned goods till he felt he could stand it no longer, made a break for the nearest town, entered the best looking restaurant, looked over the bill of fare that was printed for the whole year. "Waiter," said he, "bring me a serving of this baked turkey with brown gravy." "Sorry," said the waiter, "but turkey is out of season." Glancing down the list he saw "Fried Chicken, southern style." "Umph! That's fine, a good serve." "That drummer over in the corner has just eaten the last we had on hand." "What then have you?" "We have a good selection of canned goods. Make your choice."

With a groan of disappointment and disgust he left the restaurant.

How many times are God's hungry saints turned away disappointed and disgusted as they read the bill of fare (The Bible) with eager desire they check off the rich, desirable provisions that every "Need shall be supplied," and yet they are only offered (from the pulpit) "canned goods" of controversy or rehash of stale jokes, when God's bakery abounds with the "Bread of Life" and abundance of "Strong Meat" for the saints? (Heb. 5:14.)

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"Thus saith the Lord GOD unto the shepherds of Israel, Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flocks?" (Ezek. 34:2.)

A DAY IN ALHAMBRA, December 12, 1939

Arising at 5 a.m. looking out on a clear Southern California morning, the balmy atmosphere reminded me of the Bible description of an ideal day: "Clear, shining after rain." The outline old "Old Jeronomo" (the reputed Indian chief) on the top of the Sierras in full view of my window, was clearly seen, I decided to make a visit to my friends in Alhambra.

Dropping off at the Molar Barber College on Main St., Los Angeles, I obtained a nice, much needed five cent hair cut. Thence to Alhambra, arriving there about 10 o'clock. I went to Bro. Treat's home. Bro. T. was away but Sister T. was very hungry to know more about the Bible and salvation, and I spent an hour and

a half reading and explaining to her the Scriptures. Then I went over to the Southern California Edison plant where I had spent thirteen years, paying up all my debts and earning a life pension. My old associates seemed glad to see me and bought a dozen Gospel Calendars, all I had with me, and some of my books. I greatly enjoyed preaching to them a salvation from all sin, here and now, through the blood of Christ by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Tired and hungry, about 2:30 p.m. I returned to Sister Treats, stretched out on a couch to rest, when in came Bro. T. loaded up with some left-over stock, and we started out to sell it to raise \$5 to join the union which would enable him to get work at \$8 per day. While he was in selling, I got a little restful nap in the car, which greatly refreshed me. Money raised, we returned with groceries and about 5:30 we had a much appreciated meal.

About 7 p.m. the family and I started for the city. He dropped me off at my room and drove on to the meeting of the union. Being very tired, I retired an hour earlier, 9:30, and got a wonderful night of refreshing sleep. And rising at 5 a.m. was enabled to do my reading and praying and cook my cereal for an early breakfast. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?"

God Hears and Answers Prayer

Monday night Sister Dodd, the saintly superintendent of the Prayer Tower, came in where I was acting as chaplain and told me that Sister Craig, superintendent of the City Sisters, was suffering with pain in her knee. I suggested that she and I "agree" (as Matt. 18:19). So we did, praying earnestly for her healing. Not long after Sisters D. and C. came in together and Sister Craig testified that as she walked a few minutes ago the pain suddenly left her. Praise to our God.

THE OLD-TIME POWER

In a recent discourse by Rev. Earnest B. Cole, he told the following incident of the power of God when He has the right of way.

"My father," said he, "was a red-headed, impetuous Irishman, but a soundly converted Christian. When he would thrash me for my disobediences or faults I would vow vengeance, till at night he would take down the Bible, read a Scripture lesson, get on his knees and pray for the family, mentioning me by name, my heart would soften and I would, at the close, put my arms around

his neck and kiss him good night, and go to bed happy. "I used to amuse myself hiding and watching him milk old Red, the cow. She would give a bucket full of milk, then lift her foot and kick it all out. Then father's temper would rise and he would grab a limb and whip her all over the lot.

"A Holiness evangelist came and held a revival in our (Methodist) church. Mother, a meek Christian, soon swept into the experience. Soon after father was found at the altar, and with loud shout proclaimed that God had sanctified him wholly. The next morning found me hid away to watch the tragedy, milking old Red. It had rained, and the ground was muddy. Father was singing, 'How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord.' The cow couldn't resist the temptation and with an unusual shove, father, full bucket of milk and all, went sprawling in the mud on his back, the milk all over him. Old Red ran to the farthest corner of the pen and stood trembling, awaiting her usual beating. Father rubbed the milk out of his eyes, some of the mud off his clothes, went to the crib, got a half dozen extra nubbins of corn and approaching the cow, said, 'Red, I guess it was my fault, I beg your pardon. I want to give you a little extra feed,' as he extended the nubbins to her. Then I said, 'My God! I want what my father has got!'

* * * *

I heard of a similar story, illustrating God's sanctifying and keeping power. Was said to have taken place in the black, sticky mud of Texas.

Sister Blank had just finished an unusually large washing, thanking God as she put the finishing touches on her snow white linen, that the cleansing blood of Jesus, applied by the Holy Ghost in His sanctifying power, had left her soul "Without spot or wrinkle or any such thing: . . . but holy and without blemish" (Eph. 5:27). As she placed the pin on the last garment, Snap! went the line, from its over-taxed burden, and into the mud went her day's washing. A moment's thought and she began, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." "Oh, Sister," came a voice behind her. Turning, she saw her pastor approaching, who had dropped in on a pastoral call. "Are you praising God that your clothes are in the mud?" "No," she replied. "Not that they are in the mud, but for keeping me sweet notwithstanding their being in the mud."

MYSELF

"I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as the days go by
Always to look myself in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I have done.
I don't want to keep on the closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself.
And fool myself as I come and go
Into thinking nobody else will know
The kind of person I really am;
I don't want to cover myself with sham,
I want to go out with my head erect;
I want to deserve the world's respect,
And in the struggle for fame and self
I want to be able to like myself.
For I never can hide myself from me,
I see what others can never see;
I know what others can never know.
So, no matter what happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free."

And I, Thaddeus Lafayette Adams, have found the secret. Though my past be black as 1 Cor. 1:9, 10, after being "Justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, washed in the blood, and sanctified by the Spirit of God" (v. 11), and "Walking in the light of His Word and Spirit" (1 John 1:7), "Loving not the world nor the things of the world" (1 John 2:15), "Mortifying the deeds of the body, through the Spirit" (Rom. 8:13), "Denying myself and taking up my cross daily and following Jesus" (Luke 9:23), being "Crucified with Christ . . . letting Christ live in me," "Abstaining from all appearance of evil, the very God of peace sanctifying me wholly, preserving my whole spirit and soul and body blameless" (1 Thes. 5:22, 23), "Living harmless and blameless the son of God without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, shining as lights in the world" (Phil. 2:15), "Having this testimony that I please God" (Heb. 11:5), I can look myself in the face and say, "That's God's man, He (God) does it all." And testify, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed at the last time" (1 Pet. 1:5).

Yes, whatever else I may be doing, I am developing a character that will bring "Shame and everlasting contempt" (Dan. 12:2), or His commendation: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matt. 25:11).

“Since my life is hid away with Christ in God,
Since my life is hid away with Christ in God;
I’m rejoicing night and day, I have VICTORY all
the way;
Since my life is hid away with Christ in God.”

INTERESTING FACTS

“I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well . . . In thy book all my members were written” (Psa. 139:14, 16).

Our lungs are said to contain 725,000,000 air chambers with a total of 2,000 square feet of surface. We breathe 1,200 breaths per hour, which is 600 gallons of air, 4800 gallons in eight hours. 10,000,000 nerves, 30,000,000 pores in a normal body. 4,300 heart beats per hour throwing out 2½ ounces of blood at each pulse—eight tons per day. 270,000,000 tons of blood sent thru his arteries in 70 years. About 325,000,000 tons of blood sent through his arteries in 82 years, at my age.

And in all these years, so far as I know, my heart has never missed a beat. And sleeping, or waking, our lungs involuntarily breathe the breath of life.

Chemical Analysis and Value of the Human Body

There are said to be sixteen elements in our bodies, as follows: Water, ten gallons; calcium lime, seven pounds; sulphur; iron, one-fourth ounce; phosphate, two ounces; sugar, one-fourth ounce; sodium, salt, one-eighth ounce; chlorine; oxygen, eleven cubic feet; nitrogen, sixty cubic feet; hydrogen, 561 cubic feet; carbon, 24 pounds; idoine, one-tenth drop; potassium; bromine; magnesium. Chemical value, 98 cents.

Most of one’s time, thought and energy are devoted to the body—worth less than one dollar—to the neglect of the soul—worth more than the whole world.

January 12, 1940—Although one month has come and gone since my last entry, ’twas not because nothing of interest came into my life, but events have so rapidly crowded each other that I have not seen time to write. Twice I have been permitted to do that which before God sanctified and gave me perfect love, “Casting out fear,” I dreaded to do, but now is the delight of my soul, Preach the Word. Once to a mission in the lower part of the city, the other to a small church half white and half black. Nothing so thrills my soul as being used of God!

Christmas and New Year’s Day came and went, away from children and other relatives, but God raised up

friends who took their place. I never had so many expressions of love and friendship before as during this season. Flocks of cards and some practical, useful presents were sent to me. One much needed bill folder containing money. Every heart craves love, and I am no exception, unless I crave more than others.

Our Annual Four Square Convention, Jan. 1-10, was an unusually harmonious and profitable time. The lectures were of a high and profitable order. And to meet and fellowship the preachers whom I have seen as students in L.I.F.E. school and watched develop on the field into eminent preachers and pastors, and to have them assure me that my books have assisted them in their ministry and lives, is encouraging and makes me feel that I am not living in vain. All glory to our God.

December 27th—I started on my 83rd mile of the way, with perfect health of soul and body, with bright prospects of another year of walking with God.

“Not a sorrow, not a care, Thou dost all my burdens bear:

While Thy perfect love I share, Saviour,
blessed Saviour.”

Tonight on the way to Silvia's Mission I asked Margie: “Who is the preacher for tonight?” But received no definite answer. After the preliminary services were over, in which I was asked to pray the opening prayer, play a harp solo and a medley on my mouth organ, Vera in charge announced that “Bro. Adams would bring the message,” to my surprise and confounding. But for my never failing Friend (Psa. 46:1), I turned to John 15: 1-10, and the Lord helped me. Praise His Name!

January 13th—After the week's gentle rain, bringing our season's total rainfall up to more than nine and a half inches, the beautiful sunshine gladdens our hearts and makes our verdant fields have a springtime appearance. So far, we have not had a killing frost for three winters, even the beautiful delicate poinsettias and roses have bloomed on undisturbed.

“Take the whole world and give me California!” Usually a few hot days and summer is gone, and a few cold (not extremely) days and winter is gone. A gracious privilege, I consider, to live in Southern California.

AN INTERVENTION

Some six years ago, when I was about 76, while rooming on Glendale Blvd., a lady in the front room misplaced her door key and was shut out and I was asked to take a ladder, climb up and enter the upstairs window and open the door from the inside. The ladder being short, and the window high, it stood nearly

straight up to reach the window. As I ascended, the weight of my body pulled the ladder from the house. I remember feeling the ladder coming over, and feeling my helplessness, but how I was saved from a serious fall I never could figure out. Psalm 91:11, 12.

Sunday, January 21, 1940—A very busy but happy day. My adopted daughter, Ruth Hochgraef, having visited me Saturday night and after having eaten ice cream she and her son and daughter left for home at 11:45 p.m., so I only awoke at 5:30 this a.m.

Had a lovely time of communing with my Lord and studying my Sunday School lesson and a good time teaching it to the mothers' class, on the roof of Angelus Temple. Sister preached a nice sermon at 11 o'clock. Hurrying to my room I ate my lunch and slept a short nap, refreshing me for the great service at the Temple Baptist Church, which was crowded till I feared I'd not be able to secure a desirable seat. But my Father always provides for His servant, and I went to the front, where I like to sit. Took a seat on the steps just back of the pulpit and shortly a chair was vacated on the front row by the preacher's wife, where I could hear distinctly every word the preacher said. Rev. Aubry Lee, in charge of that vast congregation of some 3000 people, a mass meeting to promote a world revival on Holy Ghost lines, called on me to speak and I greatly enjoyed testifying to God's pardoning and purifying graces. The tide ran high, and at the close a number came forward as seekers and more than 100 were anointed and prayed for for divine healing, and some testified to having what they desired. At Bro. Lee's request I assisted him in the service. Hurrying on to my room I had time to get a little rest and a nap, preparing me for the great service in the Biltmore Theater at 7:30, conducted by Dr. Chas. Price, in the absence of Floyd Johnson.

At 6:30 I was picked up by my friends, Brother and Sister Haymaker, and speeded in their nice limousine to the Biltmore. We arrived in time for me to have an enjoyable time visiting among the people a while before service was begun. Was enabled to quote a passage of Scripture and testify in the preliminary service to God's pardoning, purifying and keeping power. Praise His name!

After a good sermon, to large audience, and a good response to the altar call, I reached my room in time to retire at 11 p.m.

Thursday, February 1st—A day I had planned to be a very busy one, but "Man proposes, but God disposes."

I had planned and written that I would go early to Santa Monica, visit Sister Buss, deliver an Avocado tree, visit the Galloways, back and preach at Dr. Gurdon's at 2 p.m., and go at 6:30 to Glendale to Bro. Johnson's prayer meeting, stop on way back for lunch and get in bed by 11 p.m.

But an early morning thunder and downpour rain-storm changed my program. So I rested, read, and prayed all morning in preparation for afternoon service, in which the Lord helped us and I enjoyed preaching "Christ" (Acts 8:5) unto the congregation at Dr. Gurdens. At the close I hastened to Angelus Temple, arriving in time to hear Evangelist Bostrom deliver an inspiring message to the people. After service, coming home, I rested, read and waited in readiness for Bro. Haymaker to pick me up for Glendale, but the rainy weather and flu in his family prevented his coming so I ate a lunch and listened to Sister McPherson over the radio, and retired at 10:30 tired and sleepy.

* * * *

I hear some old carnal professors saying: "If I can just get into heaven and get the gate shut I'll be satisfied." Well, brother, I learn that all the back seats are already taken. So I would advise such to get full salvation, walk in all the light of God's Word and Spirit, be a front rank saint here, and be ready for a front seat in the Home over there.

— SAYINGS —

The present style of ladies—I could not say shoes, with hardly enough leather in them to make a thumb stall. "Foot ornaments" they might be more properly called, with strap around the upper heel to keep them from falling off, with port hole in the toe, possibly for ventilation, reminds me of an impoverished neighbor's wail during the Civil War in the South: "I have five outs and one in:

"Out at the heels and out at the toes,
Out of money and out of clothes,
Out of credit, and in debt."

* * * *

"If you will give a half dollar," said the late Sam Jones, "to a poor widow in distress, the eagle on it will turn to a nightingale and sit on the bedpost and sing you to sleep that night."

* * * *

The late Hon. William Jennings Bryan is quoted as saying, "Those who have been successful in accumulating money all tell the same sad story, to wit: "That

they spent the first half of their lives trying to get money from others, and the last half trying to keep others from getting it away from them, and that they found no peace in either half."

* * * *

A colored preacher was asked if he preached the final perseverance of the saints, replied, "Dat I does." When asked to explain what he understood this expression to mean, replied, "TAKE HOLD, HOLD ON, AND NEVER LET GO."

* * * *

"If you don't desire to meet the devil through the day, **meet Jesus before dawn.**" If you don't want the devil to hit you, hit him first, and hit him with all your might so that he may be too crippled to hit back."
—C. T. Studd.

* * * *

Some tell you that the heathen are in their nude, unevangelized state better off and more virtuous than after they are evangelized. C. T. Studd in the "Heart of Africa" says of them: "The natives were sunk in sin unprintable, confessing to adultery, frequently Self-control has been unknown and unpracticed for so many generations, the lives of the people became lower than the brute beasts." (Page 178.)

* * * *

An old Indian having been converted under the ministry of an intelligent, experienced preacher, came to his pastor with the following problem: "Brother," said he, "there seems to be two Indians inside of me—a good one and a bad one. Sometimes there's a great conflict on and the bad one gets the good one down; then sometimes the good one gets the bad Indian down." The wise pastor asked, "Was it always that way?" "No, It used to be all bad Indian, till the Lord saved me and put in the good Indian." "Well," said his pastor, "Go back to the Lord and have Him 'Crucify the bad Indian' (Rom. 6:6)." Returning, he reported "Victory." "All is well" (Gal. 2:20). "Halleluiah!"

* * * *

Jesus said, "Take heed that no man deceive you, for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ." A negro has arisen in New York claiming that he is God the Father, "Father Divine." His official journal, "The New Day," dated Jan. 4, A.D.F.D. (the year of our Lord, Father Divine), 1940, says of him, "He is the personified Body of GOD ALMIGHTY, who is daily proving by his deeds and actuated words of expressions just who He is. The millions and millions who follow HIS teaching in minute detail and who adore

and worship him, and would sacrifice their lives in an instant for HIM are ample proof of his Deity."

It would take more than the assertion of his fanatical, deluded followers to make one who was born in the South among the negroes, who has been "Born of God and knows God" (1 John 4:7), to accept this deceiver as GOD. How grateful I am to Almighty God that I was born into a family of simple-hearted Christian people, and I was early led to read and believe the Bible, and aspire and pray to be a Bible Christian, never turning aside to Christian Science, Unity, Spiritualism, or any other cult, but sought early pardon of sins, regeneration, and a know-so experience of Salvation, and God answered my seeking with a satisfying experience. Then He in His providence cast my lot with the early Methodists, who taught me that the Christian experience was, (1) Justification and the New Birth; (2) Entire Sanctification and Perfect Love, which I saw was Scriptural and though I had the first mentioned experience, I felt the need of the second work of grace. Presenting my body a living sacrifice to God (Rom. 12: 1,-2), by the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire (Matt. 3:11, 12), He purified my heart (Acts 15:8, 9), and filled me with perfect divine love (1 Cor. 13), and is preserving my "whole soul, body and spirit blameless." Praise His holy name! "He daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation" (Psa. 68:19), friendships, finances, health, opportunity for service, and assurance that all is well for time and eternity. And the closer I live to Him and the more loyal I am, the better everything goes with me.

* * * *

— G L E A N I N G S —

Jesus prayed, "I thank thee, Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes." Yes, those who are children in simplicity, sincerity and trust, eat the food while the wise and the skeptical go hungry and empty away. While carnal unbelief sits discussing questions of authority and possibility, faith, which means heart confidence, sits down to a bounteous feast and revels in soul satisfaction. While unbelief stands shivering in the cold trying to strike fire to the logs of soggy rationalism, soul trust is warming by the inner fire kindled by the Holy Ghost. While unbelief is bogged down in the mire of sin, faith takes the air and rises on wings of eagles above the world and sin. While unbelief stands in confusion before its foes, faith buckles on the armor and shouts, "The Lord is my light and my salva-

tion: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

* * * *

Sam Jones tells an interesting story along this line. "In Texas, where water is scarce, they dig and cement tanks or reservoirs, with a floating wooden top, with a pipe running from the water up into a trough, fixed so that the weight of an ox will force the water up for the ox to drink. An old skeptical ox comes, rares up, looks in and says, 'There is no water in there,' turns aside and goes away to perish. But the faithful ox walks on the platform to the trough, finds the water bubbling up, satisfies his thirst and lives."

TURNING FROM A BUSINESS CAREER TO A CAREER FOR GOD AND SOULS

While a farmer boy and still in my 'teen age, God had called and I had consented and purposed to yield my ransomed powers wholly to His will for the salvation of souls. As I approached my twenty-first year, a proposition was made to me to enter the commercial world as a merchant. I hesitated, but there came into my hands the testimony of a man under similar circumstances who had yielded to God's leading and went on with God. I was assured I could do the same.

As a green boy I entered the store as clerk with Allen Tinder, a dry goods merchant, where I remained for three months. By close application he said I had made more proficiency than anyone he had ever seen. Then Brother Richard and I went into the grocery business together, in the same town. I worked hard but my heart was not in this business. God was reminding me of His call and my consent to be His minister.

As Lot had to be very definitely led to give up Sodom, so God had to deal very drastically with me to get me to leave a business career for the ministry of souls. But let me add here, though I have ever been conscious of my inefficiency and many times as I look back can see but little results of my labors, yet as I call to mind the hundreds and thousands of souls He has permitted me to see Him save and sanctify in my meetings and those of other ministers, I want to testify that in sixty years I have never regretted for one moment my choice from merchandise to the ministry. And with all its difficulties and drawbacks a peace and satisfaction has flooded my soul that I never would have known had I stifled my conscience and gone my way though I might have been proficient and heaped up much earthly treasure. I recently heard an evangelist say he knew

of a millionaire club forty of whom had committed suicide. But I can say in my eighty-third year I hope never to die; and should my Lord come soon, as the indications are "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh" (Jas. 5:8), and "We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" (1 Cor. 15:51, 52), "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up . . . to meet him in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Th. 4:17).

"It pays to serve Jesus, I speak from my heart,
He'll always be with us, If we'll do our part;
There's naught in this wide world such pleasures afford,
There's peace and contentment in serving the Lord."

I'm looking for Jesus to descend from the sky,
I see in the Bible the time draweth nigh;
I love Him so dearly, He's the theme of my song,
He'll surely come quickly, He's tarried so long.

* * * *

"I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women; but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible.

"The art of English composition reaches its climax in the pages of the Bible. . . . The Authorized Version of the English Bible is the best example of English literature that the world has ever seen.

"Everyone who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible may be truly called educated. Our ideas, our wisdom, our philosophy, our literature, our art, our ideals come more from the Bible than all other books put together. The art of English composition reaches its climax in the pages of the Bible.

"I confidently believe that the Authorized Version was inspired. Our English version is even better than the original Hebrew and Greek. We ought invariably in church and on public occasions to use the noble marbly English of 1611."—Professor Wm. Phelps.

* * * *

"No man can claim to be educated without a knowledge of the Bible. Any man who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible has the foundation of all learning."—Dr. Torrey.

* * * *

"The spirit of depression which now grips the entire world will not be lifted until the teachings of the Bible are accepted as the daily pattern of life, to replace the

pagan standards which now prevail. Once more Congress should take appropriate action to commend to the citizens of this country the principles and precepts contained in the Bible as America's greatest textbook on right living. We of America are called to stand for the Bible. Let us pass on to our children our rich heritage of Scriptural truth."—Senator J. J. Davis.

* * * *

"The names that are honored in history are the names of those that stand over graves where self was buried long before the body died." Said St. Paul: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." (Gal. 2:20).

* * * *

Jesus said, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it" (Luke 9:24). "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit" (R.V. John 12:24).

* * * *

Feb. 14, 1940. So many good things have come into my life lately that I feel that gratitude to God suggests that I should make a note of them.

First, I have long desired to tell the wide world of this great salvation with which He has so richly endowed me. But it takes money to have printing done. I wrote out my testimony and found it would require nearly \$30 to have it published in tract form of 10,000. But God has graciously of late sent to me from unexpected sources nearly enough to pay for them. So yesterday I let the job to the Tract Society with thirty days to finish paying for them, which amount I confidently believe Father will send in. The American Bible Society loaned to me a cut for the first page, a picture of the author.

Yesterday was a wonderful day to my soul. I went early to the Tract Society, got a supply of tracts, thence to Trinity Missionary Church, to the All-Day Holiness Meeting, where Dr. McIntire preached a wonderfully consoling sermon on "Be Filled with the Spirit," in which my soul revelled. Met many of my old friends. Sold two Gospel Calendars. Gave my testimony, in which the Lord helped me, praise His name! Came on to Angelus Temple in time to hear Evangelist Bostrum preach a lovely sermon. At night I attended a gracious service in the city at Temple Baptist Church, The Ambassador

Young People, where I was permitted to testify and exhort the young people, and was shown much courtesy and appreciation for all of which I humbly thank and praise our God. A lovely friend brought me home in his new limousine.

Just received a letter stating that Charles and Lois have sold their 10,000-acre ranch in Mendocino Co., where I was hoping to visit them Easter time. They are not sure where they will be at that time.

Thursday night a friend named Wolf, but one whom God has since turned into a lamb, motored me in her lovely limousine over to Pomona to one of Rev. Floyd Johnson's gracious services where my soul was feasted: the service was rendered the more interesting as it was held in a Southern Methodist Church, the church in which I spent the first twenty-five years of my Christian life and ministry, traveling in five different Conferences. I was permitted to offer public prayer and testify and I felt that the Lord used me as a "minister and a witness" for Him to the people. Praise His name.

"No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly" (Psalm 84:11). "Trust in the living God, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy" (1 Tim. 6:17). "Satisfying your hearts with food and joyfulness" (Acts 14:17 Weymouth).

February 20, 1940: What a privilege to sit here in my God-given room, more than 200 steps above the busy street below where the mad world rushes on to eternity, most of them not considering or preparing for the eternal glory of Christ, after redeeming them with His life blood, is now preparing for them beyond the sky. Thank God, a few have caught the vision and have forsaken all and are following the Guide-book (the Bible), and are striving to keep ready for "His appearing."

Yesterday was a day worth recording. Arising on time, I had ample time for prayer and reading the Scriptures, and fellowshiping my gracious Lord before breakfast hour. After this I was thrilled with reading adventures of Charles Cowman in pioneering Japan for the salvation of souls. In twenty-five years he has 300 self-supporting mission stations, pastored by his own trained pastors, and has put into 10,000,000 Japanese homes a portion of Scripture, with a tract telling them how to find peace with God.

At 10 a.m. I started to visit a seventy-year-old man who seemed to get reclaimed and a touch of divine healing on a visit a few mornings ago. He seemed bright and hopeful, saying he was relieved of the cough that

had kept him awake at nights; he now sleeps sweetly at night. Praise to our God! Then I ran in to Sister Craton's for a short visit and prayer.

In my regenerate state I told of it as far as I went, but after God sanctified me He sent me from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Kentucky to Cuba, to tell the world that He is able and willing to save "to the uttermost them that come to God by Him (Jesus)." For a long time I have longed to have an inexpensive tract printed to tell by mail those that I could not visit. Recently, through the courtesy of His servants, the money came in, the tract is printed, and I am enjoying giving and mailing it out. Praise our God for opening the way! Through the courtesy of the American Bible Society a lovely cut of the author embellishes the first page.

Hurrying on to my friend, Dovie's, with whom I had been invited to dine, she took me in her new Oldsmobile driving over to Sister Efhos, where we partook of a sumptuous meal that was prepared. I had a coveted visit with Bro. Efhos and a sick son while she was making dinner ready, selling him two of my books: "Spiritual Multi Million-Aire" and "The Bride of Christ." After dinner we had an enjoyable fellowship of the deep things of God, Dovie taking us for a long, lovely drive over hill and vale of beautiful So. California in its most gorgeous array. I doubt if there is a more beautiful spot in the world than this springtime here, while much of the world is in the grip of winter. Praise God for the privilege of sojourning here.

SUNDAY, FEB. 25, 1940

I arose at 5:30 after enjoying a refreshing night's sleep and went immediately to prayer and preparation to teach my class of mothers, on the roof of Angelus Temple. I dropped in and was refreshed in a Bible class in the main auditorium, thence to the little children's room, where Sister Hayens drills and teaches the tots and starts them in the Way of Life. I get a thrill here as nowhere else. The Lord helped me and I enjoyed teaching the mothers on the "Parable of the Talents," reminding them of their possibilities and responsibilities in starting and rearing their offsprings.

Dismissing my class at 10:15 I hurried by my room and on to So. Hollywood to Trinity Missionary Church, to hear Dr. Warren McIntire, evangelist, the last day of his revival. A wonderful searching sermon on "The Ten Virgins." Hurrying home in the rain now falling. After a hurried dinner I put on my wraps, but Bro. Haymaker not coming because of the rain, I took the

trolley car for Bro. Floyd Johnson's service at the Biltmore, where, notwithstanding the rain, a nice appreciative congregation assembled to hear a gracious discourse on "Gold Refined in the Fire." Sister Wolf brought me home in her lovely machine and assured me if I had no other way she would take me to the prayer meeting Thursday at Pomona, 7:30 p.m.

I had two hours for rest and prayer before night's service, and had a difficult time deciding where to attend. I had felt clear to go to Bro. McIntire's service, but it was cold and raining and I would have to change cars in the rain, so I went to Angelus Temple. But I had scarcely been seated when Sister Haymaker came for me, saying, "Come on." I grabbed my wraps and followed her out, not knowing where she was going. We entered their auto and were off. They asked me which I preferred to hear, Bro. Parot or Dr. Price? I told them I had felt led to hear Dr. McIntire. We drove on toward Bro. Parot's. Then we discussed the matter again and decided to go to Dr. McIntire's closing service at Trinity Missionary Church. He preached on "Love," and it was presented in a way that we all decided that we were led to the right place. A lovely altar response and a very profitable service.

Attending three departments of Sunday School and three great sermons—'twas a very pleasant and profitable day, praise to our God!

COMMUNION SUNDAY, MARCH 3, 1940

A lovely Southern California Sunday morning!

Arising at 6 a.m., being out late at the Pentecostal Rally till 11:30 getting to bed, I indulged an hour more sleep, needed as a full day opened before me. Had nearly two hours of blessed study and preparation for my interesting class of mothers. Folded a large supply of my Testimony Tracts to be given out during the day. At 8 o'clock we began setting the table to serve 3500 communicants with bread and "the fruit of the vine," "in memory of Him," in Angelus Temple. Listened a while to an adult teacher with his class, then hurried to the roof of the Temple to assist in opening of the small children's department, Sister Haynes, a lovely, saintly lady, in charge. Then an interesting group of mothers met me in an adjoining room where we spent 30 minutes studying how profitably to partake of the Lord's Supper. Then hurrying in to the 500 Room where Bro. Martin gave directions to the Board in administering the Sacrament.

Taking my place on the front seat after the program, Howard Rusthoi, evangelist, preached and at

the close we administered the elements of Communion and after we had cleared off the table Sister Hainers had me pray with the assembled glass washers.

Hurrying on to my room I ate my noon lunch and laid down for a little rest. I fell asleep and waking at 2:30 I remembered Floyd Johnson's service. At that hour I hurried to catch a car for the Biltmore. As I waited, a brother picked me up and as I rode with him I was able to console and pray with him over a deep sorrow that had come into his life. Trust he was helped. Bro. Johnson's service was unusually good and I was refreshed, he having me lead in public prayer. Bro. and Sister Haymaker, my trusted and dear friends, brought me home and offered to take me to hear Evangelist Lowman at night. I had a couple hours of needed rest to make me at my best at night. Bro. Lowman took to me and had me pray the opening prayer and to give my testimony to his large congregation. The Lord helped me and I enjoyed it. He said he wanted an interview with me and Mary Gray is arranging it. We arrived to my room for 11 o'clock retirement, praising God for a full, busy, happy day.

PRECIOUS PROMISES

My soul was flooded with delight on my way home from service tonight as the Spirit applied to my heart Daniel 10:11, "**O man greatly beloved.**" What matters how I am held in human eyes if I am assured from heaven after this manner? "Since thou wast precious in my sight thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee" (Isa. 43:4). God's blessed assurance to His saints. "Oh, how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men! Thou shalt hide them in the secret presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues. Blessed be the Lord" (Psa. 31:19-21). "O that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea" (Isa. 48:18).

"Roll thy way upon the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. . . . Rest in the Lord" (Psa. 37:5, 7).

"O who's like my Saviour, He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles and He loves me and He leads me to sing,
I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him with notes loud and shrill;
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill."

“Let not this day’s low descending sun
Be unprivileged to shine on some small deed
of kindness done.”

“Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee” (Psa. 143:8).

“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thy knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good” (Eccl. 11:6).

Instance: While traveling as a pastor in New Mexico, that spiritual and physical desert, as I one day was going along the way I spied a family camped not far from the road. Turning aside I found an invalid mother with a family of children traveling in quest of health. The Spirit of God came upon me mightily. I distributed tracts, preached, exhorted and prayed GOD to heal the invalid and went on my way. Some time after, attending a Conference I saw a wonderful woman, speaking and working, and being a little downhearted, I went at the close of the service and enquired who this Spirit-anointed woman was. “Don’t you know me? When I was an invalid you called at our camp and prayed for me, and here I am, well and working for the Lord.”

HOW GOD HONORED A TITHER

A pious farmer, a tither, died, leaving a mortgage of \$1000 against his property. The widow struggled to secure the money to pay the mortgage which was soon due. She prayed and trusted to have the money ready, but to no avail. The day for foreclosure arrived and she knew the mortgagee would be only too glad to dispossess her and take over the property. The very morning the mortgage was due no relief came. Five rough men knocked at her door, she opened and asked what was desired. They asked if they could get breakfast. As they sat down to breakfast they saw she had been crying and on inquiring she frankly told her trouble to them, how that the heartless mortgagee was expected any moment to demand payment of \$500 or dispossess her, and the farm was her only means to raise her fatherless children. Breakfast finished the leader of the gang laid down \$100 to pay for the meal and then handed her \$500 to settle the mortgage.

Soon after the men were gone, sure enough the mortgagee appeared demanding the full amount or dispossession. The money was counted out and the widow

destroyed the mortgage in his presence. The five men waylaid the old skinflint, held him up and robbed him of the money they had given the widow, with which she had paid off the mortgage.

* * * *

Says Arthur Mercer, "A noted wild animal tamer, some years ago, was giving a performance with his pets in London. He took lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, astonishing the audience by his complete control of them. As a closing act to the performance, he was to introduce an enormous boaconstrictor 25 feet long. He had bought it when it was only two or three days old, and for twenty-five years he had handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under control. The curtain rose on an Indian woodland scene. The music of an Oriental band steals through the trees, a rustling noise is heard, a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops, its head is erect, its bright eyes sparkle, its whole body seems animated. The tamer comes forward and at a signal from him the snake approaches slowly, as usual, and begins to coil its heavy folds around him, higher and higher it coils till the man is completely hidden. Why, we cannot tell, the man gave a scream, the audience could hear bone after bone crack; his scream was that of death. His plaything had destroyed him. Moral: Sin may seem harmless for a long time but sudden destruction without remedy cometh.

TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO

March 15, 1940, the day set for our trip to San Francisco, arrived. I had casually told my best friend, Margie, that I was going north about Easter and she responded, "I will drive you up in my car," to my great delight, for with no one else would I have cared to make the trip. The day was ideal and 5:15 found us with four other young people seated in her "Chevie," headed for San Francisco. We besought the Lord to go with us and give us a good and enjoyable day, and our prayers were surely granted. The sun rose clear as we were many miles on the way. Margie is surely my idea of a chauffeur, careful and speedy, making 60 to 70 miles per hour. We sang, prayed and shouted much of the day, on the way. Starting so early we would naturally grow drowsy occasionally, she would pull up beside the road and we would nap a few moments, brightening us up and off we would be on our way.

The Garden of Eden could not have been much nicer than the hills and vales were along the way, and the

Southern California springtime day was perfect; and although we were on the road 13 hours we arrived with very little weariness.

When we reached San Jose, in the neighborhood of San Francisco, the rain began pattering down and a tire went flat on us. Stopping to have it repaired, we had to get a new inner tube. Six o'clock we arrived at the home of Phil and Alice where there awaited us a steaming hot sumptuous dinner which we ate with relish, thus ending a wonderful, enjoyable day, as we had asked for in the early morning.

March 16—A blessed day of rest and enjoyment of Stephen, my only grandson, who, in his eighth month is learning to stand and crawl, is a good intelligent child. The sun shone and a brisk atmosphere made it ideal. Went to Glad Tidings tonight. The Lord enabled me to deliver a good testimony, which seemed appreciated by the people. 10:15 p.m., I left them shouting and falling under the power. Like "Old time religion." Evangelist Smith publicly remarked, "Bro. Adams is the sparkplug around Angelus Temple, which I hope he may become in Glad Tidings."

Sunday, March 17—Arriving here in a cold rain I decided we were in for an unpleasant time, but the next morning was clear and lovely, and has been ever since. Watching the baby for them prevented me attending Sunday School, but I reached Glide Memorial in time to hear an interesting, edifying sermon by Dr. McPheters on "Christ's Triumphal Entrance into Jerusalem." Succeeded in placing a number of my Testimony Tracts into, I trust, appreciative hands.

Returning to the home of my son and daughter, I ate a good dinner, including the nice wild mustard gathered on my way up, which Alice had cooked. Taking a refreshing nap, I awoke in time to reach Glad Tidings in time to hear Walter Smith deliver an inspiring message on healing. Hurrying back, I called up Margie, who thought she might be in the service at the G. T. at night, but a business interview prevented her. Many responded to the altar call at night, Bro. Smith's concluding service of five weeks as evangelist. I distributed tracts to unusually appreciative people.

Tuesday, Mar. 19—Rested and read in the Life of David Livingston. At 5 p.m. I walked down town, preached a sermon a mile long, distributing tracts. Took supper with the Scotanis brothers who had their intended new wife and sister-in-law over with them. A lovely supper and visit. Their names, Paul and Jean, remind me of my own "Paul and Jean." After supper

I walked another mile to Glad Tidings to an interesting service. Did not testify and some asked why, and requested that I shouldn't fail hereafter.

Reaching my son, I found they had frozen some nice ice cream in their new refrigerator lately installed by their landlady, which after eating heartily I enjoyed a refreshing night's sleep.

VERNAL EQUINOX

San Francisco, Mar. 21, 1940, was an interesting day. Spent the morning finishing the Life of David Livingston, a marvelous pioneer missionary and explorer in Africa, who wore his life out opening the way for those benighted, down-trodden people to get the Gospel.

12:30—Alice fixed me a nice chicken pie dinner, after which I hastened to visit Bro. Teaford over in Berkeley, with whom I have blessed fellowship. After a lovely fellowship with him and wife in the sunshine on the back lawn, we went into the house. Then, at my suggestion, we took the auto and all went to visit Sister Glide whom I had desired to visit for years. Some 20 years ago she had financed the publication of two of my books. She is a woman of almost unlimited wealth. Being the widow of a wealthy sheep man who had bought large tracts of cheap land for grazing his sheep, and later on oil was struck and unlimited wealth realized. But she is in her 86th year, and though surrounded with all that heart could wish—big house, lawns, shrubbery, trees and plants, with a new \$3500 automobile, chauffeur, nurse, and cook—her power to enjoy them is gone, and she has only the mentality of an infant. But thank God, early in life she became a real Christian, and many years ago under the preaching of Dr. Beverly Carradine she was wholly sanctified and is being "preserved blameless," and has used her wealth for the salvation of souls and the betterment of humanity and the human race. Though within four years of her age, I know not what these years will bring to me, but I'm living daily to glorify God, and benefit my fellow beings.

Catching an observation trolley car, I greatly enjoyed distributing tracts and watching the setting sun, and the beauties of God's greatest country on this earth. I reached home in time to get a little rest before time to go to Glad Tidings to hear the Fin, French, Italian and Swedish quartet sing and conduct the services, and was delighted to have son Philip accompany me.

March 22—Charles, Lois and the girls came in this morning, have taken rooms for a few days and I trust to see more of them. All look well and having ex-

changed their ranch for houses in North Long Beach. I trust to see them oftener. The girls are growing very rapidly. Soon be grown. They are not fully decided where they will make their home.

EASTER SUNDAY IN SAN FRANCISCO

March 24, 1940—I arose in time to get through with my devotion and Bible reading in time to run by the service at the great cathedral. A very cold, formal service. I prayed the Lord might speak to hearts. Thence on to 9:00 o'clock service at Glide Memorial Church. Dr. McPheters preached a lovely discourse on "The Resurrection," then went into another Sunday School room and heard a lecture on Romans 3. Then up to the 11 o'clock great Easter Service, another great sermon on another phase of the Resurrection, to a full house. The music and flowers were gorgeous. Taking dinner in the building, with permission, I enjoyed rest and refreshing nap in the Epworth League room, till time to go to the great Easter service at Glad Tidings Temple, which was an enjoyable service. At the close Philip picked me up in his machine and brought me to his home where I was made glad and sad. Glad to find my two youngest children and my three grandchildren, but sad to find them smoking and gaming on the Sabbath day—the first time I had seen my daughter smoke. It grieved me to see such examples set before my grandchildren. At 7:15 Philip drove me over to Glad Tidings. A beautiful and enjoyable service, lovely old hymns sung by the congregation, followed by an earnest sermon by a young woman evangelist. Many came to the altar and I trust some got what they sought after. As I started home Philip met me and said not to hurry off as he was interested to remain a while, and investigate the service and altar work. Coming on in Philip's auto we had a nice visit till nearly midnight, and after eating ice cream frozen in their refrigerator we retired for a refreshing night's rest.

Monday, March 25—Washed the dishes that Alice and Philip might both get off to work, while I answered the telephone and cared for the baby. Had decided to go home to Los Angeles Wednesday, but as they protested I compromised and decided to defer till Thursday. So I called up the ticket office and they offered to deliver my ticket at 4 p.m. today, which they did and everything is ready to return to Los Angeles next Thursday after an absence of about two weeks from the dearest spot, and the dearest friends God has given to me on earth.

— S A Y I N G S —

“Drink ye all of it,” said the preacher as he passed the full communion cup to a husky, burly negro communicant. Taking him at his word the negro literally drained it, and smacking his lips remarked, “I loves my Jesus so well, I could drink a quart of dat.”

* * * *

Bishop Moor passing through a Georgia town and seeing a crowd of negroes gathered at the depot, stuck his head out at the car window, called out, “Anybody out there enjoying religion?” An old thoughtful colored saint replied: “Yes, boss, everybody got religion enjoys it!”

* * * *

He that **overcometh** self, sin and Satan here, “shall sit with Christ on his throne” over there (Rev. 3:21), and “rule the nations” (Rev. 2:26, 27).

* * * *

“The world has yet to see what God can do with a man wholly yielded to Him.”—Moody.

* * * *

Caleb “wholly followed the Lord” (Josh. 14:9-11), and with extended strength, victory perched on his banner wherever he went.

* * * *

“The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show himself strong in the behalf of, or strongly to hold with them **whose heart is perfect toward him**” (2 Chr. 17:9).

* * * *

“Thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth” (Deut. 7:6).

* * * *

“Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light” (1 Pet. 2:9).

MY PRAYER

Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast saved my soul. That Thou hast brought me out of darkness into Thy marvelous light, and I have “Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” That Thou hast “Purified my heart” (Acts 15:8,9), and “Sanctified my soul” (1 Th. 5:23), made me “acceptable (Rom. 15:16) in the beloved” (Eph. 1:6), and now I pray Thee, sit, blessed Lord, as a refiner’s fire and fuller’s soap, refine and so

purify my soul till it appear in Thy sight as "The city of our God," "Pure gold like unto clear glass" (Rev. 21:18), that my offering may be pleasant unto the Lord, as in days of old, as in former years (Mal. 3:1-4), for "there shall in no wise enter into that city any thing that defileth."

Let my light shine here, not like the sun with its spots, but "Like the stars forever and ever" (Dan.1:12-13), for all my brightness is from Thee, the bright and morning Star, "dwelling in my heart by faith" (Eph. 3:17). Grant that my life may be a polished reflecter, reflecting His light to the utmost parts of the earth. All this I ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus. Amen.

* * * *

MY WATCH FIXED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

Ten or twelve years ago, while working for the Southern California Edison Company, my son-in-law Charles, and daughter Lois Anderson, after installing him a wrist watch, presented me with his 21-jewel gold filled pocket watch, valued at \$70. But for some reason it refused to run. Taking it to five different jewelers, all made a different diagnosis and located a different cause for the trouble. Confused, I hung it up in the jewel department and prayed, as is my custom, about it. I went back for it and it was running. On asking the jeweler what he had done to it he said, "Nothing." I put it in my pocket and though I have dropped it several times, and without cleaning or "conjuring" of watch repairers, it has kept the right time for me ever since—10 to 12 years. Praise God! And this reminds me to say right here that twenty years ago, as I was milking the cow one morning just as the sun arose over the hills, I suffered with inherited, chronic lumbago, the Spirit flashed into my mind that Scripture: "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." Instantly I was well, and have been well ever since. Praise to our God, Physician and Preserver of soul, body and spirit! (1 Th. 5:23).

G L E A N I N G S

The old nest has lost its attraction to the young eagles when conscious of ability to scale the heights; so the sanctified saint, conscious of "being crucified unto the world and the world unto him," purposes and strives for perfection; since God commands and demands perfection, and assures us that "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself

strong in the behalf of those whose heart is perfect toward him." The old attractions are left far behind.

* * * *

"Good by, son," said an old Swedish mother to her dutiful son coming to America. "You won't forget your old mother, dear" "That I will not," he responded. Time wore away, she constantly received loving letters, but grew more and more financially oppressed and was only kept from starvation by the help of neighbors. "Do you ever hear from your son in America?" inquired her neighbors, "and does he never send any money?" "Yes," she replied, "he writes and sends beautiful pictures which I frame and keep in memory of him."

On investigation it was found they were American bank notes, sufficient to supply all her needs and more were they recognized and cashed in. God has notes in the Bible sufficient to supply all our need, and lay up treasures in heaven beside.

* * * *

Charles P. Jones was one of the humblest colored men I met in the South years ago, a sanctified minister living in Mississippi. He was persecuted and hated by Satan's people, who burned down his home and church house. He sat on one of the pillars of the foundation and sang:

I'm happy with Jesus alone,
I'm happy with Jesus alone;
Though poor and despised,
Thank God I can sing,
I'm happy with Jesus alone."

The people gathered in, rebuilt his home and church, and it is said that he had fifty members who could borrow money at the bank without security.

* * * *

Some 25 years ago I was running a nursery on a cash basis. A brother came for some fruit trees, saying, it was getting late to plant them but if I'd let him have them he'd settle at pay day the last of the month. I let him have the trees but he let many pay days pass without settling. I turned the account over to God for collection. He, the brother, took sick unto death. He sought assurance that all was well for heaven. "Not till those trees are paid for," said the Lord. "Wife, will you settle that account for me?" "If I have to sell every chicken on the place," was her response. Immediately the assurance came, "All is well for heaven." The debt was paid in full.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1940

A blessed day! Rising early enough and had time for devotion without hurrying and reading considerably my three chapters in the Word. Carried my shirts to the laundry on my way to the Molar Barber College to have my hair rounded up, where I met a very hungry barber to whom I greatly enjoyed ministering. Question after question on the Bible, which I was enabled to answer to his satisfaction.

We had a delightful service at the all-day Holiness Meeting at Penial Hall at 10:30 a.m. One of the most searching sermons by a Methodist preacher, from which we were all blessed. I met many of my friends with whom I had blessed fellowship. Specially Sister Corbin, the nearest mother-in-law I ever had, in whose home I was married nearly 45 years ago. Ate dinner in the restaurant and took a nap upstairs at Penial, attended the testimony meeting a while, but as I had testified in the 10:30 service I did not speak at this service.

Hurrying off before the service was over I hastened to the Old Nazarene Church House, made sacred by memories of years ago where I belonged and worshipped with my family and taught a Bible class. But no familiar faces, as the Nazarenes have moved away and now Bro. and Sister Cotton are holding an Anniversary of the Azusa Street Pentecostal Outpouring, some 35 years ago. At 3:00 p.m. the guest speaker, Floyd Johnson, preached one of his master sermons on "Genuine and Spurious Holy Ghost Baptism," which was honored with a mighty response three or four deep around the altar, and our souls were greatly edified.

At the close I ran down to the Free Tract Society for supplies of tracts, then on to my room to rest and refresh for the great service at Angelus Temple at 7:30, by Evangelist Ralston, which was no disappointment but an edifying, soul stirring, masterful discourse. Coming by Bettie's for my malted milk supper, which I enjoyed, only a little pang at the absence of Rachel's face, who was off duty, at a class meeting, that night. Hurrying on to my room I was enabled to retire on time, 11 p.m., for a refreshing night's rest in sleep. A wonderful refreshing day of three stirring discourses, and blessings between, though it was Tuesday and not Sunday.

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"Once born people die twice." (Rev. 21:8)

"Twice born, overcoming people, die but once." (Rev. 2:11.)

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Saints are "dead to sin." (Rom. 6:2). Sinners are "dead in sins" (Eph. 2:1).

* * * *

It's "Death unto sin" (Rom. 6:2), or "Sin unto death" (Rom. 6:23).

As no sin can enter heaven (Rev. 21:27), it behooves us "to be made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life" (Rom. 6:22).

* * * *

"He tenderly looked on me,
He tenderly looked on me;
He drew me graciously near Him,
When He tenderly looked on me."

* * * *

(Rev.) BUD ROBINSON'S PRAYER

"Oh Lord, give me a backbone as big as a saw-log and ribs like the sleepers under the church floor, put iron shoes on me and galvanized breeches. Give me a rhinoceros hide for a skin and hang a wagon load of determination up in the gable end of my soul, and help me to sign a contract to fight the devil as long as I've got a fist, and bite him as long as I've got a tooth, and then gum him till I die. All this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

* * * *

THE PURPOSE OF HABAKKUK

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation" (Hab. 3:17, 18).

* * * *

"Some are ready to throw brick bats at you while you are alive, and bring flowers when you are dead. I'd suggest the whole order be reversed. Bring the flowers while I can enjoy them, and throw the brick bats after I can't feel them."—Floyd B. Johnson.

* * * *

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER

Floyd B. Johnson preaches over the radio at the expense of one dollar per minute, and is dependent on his listeners to meet this expense. A poor woman called him up and told him she appreciated, and was greatly helped by his messages and were she able she would contribute to his expenses; but said her heavenly Father, in answer to her prayer, would send in \$25, and when he received a five and two ten dollar bills he might

know it was sent in answer to her petition, for she would ask it to be sent in that dimension.

Four hours later a man, a stranger, accosted Bro. Johnson and said he wished to help him, and handed the three bills the sister prayed for.

* * * *

The upright shall dwell in the land, and the perfect shall remain in it. But the wicked shall be cut off from the earth, and the transgressors shall be rooted out of it" (Prov. 2:21, 22).

* * * *

GOD'S GOODNESS

"Oh, how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!" (Psa. 31:10). "He filleth the hungry soul with goodness" (Psa. 107:9).

* * * *

Dear Daughter Lois:

Early this morning, as I looked at the calendar, the thought flashed into my mind that forty years ago today you gladdened our humble parsonage home in White Oaks, New Mexico, and we gathered around the bed and had a praise service for a well balanced family—a boy and a girl. We selected the best, shortest name and had you solemnly dedicated to our heavenly Father and trusted you would grow up in His love and favor.

Coming to California, we prayed for a place where we could make a living with our limited means (\$800). I remember, as we all prayed around, when it came your turn to pray you said, "Lord, please give us a place with plenty of pretty flowers." And to our surprise we were directed to buy a nursery where most of your growing days we grew and sold flowers. I can recall now how you would toddle around and pluck handfuls of them and probably lay them down to die, but you seemed to revel in gathering them. We denied ourselves to give you a strong, healthy body and mind and spirit; and now you have arrived at the prime of life—nearly half the age of your father, who has all of these at his ripe old age, who nearly 65 years ago surrendered to God and made Him his Friend and He is working all things together for his good.

In this fast, reckless, dangerous age, how important to have a Pilot on board our ship who knows the way and is able to care for us in time and eternity! A sudden fire, a drunk driver, and all is ashes and wreckage! God has given you a model husband and children, health and plenty of this world's goods, and He wants to be

your God and Guide, to show you how to get the best out of this life and the world to come.

Passing the place where a nice looking woman sat smoking a cigarette, waiting for a car, I offered her a tract. She said: "I need something." I sat down and asked why. Her reply was, "I have just lost my husband and don't know which way to turn." I gave her a Gospel and told her of the consolation of salvation and as her car came she promised to investigate it.

While all is well with us, we must remember the days of sorrow, disappointment and death are ahead of us and it behooves us to be ready for anything that may come, and "Hid with Christ in God" is the place of safety. I've found it so all these years. And now as the time draws near to say good bye to all here below, I look back to a life spent for God and to help my fellow beings, and ahead to a home prepared for His saints, where I shall spend eternity with God's loved ones and the good of all ages.

I long for my children to enjoy God's best here and to all eternity. To this end I pray, and try to remind you what is in store for you.

I am your loving father,
Thaddeus Lafayette Adams.

4 24, '40.

* * * *

P I C K - U P S

Aunt Jemima, a sanctified happy colored woman, was washing in the back yard for a wealthy, unhappy, worldly church member, and sang in a low compressed voice:

"I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning
Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul."

Her white mistress, in possession of all of this world's goods and all she could think of save the peace and happiness so manifested in this colored washer-woman's heart, yelled out at her: "Oh yes, you seem mighty; suppose you run out of work? Suppose you get sick, then what would you do?"

Straightening herself up, adjusting her bandana-turban, placing her hands on her broad hips for a moment's rest, and looking her assailant straight in the face, replied: "Dat's des de reason you is so miserable! Youze allus lookin' for trouble. I never sposens de case. I collects my wages, buys de things I needs, gives Him

thanks and trusts Him who looks after de sparrows to take care of His chilluns."

Cut deeper than ever at heart, she slammed the door and retired to her palatial home to be mocked, as all are who try to substitute things for the approving **smile of a loving heavenly Father**. Aunt Jemima resumed her singing:

"In sorrow He's my comfort, In trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll—
He's the Lily of the valley, the bright and morning
Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul."

* * * *

O brother, will you meet me,
O sister, will you greet me,
O sinner, shall I see you
Among the blessed in heaven?

Ah, this poor body shall mould in the tomb,
And soft breezes gently murmur o'er the silent home,
And strange sweet flowers in their beauty there shall
bloom;
My soul shall rest in heaven.

* * * *

THE JAIL REVIVAL

The following remarkable revival is recorded in a booklet titled "The Miracle that Saved Me from the Electric Chair," by J. Warren Lowman. While he was a theological student at Bethany College, he bought an automobile from a man owing him a debt, which, unknown to him, was a stolen car and the owner had been murdered. A big reward was being offered for the thief and murderer in Texas, where it took place, but nothing was known of it in Kansas where the car was purchased. Detectives and officers, prompted by the reward, scanned the land for the car and criminal. Finding the car, and him in possession of it, he was thrown into jail. But able to prove an alibi was soon released from prison. No sooner was he out of jail than he was seized by Texas officers, forced into a waiting taxi, hurried to the train, and landed in Ft. Worth jail, and all the papers with flaming headlines announcing that, "The murderous thief, actually found in possession of the stolen auto, was in the jail!" Being such a desperado (?), he was plunged into the dungeon and carried through the most awful grilling, to, if possible, secure a confession of the whole crime. The District Attorney had bought himself a home and if he could convict him, the reward would

pay off the mortgage. So no means were neglected to this end. Later he was lifted from the dungeon and thrown in with the other prisoners, where the following remarkable revival broke out.

"On each Sabbath Day Gospel services were conducted in the jail by Mrs. Teel, a saintly woman. . . . A beautiful song had been sung and a gracious spirit pervaded the place. Mrs. Teel asked me to lead in prayer. Heaven was near. God came down. The Spirit was given the right of way, and a melting time followed. Words cannot express the blessing that came to my heart at that time. For ten days prior to that time I had been cooped up like an animal in a small cell 4 by 8 feet., tramping back and forth with measured step—one, two, three, four. Wearily the dreary nights dragged by hoping for the day to come. Realizing "It is not good for man to be alone." All the time the newspapers were blazing with ugly headlines. And because I was a minister I was dubbed 'Singing Billy Sunday.'

"After we had finished the singing, Mrs. Teel asked me to sing a solo. Practically the entire crowd was touched by the song, and all either wept or rejoiced. After an hour of singing, testimony and exhorting, the service closed. Before leaving, Mrs. Teel asked me if there was anything she could do for me. I told her I would be grateful if she could furnish me with a pencil, paper, a Bible and hymn book, and if possible a guitar. A little later she provided all of these. After I secured the song book and guitar I sang and played for the inmates by the hour. They never seemed to tire of the music and singing. I would sing till late in the night. Sometimes as I sang of mother and the home over there, I overheard them weeping as they remembered bygone and better days.

"At times they imposed on me shamelessly, when I was weary and tired, by threatening to gamble if I did not continue to sing for them. They called me 'parson' and fixed up an empty cell to be used as a parsonage. We read the Bible both morning and evening and had our family prayers twice daily. Ofttimes as we arose from prayers I could see those big fellows slyly wiping tears from their eyes. One morning as I was praying secretly in my parsonage, a newcomer was brought to our corridor. Why he should pass by all the others and come directly to the parsonage (my cell) at the extreme end of the corridor is unknown to me, unless he was divinely guided. At the sound of his approach I looked up to see a man about 28 or 30 years of age, tall and intelligent looking, dark and handsome

and seemingly possessing all the other attributes that make for a real gentleman. He stood before my cell, staring at me questioningly. I arose and in a hesitating manner spoke to him. He ignored my greeting and asked what a praying man was doing in jail. I told him who I was. He answered, 'I am Homer Barnes, and I don't believe a word of what I have read in the papers about your case.' 'Thank you,' I answered heartily, my heart involuntarily warming up toward him. 'Are you now a Christian?' I queried. 'Not now, but I once was,' he replied. 'Tell me about it,' I solicited.

"He told me the story of about two years prior to this time he had sought and found the Lord, and how, at the same time his mother and wife also were converted. He went on to say that he had become entangled and misled by the wrong crowd and had drifted from the upper way. His eyes filled with tears as he told me of his walk and fellowship with God. Interrupting him, I said, 'Dear boy, you can return to the Lord if you will. Now is the time. This is the place. I will help you. Come in here, kneel down by me. I will pray for you and the Lord will restore you.'

"As I prayed, he prayed, and like Peter of old he wept bitterly and called aloud for forgiveness of his sins and backslidings. We had not prayed long when, like a flash, he jumped to his feet and declared his burden of sin was gone. We rejoiced together in his newfound joy. After God saved this man he became my helper. Suddenly he turned to me and said, 'Brother Lowman, I must soon face the court with the crime I committed. I am charged with murder. Since I am saved, I must confess my guilt and take the consequences for my wrong doing. I face the penalty of death. It may be assessed upon me. If it should be, I do not want to go into eternity without being baptized. Will you baptize me?'

"At that time I was uncommissioned. I hesitated because of it, I thought fast. Several obstacles were immediately presented to my mind. In the first place, there was no creek at hand (you would naturally infer from this that I believed in immersion). Being unordained at the time, and never having performed such service, I closed my eyes momentarily and said, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?' Like a flash the Lord radiogrammed back the answer from the skies in the affirmative. 'Yes,' I answered, 'I will baptize you,' kneel down.' He did, I looked straight ahead and saw a used milk bottle. Walking over to it I picked it up, dipped it into a basin of left over dish water, and re-

turned to the applicant. Placing my hand on his head I repeated, 'Homer Barnes, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

"Well, sir, the water had no sooner touched his head than he sprang up and out into the corridor and ran, shouting and jumping and clapping his hands with unrepressed joy. The fellows were engaged as usual in gambling with dice and cards. When they saw him coming they must have thought him demented. They scrambled to their feet and huddled together in one corner. The expressions on their faces was varied. Squalling like an Indian in a deer chase, my subject continued to express his gratification to God until many others caught the spirit of the meeting and were saved. What a time of rejoicing that day turned out to be! Since that day it has been my privilege to conduct many revival and baptismal services, but in none have I have felt or witnessed the manifestation of the power of God in a greater measure than here in the jail house revival at Ft. Worth, when Homer Barnes was reclaimed and baptized.

"The glory of God enveloped the place. It hung like fog over a fogged sea, and like miasma on a swamp-land. The fire by night and the pillar of cloud could not have been more real to the Israelites than the halo of glory that hung about us. Like a cloud it filled the entire place as our shouts of praise and thanksgiving rang out through the jail. The guards heard the unusual commotion and came running. The scene that had taken place before our eyes is indescribable and words are inadequate to express or portray all that took place. This was my first experience in a baptismal service.

"You may disagree with me and say, 'Pouring is not the proper mode of baptism,' but certainly no man could have been more blessed than was Homer Barnes in this particular instance. (The dying thief received no water baptism but after saving him Jesus assured him that they would be together that day in Paradise. Luke 23:43, T.L.A.)

"I have learned one great lasting lesson from this experience, to-wit: God never asks anyone to perform any special service, in the line of His duty, without providing the proper means with which to perform the operation. The Good Book, the Word of God, says that where two are agreed He will hear and answer prayer. Now that I had a helper, we could pray things to pass. Redoubling my efforts we had the happy privilege of helping others find salvation. Several of the fellows were definitely converted. After their conversions, with-

out an exception they gave up their bad habits and a definite marked change took place in their lives that was noticeable and was commented on and spoken of by the officials in a commendatory manner. It makes no difference whether one gets salvation in jail or out, it has about the same effect on all those who get it. When a man professes to be a Christian, others have a right to expect a change in the individual's life.

"I have kept in touch with some of those converted during my internment and I am happy to say that in several instances my converts became Christian workers. I hope some day to strike hands on the other side with some of those converted in the Ft. Worth jail revival."

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While pastoring in West Texas as I drove across the Colorado River Valley, seeing a tent stretched off from the road, I drove out to see if I could minister to the inmates. Finding no one in, I took two small Truth Stickers about the size of a postage stamp, which read, "Where will you spend eternity?" and "Prepare to meet thy God!" I stuck them on the upright tent pole at the entry of the tent. Some time afterward I met a lady in another part of the state, who said, "This is the man who led me to Christ." I replied, "I don't remember to have ever seen you before." "No you never saw me, but you stuck a Scripture on my tent pole while I was out in the Colorado River bottom which did the work."

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike" (Eccl. 11:6).

* * * *

MY 51ST ANNIVERSARY IN FULL SALVATION

Sunday, April 28, 1940, reminded me that fifty-one years ago in Jackson, Tenn., by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, God very graciously "purified my heart" (Acts 15:8, 9), "sanctified my soul" (Rom. 15:16), gave me "full salvation" (2 Thes. 2:11), and started me on the victorious, overcoming line. Many a hard-fought battle has ensued, sometimes it looked as I would go down before my triple enemy, but my Captain "prayed for me" (Luke 22:31, 32), "strengthened me" (Phil. 4:13), and today "through Christ" I stand a victor and overcomer.

Ready to fight, ready to die;
Ready for service, or ready to fly.

Arising at 5 a.m. I had plenty of time to prepare the message for my class of mothers on the roof of Angelus Temple, which, after a thrilling service with the children, I taught in an adjoining room to an appreciative crowd. Then we hastened down to the main auditorium, where the service was unusually interesting, Sister preaching an interesting sermon on "His Coming." Hastening to my room I partook of a needed lunch. Resting a while until Bro. Haymaker arrived in his new De Soto limousine to speed me to the Biltmore to Floyd Johnson's delightful service. Arriving too late for the testimony service, Bob asked me to testify anyway in which I gladly told of God's dealings with my soul. Bro. Johnson preached an unusually good sermon and had me pray the closing prayer which I enjoyed, the Spirit helping me. Arriving at my room at 5:15 p.m. I had one hour to rest and pray before the arrival of a friend to carry me to South Gate Four Square Church, pastored by Norma (Teepie) Musgrave and husband, very dear friends, who gave me a hearty welcome and had me tell of the Lord's dealings with my soul, especially of my anniversary of "Full Salvation." Bro. Lowman was the evangelist in the midst of a gracious revival, and it was easy to sense the presence of the Lord. I met so many friends, lovely friends, among them Mary Gray, who rode back in the auto with us, and she and her chum and I came by Bettie's and enjoyed a delicious, refreshing malted milk, the second meal of the day for me. Then we came on to our places in time for me to get in bed by 11:30 p.m., where I slept without a break till 5 a.m. A gracious day with His smile all day, without consciously grieving Him one single time. Praise His holy name forever. Thus I was enabled to go through a very strenuous day with but little fatigue or weariness and eating but one small meal till my malted milk at bed time.

* * * *

AN INCIDENT

A sister in the Five Hundred Room testified that she had been healed four times this winter of the flu. I was thankful that I could testify that I had been preserved four winters from having the flu. Hallelujah!

* * * *

Dear Brother and Sister Galloway:

"Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord."

As I read in "God's Minutes" this morning: "May we labor in joy and trust, by Thy grace, to make this world brighter, happier, and better for men and women

to live in, and for children to play and grow . . . and may the God of all grace be merciful to the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and little children, who suffer from the **curse of strong drink!** Lord, **destroy that which is destroying those for whom Christ died."**

Then I turned to the morning lesson, Judges 4th and 5th chapters, and read how, when for the sins of His people, God sold them into the hand of Jabin, king of Canaan, who with his 900 chariots of iron, mightily oppressed Israel for twenty years.

"But the children of Israel cried unto the Lord."

And He raised up two women, Deborah and Jael, who were used of God to deliver Israel from their enemy.

When we see how the liquor traffic is ruining and wrecking our people and the very government itself, isn't it time we were crying to God to raise up deliverers for His people and nation? Even if He has to use women, let victory perch on His banner. I believe if "His people called by His name shall humble themselves, and pray and seek His face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will He hear from heaven and will forgive their sins, and heal their land" (1 Chron.7:13, 14).

"Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly; gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children, and those that suck the breasts: let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests, the ministers of the LORD weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say: Spare thy people, O LORD, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them: wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God? Then will the LORD be jealous for his land, and pity his people" Joel 2:15-18).

If we as God's people do not bestir ourselves, God only knows what will be the consequences.

This is the burden of the heart of your brother,

T. L. Adams.

Los Angeles, Calif., April 18, 1940.

* * * *

TRIP TO SAN DIEGO

April 18, 1940—Another busy, happy, strenuous day, because living in conscious rightness with God for the good of others. Arising a little before 5 a.m., I had time for unhurried prayer and reading the Scriptures, and was so impressed with the awful ravages of the awful drink habit. I felt led to spend the morning fasting and praying for deliverance of the people from this worst

enemy of God and man. Oh, that He may raise up a deliverer, as was Neal Dow, Sam Jones, or Billy Sunday! I felt led to write to Sister Lily Galloway about the matter.

Afternoon I went over and accompanied a sister to Sister Gurden's Thursday meeting where the Lord honored us with His presence to our souls' delight. Phoning to Sister Haymaker she said they would pick me up about 3:30 in their new Studebaker, but as they had to go to Glendale for it, I stood one hour waiting for them, and it was 5 p.m. when we got started for San Diego. I had hoped to have gotten started in time to visit Ruth Chancey, an afflicted sister, before service at night. We had a lovely trip, a large, roomy car, and very pleasant association. Bro. H. is a splendid chauffeur, cautious yet making as high as 80 miles an hour on the highway.

Reaching the well filled club-house at 7:45, we found the service in full swing with Floyd Johnson in charge. He stopped to give me a better public greeting than I deserved. Later he asked me to give a public testimony, which I greatly enjoyed and seemed to be appreciated by the people, which they expressed at the close of the service by cordial hand-shaking and by some of the brethren by a good hug.

The San Diego people seem nice and appreciative and raised a good collection to meet radio expenses, one lady paying rent of the hall.

At 10:10 we started homeward, but stopped for a malted milk and refreshments. There being little traffic on the highway we had little hindrance save a few fog belts and our driver let our new Studebaker spin at a high speed and 1:30 found us safely at our home again, after traveling 250 miles and attending a refreshing service and having a delightfully good time socially, feeling but very little fatigued. A kind brother and sister promised to visit and carry my greetings to my friend, Ruth C., which I trust they did.

G L E A N I N G S

A saint being asked by the minister how long he had been a Christian replied in the following quaint language: "Ever since the bee stung mother." "I beg your pardon?" said the preacher. "Yes," said the Christian, "ever since the bee stung mother." Continuing, he said, "When I was a boy a bee was chasing me and I ran to mother, got close to her, wrapped her apron around me and saw no more of the bee. Presently she said to me, 'Come out now, there is no danger.' She showed me the sting which the bee had burried in her

arm, and the bee was crawling off to die. Then I saw how Jesus had received the sword due to me, **justly** due to my guilty heart, for my sin, 'God hath laid on him the iniquity of us all' (Isa. 53:6), 'For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin: that we might be made the righteousness of God in him' (2 Cor. 5:21). So I lined up, "hungered and thirsted after righteousness till filled" (Matt. 5:6)."

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Said the colored parson as he was raising a collection: "Brederen, de water of Life am free, but dare is a little tax on de hydrant, an' I'ze de hydrant."

* * * *

"Water can cleanse the dirt from your neck, but it can't wash the sin from your soul."—Floyd Johnson.

* * * *

"He that doeth the will of God abideth forever" (1 John 2:17).

* * * *

A Jew was on a crowded street car. A tired lady got on and the Jew courteously arose to give her his seat, when a man slipped into it. The Jew said nothing but looked indignantly, straight at him. "You look as if you could eat me up," said the man. "I could," retorted the Jew, "but my religion forbids it."

* * * *

"Man is the captain of his own ship; the master of his own destiny."—John Brown.

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Selfish greed says, "Get all you can; can all you get." —Paul Ralstin.

The Word says, "He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth forever" (2 Cor. 9:9).

* * * *

"Ye shall serve the Lord your God, and he shall bless thy bread, and thy water, and I will take sickness away from the midst of thee" (Exo. 23:25).

"And the Lord said: . . . **As truly as I live all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord**" (Num. 14:21).

* * * *

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever" (Psa. 23:6).

A BLESSED DAY ALL DAY

April 15, 1940—Having previously written Bro. and Sister Butts of Santa Monica I would take breakfast with them, fifteen miles away, I arose at 5 a.m., had time for unhurried devotion and reading my three chapters in the Word, and arranging to ride down with one of the roomers who had been working in Santa Monica (but I learned from him he now is working in Van Nuys), I rode with him as far as he went, then caught a trolley car and made it on time. They gave me a hearty welcome, being among my most intimate friends. We drove to market in his limousine and purchased anything I would suggest for breakfast. After 8 o'clock we each returned thanks, then in fellowship we enjoyed our lovely meal together. Breakfast over, after reading and talking on the Bible till 10:30, they started with me to my home to collect my rent, which was ready for me. On the way we stopped to visit an afflicted family. As we prayed with and for them they were comforted and so were we.

At 11:30 we arrived at Sister Galloways, found them waiting with dinner almost ready. I enjoyed doing some chores which her invalid husband could not do: fixing the leaky hose; a window off its hinges; watering the plants; watering the hedge, etc., dividing money with them. To my pleasure, Lura W. came in, with whom I have blessed fellowship.

Late in the afternoon the Galloways drove me into the city. On the way we saw an unusually angry Texas "Norther" looking cloud in the north, which soon spread overhead and it began blowing and raining, and when I arrived at my room the ground was white with hail, which had beaten tender vegetation in pieces, but it was soon melted and it remained warm. I barely had time to get a restful nap when a gentle knock at the door ushered in my friend Irene Peterson and her friend, with whom I had a lovely visit till just time to get to the Prayer Tower at 8 o'clock, to which place she drove me in her lovely machine.

A couple of hours "in the secret place of the most High" was very enjoyable. Going by the Bon Ton I got a pint of ice cream which made a good supper and which I ate as I listened to the program over the radio till 11 p.m., when I retired and slept like a log till I awoke at 5 a.m., having dreamt a pleasant dream about preaching the Gosepl and singing an old hymn, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord."

This being Monday, it was my usual rest day after Sunday's strenuous labors. But I enjoyed every hour of its activities, riding in autos of three friends, two trolley cars and one bus, and walking nearly a mile.

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1940

The night previous I felt little urge to go to the service at the Temple, but went anyway and soon after arriving Brother and Sister Galloway came for me and I accompanied them to their home in Santa Monica. After a delightful visit, eating ice cream, and prayer, we retired and I slept like a log till daybreak, turned over and slept till 6 a.m. After a delightful breakfast I spent the morning repairing her fence, watering and cultivating her hedge of geraniums and doing other chores. After a magnificent dinner, we all went to Redondo Beach where Sister Galloway delivered an excellent discourse to the W. C. T. U., which we enjoyed. We tried to find J. W. Mitchell, an old friend, but failed. Went to visit Mother Kennedy but found no one at home. Hurrying back, I took the Short Line for the city, arriving at my room in time to wash my face and hurry to the Iron Gate of A. T. just in time to catch the car for Silvie's Mission. Arriving 15 minutes early I asked and was granted permission to rest during that time in the car, which somewhat rested me for the service. I was asked to pray the opening prayer and play on my mouth organ, but as I had forgotten to bring it, was unable. The singing and testimonies were interesting, but the sermon was without unction and produced but little results.

Coming by Bettie's, my glass of malted milk refreshed me and I came to the Temple where at 10 p.m. Mr. Stewart preached the opening sermon for the "All Night Prayer Meeting." 'Twas a great and powerful discourse, like the old time Holiness people used to preach, pleading for a revival of "Pure and undefiled Religion." I stayed and prayed till I was sleepy, and came home and retired at about 11:30 to get a refreshing night of sleep, sleeping till 6 a.m.

Monday, May 27—Spent the morning reading and resting till 9 o'clock, when I went to carry laundry to my washer woman, came by Margies for a fellowship of a few moments, returning to my room, I asked my Father that I might not dry up, as I see many do, and He sweetly assured me all is well, and the sweetness went with me through Sister Smith's service and the 2:30 service and I was blessed as I spoke to the School and sold them "Plans to Read the Bible Through in a Year," and was blessed as I dropped in a few moments at the 7:30 service on my way to the Prayer Tower for a blessed season of prayer till 10:30 p.m. At the close Bert Teaford took me by Bettie's for malted milk, my supper, then home in his machine. Praise God forever.

A GREAT AND ENJOYABLE DAY

Sunday, May 26, 1940, was a great day all day. Arising early gave me time for prayer and preparation for my Sunday School class with the children and mothers on the roof of Angelus Temple. Finishing up at 10 a.m., I hurried out to meet my chauffeur, Brother and Sister Haymaker, who picked up his mother and me to go to Bro. Floyd Johnson's opening of his permanent services in the Christian Church house, recently purchased for locating his "Ambassador Evangelistic Center," at 11th and Hope streets, Los Angeles. The crowds poured in till the building was well filled with interesting worshippers. I was invited to the platform and to lead in prayer. So many of my friends from various congregations were there. A gracious service ensued, and our souls were edified; a service resembling old times when the Holiness movement was in full swing.

At the close my adopted daughter, Ruth, took me in their auto and drove to a restaurant where we had an enjoyable dinner. Hurrying back to the church, where I was appointed to hold a prayer meeting before 2:30 service. Crowds poured in till every space was taken, and a wonderful service ensued. At the close Bro. Haymaker brought me home, where I got some much needed rest. I gave them till 6:15 p.m. to get to church in time to hold 6:30 to 7:30 prayer meeting. I started walking to catch a car but as I walked half a mile and was waiting for a car Bro. Haymaker came by another street and picked me up and we arrived in time for the prayer meeting. Praise God. We had a profitable waiting on God, and the Lord was perceptibly present in the night service. Bro. Johnson was anointed and preached at his best and the people began coming to the altar before the sermon was over, and a lovely altar service ensued, where we stayed and prayed till 10:00 o'clock. One family agreed to pay (\$90) for the new altar just installed and the choir paid the \$63 for the radio of the evening. All in all, it was a most enjoyable day to this scribe, carrying him back in memory to the good old days of old.

ADULTERY

"Whoso committeth adultery with a woman lacketh understanding: he that doeth it destroyeth his own soul" (Prov. 6:32).

King David had two children by the same woman. One was born of lust out of wedlock in adultery with the curse of God on it. God decreed that it should die. And it is written that "The Lord struck the child that Uriah's wife bare unto David." And although David

fasted and lay on the ground all night for seven days and nights, the child died (2 Sam. 12:15-23.)

Then Bathsheba became his wife, through his repentance, God forgave him and when his second son was born in loving wedlock, God sent word to call him Solomon and the Lord loved him, and sent by Nathan the prophet and called him Jed-i-diah, which means: the "Beloved of the Lord" (11, 12, 24, 25).

Jesus said, "Whosoever shall put away his wife saving for the cause of fornication (or whoredom as Wesley translates it) causes her to commit adultery, and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery" (Matt. 5:32; 19:9).

"If ye live after the flesh ye shall die, but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live" (Rom. 8:13).

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

"They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections (passions) and lusts" (Gal. 5:24).

"Dearly beloved, I beseech you as pilgrims and strangers, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul" (1 Peter 2:11).

"And make no provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof" (Rom. 13:14). "**Give not thy strength unto women**" (Prov. 31:3).

"And Jesus said unto them all, If any will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me" (Luke 9:23).

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him" (1 Tim. 2:12).

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the **glory which shall be revealed in us**" (Rom. 8:18).

* * * *

ANECDOTES

A story is told of four well-to-do friends. One of them sickened and died. Before departing this life he called around his bed-side his friends and made a strange request of them. One was a Jew, one a Frenchman, and one an Irishman. The request was this, that they each place in his coffin \$100. To which they all agreed. Funeral and interment over, the three friends met, bemoaning the loss of their friend. "Did you comply with his request?" asked the Jew of his friends. "We did," was the reply. "And what did you put in?" "Currency," said the Frenchman. "\$100 in gold," responded the Irishman. "And what was your deposit, Rabbi?"

asked they of the Jew. "Well," said he, "I wrote my check for \$300 and took out the change."

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An Irishman was riding a skittish horse, which took fright and ran away with him. His situation became so serious that he was heard praying, and that in a peculiar strain. He was saying, "Good Lord, good devil; good Lord, good devil." Finally, on checking his horse with no serious injury he was asked to explain his peculiar way of praying. "Well," said he, "I was not sure whose hands I would fall into, and I wanted to keep on good terms with both of them."

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Said a little girl to a crowd of men who were taunting her for being so helpless and useless: "I can do something you big men can't do." "What's that?" they asked. "I can talk ten minutes without swearing."

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Years ago, while riding on a southern train, a ginger cake colored mulatto, who had suffered the loss of both legs close up to his body, was going on crutches through the car blackening shoes and begging. I said to him: "Uncle, have you got religion?" "No, boss," he replied, "It's got me."

* * * *

A story is told of a man trying to cross the Atlantic ocean on a log. The captain on a great steamer, spying him out in mid ocean, in pity invited him to take passage on the great ocean liner. Thanking his beneficent saviour, he started up the ladder, but looking back said to the captain, "What will you do with my log?" "Nothing," replied the captain. Climbing back, he said, "I can't afford to give up my log."

How many like him and Lot's wife have forfeited all by "looking back" rather than making sure of heaven at any cost? Thanking the Saviour for making it possible at **so tremendous a cost!**

* * * *

"The Golden Rule is very old, 'tis true;
But with so little use it's just as good as new."

THE GREAT CHRISTIAN CONCLAVE AT THE SHRINE AUDITORIUM

Tuesday, May 28, 1940, 7:30 p.m., witnessed a course of enthusiastic followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who stepping over denominational lines met in a mass meeting led by some thirty pastors and evangelists, who preach to the people over the radio, in the Shrine Auditorium in which was packed some 8000 people,

led by some of the best talents of the land. After singing—congregational, solos and quartets—and excellent music rendered by the Angelus Temple Silver Band, we were favored by a sermon the like of which one rarely hears, by Dr. "Bob" Brown, who came by airplane from Nebraska for the occasion. He was master of the situation! Topic: "The Man Whom Everybody Needs to Know—All Powerful, All Merciful, All Knowing, All Sympathetic, All Authoritative—**Whose Decisions are Final!**"

The first preacher to have a radio over which to preach the Gospel, some seventeen years ago. He is now superintendent of the great Christian and Missionary Alliance Church, following the late Paul Rader, whose sayings he quoted.

If all the pulpits of the land were filled by such men, we would have a different world in which to live.

Well, it enlarges one's vision to be in such a service, where in humility Christ and His cause are exalted in an intelligent and forceful way. Makes me feel a strong desire to in some way be used to promote such a gracious and glorious cause.

Mrs. Powelson, my next door neighbor, listening in on the service last night, declared, "It sounded like heaven."

* * * *

But by faith I see (described in Rev. 14:1-5) a gathering 18,000 times larger, singing with harps in their hands and the noise is as of many waters, yea, as **mighty thunder**, singing a new song before the throne, the living creatures and the elders, and no one else could learn the song but they. Is there a possibility of becoming a part of that company? Yes, it says, "These were redeemed from among men, redeemed from the earth. They were undefiled, virgins, follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. In their mouth was found no guile, they are without fault before the throne of God, being the firstfruits unto God and the Lamb." Which was a pledge of a greater harvest to follow. And every qualification they had we may have through grace and God's Spirit, for God's standard is holiness. (2 Cor. 7:1).

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SUGGESTIVE

To some preachers that I have heard wrangling in the pulpit with nothing of importance or interest to say: "Mussolini recently led his people out to his great auditorium and dismissed them with these words: 'Gentlemen, you will have to be content with my silence till I have something to say.'"

GIVE AND RECEIVE THE BEST

Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
Give love, and love to your life will flow
A strength in your utmost need.
Have faith and a score of hearts
Will show their faith in your word and deed.
Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind;
And honor with honor meet,
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
And a smile that is just as sweet.
For life is a mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
—Madeline Bridges.

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"I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee" (Jer. 31:3).

* * * *

COSTLIER TO REDEEM THAN TO CREATE

God came down to create, then to save. To create, God had only to speak; to redeem, He had to suffer, and die.

He made man by His breath; He saved him by His blood.—Four Square Crusader.

As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 33:11).

* * * *

FOUR GOOD REASONS FOR SMOKING

By a Bedouin Chief

First, If you smoke enough tobacco, you'll smell so strong the dogs won't bite you.

Second, If you smoke long enough you will develop a cough even while you are asleep, burglars will hear and think you are awake and so will not try to steal your belongings.

Third, If you smoke as much as you can you will develop many diseases and die young.

Fourth, Should you drop dead in the woods, buzzards or coyotes will not eat your nicotine soaked body.

* * * *

CONVERSATION WITH A DEMON

Attending a Divine Healing service at Angelus Temple one night, a demon-possessed woman was brought on a stretcher upon the platform. Sitting at the head of the stretcher, after the elders had tried in vain to

cast him out, I entered into conversation with the demon. I asked, "How long have you possessed this woman?" "Eleven years," was his reply. "Was she ever saved?" I asked. "Yes, saved and filled with the Spirit." "Why don't you come out of her?" I demanded. "Because, if I did her testimony would win many to Christ, and this we do not want," replied the demon.

Dr. Nelson, the assistant pastor, at this time suggested to me that "this kind goeth out but by prayer and fasting." So he and I agreed, and the next Wednesday, meeting these conditions, we visited her and left her rejoicing in the Lord sitting in her rocker reading her Bible. This demon used the woman's tongue to talk, but it was easy to distinguish, as he was defiant and impudent, but when the woman talked she was solicitous and pleaded for deliverance.

* * * *

WHEN THE INFIDEL PRAYED

A missionary traveling through the Canadian backwoods lost his way, but presently was rejoicing to see a large congregation of settlers gathered around a fire listening to an able discourse, but to the horror of the missionary he found the orator trying to prove there was no God, no heaven, no hell, and no eternity. As the man ceased, the missionary stood up and said, "My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired, but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and to my horror I saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would be near the waterfall and be gone. He saw his danger, and I heard him scream, 'Oh, God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul.' I plunged into the water and rescued the canoe. I dragged it to the land and saved him. The man whom I heard when he thought no one near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul is the man who has just addressed you." —Rescue Journal.

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A BUSY BLESSED DAY

June 2, 1940, arising at 4:40 gave me time to prepare my lesson for my new class at the Evangelistic Center, 11th and Hope streets; also to prepare for The Rally in the afternoon.

At 8 a.m. I hurried down to set the table for the Communion Service at Angelus Temple. At 8:15 Sister Wolf took me in her limousine to Floyd Johnson's church, where the saints were gathered to begin the

day with a prayer service. At 9 a.m. I taught my class of more than 20 interested Christians, in a nice room all my own. However, Bro. Dowell informed me later that the nice carpeted room just below, on the same floor as the main auditorium, will be mine permanently. Bro. Johnson brought a very helpful message to a large appreciative audience. At the close Sister Wolf hurried me home where I partook of a lovely chicken pie dinner, and other things to match. Resting a few minutes, Mary Gray came to take me to the "Cheer-Upper's Rally" at the Four Square Church at 85th and Hoover streets, where was gathered a godly number of our band.

After singing, playing on various instruments, and testimonies, Sister Silvia preached, then Mary Ann brought us a helpful message, and afterward God helped me to bring a 20-minute message on Holiness, using four texts (Matt. 5:8; Heb. 12:14; Rom. 6:22, and Rev. 22:14) which seemed to interest and elicit appreciation from the otherwise not too appreciative audience. Margie excused me and I took the trolley car for 11th and Hope Streets, arriving just as the prayer service I was appointed to hold was beginning. Being so tired and exhausted, I slipped into an adjoining room and stretched out on a lounge to rest a few minutes, getting into the prayer service only in time to pray the closing prayer.

At 7:30 a fine audience greeted Bro. Johnson to whom he brought a lovely, helpful message, at the conclusion of which the long altar was filled with earnest seekers, and I trust finders, of that rest in Jesus that they craved. I was too tired to get much or contribute much, though I trust I was some assistance to one young man who seemed to get through in the old-time way.

Bro. Haymaker brought me by Bettie's and a malted milk greatly refreshed me, and after a good night's sleep I was feeling O.K.

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Yesterday a Boston friend of mine told me the following interesting story. "In the days of old, in a pioneer part of the country, a bag of gold was entrusted to a preacher, to carry across a region infested by robbers, and to his dismay, in the densest, loneliest part of the way, he found himself surrounded by bandits who closed in on him and demanded the money. Handing to them his bag of gold he told them that was all he had. Accepting it, he was excused. So, mounting his horse, he rode away. Touching his vest, he felt something heavy down in one corner; a silver half dollar had slipped through a hole in the pocket and

lodged in the lining. Removing it, he turned and rode back to the robbers, who made ready for an attack, thinking he had reinforcements and would try to recover his treasure. 'No, gentlemen, give yourselves no uneasiness. I only wanted to say that when I told you that was all I had, I thought it was. But as I rode away I found a half dollar in the corner of my vest, and I brought it back to you.' And he held it out to the leader. 'No,' said the leader, 'gather up that money (which the men were dividing among themselves), and put it all back into the bag and return it to this man. I fear bad luck would come to us if we robbed so honest a man as he is.' So, thanking them, he mounted his horse, bidding them good-bye, he rode away with his treasure."

So with me, there came a time in my life when I found myself surrounded by the Spirit of God and I yielded ALL to Him. As I went along I found the "carnal mind which is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" hid away in my nature. I came back to God, yielded it to Him, and by the "baptism of fire" He destroyed it (Rom. 6:6), cremated it, and I went away saying, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." And as I have lived these fifty-one years, walking in the light, in the spirit of self-denial, He has given back to me all my treasure with **Himself** added, working all things together for my good, for time and eternity, affording me a heaven in which to go to heaven. Halleluiah!

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G L E A N I N G S

A business man overtook an old colored man trudging through the snow, singing to himself. Talking to him he found him to be very poor. Finally he asked him if he didn't think he would be happier if he were rich? "No, boss, all de rich men I work for nebber laugh!"—Rev. L. F. Hawley.

* * * *

A certain rich business man was the father of only one son, who was mentally deficient, feeble-minded. No one seemed to care for the boy save the father, who loved him very tenderly. The father died, and it seemed the estate would go to the government, as there was no heir to claim it, and no will was found, expressing the father's will in the matter.

The day of sale arrived and the property was being auctioned off. The picture of the son, who had been well provided for in a suitable institution, was put up for sale; no bid was offered. A poor widow in the con-

munity, who had some tender feeling for the unfortunate boy, offered a quarter as she thought the frame worth that much. Tearing away the paper and paste board from the back of the picture a document was found willing the immense estate to the one loving his son sufficient to purchase his picture.

Jesus Christ was charged with blasphemy by the highest church authority of His time (Matt. 26:65), "In league with Beelzebub the prince of the devils" (Matt. 12:24), Barabbas, a robber and murderer, was preferred to Him by His own people (Matt. 27:16), adjudged "beside himself" (crazy) by His mother, brothers and sisters (Mark 3:21, 31, 32), yet I risked all, took Him as my Saviour, All in all, opened the Father's Will (the Bible), found Him to be the beloved Son of God (John 3:16), "with whom the Father is well pleased" (Matt. 3:17), and "He hath given him a name above every name, and at his name every knee should bow, in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, and every tongue confess to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. 2), and by accepting Him I became "Heir of God and joint heir with Christ" (Rom. 8:17). "All things are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's" (1 Cor. 3:21, 22). So, accepting this blessed, rejected Christ, and risking all for Him, I became a Spiritual Multi-million-aire. Halleluiah!

JUNE 9, 1940, SUNDAY

This was an unusually busy but happy day.

Arising at 5 a.m. gave me ample time to get ready my Bible study on the Holy Ghost for my class at the Los Angeles Evangelistic Center. Sister Wolf picked me up at 8:40, enabling us to get there at 9 o'clock in time for prayer meeting till 9:30, when our class assembled. We asked each one to bring one other, which would bring our number to 42, but the number ran up to 60, which forced us to divide the class for next Sunday. The interest ran high, the Lord, in answer to prayer, helped me to teach and make it interesting, and I trust profitable, to all. A prayer meeting followed for 20 minutes, then we gathered for the great 10:30 preaching service. Floyd Johnson brought us an inspiring, helpful message. At 12:30 service closed, and we adjourned to the banqueting room in the basement for lunch, where I shared the spread of Sister Wolf and others who spread on a large table, where the bodily appetites were satisfied.

Soon the great crowds began to pour in to hear the unique "Bud" Robinson preach on "Justification and

Holiness." By the time he began to preach, every seat was taken and standing room was at a premium. A blessed service followed and the inquiry room was filled with seekers.

Hurrying off to the General Hospital, I was able to visit a number of beds and distribute literature and after we assembled in the chapel I was asked to give my testimony and sing a solo, which I enjoyed and I trust cheered the sick and afflicted.

Hurrying back to the Center, I lighted my room and held a prayer meeting till 7:20 p.m., when I slipped upstairs and stretched out on a couch for a much needed rest till the service began in the main auditorium. The room was well filled with an interested and interesting congregation, to whom Floyd Johnson preached a powerful sermon on "Spiritual Insanity." A full running-over altar call followed where interested souls, I trust, met God. Bro. and Sister Haymaker brought me home, by Bettie's where we had my second meal of the day, malted milk.

Praise God for a place where the pure Gospel is preached, with no other object but getting souls saved and believers filled with "All the fullness of God."

Thus ended an enjoyable and profitable day for God and souls, and as ideal a place to work as I have found for these nearly sixty-five years that I have been saved and in the Lord's service.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1940

Arising early, I had time to read my Scriptures, pray, and as I was stirred up over the victory Germany is reported to be gaining over France and much of Europe, I recalled Sennacherib's great sweep and threat to conquer God's people of old, when through prayer an angel slew 185,000 valiant soldiers in one night, and with hook in his jaws turned him back to be destroyed by a member of his own family. I spent some time praying God to take into hand this tyrant who would subdue better people than he is, throw away their Bibles and yield their loyalty to him rather than God.

I hastened to Santa Monica in time to breakfast with Brother and Sister Buss, precious friends who know how to make one feel at home at their cottage. After fellowshiping with them they took me in their machine by my home to collect rent, which my lovely renters always have ready. Then we drove over to the Palisades to the Holiness Camp Meeting, now in session for the next ten days. Heard part of the sermon and after the close I caught a ride to Santa Monica, caught

a bus to Brother and Sister Galloways for dinner, who make me feel at home as scarcely anyone else does. After dinner and several hours of fellowship, doing a few jobs around the place that her invalided husband cannot do, we took the auto and drove fifty miles, to Los Angeles, Glendale, and Burbank, then back to Los Angeles, where they left me and they went on to their home in Santa Monica after we had a lunch at Bettie's. I went to church but was too weary to be of any service or get any benefit from the sermon. After a refreshing hot bath I retired for a much needed rest after so strenuous a day.

Sunday, June 16th, I took the trolley car to the Evangelistic Center, as one of my friends could not get off early enough and the other was overloaded. I enjoyed tract distribution on the way, had thirty minutes for prayer before Sunday School opened, then an hour to teach my large interesting class, till preaching time at 10:30 a.m. A good sermon by our pastor, Floyd B. Johnson, and at the close a lovely sister motored me home. Dinner and a little rest, and then I hurried over to hear Prince Marthandun from India deliver an interesting and helpful sermon in Angelus Temple. Hurrying by Bro. Fallis, who took me to Temple Street where Sister Wolf picked me up for the Center. Thirty minute prayer service brought us to the great night service, when Bro. Johnson preached on "Son, Remember." The altar was filled and many kneeled at the benches, and a great season of prayer followed. I trust many got through to God and victory. I heard Floyd Jr. got great victory. I came home in time for a good night's refreshing sleep. Praise to our God!

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A DAY IN ALHAMBRA, JULY 2, 1940

Feeling for days an urge to visit friends in Alhambra, and later receiving an invitation to attend an all day missionary meeting in South Hollywood, I was a little confused as to which way to go, but as the day approached I felt clear the Lord wanted me in Alhambra. So, 8:30 found me on the trolley car for Alhambra. Having lost the address of Bro. Treat, I searched an hour to find them, but in vain. Finally I called up the Bethany Church office and learned that they had moved to Wilmar, so I came back to Ed and Jerry Josephson's and rested till after lunch; then taking two busses I reached the community in which Bro. Treat lived. Having the wrong number I searched two hours before finding his place, and to my sorrow found he had fallen grievously into sin, his wife was soon to be a mother,

he had squandered his wages and lost his job and gone back to smoking and drinking. But to my encouragement, I found him sobered up trying to get back on foot. A season of prayer seemed to encourage and strengthen him in his purpose to come back into the fold. Six o'clock we all drove in his car over to see Ed J., who had been instrumental in his conversion. Another season of prayer and he was more strengthened; then we drove over to Bro. Britton's church and after a wonderful season of heart-searching and prayer he seemed almost normal; and we all came on home and picked up two quarts of ice cream at the Bon Ton, which we ate in my room and another season of prayer and at 11:30 we parted and they returned to their home in Wilmar with a new purpose to make good for God. I greatly enjoyed fellowshiping Bro. Britton and his lovely people, not having been privileged to be with them for many months.

July 2, 1940—Remembering this was All Day of Prayer at the Evangelistic Center, I packed my lunch and was off early, arriving at 10 a.m., to see a lovely group of saints gathering to have a day of prayer and fellowship together. I. G. Martin, a saintly evangelist, a friend of many years standing, and whom grace has sweetly mellowed up for the better world, brought us a touching heart to heart talk, melting our hearts sweetly together, and blessing my heart as I have not been blessed for a long time. Praise to our God forever!

A missionary spoke in the afternoon and a missionary offering was taken for Bro. Paine, to place a Gospel in every home in Cuba. At 6:30 I was permitted to bring a message from Rev. 14:1-5, in which the Lord helped me and the people seemed to appreciate, and I enjoyed. I was so tired that I got very little out of the night service. Bro. Johnson brought me home in his machine and I retired after 11 p.m. for a much needed night's rest.

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GLEANNINGS

Said a super-inquisitive party to a gentleman with a very long nose, "How is it you have such a long nose?" "Well, madam," said he, "I have made it a rule never to 'nose' into others people's matters and it has had nothing to do but grow."

* * * *

Two men were in prison, one charged with stealing a cow, the other a watch. The first mentioned, to tease the latter, said to him, "Can you kindly tell me the time?" "I am not quite sure," was his reply, "but I think it's about milking time."

A very wealthy man was reported as having just died. "Did you learn how much money he left behind?" inquired one. "Every penny," was the reply.

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Two men passing a berry patch and one asked, "What kind of berries are those?" "Blackberries," he was told. "But," said the inquirer, "they are not black, but white." Said his informant, "Are you so ignorant as not to know that all blackberries are white when they are green?"

* * * *

An insolvable problem: "How to live a Christian life without CHRIST (in you, the hope of glory)!" (Col. 1:27.)

* * * *

The most solemn thing in the world is our accountability to God! For our words, time, talents, money, opportunities, and our very motives. (Matt. 12:36; Col. 4:5; Matt. 25:24-28; Luke 16:9-12; Matt. 25:41-46; 1 Cor. 13:3.)

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Jesus said, "What I tell you in darkness, speak ye in the light: and what ye hear in the ear, preach ye upon the housetops" (Matt. 10:27). The message He would have us give is communicated to us in the closet.

* * * *

True ministers should have "Perfect love that casteth out fear" (1 John 4:); "And fear not them which kill the body, but art not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell" (Matt. 10:28).

* * * *

"Then (when the church was cooled off, lukewarm, the ministry hirelings) they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the LORD hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not" (Mal. 3:16-18).

* * * *

Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of the United States of America.

Dear Sir:

I see that the bill is passed and signed to tax the already over-burdened people to raise \$50,000,000 for preparedness, while we have billions of gold lying idle

in our Kentucky vault. Why not use some of that for preparedness?

It looks reasonable that the first invading army would break for our gold, and a few bombs would give them possession. If you can set me straight in these matters you will greatly oblige.

Truly,

T. L. Adams

1724 Kent St., Los Angeles, Calif.

June 29, 1940.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
Washington

Dear Mr. Adams:

Your recent letter to the President has been referred to this Department for reply.

It is a mistake to regard gold held by the United States Treasury as inactive or withheld from use. Offsetting claims in the form of gold certificates or gold certificate credits have been issued against most of the gold. On July 6, 1940, total gold certificate credits amounted to \$17,972 million as compared to total monetary gold holdings of \$20,115 million, as shown on the enclosed Daily Statement of the United States Treasury for that date. These gold certificates and certificate credits constitute the major assets of the Federal Reserve Banks against Federal Reserve notes and Federal Reserve bank deposit liabilities to member banks. The latter in turn constitute the legal reserves of the member banks against their own deposit liabilities to customers.

Most of the United States monetary gold against which no gold certificates have been issued is held for the Exchange Stabilization Fund.

Very truly yours,

D. W. Bell,

Under Secretary of the Treasury

Mr. T. L. Adams,
1724 Kent Street,
Los Angeles, California.
Enclosure.

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SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1940

A very busy, happy day. Arising at 5 a.m. gave me ample time to pray and prepare for my Bible class at Evangelistic Center. At 8 a.m. I ran by to leave "Messages of Love" at Angelus Temple, then caught a car and reached the Center in time to conduct a half hour prayer service before Sunday School opened. I greatly

enjoyed teaching my large appreciative class, lesson on "Divine Healing." Had time to shake hands and distribute "Messages of Love" among the people before Bro. Johnson's lovely sermon at 10:30, after which I assisted in administering the Lord's Supper. My friend Dixie brought me back home, where I had my first meal of the day, a nice chicken pie, etc. A brief nap and I hurried off for the A. T. to hear Prince Marthandun preach on "Christian Perfection."

At the close an auto awaited to carry us to the service at the General Hospital, where we administered to the afflicted, in their beds, by distributing literature and speaking a word of encouragement and gathering the convalescents into the chapel and ministering to them in songs, testimonies, and sermon, pointing them to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

Hurrying away to the "Center" to hold a 7 p.m. preliminary prayer meeting, found a band of "Prayer Warriors" ready for the conflict. Bro. Johnson seemed at his best, and brought a suitable message followed by a hearty response to the altar call, at which I trust a number received a touch from God. I prayed for and labored with two men, both of whom seemed to get peace with God. Dixie brought me home and after a light lunch I retired, feeling grateful that God had helped and used me all the day long. I feel so grateful to our heavenly Father for sparing and using me to so ripe an old age in strength and vigor of 82½ years. When He sanctified me fifty-one years ago, He made me holy, but there is a growth in holiness that prepares us to "bring forth fruit in old age" (Psa. 92:14). "Like a shock of corn, full corn in the ear" (Mark 4:28).

* * * *

THE BLESSEDNESS OF LOYALTY TO GOD

That there is a Divine Providence over nations and people who are loyal and true to God is plainly taught and verified in God's Word that no posted Bible student will deny. Such a man reads and studies the sacred Record to know and do the will of God.

First, he gets "saved by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Then he "presents his body a living sacrifice to God," "gets his heart purified, sanctified" (Acts 15:8, 9; Rom. 15:16), becomes God's "elect through sanctification of the Spirit" (1 Pet. 1:2), of whom God says, "Mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth." God "worketh all things together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8:28). He walks uprightly, and "God withholdeth no good thing from him" (Psa.

84:11). "His delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night; . . . and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper" (Psa. 1:2, 3). He delights in the Lord, and He gives him the desires of his heart (Psa. 37:4). "Enoch walked with God" (Gen. 5:22), "Was translated, that he should not see death . . . before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God" (Heb. 11:5).

Joseph, though abused by his brethren, and tempted by his mistress, said, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" God honored him by delivering him and making him the greatest benefactor of his age, and by his sagacity saved the world from starvation. "Job was a perfect and upright man, feared God, and kept himself clear of evil." Of course, Satan hated such a man and with the permission of God, destroyed all of his property, killed his ten children, alienated his wife and friends from him and did everything he could to turn him from loyalty to his God. But Job only said: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." But when Satan exhausted himself and utterly failed to break Job's loyalty to God, he left him in disgust and God gave Job ten more children and twice as much wealth as Satan had destroyed, and all his friends who appreciated him the more for his steadfastness.

Daniel was loyal and "greatly beloved," and though cast into the lions' den, the hungry lions' jaws were locked and he was providentially protected from any harm.

The three Hebrew children, for standing true to God, were thrown into the extra heated fiery furnace, but were protected from any harm and came out with no smell of fire on their garments.

Peter, the night before he was to be slain by the officers, was miraculously delivered from prison by an angel.

John, the beloved Apostle, was thrown into a boiling caldron of oil by his persecutors, and when he was miraculously delivered from death was banished to the deadly island of Patmos, where God gave him the most wonderful vision of heaven that is on record.

Dr. W. B. Godbey said that Satan is God's bull dog to chase his stray sheep back into the fold. How he chased me till I sought refuge in Him was a plenty. Dogs would bite me, horses would throw me, wagons run over me, and diseases would pounce upon me, till I despaired of life; but after I sought pardon and adop-

tion into the heavenly family things went better, and since I sought and was sanctified and walk in the center of God's will it seems that all things work together for my good. Looks as I might live to see "the Lord come in the clouds for His own." How He saves me from calamities, operations and expenses, that others are heir to! He supplies all my needs, gives me the greatest number of and the nicest friends one could desire, and the closer I live to Him the better everything goes with me. Never a pain or a discouraged moment, opens many lovely opportunities for service, and blesses me in the service. Praise the name of God forever!

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"It is an axiom that the light which shines brightest at home, shines farthest away."

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CASA DE BONITA VIESTA

July 8, 1940

Dear Philip:

It seems strange and unusual for me to wait nearly two weeks to reply to a letter from you, as I am so glad to hear from my children that I promptly answer them, and of late you are the only one writing to me. But my circuit has enlarged till I am ministering to four congregations a week—and last week I took in the fifth. I chased a wandering sheep over at Wilmar and brought him back to Bro. Britton's church in Alhambra to get him straightened up, brought him on to my room and after the fourth prayer service with him, at 11:30 started him and his wife home, I trust, about right again with our God.

Oh, it is so wonderful to work for God and souls! No remuneration like His approving smile! And when we have a pull with Him, well, there is none higher. And we can get it by humbling ourselves in His sight, and we can retain it by "walking humbly with Him." (Mic. 6:8). "No good thing doth He withhold from them that walk uprightly" (Psa. 84:11).

The picture I would like enlarged is the one you used for Steven, i.e., in the same group. (The one I enclose.) Just have a bust picture made, and send with it the negative. Steven's is just swell! Everybody admires it.

Not quite sure when I can get off to run up, as much as I'd like it, but will keep it in mind and as soon as the way seems feasible, and I can be spared, I will be delighted to go.

So glad to learn that Alice is so satisfactorily located in a job. I can hardly hope to get anything from her

facile pen now, as she is too taken up with more important tasks.

Trust to see Steven before he begins to number his birthdays by years. By reference to my Family Record I see that my youngest son in a few days will pass his 35th mile-post, just half way to the limit of this life. (Psa. 90:10).

Glad you found the data as I had despaired finding it down here. I have drawn up the family record from my old Bible, you desired. Guess I'd better stop lest I gorge you. As per your request, I am enclosing pages from my autobiography.

Love to you all till I may be privileged to see you.

T. L. Adams.

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THE MARVELOUS LOVINGKINDNESS OF GOD

If the world only knew "the marvelous lovingkindness of God" (Psa. 17:7), millions now "hiding from him" (as did Adam and Eve, Gen. 3:8), thinking Him "a hard man" (Matt. 25:24), would seek to "acquaint themselves with him" (Job 22:21), and to "know him" (John 17:3). "Which brings peace and life eternal." And realize, with the martyrs that "Thy lovingkindness is better than life."

Think of a God who needed nothing to add to His happiness, from His own beneficence, created a world so adapted to all our needs, with every need anticipated and fully provided for, then prepared a Garden especially for man, then in His own image and likeness made us, giving dominion over all that He had created; and in the cool of the day came to walk in fellowship, which when by rebellion we had forfeited, He sacrificed His beloved Son to make it possible for this blessed relationship to be restored. No one can read of His merciful kindness to the Prophet Jonah, who was stubborn and angry with God, and not be impressed with His patience and forbearance with him.

When men, the antedeluvians, grew so wicked that it was merciful to take them from the earth, He sent Noah to live a holy life among them and warn them 120 years, building an ark in their midst to escape the flood which was soon to wipe the wicked from the earth.

And the Sodomites were not destroyed till warned to flee the wrath to come.

And although there is a hell prepared for the devil and his angels, God sends His Word to warn, and calls ministers to plead with men to flee from the wrath to come, and to tell them, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked but that the wicked turn and live." He said, "turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

About 400 years before the birth of Christ, when His people had forsaken Him, and the Lord had to cut off supplies to turn them back to Him, He sent them word by the Prophet Malachi, if they would acknowledge Him by bringing into His storehouse the tithe that there should be meat in His House, He would open to them to windows of heaven and pour out to them a blessing that there would not be room enough to receive it. "And ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord." And today, He is saying to poor hell-bound and hell-deserving sinners, "Repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, and that times of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord" (R. V. Acts 3:19).

* * * *

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST

How do we know we receive this baptism, and
What does it accomplish?

1. CONVICTION.

"When he is come he will reprove the world of sin" (John 16:8). When Stephen, "filled with the Holy Ghost, preached to the counsel, they were cut to the heart." When Peter, "filled with the Spirit, preached at Pentecost, the people were pricked in their heart," and said: What shall we do? Conviction always results under Holy Ghost preaching. (1 Peter 1:12).

2. REGENERATION.

"He saved us by the washing of regeneration and the renewal of the Holy Ghost." "Except a man be born . . . of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God" (John 3:5).

3. THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

"Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba Father" (Gal. 4:6). "The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God" (Rom. 8:16).

4. DIVINE LOVE IMPLANTED IN THE HEART.

"Love is of God; and everyone that loveth is born of God" (1 John 4:7). "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be accursed (when) the Lord cometh" (1 Cor. 16:22).

But when the Holy Ghost comes in His fullness He "sheds abroad the love of God in our hearts" (Rom. 5:5), as John in 1 John 4:17 puts it, "Our love is made perfect" (v. 18), "casting out fear." Enabling us to keep the first and second great commandments: Supreme love to God; and equal love to our neighbor (Mat. 22:35-40) .

For 4000 years the Father was so prominent that the Jews were Unitarians. This was the dispensation of the Father. Then the Son was manifest and the Apostles were so taken with Him, that, though He told them to baptize in the name of the Trinity, they constantly baptized only in the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts 2:38; 8:16; 19:5).

When Jesus had finished the work He came to do, He went back to heaven and sent the Holy Ghost to represent the Godhead, who, on the day of Pentecost, was poured out, and since that day it is the privilege of, yea the duty of every believer to "be filled with the Holy Spirit" (Ep. 5:18). It was a privilege only granted to a few up to this time. As Samson (Jud. 14:6), King Saul (1 Sam. 10:10), David (1 Sam. 16:13), Simeon (Luke 2:25), Elizabeth (Luke 1:41), Zacharias (Luke 1:67), and Jesus (Luke 3:22).

5. PROPHECY.

Joel 2:28 states, "I will pour out by Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy." Paul tells us (1 Cor. 14:3), "He that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort." As he told the Ephesians to "Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ (not lording over but) submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God" (Eph. 5:18-21).

6. ABIDING.

"He shall abide with you forever" (John 14:16). We are "born of the Spirit," but we so often "grieve Him" (Eph. 4:30) before He has thoroughly cleansed the "temple" (2 Cor. 6:16), that our experience is more or less vasculating, as:

"Once the Spirit would visit His dwelling,
Then leave through my doubt or my sin;
But now I rejoice at the telling,
The Holy Spirit abideth within.

"(O glory to God, the Spirit has come:
He dwells in my heart and makes it His home.
I hear His approving voice,
And feel the cleansing blood,
And shout on my way at home and abroad:
O glory, the Comforter has come!"

7. THE HOLY GHOST PURIFIES.

If the city of God, which Jesus has gone to prepare for His saints, is of "pure gold, like unto clear glass"

(Rev. 21:18), is it not reasonable that He will demand pure inhabitants for that city? In the same chapter (v. 27), we are told, "There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth." But (ch. 22:14), "Blessed are they that do his commandments . . . that they may enter in through the gates into the city." We are told by the prophet (Mal. 3:1-3) when Christ comes into "His temple (our hearts) he is like refiner's fire . . . he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver . . . and purge them as silver and gold." And we read (Acts 2:3) that on the day of Pentecost "There appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." Let Peter tell us what it accomplished: Thirteen years after (and he had been at Cornelius) Pentecost, he tells us, that "God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, PURIFYING THEIR HEARTS!" And twenty-seven years after Pentecost, in his general epistle, he wrote: "Ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit" (1 Peter 1:22). Jesus said: "Blessed (happy) are the pure in heart for they shall see (enjoy) God" (Matt. 5:8). How my soul has rejoiced in conscious heart purity since April 28, 1889, when He graciously gave me the Pentecostal baptism of the Holy Ghost—more than 51 years ago!

"And purity is His free gift, thus saving to the
uttermost;
And by His Holy Spirit's power, He gives to
us our Pentecost."

8. BOLDNESS.

After the disciples had been worshipping behind closed doors for fear of the Jews (John 20:19), when the Holy Ghost came upon them they boldly accused to their face, the murder of the Prince of life (Acts 3:15). Before I received my Holy Ghost baptism my timidity was painful, but afterwards I could preach on street corners, railroad trains or anywhere where people could be found. "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost and they spake the word of God with boldness" (Acts 4:31).

9. POWER.

Jesus said to His timid disciples, "Ye shall receive Power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, all Judea, Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Power to resist the devil, mortify the flesh, and

overcome the world. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of host."

10. HEART CIRCUMCISION.

"The Lord thy God will circumsise thine heart to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live" (Deut. 30:6). "Circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God" (Rom. 2:29). Those "uncircumcised in heart and ears do always resist the Holy Ghost" (Acts 7:51).

11. LIBERALITY.

Without the Holy Ghost many churches are closed because of the stinginess of the people. While God has said, "The Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel" (1 Cor. 9:14), and thunders in our ears: "Ye have robbed me in tithes and offerings."

But when the Holy Ghost came in His fullness, at Pentecost, we read that "they sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men as every man had need of" (Acts 2:44, 45). "Distributing to the necessities of saints; given to hospitality" (Rom. 12:13). "Laying up treasures in heaven" (Matt. 6:20). "Lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest" (Luke 6:35). Poor Judas died before Pentecost, to burn out the love of money, which had driven him to sell his Lord (Matt. 26:14, 15; 27:3-5), and his soul (Matt. 27:5).

12. MIRACLES.

One of the gifts of the Spirit is "Miracles." (1 Cor. 12:10); and He stated out with a wonderful miracle.

"And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Peter could doubtless only speak the Galilean tongue and God would have all these evangelized, that they might carry the "Good News" to the whole world. The Holy Ghost miraculously had them speak with tongues, "that every man heard them speak in his own language wherein he was born." And said: "We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God" (Acts 2:5-11).

"And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people" (Acts 6:8).

Under the power of the Holy Ghost nothing could stand before them. The lost were saved, believers were filled with the Spirit; the sick were healed; the dead raised; and the number of saints was multiplied.

13. REVIVALS.

On the day of Pentecost the 120 were filled with the Holy Ghost in His sanctifying power (John 17:17; Rom. 15:16). 3000 were converted and added to the church (Acts 2:41). A little later 5000, and we read "the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly, and a number of the priests were obedient to the faith" (Acts 6:7).

14. VICTORY IN TEMPTATION.

"Jesus, being full of the Holy Ghost . . . was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil." And when He had resisted him in all points "Satan departed from him" (Luke 4:1, 2, 13). "Ye have overcome . . . because greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world" (1 John 4:4). "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one" (1 John 2:14).

15. ILLUMINATES THE BIBLE.

"The Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit . . . And is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. 4:12). Filled with the Spirit one feels that he has a new Bible.

16. HUMILITY.

After Jesus received the fullness of the Holy Ghost He said, "I am meek and lowly in heart" and He washed the disciples' feet. After Moses contacted God, who "is a consuming fire" in the burning bush, it seemed that all pride was consumed: "He became meek above all men upon the earth" (Num. 12:3).

After the Apostles were all filled with the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, we read no more of their contending about "who should be the greatest," but they were content with the lowest places.

17. THE SPIRIT'S WITNESS.

We find that the Spirit witnesses to what He works in the heart. "For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified; whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us" (Heb. 10:14, 15). "Now we have received the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given us of God" (1 Cor. 2:12).

18. THE SPIRIT ANOINTS.

When the Holy Ghost came on Jesus at the Jordan, "And Jesus being full of the holy Ghost, returned home (to Nazareth) and testified saying: The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach

the gospel to the poor. And all bare him witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth" (Luke 4:1, 18, 22). Stephen, under a mighty anointing of the Holy Ghost, "did great wonders and miracles among the people," and his enemies "were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake," "And looking steadfastly on him saw his face as it had been an angel" (Acts 7:4, 8, 15). We learn from Ex. 34:29 that while Moses talked with the Lord that such an anointing came on him that "the skin of his face did shine."

But How May This Anointing Be Retained?

(a) "Grieve not the Spirit." He is like a dove: doesn't fight, but resisted He takes His flight. (b) Be led by the Spirit (Rom. 8:14). (c) Obey. "The Holy Ghost whom God hath given to them that obey him." King Saul lost the Spirit through disobedience (1 Sam. 16:14). (d) Live in the spirit of self denial. Samson lost the anointing by not denying the flesh. So did David. (e) Consult and meditate on the Word of God (Psa. 1:2). (f) Resist temptation (as Jesus did in Matt. 4). (g) Testify to what God has done. (Luke 4:18; Rev. 12:14). (h) Live a life abandoned to God. (Rom. 6:13). (i) "Love not the world" (1 John 2:15-17; 2 Tim. 4:10). (j) "Love not money" (1 Tim. 6:10). This caused Judas to lose his soul. (k) "Love God with all thy heart and soul and strength" and the anointing will abide upon you.

19. BY HIS FRUITS.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, etc. (Gal. 5:22, 23). (a) Implanted in regeneration (1 John 4:7) "Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God." (b) Perfected by the Spirit's baptism. "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." "Herein is our love made perfect" (1 John 4:17). The born of the Spirit have joy; the Spirit baptized have "Joy unspeakable and full of glory." The born of the Spirit have peace; the Spirit baptized have "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." "Long suffering" in regeneration is implanted, but the sanctified "bear all things" (1 Cor. 13:7).

And so on, all the fruit of the Spirit is implanted when we are born of the Spirit (1 John 4:7), and perfected (v. 17) by the Spirit's baptism.

20. BY THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT 1 Cor. 12:7-10.

Wisdom, knowledge, faith, gifts of healing, working of miracles, prophecy, discerning of spirits, tongues, and interpretation of tongues. Now the fruit and gifts of the Spirit are differently given. Every born of the Spirit

child of God receives the fruit, but not so of the gifts. "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge; to another faith," etc. "To every man to profit withal." "Dividing to every man severally as he will."

21. UNITY.

Jesus (John 17:17) prayed the Father to sanctify His apostles and all who should believe on Him through their word, "That they all may be one." "For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free, and have been all made to drink into one Spirit" (1 Cor. 12:13).

22. THE COMFORTER.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth" (John 14:15-17). "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted" (Isa. 66:13).

"The Comforter has come, the Comforter has come:
Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

23. HE SANCTIFIES.

"That the offering up of the gentiles might be acceptable, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost" (Rom. 15:16). "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God, the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter 1:2). "God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit" (2 Thes. 2:13).

Sanctification, def.: "That act of God's grace by which the affections of men are purified or alienated from sin and the world, and exalted to a supreme love to God. To sanctify, to make holy or free from sin—to cleanse from moral corruption—to make fit for the service of God and the society of heaven."

Sanctification is negative and positive.

First, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire." The fire "purifies the heart," destroys carnality, cremates the old man, "Thoroughly purges his floor" (Matt. 3:11, 12).

Second, Positively: He endues with power. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" (Acts 1:8). (Compare the lives of the Apostles before and after Pentecost.) I am persuaded many never get beyond negative sanctification; when the command is: "**Be filled with the Spirit.**" Jesus did not need

the negative work of cleansing, but He did need and received "The Father's Sanctifying" (John 10:36). "Spirit Anointing" (Luke 4:18). "To preach the gospel and be assured of the Father's full approval (Luke 3:22).

Sanctifying cleans one up, cleans them out, fills them up; and sends them out all for God and His service.

24. JESUS STRESSES THE ANOINTING RATHER THAN TONGUES.

When Jesus had received the Holy Ghost (Luke 3:21, 22), returning to Nazareth, in the synagogue having delivered unto him Isaiah, instead of turning to chapter 28:11 and reading and stressing "Tongues," as some do today, He read and stressed chapter 61:1-3, being "Anointed to preach the gospel." And the Apostles were to "receive power after the Holy Ghost came upon them to witness to the uttermost part of the earth."

* * * *

TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO

Son Philip having invited me to visit Steven before he was a year old, which would be August 1st, I arranged to have matters cared for, and July 16th, at 7:45, Bro. Fallis wheeled me over in his limousine to catch the 8:15 "Daylight Streamliner" for San Francisco. The morning was ideal; God had put up his big parasol (a fog) to modify the July heat and every time I would step off the train the air would suggest Paradise. But the air-conditioned coach was all one could desire inside.

The lifting fog banked up over the ocean like rolls of cotton batting, and thrilled me from my window on the ocean-side of the coach. I think I never saw the Pacific quite so calm; scarcely a ripple. The changing scenery was so fascinating that I could scarcely get the sense of Finney's Autobiography which I had taken along to read. Great fields of lima beans; then next broad acres of green alfalfa, interspersed with grazing land with fat herds of lazy cattle lying around watering places; then oil fields with their derricks running far out into the ocean from which treasures of oil is pumped to fill large tanks for the refineries, to help furnish gasoline to run the millions of autos of the land. The view was thrilling as we climbed a third of a mile to cross the low Sierras to get into the Coachilla Valley. Then the fog backed off farther in the west, presenting a more gorgeous view than ever, and sunshine greeted us to withdraw no more till the sun found his resting place beyond the Pacific ocean.

Alice met me at the depot, taking me and my lug-

gage out in the auto. Steven has greatly developed, wonderfully active and just as good as when I last saw him, and in his little Kiddie Car can run all over the house.

CONCLUSION OF MY VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO

This has been a week pleasantly spent, of much needed rest and refreshment, with Philip, Alice and grandson Steven who will soon be a year old. They are both working, notwithstanding, have made me feel much at home. I think I have never seen a more interesting boy than this, my only grandson. One little crying spell during the week with him, and that over a fall.

Was invited on the platform at Glad Tidings Temple to offer the opening prayer and to give my testimony, the Lord helping me, and I enjoyed it and others expressed appreciation.

Sunday I attended Glide Memorial Methodist Church, and was permitted to speak to the Sunday School and expressions of appreciation encouraged me. At 11 a.m. Dr. McPheters preached an edifying sermon on the "On Fire Church."

At night I went back to Glad Tidings to a very spiritual service, and a good sermon by Evangelist Smith, but being weary I was not in a very cooperative mood; and at the close I came by and ate a malted milk, cheering me up till bed-time.

I find San Francisco the most receptive and appreciative town to distribute tracts that I have visited for some time. The weather has been perfect and so has my health, praise to our God! In a testimony recently, a lady testified to having been healed of flu four times this winter, but I was glad to testify to have been kept from flu for more than four winters successively. Halleluiah!

And now, as I turn my face toward the dear people and labor of love in dear Los Angeles, I trust our beneficent heavenly Father for journeying mercies, as I have a reservation on the Daylight which is to put me, D.V., there at 5:45 this evening. Amen. This is the most luxurious riding train extant today, and Father graciously grants me the privilege of a berth on the same.

* * * *

August 22, 1940—I feel constrained to tell of some of the dear Lord's dealings with my soul and body of late. First, I have been kept in perfect health of soul and body! Praise God! Friday night, according to appointment of Margie, leader of our "Cheer Upper Band," I was greatly helped in bringing the Message in

Sylvia's Mission on Fifth St., Los Angeles. The Lord caught their attention and held it. Then Sunday, at 9:30, I was greatly helped at the Evangelistic Center as I taught my class on the character of Job. At 4 p.m. I was privileged to hear, at First Congregational Church, Mr. Babson, candidate for President on the Prohibition ticket. He seems quite feeble in his 70th year. Then I went back to the Evangelistic Center and was joined to a band and went to a jail service where I was permitted to preach on the 15th chapter of Luke, when I was again helped of the Lord. Amen. Arrived back at the Center in time to rest a while before hearing Floyd Johnson deliver a gracious message followed by a good altar call. A friend brought me home in time to get in bed by 11 o'clock. At 7:20 p.m. my friend Dovie Ellis came in her Ford limousine with our friend, Sister Ethel Efthos, picked me up and we went to the Country Church of Hollywood for service last night. It was readily perceived on entering the house that a very genial spirit of fellowship prevailed. A record was playing off a service conducted by Josiah Hopkins while he was living, driving old "Dan" to church and preaching a sermon on "We Do Not Well to Sit Here and Die."

They sang an old song. I arose and told them that I sang that song 65 years ago. They asked me to sing the chorus as a solo. I arose and sang as follows:

"O come, angel band, come and around me stand;
O bear me away on your snowy wings,
 To my immortal home;
O bear me away on your snowy white wings,
 To my immortal home."

I gathered from their cheering that my effort was appreciated. When Sarah Hopkins came in, she had me stand and expressed appreciation of my presence in the service. The reading and commenting on the first chapter of Revelation made a very interesting service. At the close many warm hand-shakes made me feel at home. Coming by Bettie's, a malted milk ended the day well, and we said Adios.

* * * *

Mr. Earnest Prayer

Lord, lay lost souls upon my heart,
And love those souls through me;
Give me grace and wisdom, Lord,
To win those souls to Thee.

Your children, Lord, help me to lead
On to vic-to-ry;

Purged, purified and sanctified!
To live and reign with Thee.

Around Thy throne, Lord, let me see
Those I have won to Thee;
And lay my trophies at Thy feet,
Saying, 'Twas not me, but Thee!

T. L. Adams—6-4-40.

* * * *

T. L. ADAMS' RECORD IN THE MINISTRY

- Nov., 1880 — Licensed as local preacher, Methodist Church, Milan, Tenn.
- May, 1882—Assigned as Supply Preacher to finish out until Conference at Medina Circuit, Bexar Co., Tex., taking over from his brother, Rev. W. M. Adams.
- October, 1883—Attended West Texas Conference, San Marcos, Texas. Dropped out to return to school. Sold books by subscription in Bexar Co. for two months, made \$75.00 per month.
- January to May, 1884—Student in Theological Dept., Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
- June, 1884—Asked by Dr. W. L. Duckworth, Presiding Elder, to supply Decaturville Circuit, in Decatur Co., Tenn., Memphis Conference.
- October, 1884—Attended Annual Conference of Memphis Conference at Paducah, Ky. Ordained Deacon this year by Bishop Keener. Assigned to Decaturville Circuit for another year.
- November, 1885—Re-assigned to Decaturville Circuit for another year.
- November, 1886—Ordained Elder by Bishop E. R. Hendrix, and admitted to full connection at Annual Conference. Assigned to Medina Circuit, Gibson Co., Tenn. (nine miles south of Milan, then home of mother and sister, Donie Mitchum.)
- November, 1887—Completed Course of Study at Conference. Assigned as pastor at West Jackson, now Campbell Street Methodist Church, Jackson, Tenn.
- November, 1888—Appointed to West Jackson for second year. For several years before he had been interested in the Holiness Movement led by W. B. Godbey. At a convention at West Jackson, under Dr. Godbey, he was sanctified April 28, 1889. In the summer of that year he attended the Holiness Camp Meeting at Scottsville, Texas, and met Bishop Joseph S. Key, who invited him to transfer to North Texas Conference, where preachers were needed. His P. E., Ashley R. Wilson, was not sympathetic

- with the Holiness movement, and suggested transferring to the Indian Territory Conference.
- November, 1889—Granted transfer to North Texas Conference from Memphis Conference at his own request. Joined North Texas Conference; appointed by Bishop Key to Saint Jo Circuit, in Montague Co., Texas, near Red River, consisting of some six preaching places.
- November, 1890—At Bishop Key's suggestion transferred to North West Texas Conference. Appointed to Abilene Circuit, in Taylor and Callahan Counties; preached at Clyde and four other places. P. E. was "anti-Holiness," who said, "I'll fix Adams—I've got a starvation circuit that will fix him." (Iatan Circuit.)
- November, 1891—Appointed to Iatan Circuit, Mitchell Co., Texas (near Big Springs). Started out with seven preaching places.
- November, 1892—Reappointed to Iatan Circuit for second year, with assistant pastor, Robert Bryant. Circuit grew to 17 preaching places. Held camp meeting. 200 conversions, many sanctified and eleven preachers called to preach, one missionary. Attended Waco Camp Meeting, summer of '93.
- November, 1893—Appointed to Gibtown Circuit, Jack Co., Texas. Met Mr. Gladney, who was on the adjoining circuit at Christian. Was sent to Gibtown to get him away from Holiness people. Bro. Gladney got sanctified. Went home to Milan, Tenn., twice, holding meeting at Church of Christ at Milan, Tenn. Met Bishop Key at Scottsville Camp Meeting, and was asked to go to New Mexico Conference.
- November, 1894—Transferred to New Mexico Conference. Appointed pastor of Carrillos, Santa Fe Co., N. M. Dr. H. C. Morrison held meeting twice for him. He asked the Bishop to move him from here. Many soul saved and believers sanctified. Revival ran whole year.
- November, 1895—Appointed to pastor at Gallup, McKinley Co. Married while there, visiting Los Angeles on honeymoon.
- November, 1896—Appointed pastor of Door of Hope Mission, 212 S. Oregon St., El Paso, Texas. Son born there.
- November, 1897—Appointed pastor at Magdalena and Kelly, Socorro Co., N. M.
- November, 1898—Appointed pastor at White Oaks, Lincoln Co., N. M.
- November, 1899—Reappointed to White Oaks for second year. Apr. 1900, daughter Lois born.

- November, 1900—Conference met in White Oaks. Ap-
 pointed to Gila River Circuit, Lordsburg, Hidalgo
 Co., N. M. Also preached at Duncan, Ariz. Visted
 California summer of 1901 for two weeks.
- September, 1901—Located when Conference met, to en-
 ter Evangelistic field.

CHARGES SERVED AS PASTOR

- Medina Circuit, as supply, in the West Texas
 Conference, 6 months1883
- Student Vanderbilt University,
 Nashville, Tenn., 6 months.....1884
- Decaturville Circuit—
 As Supply Pastor, 6 months (Tenn.).....1884
 Preacher in Charge, 2 years (Tenn.).....1885-1886
- Medina Circuit—
 Preacher in Charge, 2 years (Tenn.).....1887
- West Jackson Station—
 Preacher in Charge, 2 years (Tenn.).....1888-1889
- St. Jo Circuit—
 Preacher in Charge, 1 year (Texas).....1890
- Abilene Mission—
 Preacher in Charge, 1 year (N. W. Tex. Conf.)..1891
- Iatan Mission— Preacher in charge,
 2 years (N. W. Texas Conf.).....1892-1893
- Gibtown Circuit—
 Preacher in Charge, 1 year (N. W. Tex. Conf.)..1894
- Transferred to the N. Mex. Conf. and stationed at
 Cerrillos Station as Pastor, 1 years (New Mex.)....1895
 (Was married to Miss Lena Kelly Dec. 25, 1895)
- Gallup Station as Pastor, 1 year (New Mex.).....1896
- El Paso Mission as Pastor, 1 year (Texas).....1897
- Magdalena & Kelly, as Pastor, 1 yr. (N. Mex.)....1898
- White Oaks Circuit as Pastor, 2 yrs. (N.M.)..1899-1900
- Gila River Circuit as Pastor, 1 yr. (N.Mex.).....1901
- Withdrew from the Conference to enter the
 evangelistic field1902
- First revival at McGregor, Texas; Second at Milan,
 Tenn.; Third and best at Florence, Ala; Fourth at
 Tuscumbia, Ala. Many souls saved and sanctified in
 these last two meetings.
- The Rev. L. L. Gladney and I went on to New Decatur,
 Ala., where we held a successful revival, the Lord
 saving and sanctifying many souls.
- Then we were called to assist Rev. Sawders in a revival
 in the Indian Territory, from which I was called home
 because of heart failure of my wife.
- After her recovery, she and I held meetings in Alabama,
 Mississippi, and Florida, and a great campaign in Cuba.

ANCESTRY OF THE HAMILTON FAMILY

Descended directly from the family of King George II

Our grandfather, John H. Hamilton, and Sarah Lucas were married July 8, 1819, to whom were born the following children:

1. William P. Hamilton, born April 22, 1820.
2. Ann Hampton Hamilton, born June 25, 1821, our mother—died May 19, 1919.
3. Joseph D. Hamilton, born Dec. 25, 1822.
4. Martha P. Hamilton, born Feb. 14, 1824.
5. Jane A. Hamilton, born April 7, 1825.
6. Jeremiah T. Hamilton, born October 3, 1826.
7. Asbury Hamilton, born February 4, 1828.
8. Joshua Hamilton, born June 16, 1829.
9. John Hampton Hamilton, Dec. 24, 1830.
10. George W. Hamilton, born April 30, 1834
11. S. Elizabeth Hamilton, born April 30, 1834

Twins

Ann Hampton Hamilton was married to Jeremiah M. Adams on Dec. 20, 1838. To them were born the following children:

1. Mary Louisa Frances, born Oct. 21, 1840.
died Sept. 15, 1912
2. J. John R. Adams, born March 25, 1843,
died March 17, 1926
3. An infant, unnamed, lived only six days.
4. T. D. Webster Adams, born June 21, 1846,
died August 10, 1893
5. George W. M. Adams, born August 13, 1848.
6. William M. G. Adams, born June 23, 1850,
Died October 19, 1918.
7. Henry Zachery Taylor Adams, born March 29, 1852,
died 1853.
8. Richard C. H. Adams, born July 2, 1855.
9. Thaddeus L. Adams, born Dec. 27, 1857.
10. Donie D. Adams, born October 2, 1860.

Jeremiah Mitchell Adams, born April 1, 1806, Greenville County, Va., died April 27, 1879.

Ann H. Adams, born June 25, 1821, Laurence County, Tenn., died May 19, 1919, Nashville, Tenn., at the home of Mrs. R. B. Mitchum, her daughter.

My grandfather, Jeremiah Adams (wife Elizabeth Grigg) born October 14, 1762, and died in 1820.

They had eleven children.

1. Richard, who died at the age of 18.

2. Burwell B., a devout Christian, who died a triumphant death, an old man in Corinth, Miss.
3. George G.
4. Jeremiah Mitchell, born April 1, 1806, died April 27, 1879, near Purdy, Tenn. Age 73.
5. Grief.
6. James.
7. Dr. Pleasant D., lived in Abilene, Texas.
8. Washington, died while a boy.
9. Susan, married I. P. Young, a merchant in Corinth, Miss.
10. Eliza, married Mr. Wright.
11. Robert, who is the only one of the Adams family that I have heard of dying with T. B. contracted by exposure.

* * * *

A VERY BUSY BUT HAPPY DAY

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1940, was extra ordinarily busy. Arising at 5 a.m. gave me ample time to pray and prepare for my Bible class. I ran by Angelus Temple and set the table, placing on it the elements for serving Communion to 4,000 people, then caught the car in time to begin and hold prayer meeting from 9:00 to 9:30 a.m., when our Bible class began which ran till 10:15, giving me time to shake hands around before Floyd Johnson's service began. The Lord helped me teach my class, from Col. 3:1-3. Bro. Johnson brought us a stirring message, many came to the altar to reconsecrate their lives to God. Dixie brought me home in her lovely limousine. After eating dinner and sleeping a short nap, I ran down to Angelus Temple to hear a delightful sermon by Prince Marthandum against "British Israel," a fad gaining among certain people. 5:00 p.m. found me on the trolley car for the Evangelistic Center to be at the Evangelistic Center Young People's meeting, and about the midst of the service the group asked me to go with them to service at the jail, which I gladly consented to do, in care of Berniece Graves of Long Beach. The Lord graciously blessed us and I enjoyed speaking to them on "Character Building for This World and the World to Come."

At the close we returned to Bro. Johnson's service. I slipped in and stretched out on a couch till the service began, but I got very little out of the excellent service as it was my eighth service of the day and I was too much exhausted to keep my eyes open. "The spirit was willing but the flesh was all in." Bro. and Sister Haymaker drove me by Bettie's and treated me to malted milk, which fitted me for a lovely night's sleep.

How I delight in the service of the Lord! I understand David, when he said, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." Again he said, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever" (Psa. 23:6).

Here there is a limit to our strength, but there, "They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God" (Psa. 84:7).

* * * *

MY WONDERFUL TRIP TO TENNESSEE

On September 9, 1940, at 8:00 p.m., I boarded the Streamline train for Nashville, Tenn., for a 30-day vacation to visit an only living sister in her 80th year, and a brother already 85 years, who lives in Memphis, Tenn. After a malted milk, I wrapped an auto blanket around me and stretched out on the reclining chair and got a refreshing night's sleep.

Sept. 10—Early in the morning I looked out on a Nevada desert scene, which seems to connect the good country of California with the East. I contacted an old man, 77 years of age, who was paralyzed and could scarcely talk but interspersed his conversation with profanity. I tried in vain to interest him in salvation. The streams along the way have run so long and cut so deep in the earth it would be very difficult to get them out. So a life that has gone so deep into sin for so many years, is not likely ever to get out. Thank God for lifting me to the plains of salvation and subsequently to the heights of holiness years ago giving me a heaven in which to go to heaven!

Sept. 11—I looked out on the high plains of Colorado, nearly a mile elevation. Cross ties were white with frost. Arrived at my nephew, L. K. Adams, Colorado Springs, Colo., and spent four days in a lovely visit; a very harmonious Christian family of father and mother and six children; two grown girls sanctified and industrious.

Sept. 14—Arrived at Robt. Adams, Salina, Kans., another nephew, who gave me a royal welcome. Sunday morning he introduced me to his Men's Bible Class, to which I spoke for thirty minutes. Then the pastor asked me to offer the opening prayer, over the radio, and then I listened to his excellent sermon, to which I responded with "Amen." One of the members remarked that he had attended this church for 35 years,

but had never heard an "Amen." (It was a Methodist Church.)

Sept. 16—Took the early Streamline for Nashville. Arrived at Sister Donie Mitchum's Tuesday, the 17th. Her home seems more like home to me since I have none, and it is such a privilege to spend some time with her in her spacious home occasionally. She is a good cook and caters to my desires. Two hours after my arrival we were off to a cottage prayer meeting. The Lord blessed us as we worshipped Him, and considered His Word.

Sept. 18—Spoke at a Tent Meeting at night. A number expressed appreciation of the message.

Sept. 19—Many testified to being helped as I spoke in a small mission in the suburbs of the city.

Sept. 20—Canadian Evangelist with a Mexican wife, a most excellent singer, was holding revival at the First Church of the Nazarene, we went and enjoyed the service very much.

Sept. 21—Seventeen relatives gathered in and we spent the evening at home talking, singing, and fellowshiping in a good time.

Sunday, Sept. 22—Attended Sunday School at Grace Nazarene Church, and remained for an excellent sermon at 11 o'clock. After dinner Rob. Mitchum motored me out to the penitentiary, where the Lord helped me to preach to a large audience of white and black men, who showed great appreciation, many coming forward and giving their hand with a purpose to start a righteous life for heaven. One man leaving in the hand of the preacher four silver dollars. God bless and save these men, is my earnest prayer.

At night we listened to King Vivian, the Methodist pastor of McKendree Methodist Church, and he was so interesting that Hazel and I decided to attend his prayer meeting Wednesday night, which proved to be one of the most unique that I ever attended. There was not a song or a prayer till we came to the benediction. He stood flat-footed for more than an hour proving the Deity of Jesus Christ—when I don't suppose there was one in the audience who disbelieved it, and his people went home unfed.

* * * *

FAMILY REUNION OF THE ADAMS FAMILY, NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPT. 29, 1940

Bro. R. C. Adams had come up from Memphis, and Sunday morning we went to Sunday School at the First Church of the Nazarene where Rev. Templeton, evangelist, was holding a revival. His wife is a Mexican.

He is a cartoonist and he entertained the children by drawing pictures for them. At the 11 o'clock hour he, not feeling well, had his wife relate her life story, which was entertaining and edifying. At the close we came back to sister Donies to partake of a sumptuous meal such as she can spread. Afterwards the relatives came in till nearly twenty were present to witness our family reunion. The artist soon arrived and made a picture of Sister Donie (80), Bro. Richard (85), and me (82). He promised to give us a write-up in the Nashville Banner.

We had an enjoyable afternoon visiting together and after their supper Robert and wife drove me over to the closing service of the Nazarene Revival. The house was packed and they were standing around the door. Failing to get in, I went to the other door and rushed in, the people giving way, and I marched up to the front. A little girl made room on the end of the altar, where I sat down, grateful for even an uncomfortable seat. But a lady touched me and pointed to a vacant chair on the platform, which I brought and sat at the end of the altar. After the preliminaries the evangelist read Luke 16:19 and preached a wonderful sermon about the rich man and Lazarus. Few responded to the call, though he strove with them. My nephew and niece came for me and motored me home, and after my ice cream lunch we retired for rest. As Bro. Richard had to return to Memphis on Monday, we sat, he, Sister Donie, and I, and conversed about olden days and had an enjoyable time.

Tuesday, Oct. 1—My mind and heart turns westward, as I had left for a 30-day vacation and it was up and now time for me to get back. The Lord certainly has led all the way and has given me an enjoyable time and I trust profitable to other as well as myself. Besides, everything has been free, and ten dollars have come into my possession; for which I thank God and take courage. I was asked to read the lesson this morning at the Ladies' Prayer Meeting, and talk to them. A letter failed to come, for which I was looking. The weather was perfect, equal to California. Praise God! My niece, Mrs. Hazel Ross, drove Donie and me over to see Bro. Tim Moore, at 3:30 in the afternoon and we had an enjoyable and seemingly appreciated visit with them; they are friends of many years ago. Praise to our God!

Wednesday, Oct. 2—About 6 p.m. the pastor of the Methodist Church sent me word to attend and bring the message at his church at 7:30 p.m. The Lord very

graciously gave me a message on "Abiding in Christ" (John 15). Sister Donie and four nieces and nephews were present, with an interesting and interested congregation present. The Lord surely added His presence and we were all edified. Praise to His holy name. Bro. Parsons, the pastor, invited me to preach for him Sunday night, which, the Lord willing, I shall be glad to do. "Ready to start home on the morrow!" the Lord willing.

Thursday, Oct. 4—We, Sister Donie, nieces Hazel and Countess, went over to visit Elizabeth Hassell Warren, author of "The Cigarette Speaks to a Young Girl for a Number of Years." She has had commendations from nearly thirty states for writing this tract. She sees poorly and her husband is totally blind, and yet he runs a successful business, is paying for a lovely home and makes her a splendid husband and they seem happy and harmonious, living for God.

PICK-UPS

For beauty I'm not a star,
There are others more handsome by far:
My face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
It's the folks out in front that I jar.

Woodroe Wilson.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hassell Warren, married only a few months, had written a wonderful poem, which was published in tract form. A gentleman reading it in Florida, being impressed, wrote her saying, "You must be a great woman, I love you. I'd like to know more of you." She remarked, "I'm like the man who in order to live made a practice of swallowing a raw egg a day. In a haste he broke and swallowed one and as it went down he found it contained a live chicken. It chirped, said he, "You spoke too late."

LAST SUNDAY IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

I woke at 4:00 a.m. and meditated on my message for the Men's Class at Grace Nazarene Sunday School, which I was to teach at 9:30 a.m. I did not realize much liberty in teaching, though quite a few came forward to express their appreciation.

We listened in to a helpful sermon over the radio, after partaking of a sumptuous dinner such as Sister Donie and Countess can prepare. I spent much of the afternoon praying and preparing to preach at Hobson's Chapel, a Southern Methodist Church, where I was privileged to speak to half a dozen of my relatives, with

a nice congregation. The people in numbers came forward and expressed appreciation of the sermon, and I trust good was accomplished. After church we came by Rob Mitchum's where Catherine had prepared ice cream and served to a number of friends, including the pastor and family, the Rev. Parsons, where we spent half an hour pleasantly together. Niece Hazel Ross brought me on to Sister Donies for the night.

I was trusting the Lord for guidance as to my route back to California. A letter from Bro. Gladney caused me to decide to go the northern route, to visit a niece, Pauline Finger, in Centralia, Ill., who had invited me to visit her family. So I have arranged to say farewell to Tennessee on Tuesday, Oct. 8, for dear California. After spending four weeks on a refreshing, delightful vacation with relatives, old and new friends, some of whom are the dearest on earth to me.

October 8—Nephew Rob Mitchum motored me to the early train to Ashley, Ill., where we caught a bus for Centralia. A sad accident occurred as we were entering a town called Madison. A young man, driving a truck, drove right in front of our train, was hit and dragged down the track to a box car on the side track, grinding the truck to pieces and killing the driver.

My relatives gave me a lovely visit of 24 hours, taking me out to a lovely Free Methodist Cottage Prayer Meeting, where I was permitted to speak to an interesting gathering of all ages, who seemed to appreciate the message. Brother and Sister Finger, niece and nephew, showed much appreciation and kindness, making it a very pleasant visit.

RETURNING TO DEAR OLD CALIFORNIA

October 9—I started on a two-day-and-night trip on the train for home. In Centralia I contacted a unique family. Hearing the sound of an old-fashioned blacksmith hammering on an anvil across the street, I walked over to see what was going on. The smith, pointing across the road to a house, where, said he, "I was born 78 years ago." The first gang plow ever used in these parts was made in this shop. His son, running a filling station next door, I was told, is reducing and now only weighs 440 pounds. His appearance indicates the truth of the statement.

Arriving in Kansas City a few minutes after the U. P. train pulled out, I had to wait twenty-two hours for the next train. I was refreshed from a good night's sleep, and the next morning I visited the Four Square pastor, Rev. Lowen and wife, who was busy building a

new church. Then on to the publishing house of the Nazarenes. They gave me a hearty reception, showing me through their beautiful plant and presenting me with a copy of their latest Holiness Herald. I distributed many tracts there, as well as everywhere on this entire trip.

October 10 I boarded the train, with two days and nights' travel before me to reach Los Angeles. On the way we played on the harmonica to get the attention, then preached the Gospel to the passengers, and the Lord blessed us for the little service rendered. Had He not promised: "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward" (Mark 9:41)? Reaching the union station in Los Angeles a little before 6 p.m. Saturday, I found my friends, Brother and Sister Fallis, with daughter Virginia, awaiting to take me out in their nice limousine, with my baggage, to my room.

For a lovely vacation of thirty-three days among friends and relatives, with many tokens of appreciation, with not a remembered sad hour, but many thrills of approval from our heavenly Father, my heart wells up in gratitude. And for the privilege of thousands of miles of travel by rail and auto for a long life of 82½ years with not a serious accident, and for Divine health for a number of years, and a clear title to a mansion in the skies, and a readiness, by His grace, and a "Love of His appearing," I devoutly thank God. And for the privilege of breaking the Bread of Life to many hungry souls, including many of my relatives, I praise Him. And as I mingle among His children here, they thrill my soul so often by their expressions of appreciation, that I was missed and a hearty welcome back.

So unworthy do I feel of all this tender and special care, that my heart is "Lost in wonder, love and praise." And to think how He is preparing for me a mansion, for beauty and glory the heart cannot conceive, where, if faithful, I may spend eternity, are honors beyond conception.

* * * *

November 13, 1940—After coming home from my trip east, and finding that my tenant had suddenly moved out, I spent two and a half weeks going over, painting and repairing my home at 1013 Broadway, Santa Monica, for a new tenant, Mr. McGuire and family, who moved in, and I trust, will be permanent renters. Then I came up to visit my son Philip and family at their new and lovely home at 3035 Clay St., San Francisco,

where I am, D.V., to spend several days. This morning I visited Sister Treat, friends of near Los Angeles, who has suffered much through the dissipation of her husband, but who, by the grace of God, has recovered himself and is again working and supporting his family and they seem happy again. They have some lovely children and as they walk with God they are a happy family.

* * * *

GLEANINGS

With most people: "The more highly educated they are the more skeptical they become."

Sam Jones said, "I'd rather be in heaven studying my 'a-b-c's' than in hell reading Greek and Latin."

* * * *

"Don't tell why you couldn't do the thing, but tell how you did it." * * * *

"If the outlook is gloomy, try the uplook."

"Because the sun is behind the cloud, don't think it has quit shining." * * * *

Lot's wife not only lost her life and became a warning pillar of salt for disobedience, but left her daughters in a needy precarious condition—mothering peoples that 45 generations after "were excluded forever from the congregation of the Lord." Neh. 13:1.

* * * *

"Kindly explain how a black cow can eat green grass, give white milk that makes yellow butter."

* * * *

How can a lemon tree draw sour juice out of the same ground from which a sugar beet draws sweetness?

How the Gospel is a savour of life unto life to one, and to another a savour of death unto death.

* * * *

Dr. H. C. Morrison in "The Pentecostal Herald" is responsible for the following story: An old negro woman was washing for a white woman, who thought quite well of her, and she went out into the back yard to talk to her as follows: "Aunt Judy, don't you know that some of the negros around here have been accusing you of stealing chickens?" "Yes, ma'am, I done heard about dat." "Well, why don't you defend yourself?" "No, ma'am, I ain't gwine to defend myself. De Lord He knows 'taint so, the devil, he knows 'taint so, an dem what is telling it knows 'taint so, and life is too short fo me to be provin' and splainin' all de time."

* * * *

"We are on an eternal pilgrimage that stretches out before us. We are eternal beings. Our existence will never cease, and we will ever be on a pilgrimage, moving on, and out, and up; or moving down, and down,

on the road that leads through trials of thickening night
amid wails of thickening night—to hell.

* * * *

Evangelist Miller is responsible for the following story: A "hard shell" colored preacher was preaching to a large African congregation, and at the close cried out: "I hopes dat youze all genuine Primitive Baptists." "No," said one man, "I'ze a Presbyterian." The next service he made the same challenge and the same brother responded as before: "I'ze a Presbyterian." The preacher demanded: "Des why is you a Presbyterian?" "Well, my great grandfather was a Presbyterian, my grandfather was a Presbyterian, my father was a Presbyterian, and I'ze a Presbyterian." Then, said the preacher, "suppose your great grandfather had been an idiot, and your grandfither had been an idiot, and your father had been an idiot, what would you have been?" "Then I spoze I'd a been a Baptist."

* * * *

Two boys born of the same parents, receiving the same training, but one chose the Bible way of Salvation and became a minister of the Gospel, and the other chose the very opposite, and became the black sheep of the family, going into the depth of sin. Years passed by and the sinful boy, now an old man, lay dying. His brother sat by his bedside and dreamed that he saw his brother die, and as his mouth was open he saw his spirit come out and gave an unearthly shriek as Satan appeared, and it fled under the bed, and under the table, and out at the open window, all the time yelling a cry of despair as Satan was chasing and gaining ground on him. Awaking, he found his brother dead, with his mouth open just as he had dreamed of seeing him.

* * * *

GLEANINGS

Billy Sunday, speaking to a modernistic-evolutionary preacher's meeting in the First Methodist Church, in my hearing, drove home his point with the following illustration:

"I'd rather risk crossing the Pacific Ocean on an ass's hide, with its ears for sails and its tail for a rudder, than to undertake to get to heaven by the evolutionary-modernistic route."

* * * *

A large, fine looking fellow, with a low man with spurs and big hat, entered a western railroad train as bandits. The tall man shouted: "We are robbing the men and kissing the women." The short man stood by the door and said, "If you men will put your money into

my hat, we won't molest your women." Yelled an old maid from the rear of the car: "Sit down, you sawed off shrimp, the tall, fine looking man is robbing this train."

* * * *

"I DO IT UNTO THEE."

(Written by a nineteen-year-old English girl
in domestic service)

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since I've no time
to be
A saint by doing lovely things, or watching late with
thee,
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or storming heaven's
gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals and washing up the
plates.
Although I must have Martha's hands, I have a Mary
mind:
And when I black the boots and shoes, thy sandals
I find,
I think of how they trod the earth, what time I scrub the
floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time for more.
Warm all the kitchen with Thy love and light it with
Thy peace:
Forgive me all my worrying, and make all grumbling
cease.
Thou who didst love to give men food, in rooms or by
the sea,
Accept this service that I do—I do it unto Thee.

* * * *

It was Sunday morning, in a men's class in a famous Church School. "Will you please tell me," said a member to the teacher, "how far in actual miles it is from Dan to Beersheba? All my life I have heard the familiar phrase, 'Dan to Beersheba,' but I have never known the distance." Before the answer could be given, another member in the back of the room arose and inquired, "Do I understand that Dan and Beersheba are names of places?" "Yes." "That's one on me. I always thought they were husband and wife, like Sodom and Gomorrah."

* * * *

AN INTERESTING EVENING IN SAN FRANCISCO

November 13, Brother and Sister Hal Treat came by at 7 p.m. and we went in automobile to the Glide Memorial Methodist Church, to prayer meeting. While it was run on rather a unique plan, the first half hour by the board of stewards, it was wanting in the liberty of the Spirit, and the spiritual people felt that there was

something lacking. However, I came by Bro. Treat's and till 11:30 we had a lovely time of fellowship with the Lord and one another, reading, singing, praying and listening to the radio. How our hearts did burn as we talked of His dealings with our souls, and He drew near and was the fourth One of the party!

November 14—Brother and Sister Treat came for me at the same hour and we went to Glad Tidings at 7:45 p.m. service, and found the service more satisfactory and more of the liberty of the Spirit manifest. On our return we were treated to a lovely malted milk by Bro. Treat.

Friday, Nov. 15—Went to the court room to hear Philip conduct a case, but it was settled out of court.

On my way home I stopped at the American Bible Society and had an enjoyable visit with Dr. Balis, the secretary.

At night Brother and Sister Treat and I had planned to attend revival at the Salvation Army, but at 9 p.m. they came to my room, stating that car trouble had hindered them. So we had a lovely visit, and after prayer we said, Buenos Noches for the night. And to my happy surprise, Miss Jo came in to inform me she had ordered malted milk to be sent up. The doorbell rang and up came a lovely treat, such as I enjoy and seems helpful as a supper. Praise to our God!

After this we retired for a refreshing night's sleep, with pleasant dreams.

Having a good time, eating, sleeping and fellowshiping friends and relatives, and attending church. Phil and Alice treat me very courteously, and Steven is very interesting. God is making all work together for my good and pleasure, praise His holy name.

* * * *

SATURDAY, NOV. 16

I was made glad this afternoon when Alice informed me that Lois and family had phoned that they would be in tonight. I was afraid I'd not get to see them on this trip.

Driving in from Fresno, their present home, they arrived a little after 6 p.m. The girls are stretching up fast, and will soon be grown. They remained over till 7 a.m. next morning, when they went back to Potter Valley to dispose of the rest of their belongings up there, when he returns to Fresno to engage in his old business of tractor salesmanship.

Sunday, the 17th, was a great and enjoyable day. Arising in time for my devotional hour, I went over to Bro. Treat's at 9 o'clock. Sister Treat would have me

share their lovely bran muffins, baked apples and sweet milk, and insisted on my returning for dinner, which I gladly did. Bro. T. took me in his machine to Glide Memorial Church in time for me to get in a good testimony to His saving and sanctifying power, for which several spoke appreciatively.

At 11 a.m. Dr. H. C. Morrison preached a most helpful, inspiring sermon, such as we used to get in old time Holiness days, such as builds up the saints. After dinner, Bro. T. and I called on and prayed for two sick sisters, then drove down to Glad Tidings Temple and heard a most excellent, edifying discourse on "God Honouring His People."

Coming back to my home, I got a little much needed rest before returning to hear Dr. Morrison deliver another telling sermon on the "Strait and Narrow Way" (Matt. 7:13, 14, 21). Stopping a while at Bro. T.'s, we had an hour of blessed fellowship such as the saints enjoy together. Bro. T. brought me on to Phil's where Alice and Jo and I visited till Phil came in and we broke up for bed at 11:30 p.m. A wonderful day of enjoyment socially and spiritually, praise to our God.

Monday, 10 a.m.—Dr. Morrison gave us a lovely message from 1 John 3:1-3, which reminded me of his talks years ago as we worshipped together. At night I had the pleasure of Philip accompanying me to church. Dr. Morrison delivered a very fatherly message on God's chastening us for our profit that we might be partakers of His holiness. A profitable and interesting message. Quite a few lined up at the altar as seekers.

Tuesday, 10 a.m.—Put handle in Phil's spade; patched his lawn; peeled apples for sauce, and was a little late for service at Glide Memorial Church, but was in time to hear much of Bro. Morrison's inspiring message.

* * * *

THANKSGIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO

Arising at 6:30 a.m., I finished my devotions and cooked some cereal and ate my lunch before the family stirred.

At 10:45 Brother and Sister Treat came by and motored me to Glide Memorial Church to hear Dr. Morrison preach a Thanksgiving sermon from "Naaman and the Little Maid." After service, Bro. Treat drove me and his family for an enjoyable ride, through Golden Gate Park with its trees, flowers, deer and buffaloes, winding roads, and lawns, hilltop views of the landscape and the Pacific ocean. Two hours of entrancing views and unsurpassed scenery. The sun did his part with not a cloud in sight, pouring his California mellow rays

upon us, and the Son of righteousness warming our hearts, we drove, sang and rejoiced all the way. Praise to our God for it all! At 7 p.m. we sat down to Thanksgiving Dinner, a big turkey with trimmings to match, and in 15 minutes Bro. Treat was at the door to go to church, but we arrived at church for the beginning of the service. Dr. Morrison preached a great sermon on "Divies and Lazarus." Several came to the altar, but there seemed a lack of conviction. Coming back, found Phil wiring a room. Been so busy lately, hadn't time.

11 p.m., Philip has gone for malted milk, and after eating it we will retire. Lovely milk-shake, and we got in bed at midnight, and by 7 a.m. was refreshed.

Nov. 21—Was late at church this morning. Heard Dr. Morrison just finishing a great sermon on Isaiah 58:10, 11: "God's Richest Promises." After services, I, Sister Treat and the children walked home and distributed tracts and notices of the meeting all the way. After resting a while, she fixed a nice lunch, baking and presenting me a can full of cookies—I think the best I have ever tasted—with a jar of home made jelly. The kindness of friends Father sends delights my soul and fills me with wonder and praise. Floyd Johnson sent a telegram today to know if Dr. Morrison could preach for him and when and how long.

* * * *

AN INCIDENT—PREACHERS' HARDSHIPS

"In Wesley's day, he and John Newton were traveling together, third class. Wesley, with Newton's overcoat for a pillow, and Newton with a book under his head. After sleeping on the floor for three weeks, one morning at 3 o'clock Wesley turned over and found Newton awake and said to him, 'Be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet, as the skin is off but one side.'" —G. W. Ridout.

* * * *

A great sermon tonight by Dr. Morrison on "The Return of Our Lord." Bro. Treat motored me to church and Philip came for me in his new machine.

Nov. 22, Saturday—Bro. Treat took me and his family many miles up into the mountains on a lovely trip. At noon Mrs. Treat served turkey sandwiches and home made cookies. A day long to be remembered. Praise to our God!

* * * *

SUNDAY, DEC. 8, 1940

A very happy, busy day. The Lord, in answer to prayer, gave me a suitable message for my class, on the Lord's Supper. Bro. Johnson, our pastor, being

sick, Dr. Chas. Price preached at the Evangelistic Center, both morning and evening. Good, edifying sermons. In the afternoon I was privileged to hear Rev. Lucian Compton at Angelus Temple give an edifying discourse. Four helpful discourses—one of which I delivered to my Bible class at 9:30, was my privilege during the day, retiring at 11 p.m. feeling no remorse but the consciousness I had been blessedly used of God through the day.

Tuesday, Dec. 10, was an enjoyable day all day. Arising early, I had ample time, without hurrying, to read and study three chapters in the Word. After breakfast, I planted out a striped carnation, which I had rooted, and gave the rest to Sister F'Nell, a widow across the street. After doing some writing on my correspondence, I hurried to the 10:30 All Day Holiness Meeting at Trinity Methodist Church. A friend picked me up and took me in his auto to Broadway where I caught the car and was nearly on time for the opening.

Rev. (Miss) Caffrey, recently returned from China, gave an interesting message to our delight. I ate lunch after which followed a good testimony service led by a Salvation Army officer; then a rousing sermon by C. W. Ruth on "Holiness," text, Rom. 6:22. Very edifying. Anita told me of the death of Sister Corbin, her mother, in whose home I was married 45 years ago, in El Paso, Texas. She was an eminent saint a few months my senior, and a motherly friend. So many of my old sanctified friends have slipped away to that home above, but whom I anticipate meeting soon to part no more, Halleluiah!

On arriving home I found my dear friend Rev. Eddie Josephson and family awaiting to invite me over for Christmas dinner and fellowship meeting. After a season of rest I was off for Angelus Temple to hear a rare sermon of the old type on "Hell, the Necessity of It," by Lucian Compton, I felt that if such sermons were thundered from every pulpit of the land we would have a different world to live in. Conviction seized the people and many came to the altar.

Wednesday was delightful. Dovie and Sister Efthos took me for a two-hour drive ending up with turkey dinner and malted milk. 2 P. M. and 7:30 at the Center, Dixie motoring me home in the rain, to get a lovely night's sleep.

* * * *

GLEANINGS

"There are no heights to which by grace men may attain, from which they may not fall: there are

no depths, this side of hell, unto which they may descend, from which, by grace, they may not be saved.”

* * * *

A very pious, but uncultured, saintly old man used to sing in the little church to which he belonged. By and by the congregation grew and built a new and larger house and organized a choir which took in the brother mentioned above. Later on the leader informed him that as he made discords his services were no longer needed in the choir. A few weeks after, as he lay meditating, a voice from heaven said to him: “We don’t hear you singing any more.” “No,” said he, “they put me out.” “Who put you out?” “The choir.” “We have heard no singing since you quit,” said this voice from above.

* * * *

When the ship is in the ocean, that’s all right; but when the ocean gets into the ship, it goes to the bottom.

The church is in the world, but if the world gets into the church it goes down.

* * * *

“He is able to save from the Guttermost to the uttermost.”

A minister was preaching a funeral, and made the following remark: “The shell lies here but the nut is gone.”

Another is quoted as saying: “The corpse lying before us has been a member of my church for forty years.”

* * * *

“To a saint, it matters not whether he goes to heaven by the clouds or the clods.”

* * * *

A great man traveling in South America, was asked by a prominent man of that land why North America, his country so exceeded South America in enlightenment, development, and in every other respect. “Well,” said the North American, “why, do you think?” “I know,” he responded, “South America was settled by the Spaniards in search of gold; North America was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers in search of God.”

Why has North America deteriorated so rapidly in the last fifty years? Answer: We have put pleasure above piety.

Dear Brother Gladney:

As I read this morning in Revelation 9 of the awful tribulation coming on those who have not the seal of God on their foreheads, how in their anguish they would die, but death flees from them, and for five months these

scorpion-like demons sting and torment them; how I rejoice that the Spirit ever regenerated and "sealed" me by His baptism, and preserves me blameless, unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, it is so blessed to be in the world and not of the world! How, as the world is celebrating their fake Christ-mas, with their Santa Claus, and all kinds of indulgences, we have the real Christ in our hearts, and though we turn our backs on the "vain pomp" of the world and deny self, and mortify the deeds of the flesh, and have crucified the flesh with its passions and lusts, keep under our bodies, and bring them into subjection, having presented our bodies as living sacrifices, holy, acceptable unto God, as our reasonable service, and are not conformed to this world, but have been transformed by the renewing of our minds, and are proving what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God; a deep settled peace has come into our hearts that the world knows nothing about and cannot rob us of, and an assurance of the Spirit that all is well with us for time and eternity! Oh, if the world only knew what we have, and is their privilege to have! How they would throw away their idols and fly to the wide extended arms of bleeding mercy and find rest for their souls! But they are blinded by the god of this world, and they grope on in darkness till they wake up in eternal darkness where neither hope nor mercy can reach them. How we ought to shine before them and witness to them and if possible wake them up before it is forever too late! Remembering that we were once just where they are now, and would still be there had we not been awakened.

In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Christian, as he approaches the enchanted valley, enquires how he might keep awake where so many slumbered the fatal sleep, was instructed to make a desperate effort to wake others, and if he did not succeed he would not fall into the fatal sleep himself. "Therefore," the Apostle would admonish us, "let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober."

* * * *

"As regards music, the devil has no tune save the spit-toon, and that's no tune at all."—Einer Waermo.

* * * *

"God doesn't care so much what we can do for Him, but what He can do for and through us."

* * * *

"Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee."—Gabriel.

* * * *

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."—God.

* * * *

"In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment: but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer."

* * * *

"Just ahead is a topless heaven, a bottomless hell, and an endless eternity."—Dr. Paul W. Rood.

* * * *

December 24, 1940—As I draw near my 83rd mile post, and the close of 1940, I feel led to record another day of His dealing with His servant. Dec. 23, awaking before 5 a.m., I had plenty of time for reading and studying of the Word.

I read, "O magnify the Lord with me." I thought, "How may I?"

1. By accepting His Word as infallible.
2. Studying and obeying it.
3. Turning from all it forbids, and doing all its commands.
4. Accepting Christ as my Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, and King.
5. Abiding in the center of His will.
6. Believing that He is working all things together for my good.
7. Loving Him with all my heart, soul, mind and strength, and
8. Recommending Him to all to whom He gives me opportunity.

This brings great peace to my soul.

I wrote and mailed a number of season's cards to various friends and relatives, as the rain poured down. After dinner, the rain held up and the sun shone out. Remembering my friend, Mrs. Grace Riley, had asked me to come to the Edison Mailing Department, of which she is head, and she had a Christmas present for me, which proved to be a lovely carton of jelly, cookies, and things she had prepared to please the palate. I asked her to turn around that I might see if she was sprouting wings. "Not yet," was her reply.

As I was stretching my cash to make it hold out till check day (Dec. 31), I took with me some of my books to sell. An old Edison friend from the department I formerly worked in bought one and 35 cents was helpful. Coming home, I rested a while and due in the Prayer Tower at 8 to 10, I went early and had a helpful visit

with a saintly sister and was edified. Taking the elevator to stop at the School Auditorium, it being full of students going to the fourth floor for the last class before the vacation season, I went on up to the class room. There I found the teacher, Bro. VanCleve, having a testimony service with the students. Listening a while he asked me to testify. The Lord blessed me as I told them of His dealings with me all these years; to which they showed appreciation by cheering. I closed by reminding them that they should read the Bible through the soon-coming year, and I sold all the "Plans for Reading" I had with me. Hurrying down to the first floor, I enjoyed the opening service, then hurried up to the Prayer Tower to intercede from 8 to 10 for those less fortunate than I. Our hearts bled in sympathy as I sat at the telephone and heard the distressed ask prayer for drunken husbands, erring sons and daughters, mothers and fathers forsaking their families, running off in adultery with others, sinful, oppressed of the devil desiring deliverance, sick ones desiring healing, weak Christians praying to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, financially depressed asking for work or that God would move on those who owe them money to pay, or that God would move justly in law suits—almost every conceivable trouble is telephoned, written, or telegraphed to us for prayer.

Promptly at 10 p.m. I was relieved by the next shift, and with light heart and quickened step I came by Betties' for my supper of malted milk and arrived in time for my 11:00 o'clock retiring hour.

Life, in the center of God's will, is wonderful! Makes one feel that he is fulfilling that for which he was designed. That he is the clay and his Creator is the Potter, moulding and fashioning him to His purpose. **That God is preparing him for the eternities inconceivable!**

"Oh, how great is thy goodness, which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men! Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of men: Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues. Blessed be the Lord: for he hath showed me his marvellous kindness." "O love the Lord all ye his saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful" (Psa. 31:19-21, 23).

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EIGHTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

For several days the Lord seemed to be unusually good to his unworthy servant. Christmas day Bro. Ed. Josephson sent an auto for me to share a lovely turkey dinner with the family in Alhambra, with a dozen se-

lect saints, with whom I had blessed fellowship. After dinner we sang, prayed, testified and he preached a sermon to us; and we had an enjoyable time. I ran over, a block away, to visit my friend, Pearl Simons, who was down with the flu, for whom I prayed.

6:30 p.m. a friend motored me over to the Evangelistic Center to hear Iner Wermo sing, and Dr. Paul Rood preach a wonderful sermon. Dixie, in her lovely limousine, brought me home.

Dec. 28, Thursday, I went where I had been invited, but seemed to be out of Divine order and came home discouraged, ate lunch, and rested a while, and to my surprise my daughter (?) drove up to take me to her home in Santa Monica to eat a nice turkey birthday dinner next day, a plenty of which she served us that night for supper. And who would come but Sister Gertrude Smith, a missionary whom I had met many years ago in Cuba, and with whom I now had lovely fellowship, making the evening doubly enjoyable.

The sun rose clear and beautiful after I had finished my devotional hour and I was reminded that this was the 83rd anniversary since I was born into the world.

God has been so good to unworthy me. Providing for my every need, surrounding me with lovely friendships, and many opportunities to represent Him to the people: 51 years and eight months ago "purifying my heart" with "the baptism of the Holy Ghost," and twenty years ago giving me Divine Health (3 John 2), and though without a family, He sends me into such lovely appreciative families! The Galloways treat me as one of the family. In the evening they brought me to the Center where I was honored with opportunity to testify and pray over the radio. Dixie brought me home, where I was surprised to find a lovely birthday card from my pastor, Sister McPherson.

We are assured in the Word, that "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord: and he delighteth in his way." How many ways He has of reminding us of His delight in us, giving us His Son to redeem us, then giving "us richly all things to enjoy"! Praise His holy name.

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I feel impelled to write down some of His outstanding mercies during the year 1940.

As I look back over the year, on my part I see nothing to boast of. But I wish I had been many fold more successful as a soul winner, and had been more efficient as His representative among men. But when I look back on His love, patience and mercy, I am lost in "wonder, love and praise."

Not a day has been lost on a sick bed, indeed I don't remember of one in twenty years. Not an accident, though I have traveled by rail and auto thousands of miles—not a serious accident since He saved me more than sixty-five years ago.

He only knows the wonderful thrills I have enjoyed from the Gospel and reading His Word, and efforts to bless the world of mankind. Though I have passed my 83rd mile post, He gives me the pep of a youth. Praise His name forever.

As I have read His Word through, He has enlightened my understanding as never before, getting more out of it than ever before. He has let me live in Paradisical California thirty-five years, and today, as I write, the beautiful sunshine and balmy air reminds me of the hymn: "December Is Pleasant as May." This is literally true of this wonderful country.

As to friendship: I never had more and more wonderful friends than now. Christmas, the day after, and on my birthday, the 27th, turkey dinner, in their homes, invited by my friends, and last night Ruth, my "adopted" daughter brought me turkey sufficient for several other diners. Above all, the **"Comforter abides."** **Halleluiah!**

"Purifying, Sanctifying, Electing, Anointing, Uncioning, Guiding and Fruiting to bear the fruit of the Spirit (Gal. 5:22, 23), Crucifying the "old man" (Rom. 8:11), Empowering (Acts 1:8), "Writing my name in the book of life from the foundation of the world" (Rev. 17:8), "Enthroning Christ in my heart the hope of glory" (Col. 1:27), Enabling me to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God" (Rom. 5:2), "Ready" (1 Peter 1:5)—**Halleluiah!**

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In entering on this new year I rejoice to see no marks of God's displeasure, but note with gratitude many tokens of His unmerited favor toward His unworthy servant.

His unmitigated health continues to delight my soul and body, with vigor of mind, as I have passed my 83rd mile post on Life's journey. His wealth of friendships continue, with many tokens and assurances; with many opportunities to witness and testify to His goodness and mercy on this pilgrimage to my inheritance in the skies.

Saturday night we had a lovely prayer service at the Center and yesterday, as I waited for a car, a lovely young woman stopped, took me in her limousine and drove me to my class at 9:30 a.m. On the way she said she knew me, she used to be a Christian but through

domestic trouble had backslidden, and was in trouble. I trust I was used to point her back to God, and the Bible.

I was blessed as I taught my Bible class and we had an enjoyable testimony service in conclusion.

Dr. Chas. Price preached an edifying sermon on "The Deeper Life." A brother motored me home, and after a warm meat pie dinner and nap I hastened back to the Center to hear Dr. Meyer of Holland tell of the horrors of the present, cruel war now raging in Europe. After service and visiting with many lovely people, I went in to the Young People's service. Before sitting down I was asked by the leader to testify. With no time to think, I began and the Lord gave me a message to the people that delighted me, and I think edified the audience—definitely on Holiness—Praise His holy name. And while the young people went to the basement for supper, I went to the nursery to get a little rest before the night service. Then I ran up to the prayer room where we had an enjoyable season of prayer. Just prior to the 7:30 service I shook hands with a number, and placed a few "Plans to Read Through the Bible in a Year." Dr. Price preached an interesting sermon on "The Good Samaritan" followed by an interesting altar call, where people prayed through in the old-fashioned way. Reminding me of good days of long ago. Praise God! Dixie drove me home by the Bon Ton for ice cream for my supper. I was enabled to retire, feeling scarcely any fatigue from the activities of the day.

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GLEANINGS

Dr. Charles Price tells the following interesting incident, which occurred in one of his evangelistic campaigns. A fine looking elderly gentleman rushed to the altar, fell on his knees and in a despairing voice began crying aloud: "Oh, I can't be saved, I can't be saved!" Quietening him down a little, I enquired into his difficulty. Said he, "I'm a thief. Many years ago, when I was a young man, I took money from the bank I am working in to bet on a horse race, won, and replaced the money. But later, emboldened by my success, I took a larger amount for a bigger bet, but lost all, and laboriously balanced up the books and covered up my crime. If I confess my crime, I'll lose my job, impoverish my family, and go to the penitentiary. I can't get saved with all this covered up, and so I'm lost. What could I do?"

"Tomorrow morning at 10 a.m. go to the bank president, confess the whole matter, I'll be on my knees pray-

ing and God will bring it out all right." At 10 o'clock he stood before the president and confessed the whole matter, saying, "Thirty-five years ago I stole money out of your bank which I never returned." "Then," said the president, "You shall have the full benefit of the law. How came you to come and confess at this late hour?" "Well," said the man, "I went to the revival meeting and wanted salvation and the Lord said you must straighten up your life, and the first thing I thought of was that money that I had stolen, and I decided I had rather go to the penitentiary than to hell. So I am here at your mercy." This honest confession softened the president's heart. "John," said the banker, "I am giving you a raise in salary, which will enable you to return the amount without missing it, and as I have been looking for an honest man to take my place while I take a needed vacation, you shall occupy the president's chair in my absence."

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Last night, to my joyful surprise, Phil Kerr, in charge of the services, asked me to preach a short sermon to the congregation and over the radio, and the Lord helped me to preach on "**Sanctification**" (1 Thes. 5:22-24), which I had wanted and longed to preach in Angelus Temple for eighteen years. Praise God! "All things come to those who wait." **This experience has done so much for me** that I long for everybody to share it.

Paul said, "That I should be the minister of Jesus Christ to the gentiles, ministering the gospel of God, that the offering up of the gentiles might be acceptable, **being sanctified by the Holy Ghost**" (Rom. 15:16). "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to **give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified**" (Acts 20:32).

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January 22, 1941—Because of overwork and other imprudences, my son had a nervous breakdown and had to lay off from work. Two days I felt led to fast and pray for him, and today he started back to work. Praise our God!

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CALIFORNIA

West Tennessee, where I was born and reared, the land was infested with malaria. Chills and fevers were common, and one winter spent in Florida, down near the Everglades, my system was so filled with it that it required a long time to get rid of it. But, praise God, no malaria in Southern California. In most countries Octo-

ber and May are pleasant; then it gets painfully hot or cold. But here December is as pleasant as May.

A land free from ticks, chiggers, fleas, bed bugs, snakes and other pests that molest one's happiness. A land, that as soon as Jesus comes and removes Satan's sinners, and sin, will be a veritable Paradise of God.

For sixty years I have been moving westward. I'm so glad that God in His kind providence has cast my lot in this, His best country, to spend my sunset days, where for twenty years He has permitted me to be without a sickness or disease, a pain or an ache.

In my early years my religious advantages were very meager; but here I can go to church four times a day, where the Word is preached in its simplicity and purity, and I have a number of places to choose from. He supplies my needs and keeps me well and hopeful. Halleluiah!

Where I was raised, so often the rains would pour down in torrents, wash out gullies, wash the hillsides down, cover the bottom land with poor soil and ruin both for cultivation. But here the rains fall gradually, all soak in and wash no gullies, put a lovely season in the ground and vegetation springs forth and grows luxuriantly. We are in the midst of the fourth winter without a killing frost. Flowers bloom and fruits hang winter as well as summer.

And as to the people. Recently in Illinois a man pointed across the street to a house where he said he was born 78 years ago. But the people out here were more enterprising, and pushed out to investigate something better, and found it in California. Of course, it doesn't suit everybody. If it did the country would not hold them. But forty-six years ago, on my first visit to Los Angeles, it boasted a population of 100,000 inhabitants. Now there are about fifteen times that number, or 1,500,000.

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PICK-UPS

Some negro men were telling how bad they had been, when one named Scales spoke up, saying, "De wust sin I ever member doing was one day I coch a blue jay bird in my trap, on a cold, snowy mornin, and for meanness I picked off all his feathers septen his wings and tail, an turned him loose; an he flew right up toward heaben crying, 'Scales, scales!' tellin' de good Lawd on me."

* * * *

The pastor of a colored congregation was raising money to repair the church house, the plaster of which

was separating from the wall and occasionally falling to the floor. A well-to-do brother started to write a check for \$5.00 when a large piece of plaster released itself from the ceiling directly over him and fell on his head. He tore up the check and wrote one for \$50. "Hit him again," cried the pastor, "till he makes it \$100."

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"There is a pride of (1) Face; (2) Race; (3) and of Grace."—Rev. Mae Schultz.

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"Three Sprinklings: Water at christening; Rice at marriage; Earth at funeral."

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Prayerlessness indicates that we do not appreciate communion with God: ingratitude, and independence for blessings.

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"The seed of sin is forsaking God: The harvest of sin is to be forsaken of God."—Roy Gray.

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"God, in His Word more often mentions the valueless sparrow than the costly peacock. He is as much interested in the song of the crow as that of the nightingale."

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"Jesus gave all for us; He expects all of us."—Roy Gray.

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What a calamity to Christendom it would have been had the Pilgrims, returning from the Holy Land, said, "It's all a farce, the country doesn't fit the Bible." But when they say, "It's just as the Bible describes it," how our faith is established, strengthened, and settled!

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The human countenance is the bulletin board on which is written the condition of the soul.

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Mortify the deeds of the body, rather than be mortified by their indulgence.

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AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION

"It has been our joy to emphasize the ATONEMENT of CHRIST rather than HIS PERSONALITY. Preaching the atonement of Christ will insure the living out His life, but the reversal of the emphasis will bring out the form of Christianity without its transforming power."—Kilbourne.

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Christ is not a picture to be admired; He is a Sa-

viour to be trusted and served. Christ is not a problem to be intellectually solved. He is a Priest; a Daysman who can lay His hand on God and the sinner and make them one by the power of His reconciling blood and Spirit."—Joseph Parker.

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"Henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more."—Paul.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."—Jesus.

"The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."—Paul.

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In Rev. 2:17, we are told by the living Christ, "To him that overcometh will I give . . . a new name."

I have an impression that that name, given at the end of our probation, will be according to the character we present, and will embody the condensed sentence of Christ the Judge (2 Cor. 5:10). For instance, the three men to whom talents were committed for their improvement, two of whom laid out their strength and ability and doubled their Lord's money received the new name of "Good and faithful servants." But the other, though he labored to excuse himself and returned to his Lord every penny intrusted to him, **unimproved**, received the eternal new name of "Wicked and Slothful Servant" (Matt. 25:14-29).

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"The railroad man minds the train, while the school-teacher trains the mind."—Andrew Johnson.

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"The elects are the whosoever wills, the non-elects are the whosoever won'ts."—Sam Jones.

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"Mose, you preach the doctrine of Election?" "Dat I duz." "Who are the elect?" "Nobody is ever elected ceptin' he is first a candidate."

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"What is your idea of the final perseverance of the saints?" "First, take hold; second, hold on; and third, never let go."

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GLEANINGS

Dr. W. B. Godbey told the following: "A certain pastor was explaining his text, when he stopped suddenly and said, 'Let me say here, all the commentators disagree with me.'

"The next morning one of his members, a farmer, who raised potatoes, early knocked at his door, saying,

'I heard you say yesterday that all the common 'taters disagreed with you. I have brought you a bag of genuine Idaho russets, which I am sure will give you no trouble.'

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"A man on a crowded street car, seeing a lady enter with many packages, arose and offered her his seat. Such courtesy was so rare, the woman fainted, Recovering, she thanked him, and then he fainted."

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"By fire God will either destroy sin (Mal. 3:3), or the sinner (Mal. 4:1)."

"For our God is a consuming fire" (Heb. 12:29).

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"A certain church caught on fire, among the crowd assembled was an infidel living nearby. Said to him one of the members, "This is the first time I ever saw you at church." "Yes," said he, "It's the first time your church was ever on fire."

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"When I was a farmer boy, with lantern in hand I entered the corn crib one night and the rats ran in every direction; so when Christ came, by the light of His Spirit into my heart, the rats of booze, tobacco, temper, lust, and pride, scampered away, and as His Spirit has shined within, they have stayed out."—Ramey.

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A hog in a pen under an apple tree never looks up to see the nice ripe red apples. All he gets is the rotten ones that fall in his pen.

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Floyd Johnson tells the following story: A wealthy merchant was traveling on a Turkish ship, when he observed a fine looking intelligent servant working for them. Speaking to him, he found that he was shrewd and intelligent. Falling in love with him the merchant set about to secure his freedom. Approaching the master, he asked what price would ransom him. The price asked was beyond his ability to pay, but finally the price was brought down till he purchased his freedom. Whereupon the young man came in, and learning of the transaction, fell into a rage saying to his benefactor, "Now you have purchased me for your slave! I have just as much right to be a free citizen as you, and now I must serve as your slave the rest of my life." "No," said the benefactor, "I had no thought of enslaving you. I only pitied you and paid this great ransom for your freedom. This certificate I now hand to you, is

a guarantee that you are now and hereafter as free a citizen as I am myself." Falling at the feet of his benefactor, he cried out: "Oh, forgive me for misjudging your motives; may I the rest of my life serve you for your loving kindness to one so unworthy?"

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"After losses and crosses, we grow humbler and wiser."—A. McP.

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"Jesus gave all for us; He reasonably expects all of us."—Roy Gray.

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"Only three and one-half percent of American people are of moral chastity."—Evangelist Babcock.

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"The worst things that come to you are the best, if you wait and pray."

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Adam Clarke said, "Religion is kept alive in the earth by God's gracious intervention to the souls and bodies of His followers."

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"Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them."

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"Character is the result of repeated choice between good and evil."—Walkem.

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"What is a vacuum?" "Let me see! I have it in my head, but can't explain it."—Billy Adams.

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Theme of the Bible: "Redemption through sacrificial offering."

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The baptism of the Spirit will take place when we open the door, yield all to Him, let Him have His way; then He will cleanse, occupy and use us."—L. Rader.

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Universalism could not be correct—That everybody goes to heaven. Saints and sinners would not enjoy the same surroundings. A lamb and a pig fall into the mud; the one cries for deliverance, and when extricated shakes off the last particle of mud clinging to its feet; the other wallows and revels in it. If applied for here, grace can change the pig into a lamb, but no hope is held out to those who pass this probation unchanged. "There is a great gulf fixed," over there, making it impossible to have their destiny or character changed. Luke 16:26. I am so thankful I applied for and obtained this transformation sixty-five years ago. Halleluiah! T. L. A.

Said a prosperous, well providing farmer to his wife: "How is it, wife, we never have any but decaying apples to eat. Didn't we put up barrels of luscious apples in the cellar?" Replied his bright, economical companion: "I go through them regularly and those which will not keep any longer I take out for use, lest we lose them."

I wonder if our God doesn't have reason to say: "Did we not create perfect human beings, and endow them with health, wealth and every need supplied? But rarely one comes to us till smashed in a wreck, rotting with cancer, or coughing life out with tuberculosis."

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A white man visiting in a hospital, seeing an old colored acquaintance who was badly wounded by an automobile, said to him: "Mose, how came you in here?" "Well, boss, crossing de street, I seed two lanterns coming, and tried to dodge 'twixt them, and here I iz in de hospital."—Paul Rader.

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A little girl concluded her prayer thus: "Take care of yourself, God, for if anything should happen to you, I don't know what we'd do."

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"Not a prophecy in the Bible yet to be fulfilled before Jesus comes for His own. He may come before this service is over."—Dr. Paul Rood.

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March 7, 1941—After the longest rainy spell that I remember, for the thirty-six years of my residence in Southern California, giving us twenty inches, nearly twice the amount usually given in a season, the sun now shines and the singing birds and cackling hens indicate that springtime is here. The whole country is covered with greensward, all nature seems glad, and the people are glad too. In this land of sunshine we can hardly wait till the rain is over for the sun to re-appear. Been for weeks nursing a sick son, and by the mercy of God, he seems to be returning to normality. Praise to our God!

Last night I dreamed that my health was gone and I was approaching my end, but I was delighted to awake and find it only a dream, and I am in perfect health of mind, body, and soul. Praise to my Healer and Keeper of my three-fold being.

Yesterday I was called to preach the funeral of a ninety-year-old saint, which the Lord helped me and I enjoyed, and the people showed appreciation, pre-

senting the preacher with a \$5.00 bill. The remains were to be shipped for interment to Indiana.

* * * *

March 9, 1941—A busy, delightful day all day, praise to our God!

Waking at 5 a.m., I rested and meditated a short while, arising and getting to prayer. My soul was refreshed and the Lord seemed to lead me to the 1st chapter of 1 John, for my Bible class. Studying prayerfully till 9 a.m., I started and reached the Center in time to pray the closing prayer before going to my large, interesting class. The Lord helped me and the class expressed appreciation. At the close I rushed up to the Communion Board to be assigned to my place in serving the elements. Bro. Johnson had me pray the opening prayer, after which he preached a helpful message. The sacrament being served at 1 p.m., we were dismissed. I went to the restaurant for a 50-cent chicken dinner which I enjoyed, it being my first meal for the day. I returned in time to get a nap on my couch before the 2:30 service. Bro. Johnson preached a strong sermon on or against "Evolution." At the close I hurried out and over to the General Hospital to a delightful service with the afflicted. Sister Hal Smith asked me to open the service with prayer, which I enjoyed, then she asked me to sing, which I did, and I sang,

"I once was sick and sinful, too,
But I'm all right now, I'm all right now;
He heals and saves me through and through,
I'm all right now, halleluiah.
I'm upright, and down right, and all right now;
Since Jesus saved my soul;
I'm in right, and out right, and all right now;
For He sanctifies and makes me whole.

We had a lovely service, for the Lord was very nigh. Slipping out before close of service, I took an auto and street car and was able to reach The Center at the beginning of the service. Bro. Johnson preached a gracious sermon on "He Saved Others, Himself He Cannot Save." A good altar service followed, many I trust were blessed. Dixie and her mother brought me home by Betties' where we were refreshed with a lovely malted milk, my second meal for the day. Getting to bed by 11 p.m., I had refreshing sleep by 5:30 this morning. Thus was a lovely, edifying day with a consciousness of His presence in the six services I attended. Halleluiah!

To my delight I am hastening to a country where Sabbaths never end and services never break up. "In thy presence is fullness of joy and at thy right hand there are pleasures for ever more" (Psa. 16:11).

FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY RECORD

I have just passed my 52nd anniversary as Life Director of the American Bible Society, 65th year as a Christian (Tim.3:4, 5), 51st in the sanctified life (Rom. 15:16), 20th in renewed youth (Psa. 103:5) and in Divine Health (3 John 2), and 63rd of reading the Bible through. With the privilege of living in beautiful California—just passed through the fourth successive winter without a killing frost—with hill and dale clothed in greensward, with roses blooming, hens cackling and birds singing—nearly an earthly Paradise.

With the joy of the Lord welling up in my heart like an artesian well, with privilege of hearing the Gospel faithfully preached four times any and every day in the year, without a pain or an ache, disease or a malady, as I enter my 84th year, often forgetting to put on my glasses as I read or write, I exclaim with the Psalmist (116:12), "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" I find that **the way to heaven is heaven all the way!** I'm realizing the truth of: "The righteous flourishes as the palm tree; he grows like the cedars of Lebanon; they still bring forth fruit in old age; they are fat and flourish." I believe millions would seek this "great salvation" did they only know what it is. But it is hid by "The god of this world who hath blinded the minds of those that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. 4:4, 6). Could we only get them to understand that He came not to make them miserable, but to offer "Righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." "In thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

And to think, could we get all the pleasures, profits and things desirable here, we could enjoy them so short a time, then lose them forever. But the delights God offers us will never end.

When we've been there ten billion years,
Bright, shining as the sun;
We've no less days to enjoy God's thrills.
Than when we first begun.

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GLEANINGS

"Mister," said a woman, with more curiosity than prudence, to a gentleman with rather long proboscis: "How came your nose to be so long?" "Well, madam, I keep it out of other people's business and it has nothing to do but grow."

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"When you give up all to and for Christ you exchange a plug of lead for a mine of gold."

"What I saved, I lost. What I lost for Christ, I saved eternally."

The widow in Christ's day who gave her all, "even all her living," built a monument, admired for 1900 years, and though her offering amounted to one-fourth of a penny, at compound interest would now be \$50,000. Treasures in heaven! "He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor, his righteousness remaineth forever" (1 Cor. 9:9). Halleluiah!

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"A little boy was asked to explain the American flag. "Well," said he, "you get the stars when you make good, but when you do bad you get the stripes."

* * * *

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like the cedar of Lebanon. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing" (Psa. 92:12, 14).

* * * *

Uncle Ruben, tired of the trials and hardships of life, began praying the good Lord to come and take him away from it all. A knock was heard on the door. "Who's dat?" Ruben demanded. "It's the good Lord, to take Uncle Ruben, from all his troubles." "Fore God, dat nigger hasn't been in dis cabin for a mont."

* * * *

PAID BACK IN HIS OWN COIN

A shrewd but scrupulous collector of his pastor's salary went to a saloon keeper demanding a certain amount of money. "But," said the whisky seller, "I've never been to your church, nor heard your pastor preach." "It was there for you and whether you came for it or not, was your responsibility." The money was handed over. A few weeks later a bill for a certain amount of whisky was presented to the pastor for collection. Retorted the pastor, "I've never purchased any of your liquors, nor been in your place of business." "But the liquor was there for you, and I was not responsible for your failure to get it."

MANIPLATION

An evangelist is called, who is a specialist in getting people baptized with the Holy Ghost, according to Acts 2:4.

The first sermon tells us there is no need to tarry but "Receive the Baptism by the laying on of hands." No one who has had the baptism is asked to come to the altar, only seekers for it. Men are to kneel at the altar; women on the platform and in the side rooms. No altar workers save selected and anointed for the purpose by the evangelist are to assist the evangelist. The altar railing is pulled forward, leaving space for the seeker to lie prostrate on the floor. The preacher lays off outer garment and with middle finger pushes seeker in the forehead till he falls on his back in the altar, and is forbidden to pray in English.

One man, an Italian by birth, gets tired lying on his back and remembers his old Italian tongue and begins praying in that language. "He's got it, he's got it," was the triumphant exclamation of the excited workers. 269 were reported to have received "their baptism" during the meeting.

If this confessed instance is a sample of the work done, how Jesus, who came to baptize with the Holy Ghost and fire, must grieve over being manipulated out of His opportunity to "transform and purify the hearts of the seekers" (Acts 15:8, 9)!

* * * *

"The singer who sings for bouquets or biscuits, knows no more of the sentiment sung than a town pump knows of the taste of the water passing through it."

* * * *

"Let go and let God have His wonderful way,
Let go and let God have His way;
Your troubles will vanish, your night turn to day,
Let go and let God have His way."

* * * *

Speaking of Salvation (Heb. 2:3):
GOD THE FATHER THOUGHT IT (Rev. 13:8; John 3:16)

GOD THE SON BOUGHT IT (1 Peter 1:18, 19)
GOD THE HOLY GHOST WROUGHT IT (Titus 3:4, 5)

Satan, the god of this world, FOUGHT IT (Zech. 3:1)
AND I, A CHILD OF GOD HAVE GOT IT (1 Peter 1:5)

THE SPIRIT WITNESSES TO IT (Rom. 8:16; Heb. 10:14, 15)

—T. L. Adams.

* * * *

FRIENDSHIP IS A GOLDEN CORD
THAT BINDS TWO HEARTS TOGETHER.
AND IF WE NEVER BREAK THAT CORD
WE SHALL BE FRIENDS FOREVER.

* * * *

Friendship with Jesus,
Fellowship divine,
Oh, what blessed sweet communion;
Jesus is a friend of mine.

* * * *

Let us put by some hour of every day for holy things!
Whether it be when dawn peers through the window
pane,

Or when the noon flares like a burnished topaz,
In the vault: Or when the thrush pours in the ear
Of eve its plaintive melody;

Some little hour wherein to hold rapt converse with
the soul,

From sordiness and self a sanctuary,
Swept by the winnowing of unseen wings
And touched by the white light ineffable.

* * * *

FULL SALVATION

THOU OF LIFE THE FOUNTAIN ART,
FREELY LET ME TAKE OF THEE;
SPRING THOU UP IN MY HEART,
RISE TO ALL ETERNITY.

* * * *

There came a stranger to my door, and I let him in:
He had been there oft before—I'm glad I let him in.
He sups with me and I with Him; abiding now He
is my Friend,

And His love will never end. Praise, O praise His
name!

—T. L. A., 11-13-41.

* * * *

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPT. 9, 1941

Had a lovely day yesterday. Enjoyed a refreshing
night's sleep. Mrs. Ingham prepared a sumptuous
breakfast while I dressed and finished packing for my
trip. Breakfast was barely over when Bro. Fallis drove
up to take me to the depot. He tipped the "Red Cap" for
carrying my baggage to the train; told me to drop him
a card when I'd be back and he would meet me and
take me back to my room.

Had a good and restful trip on the streamliner to
San Francisco, where I was met by Philip, Alyce, and
Steven, to be wheeled out in their spacious limousie to
their lovely home where was awaiting a steaming sup-
per by their colored cook. They brought out Judith

to me, my new granddaughter, a lovely, perfect child, two and a half months old. Alyce seems to be unusually gifted as a mother, for which I am thankful. I was privileged to distribute tracts on the train and preached to some of the passengers on the way up yesterday for which the Lord blessed and refreshed my soul. I met a couple of lovely friends who came on the train, with whom I had pleasant fellowship. They informed me of the death of Bro. Craig, superintendent of Glad Tidings Temple—painful information.

It is so good in our Father to let me travel about, even with a broken leg, on crutches, to represent Him and His cause, to the best of my ability, to the delight of my soul. And now Lord, help me to so represent Thee in this city and before my relatives and friends that they may be helped heavenward and God be glorified. Amen.

September 10—In the evening Philip dropped me off at Bro. Hal Treats, where I was royally entertained, and after a sumptuous supper we drove to Glad Tidings mission where I was permitted to testify to the Lord's dealings with my soul for many, many years. Coming back to Philip's, he, I, and Jo, conversed till 11 o'clock, bed time. Praise our God.

* * * *

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS

Let the beauty of holiness be seen in me. Psa. 96:9.

All its wonders of love and purity: Acts 15:8, 9.
O, Thou Saviour of mine, by Thy Spirit divine,

Rom. 15:8, 9.

Let the beauty of holines be seen in me. 1 Chr. 16:29.

God, who is holy (1 Peter 1:15), living in a holy heaven (Isa. 57:15), surrounded with holy angels (Matt. 25:31), commands us to be holy (1 Peter 1:16). Demands it of us if we would see (enjoy) God (Heb.12:14).

Perfected Holiness (2 Cor. 7:1)

Definition: Freedom from sin, moral and spiritual purity. "Now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life" (Rom. 6:22).

Holiness is man's normal condition. Created so, and he nor God will ever be satisfied till man has been restored to that state again. The old saints in my boyhood days used to pray: "Lord, save us from the last and least remains of sin." The eye cannot feel at ease till the least particle of foreign substance is removed from it, so the soul cannot enjoy that "Rest that re-

mains to the people of God" till all unholiness is removed from the soul. Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil, and to restore that "image" in which man was created—which was "righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. 4:24). Without this state man could not enjoy heaven or the presence of God. "Holiness, without which no man shall see (enjoy) the Lord." So it would not satisfy the soul to get to heaven without a preparation to enjoy it. For heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. This holiness is implanted in the loyal born again believer when he "Presents his body a living sacrifice HOLY, ACCEPTABLE TO GOD" and is "transformed by the renewing of his mind" and is baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire" in his "Sanctifying power" (Rom. 15:16), "perfecting holiness in the fear of God" (2 Cor. 7:1).

And purity is His free gift,
Thus saving to the uttermost;
And by His Holy Spirit's power,
He gives to us our Pentecost."

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ." "When he (Jesus) ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts to men. . . . And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers: for the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ" (Eph. 4:8-13).

* * * *

HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE

With gratitude to Almighty God for bringing me through the greatest calamity of my life, while crossing the street nearly four months ago, a wild man at a high speed swung around a corner, struck me down breaking both bones in my right leg between the foot and knee from which I lay in the hospital nearly three months, flat on my back. Through the kind nursing of friends, doctor and nurses, I have been out of the hospital two and a half weeks. Brother and Sister Galloway took me to their home in Santa Monica, and through their good cooking and kind treatment I am fast regaining my strength again.

Some of the saints whispered to me as I started to the hospital: "We are praying God to take all suffering from you," and God graciously granted their petition. An old infidel, occupying the same room with me, hearing me tell my many visiting friends that the broken bones had never given me any pain, remarked: "You had as well curse and swear as to lie." "What lies have I told?" I asked. Said he, "You said you had not suffered any pain, and all doctors will tell you that there is great suffering when the bones are knitting." "But," said I, "don't you think God has a painless way of knitting for His saints?"

Just why our Father permitted this calamity to come on His long shielded servant, I do not know; but one thing I see. He has given me an insight into my many friendships which He has given to me. At the hospital the next morning after I entered, the telephone booth was said to be swamped with inquiries—it looked like all Southern California was inquiring how I was; and a stream of friends constantly bringing bouquets, eats, and cards of sympathy, cheered my heart the whole time I was in the hospital. Praise to our God!

How my heart has been drawn out in sympathy for the old and decrepit with no sympathy or means of support. I don't wonder that some are tempted to suicide. God has so graciously provided for all my needs, so many families have invited me to come into their home till I am strong. More than sixty-five years ago I sought and was saved "By the washing of regeneration," "Adopted into His family," and He has never failed me and He promises "Even down to old age I am He, and to hoary hairs I will bear thee."

And Oh, the bliss of the abiding "Comforter," "as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee."

An old gentleman who said for ten years he had lived a converted and sanctified life, had given it all up and was now drinking, smoking and blaspheming the name of God, lay next to me in the hospital. My cheerful spirit so convicted him that he said he would give \$50 if they would take me away from the room. But there is coming a time when the righteous will be separated from the unrighteous forever. And if the presence of a saint can bring such torment to one out of harmony with God here, how will they feel when they stand before "Him, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away" (Revelation 20:11), from whose sentence there is no appeal? To the righteous He will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the king-

dom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” But to the wicked, “Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels” (Matt. 25:34, 41).

* * * *

419 N. Juanita Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Aug. 11: 1941

Well, here I am, after visiting around in nearly half a dozen homes, I have found the nearest ideal home—with no cats, dogs, or children to bother or molest my reading, writing or resting. Mrs. Ingham, my landlady, is a good cook and a cheerful Christian, and makes me feel much at home.

Sunday, Aug. 7—A blessed day at the Evangelistic Center. The closing day of the Prayer Conference. The Lord blessed me as I spoke to the S. S. class from 1 John 3.

Monday, Aug. 8—We attended the Four Square Convention at Angelus Temple, where the people showed their love and appreciation. The preacher, Dr. Cummings, stopped preaching to say, “Howdy, Bro. Adams,” and the congregation cheered as though some celebrity had entered the room. All glory to God, but for His blessing on me I’d be as many other old neglected men are. Nothing I appreciate more than the love and fellowship of the saints. “The saints that are in the earth, and the excellent, in whom is all my delight” (Psa. 16:3). I was permitted to fellowship many old friends. As this little poem expresses it:

“Like ships upon a boundless sea,
We meet with friends so dear,
Then sail on swiftly from the one
We fain would linger near.
Sometimes I wish that winds would cease
The waves be quiet, too,
And let me sorter drift along
Beside a friend like you.”

We decided not to remain over for the night service at the Convention, but listening in on the radio to the night service I was interested to hear the preacher repeat a conversation we had in the afternoon, of an incident that occurred while I was in the hospital. An infidel roommate, who spent much time plying his occupation of smoking, drinking, cursing and blaspheming God’s name; and my singing and praising the name of the Lord so irritated him that he said he would give \$50 to have me out of the room. Well, the time came when I was able to leave the hospital, I said to him,

"My pastor has you on his prayer-list and I will pray for you, and if you will pray, God will hear and save you." I learn he has passed away—gone on to meet his God. Whether he took my admonition and repented or not, I know not, will find out at the "Great Judgment Day."

Note—This man told me that he was once converted and sanctified, lived the life ten years, but had thrown it all away—"And the last state of that man was worse than the first" (Luke 11:26).

* * * *

POST HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE

When I was ready to leave the Good Samaritan Hospital the head nurse asked me where I was going. "To Santa Monica," I replied. "You'll freeze to death there," she responded. Well, though it was in June. Sister Galloway put up a bed for me in the back yard and I lay in the sunshine till my hands burnt brown as a Mexican. But when there was no sunshine I often went to bed in my room to get warm. Through good, well prepared food and kind attention, I gained much flesh and strength that I had lost in the hospital. After nine weeks, at the invitation of my friends, Revs. Ed and Jerry Josephson, my son Philip came down and moved me to their home in Alhambra, where I spent nine pleasant days, sharing their hospitality.

Having a desire to be nearer to the L. A. Evangelistic Center, my chosen place of worship, I phoned Bro. Haymaker and he came and moved me over to the church in his limousine, and Brother and Sister Swobby took me over to their home for a few days. Then Sister Wolf invited me to her nice large home, where I remained nine days, but being difficult to get to and from church, the brethren secured me a room at the Ritz Hotel, where they called for me with their autos.

July 31—The doctor removed the cast from my leg, and replaced it in a few days with a steel brace, which I have been wearing for nearly a month. Then I decided to get a room near the church and do my own cooking. But Sister Ingham offered to board me almost as cheaply as I could "batch," so I decided to accept her proposition. And now I have been with her three weeks, enjoying her good cooking and lovely home. She drives me to church or wherever I may choose to go.

* * * *

TO ME A "NEW THING UNDER THE SUN"

A young woman, with a plump first baby after supplying the needs of her own eight-months-old baby.

sells \$35 to \$40 worth of milk from her own breast per month to the hospital for less fortunate babies than her own. They are a very poor family—husband has been out of work. God's way of providing. Though I am 83 years old, this is the first time I have heard of such a thing.

My broken leg seems to be daily improving and if the doctor approves, I may, D.V., start to San Francisco Sept. 5, thence on to Tennessee, for a six-weeks visit among relatives. I spent only two days in San Francisco, with my son and daughter, then hurried on to Tennessee to get my visit out before cold weather came on.

* * * *

TWO SUNDAYS IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

Sunday, Sept 21, was a great day. I went to Grace Nazarene Church to Sunday School and they asked me to take the men's Bible class, which I did, speaking to them from Revelation 21, of our "Eternal Home," which the Lord helped me to do. Many old friends gave me a hearty greeting of appreciation.

The afternoon was spent in prayer and meditation in preparation for the Young People's meeting at the Methodist Church. At 6:30 p.m. Sister Parsons, the pastor's wife, came for me in her machine and the Lord helped me to preach to them from "Wherewithal will a young man cleanse his ways? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." The pastor was so pleased that he asked me to repeat the sermon to his congregation at 8 o'clock in the main auditorium. After meditation and prayer I decided to preach to them from John 16:7, "The Comforter." I was helped and I trust good was accomplished, the people gave serious attention and I enjoyed ministering to them.

Sunday, Sept 28, was a coveted day. My only living brother, in his 87th year, motored up from Memphis, driven by Judge Harry Adams, his son, accompanied by Grace, his wife, and in this busy age we were permitted to spend with our only living sister, Mrs. Donie Mitchum, very pleasantly, twenty-six pleasant hours. Sunday morning I was permitted to attend the Inglewood Church of the Nazarene Sunday School and preaching to my edification and pleasure. Returning found nephews and nieces coming in till the place was alive with them. After the sumptuous dinner, such as Sister Donie, Niece Countess, and Alice the colored cook could get up, we all gathered on the front porch for a picture, of some twenty or more. Immediately the crowd began to disperse, the Memphians first, and in a short time all were gone but our little home group.

THIRD AND LAST SUNDAY IN NASHVILLE

I must not fail to notice Saturday night. Learning that two of Rev. Thos. Saunders' daughters were in the city, Sister Donie called them up and invited them out for supper. Bro. Saunders and I had been chums a half a century ago and when last I had seen the girls they were small children. An incident in their lives came to my mind. 'Twas a warm night, they were playing on a pallet and dropped off to sleep and did not awake till morning, when one of them remembered they had forgotten evening prayer, exclaimed, "Well, well, the Lord kept me all night and I did not ask Him to."

Sunday was a great day. I had promised to preach for Bro. Smelser, at the Ingelwood Church of the Nazarene, which I enjoyed doing, at 11 a.m., accompanied by Sister Donie and three nieces. Many expressed appreciation at the close of the service. The pastor's wife handed me a letter enclosing a five dollar bill.

While at breakfast, Rev. Pickens Johnson called on the telephone asking me to speak to the people at the State Prison in the afternoon, saying he would call for me and take me out in his machine. I had a good time with the prisoners, breaking the Bread of Life to them. I felt a presentment I'd get to preach to his people at night, which he invited me to do—the Carol Methodist Church. A respectful, attentive congregation greeted me and many came forward and expressed themselves to have enjoyed the sermon. My sister was in the services morning and night, and was called on to lead the opening prayer, which I enjoyed. Bro. Johnson seems hungry for God's fulness. Says he has been a different man since I preached for him a year ago. "Lord, sanctify him wholly, and set him on fire," is my prayer, amen.

* * * *

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That is does not behoove any of us,
To say anything about the rest of us."

* * * *

PICK-UPS

The following story was told me by my nephew, Millard Mitchum. A traveling drummer, at breakfast time, entered a restaurant, and after examining the bill of fare, laid it down. "Well, what will you have?" demanded the waitress. "Bring me three pieces of toast. No, bring me two pieces of toast, burnt black as a coal on both sides, and two eggs, fried hard as a brick on

one side, turn them over, and let them boil in the grease on the other side; and a half a cup of black coffee, strong as lye." "Anything else?" "Yes, get the dirtiest, raggedest old kimono you can find, blouse your hair down in your eyes, come and sit before me and nag with all your might, while I eat breakfast. I'm homesick."

* * * *

A man who had had it hard to make ends meet by the strictest economy, suddenly struck oil on his farm, said to his wife, "Wife, we have plenty of money now. I want to go to town and buy any, and all things you want, and buy yourself some decent clothes." She replied, "Now I was afraid you'd say that. I want clothes like the other women wear."

* * * *

ALICE

Julia was a bound girl, colored, who grew up with us children. She married and gave birth to three children, Odel, General Grant, and Alice. The latter, after the death of her husband, became the cook and house maid of my sister, Mrs. R. B. Mitchum, Nashville, Tenn. Although she never learned to read, she is a most excellent cook, and though past fifty years of age, hasn't a tooth. Tonight she sang several solos that would have done credit to any church in the land. This is her theme song:

"O Lord, I'm in Your care, I'm in Your care;
Put your loving arms around me,
And no evil thing can harm me;
O Lord, I'm in Your care."

* * * *

BACK IN CALIFORNIA

Well, here I am back in dear old California again, after nearly a month's visit with relatives in Tennessee, who showed every mark of appreciation and succeeded in giving me the best visit of my life. But here I am again, in the country I adopted thirty-six years ago as my earthly home, and the dearest to my heart of any other. I have rested today, October 12, and heard three sermons. First, Dr. McPheeters at Glide Memorial Church; second, at Glad Tidings Temple, and again at 7 p.m. Had the privilege of Philip accompanying me to service tonight, who seemed to enjoy very much the singing, which was very excellent.

Having taken a Pullman sleeper, though I was on the road three days and three nights, the accommodations were so excellent that I realized very little wear-

ness. I am spending a few days visiting my son and daughter, Philip and Alyce, and grandchildren Steven and Judith, in San Francisco, in their lovely home.

Although the expenses were more than twice the usual amount, "my God supplied all my need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," without depending on or soliciting funds from anyone. Praise His name! And though I was cumbered with crutches and brace with my broken leg, I was enabled to preach many times and distribute tracts and speak personally to not a few souls, and I trust add several to my long list of God-given friends; and though I had to climb on and off trains, boats, and autos, I had not one fall or injury to my fast recovering broken leg; having been Divinely kept from suffering during these six months since it was broken. How I love Him for His mercy to one so unworthy and so far from what I wish I were, and am striving to be!

* * * *

THANKSGIVING, NOVEMBER 20, 1941

For

God the Father, Who loved me and devised the plan to save my soul.

God the Son, Who redeemed me with His precious blood from all sin.

God the Holy Ghost, Who convicted, regenerated, sanctified, and comforts me.

Divine Wealth—Every need supplied.

Home Comforts—Without the cares and responsibilities.

Friendships—As I look back on a life of almost 84 years, with no willful injury of anyone, and most of it laid out for the betterment of them, pointing them to God who can bring them into harmony with Him, and present and eternal happiness, by yielding to God, with faith in the Lord Jesus Christ through the power of the Holy Ghost, many met these conditions and were filled with love to God, and the humble servant who pointed out the way.

Children, three; and four grandchildren, who love and respect me.

Relations, who are a pleasure as I contact them, and so far as I know all upright, honorable men and women.

Live in the land of the noble and free.

California, to me the best state; Los Angeles, the best city in the world.

A conscience void of offence toward God and men.

Victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

An Overcomer, by grace divine, with all the promises: (1) "To eat of the tree of life" (Rev. 2:7). "To not be hurt of the second death." (11) "To eat of the hidden manna, and the white stone, with the new name." (17) "Power over the nations." (26) "Be clothed in white raiment, name not blotted out of the book of life, but will be confessed before the Father and His angels." (Rev. 3:5) "Be a pillar in the temple of God, have written on him the name of God, the city of God, and his new name." And be permitted to "sit with Jesus on His throne." (21) An eternal home. Jesus prayed: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold thy glory." "And so shall we ever be with the Lord." (1 Th. 4:17)

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

"O heaven, lovely heaven,
Home of the blest,
How soon I shall be there,
In its glories to share
And to lean on my Saviour's breast."

* * * *

THANKSGIVING DAY, THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1941

I felt a little lonesome this morning, as I called to memory the many happy Thanksgivings spent in the past with my happy family in years gone by—now, children married and gone; wife dead, and I in a boarding house. But after a breakfast of lovely buckwheat cakes I felt better. Then came in my two (adopted) daughters, May and Almeda, and my eldest son, Ray, and his wife, for a few minutes, but the two evangelists remained in a pleasant visit till 4:30 p.m., when they drove me in their limousine to Pasadena, where at 6:30 we sat down to a sumptuous turkey, duck, and goose Thanksgiving dinner. Then we had some inspiring singing—very enjoyable. Then followed one of the most unique religious services it has been my privilege to attend. The preliminary singing was delightful, some shouted, others spoke in "Tongues," and it was a lively time. Later, the pastor entered, knelt a moment on the platform in secret prayer, then arose and began "prophesying" and walked all over the house speaking as he went. This continued possibly forty-five minutes. Re-

turning to the platform, he began dancing an old-time "clog" dance. Then he would shake his head and at the same time yell, HALLELUIAH! Then, leaning over the pulpit, he'd kick up both of his feet. This continued till about 9:30 o'clock, when without reading the Scriptures or preaching a sermon to the large audience, we were suddenly dismissed.

I was impressed. What an opportunity missed for edifying the saints and warning the impenitents! He explained that God was humiliating him to get him to submit to God. This church professes to be on the line of the deeper teaching. They purport to be led of the Spirit, but from his actions and the smell of his breath, I was not impressed that it was the Holy Spirit. Returning home, I was enabled to retire about midnight, with gratitude in my heart for the good things, and a question mark in my mind about other experiences of that day.

* * * *

TO MY DEAR CHILDREN

As I sat in the darkness of the "blackout," I could but meditate: Why all this? Have we not beautiful electric lights? Why not turn them on? The answer is an enemy arises to destroy us and our beautiful land, and we hide in darkness; thereby hoping to escape his deadly bomb.

But why does not the God who gave us, and has all these years watched over our beautiful land, protect and defend us? He has, and prospered us as no other nation, but in His Word He states: "The wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God." And as He willeth not the death of any, "but all turn and live," He is warning us of coming wrath to the impenitent. I could but remember how Jesus said the wicked shall be "bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth." This morning, as the beautiful sun rose and the darkness was forgotten, but that darkness meted out to the unsaved will never through eternity be modified with a ray of light!

And now a loving God awaits to take all sin and darkness from every heart, and turn His fierce wrath away from every penitent heart and renew His Fatherly care and protection to our lovely land, if we approach Him in humility and gratitude for His past mercies.

And now, dear children, I have made peace with God, and am ready for anything He may see fit to send, or permit to come to me, and if I were assured that my children, their companions and children were at peace

with God, it would bring a peace and satisfaction to my heart that scarcely anything else could bring. And if bombing planes, earthquakes, or anything else should hurry us off, we would have a bright hope of gathering in our Father's house above, without the loss of one to spend eternity together.

I am your loving father,

T. L. Adams.

Los Angeles, Dec. 11, 1941.

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MY 84TH BIRTHDAY, DEC. 27, 1941

Awaking this morning in my delightful boarding home with Mrs. Laura Ingram, 419 N. Juanita Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., my memory ran back over the eighty-four years of God's tender mercies to His unworthy servant, with gratitude and praise! Even yesterday, as I early awoke, thinking of Mae and Almeda (my two daughters in the Lord), living in a trailer car, having told me their heater and cooker were out of commission, I put some tools in my pocket and walked seven blocks on my crutches to the car line to go over to see if I could relieve them and restore their comforts. Arriving, I found them without heat. They said the cooker would have to be taken to the manufacturers for repairs.

So we boarded their car and went by and ate a turkey dinner and then had a lovely long drive through Hollywood, back through Belvedere, then down to the southern part of the city, and visited Hardy Sanders, my nephew, and ended up at 85th and Hoover, at Aubry Lee's Four Square Church, where we had a delightful service. On invitation I gave my testimony to the large appreciative audience, then at 9 p.m., when the radio came on, the pastor invited me to speak over it. I lifted my heart to the Lord for a message and He truly helped me. Driving by a big lumber yard, we loaded up with blocks of wood and the girls will have fuel for some time.

I must express my gratitude to Almighty God for bringing me to this ripe old age in such perfect health of body, clear, vigor of mind, and purified satisfied spirit. How grateful I am for this "Great Salvation" thought out by God, purchased by Christ (Rev. 1:5, 6), and "wrought out by the Holy Ghost" (Tit. 5:6)!

For the many lovely friendships, male and female, young and old.

For a contented mind, never disappointed, all changes are His appointments.

Never lonely, "The Comforter abides" (John 14: 15, 16).

Never fearful, "Perfect love casts out fear" (1 John 4:18).

"Life and life more abundant" (John 10:10).

Conveniences of and comforts of a home without the care of (boarding).

My God supplies all my need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

For the Bible, my Guide Book, with instruction on every line, all the time.

For the illuminating Holy Spirit, quickening the Word and enforcing its truths.

For "a conscience void of offence toward God and man."

All given through the grace and mercy of God.

* * * *

MISCELLANEOUS

Two men approaching the Niagara Falls, one said to the other, "Come, and I will show you the greatest unused power in the world." "Ah, no, my brother, not so," was the reply, "The greatest unused power in the world is the Holy Spirit of the living God."

* * * *

THE END OF THE TRAIL

"When I get to the end of the trail and there lie down for rest,

It won't be the gold I have gathered or the fame I may have won;

As I travel the highways and byways that will cheer me,
But it's the sad hearts, made glad by the songs I have sung,

The kind words I have spoken, The kind deeds in time of need,

To those less fortunate than I.

And above all the souls I have won for the Master;
These are the things that will cheer me, when I get to the end of my trail."

—Almeda Crowell, the Gospel Singing Cowgirl.

* * * *

I was born four years before the breaking out of the Civil War, 1861-65. When it was in full sway, robbing us of everything we had and threatening to slay my father, forming battle in front of our door, though I was but a small boy I prayed that I might never see another war, and to my 84th birthday I have been spared from the ravages of war where I have lived. Praise to our God.

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After the negroes were freed, it was considered not proper thing to shake hands with an ex-slave. After

God sanctified my soul, as I walked to the post office, I met an humble colored saint. My heart, now filled with love for everybody, I lifted my heart to God for direction, and "He honoureth them that fear the Lord" (Psa. 15:), flashed into my mind, and I grasped his hand and we had a blessed time of Christian fellowship.

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When Paul Rader was approaching the end, a friend said to him: "Paul, do you know you are going to die?" "Die!" said he, "I died twenty-five years ago!"

* * * *

THE DIVINE INTERPOSITION

When the disciples had fished all night (the best time for fishing), and had "taken nothing" (Luke 5:1-8), Jesus appeared on the shore, and when they had taken Him on board and at His suggestion they let down the net, they enclosed such a draft their nets brake, and sharing the catch with their partners both boats were filled to the sinking point. Peter saw it was the Lord's doing, and he felt unworthy to be with Divinity. Jesus said, "From hence thou shalt catch men."

So when I was a young preacher, just out of school, "I toiled day and night and took nothing." Then I tarried in earnest, wrestling prayer; till assured, "Lo, I am with thee." Then He let me see Him save hundreds and hundreds of souls, sanctify many believers, and call and send out many laborers into His harvest and in answer to the prayer of faith many sick have been healed, and He has permitted me to "Dwell in the secret place of the most High and abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

I remember once, when I had preached twice on Sunday, driven many miles, and had gone to lodge at a brother's home to rest and spend the night, they were all fixing to go over to C — —, to attend a prayer meeting, I reluctantly went, and on the way the thought occurred to me, if they should ask me to conduct the service. I felt so tired and devoid of a thought, I hoped they would not. But, sure enough, I being the pastor, I must take charge. I read a Psalm, the Lord came, took charge of me and the service, and a revival broke out and many souls were saved.

* * * *

I was asked to walk nearly a mile to pray with and for a cripple who had been confined to his bed fourteen months. According to Jas. 5:13-16, I anointed and prayed with him, and saw no results, and said to myself, "Tho I have done as directed, I suppose it was all in vain."

Some months after, on a bus, I was arguing with an infidel and a man joined in on my side. After the infidel got off, this man said to me: "Do you remember me?" I replied, "I don't believe I do." "Oh, I'm the man you prayed for on Glendale Boulevard." "When were you healed," I asked. "Immediately," was his reply.

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FEBRUARY 15, 1942

A day worth recording. The clocks turned up one hour, we must get to Sunday School an hour earlier, so we left off breakfast, fixed our lunch, arrived on time for the opening. I was permitted, to my delight, to again teach my class after an absence from it for nearly eleven months with a broken leg. Praise to our God!

Our pastor, Floyd B. Johnson, after an absence of several weeks from sickness, was again in his pulpit, to the delight of his people. In the afternoon Dr. Dan Gilbert gave us an interesting message on the political situation of the world, to a full house of interested people. We ate our lunch in the basement dining room. After a refreshing rest and sleep on my couch up stairs, I came to the 5:30 class meeting, and the leader, being away from sickness, I was asked to take charge, which I enjoyed doing, the Lord having given Mal. 3:16-18 to read.

Retiring for rest, I slept till the 7:30 service had begun, and I was prepared to enjoy and cooperate in Bro. Johnson's great sermon, which brought to the altar and the front of the church a multitude of people, including the bride and groom who were united in matrimony at the close of the morning service. The groom seemed to get a touch of the Spirit for service.

Mrs. Ingram brought me home in her limousine and after serving supper I retired for a refreshing night's sleep.

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A PRAYER OF THE AGED

"Now, also, when I am old and grayheaded, Oh God, forsake me not; until I have showed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to everyone that is to come" (Psa. 70:18).

ANSWER

"And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you" (Isa. 46:4).

* * * *

SICKNESS — AFFLICTION

We learn from the Scriptures, come from three sources:

I. Satan—

"Jesus . . . went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil" (Acts 10:38).

"Ought not this woman . . . whom Satan hath bound to these 18 years be loosed?" (Luke 13:18).

"So went Satan forth . . . and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of foot to his crown" (Job 2:7). (In this instance he could not afflict till he got permission from God.)

II. From Indulgence.

"Fools because of their transgressions and their iniquities are afflicted" (Psa. 107:17).

"Sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee." Indicating that sin caused it. Just look around at the wrecks brought on by sinful indulgences! But most of the afflictions on the people is the hand of

III. Almighty God.

Just as the beneficent earthly father chastens his stubborn rebellious child, God afflicts His people to turn them to the path of rectitude. If you doubt God afflicting the disobedient, read Deut. 28:15-68.

Wasn't it for their sin He drove Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, and doomed them to eat bread, and produce their children in sorrow and affliction from a sin-cursed earth? Didn't He send fire and brimstone to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah, and the flood to destroy the antedeluvians for their sins? Under Moses' great revival the children of Israel left Egypt with "not one sick or feeble one among them," but through murmuring and other sins "God sent fiery serpents to bite them, plagues to destroy and 600,000 bleached their bones in the wilderness for their sins. But the bones of His loyal servant Joseph were carried all through the wilderness and found a resting place in the promised land of Canaan. Didn't God thunder from Sinai: "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me."

"Moreover, he will bring upon thee all the diseases of Egypt, which thou wast afraid of; and they shall cleave unto thee. Also every sickness, and every plague, which is not written in the book of this law, them will the Lord bring upon thee, until thou be destroyed" (Deut. 28:60-61).

"I kill, and I make alive, I wound, and I heal" (Deut. 32:29). "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord" (Rom. 12:19).

PICK-UPS

Said a negro man to the magistrate who had recently married him to a mulatto woman, "Jedge, I want you to take this woman back. I can't stand her no longer." "Why Sambo, what's the trouble?" "She wants too much money." "How's that?" asked the judge. "Well, soon after our wedding she wanted \$3. Last week she asked me for \$4.00. Then today she demanded \$5.00." "What does she do with all that money?" "I don't know, jedge, I don't give her none."

* * * *

A super-immersionist had cut a hole in the ice of a fast flowing stream to baptize some candidates. The first one slipped out of his hands and was swept immediately down stream under the ice. "The Lord has taken one," cried the preacher, "bring on another."

* * * *

"The American home seems to be headed toward the junk pile, as suggested by the following story from the "King's Business." A real estate salesman tried to sell a house to a newly married couple. Said the wife: "Why buy a home? I was born in a hospital, reared in a boarding house, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, married in a church; I get my meals in a cafeteria, live in an apartment house, spend my mornings playing golf, my afternoons playing bridge, in the evenings we dance or go to the movies; when I am sick I go to the hospital, and when I died I shall be burried from the undertaker's. All we need is a garage with a bedroom."

* * * *

"How are they turning out, Uncle?" I said to an old negro man digging his goober peas, while I was traveling down in Dixie as a boy preacher. "Mighty bad, boss, Mighty bad! Mostly puffs." "Yes," said I. "That's the way with many of the church members, mostly puffs."

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"Jesus never preached a funeral He broke up every one He contacted by raising the dead to life."—Rev. Billy Adams.

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At the L. A. Evangelistic Center we believe in moderation. If the incubator is too hot it cooks the eggs; if too cold it freezes them; but if kept at the proper temperature, a fine brood of chickens is produced.

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Dr. C. H. Babcock is responsible for the following story. In an eastern village was a very spiritual church, and the only policeman there was a very Christ-like saved, and sanctified man. While attending church one day he got word that a row in the only saloon needed his attention. Said he, "I leave heaven to go down into hell." Arriving, he found a demonized drunken man in a rage. Seeing Mr. Brown, the policeman, enter, he drew a large knife and with one swath cut Brown's throat, and within a sixteenth of an inch of severing the jugular vein, he fell to the floor, was carried to the hospital, and after a serious siege was up again. The criminal, who was arrested and landed in jail, now sobered up, was brought for trial. "What are the charges?" demanded the judge of the policeman. "Common drunkenness," responded Mr. Brown. "What," said the judge, "he's a criminal, and should go to the penitentiary and take the full penalty of the law." "Common drunkenness," was the only charge the policeman brought against him. "Then, \$25 fine, or 30 days in jail," sentenced the judge. Mr. Brown laid the money on the clerk's table. "This settles your fine in full," said the judge to the criminal, "You may go scott free."

Said the criminal to the policeman, as they walked out together, "Are you Jesus Christ?" "No, I'm only a humble follower of Him." "Then if that is Christianity, I want it," and there on the court house steps they knelt and the criminal was soundly converted. But his dissipation in his sinful life ran into quick consumption which soon hurried him into eternity, but before he passed away he sent for the policeman and thanked him for leading him into salvation, assuring him that in heaven he would thank God for contacting a man so Christ-like.

* * * *

Faith will stop our sinning, or sin will destroy our faith. (1 John 3:20-22) "If our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things. If our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."

Loyalty to God boosts our faith, sin persisted in stabs it to death! Who has not been impressed as he reads Samuel's account of Saul as God saved, filled him with the Spirit, and chose him as first king of Israel? Of his modesty, humility and loyalty at first. But through self will, disloyalty and rebellion he lost all and died in darkness, a suicide.

* * * *

WOULD NOT SELL OUT

Two men, near neighbors, living in a sparsely settled country far from railroad and city privileges, grew to be fast friends, but one was a Christian and the other an infidel; the latter, claiming that any man would sell out if he could get his price. The Christian was going to the city, and the infidel requested the Christian to bring out an express package for him, stating that his father's estate had been wound up and the \$5000, his share, was in the express office.

At a late hour the Christian started for home carrying the express package. At a lone turn of the road a bandit stepped in front of him demanding the package. "Why don't you hand over the money?" Demanded the bandit. "Well," said the Christian, "This money was entrusted to my integrity, and if I went home without it the neighbor would never know the straight of it, and I'd rather you'd take my life than his money"

The bandit backed off and left the Christian to go on his way unmolested. Years afterward, the bandit came down to die, and confessed the whole affair, and it was published in a newspaper. The infidel, reading it, came over and said, "This reads like the time you brought out my package of money for me. Did anything like this occur?" "Exactly." "Then why didn't you tell me about it at the time?" "Because I would have had no way to prove it, and I just committed the whole matter to God for His vindication."

* * * *

Will Hog, says Floyd Johnson, told the following story. In orange growing countries there is often found hard pan near the surface of the ground, so hard the roots cannot penetrate. To counteract this the farmer drills down and puts in a stick of dynamite which, discharging, breaks up the hardpan and makes the ground tenable. The farmer was ahead, drilling and dynamiting with a negro following, planting the trees. In one hole a rattle snake was found. He runs to inform the white man. "Take this stick of dynamite (with lighted fuse), throw it in the hole, and that will settle the snake." Now the negro had a terrior dog following him which

he had trained to perform many feats, among which he would throw a ball or a stick and the dog would run, pick it up and bring it to his master. So, no sooner than the dynamite had hit the ground than the dog seized it and started with it to the negro, who started running yelling, "Go way! Go way." Reaching the hedge he leaped over it; but as the dog searched for a hole the dynamite exploded, playing havoc with the dog and the hedge.

* * * *

June 15, 1942.

Dear Son Ray:

It seems that you are approaching a period when you have the possibility of financially getting on foot again. No one can rejoice over this fact more than I; as, next to your wife, I think I am your best earthly friend.

But most men when they begin to prosper they begin to indulge. And this is the way to lose all.

No excellence is attained without self-denial. I must practice it in my 85th year.

By this time you surely have learned the cause of your break-downs. I trust you will use every precaution to prevent another such calamity. Before I go hence, I'd love to see you cosily tucked in a home of your own, though it be small, where you can grow flowers and have a half dozen hens to furnish eggs, and maybe a milk goat for milk. Where your God-given love-slave can show her skill in housekeeping.

I don't believe any unaided man is able to cope with the increasing difficulties of life, but God, "From whom all blessings flow," is willing and ready to help in every time of need. He has never failed me in all my long life. Another breakdown might result in a lifetime incarceration. Save up your money and if your work is getting too hard, lay off and rest up. Beware of alcoholic stimulents. The stuff on the market today is not fit for the human stomach. I saw that when a boy. And for more than 70 years I have carefully kept it out of my stomach, leaving me with a steady nerve, a sound mind, a clear conscience, and a well body. Praise to our God!

I trust you may receive this in the spirit it is given.

With a sincere desire for your present and eternal well being, I am your loving father,

Thaddaeus Laf. Adams.

* * * *

THE EVENING OF LIFE

(By Uncle Charley Cox)

We've traveled on life's journey now, for many anxious
years;

But now our youthful days are gone, and ripe old age
appears.

As years roll on be not dismayed, old age is no disgrace;
To those who daily walk with God, it fills the richest
place.

Indeed, old age is beautiful, to faithful saints of God:
Who walk the straight and narrow way, the path our
Master trod.

We're living now in brighter hope than in our younger
days;

And walking in more glorious light, of bright celestial
rays.

We've learned to take no anxious thought about our
daily needs;

But trust just like the little birds, our heavenly Father
feeds.

We've ceased to murmur and complain, or sit around
and whine;

We rise above these petty things, and dwell on love
Divine.

I leave with you this closing thought, our journey's end
is nigh:

Soon we'll pass on from earthly cares, to mansions in
the sky.

There we shall dwell in that bright world, in perfect
rest of soul;

And be with Christ and His redeemed, while endless
ages roll.

There will be no sickness, pain or death, these shall
have passed away;

There'll be no night, nor darkness there, just one eternal
day.

I trust, dear friend, that you're prepared, for that bright
world above;

To dwell with all the ransomed throng, in perfect peace
and love.

* * * *

"When we've been there ten billion years, bright
shining as the sun;

We've no less days to sing God's praise than when
we first begun."

* * * *

“Were this earth a ball of sand, and a little bird came once in a thousand years from another planet and carried away one grain at a time, the time would come when the last grain would be gone; but eternity would be just begun.”—Floyd B. Johnson.

* * * *

And now, as I approach my 85th birthday, I am in health of body, mind, and spirit, with bright hope of everlasting life with God and loved ones in heaven. I have the witness in my soul that all is well for time and eternity. “Now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life” (Rom. 6:22).