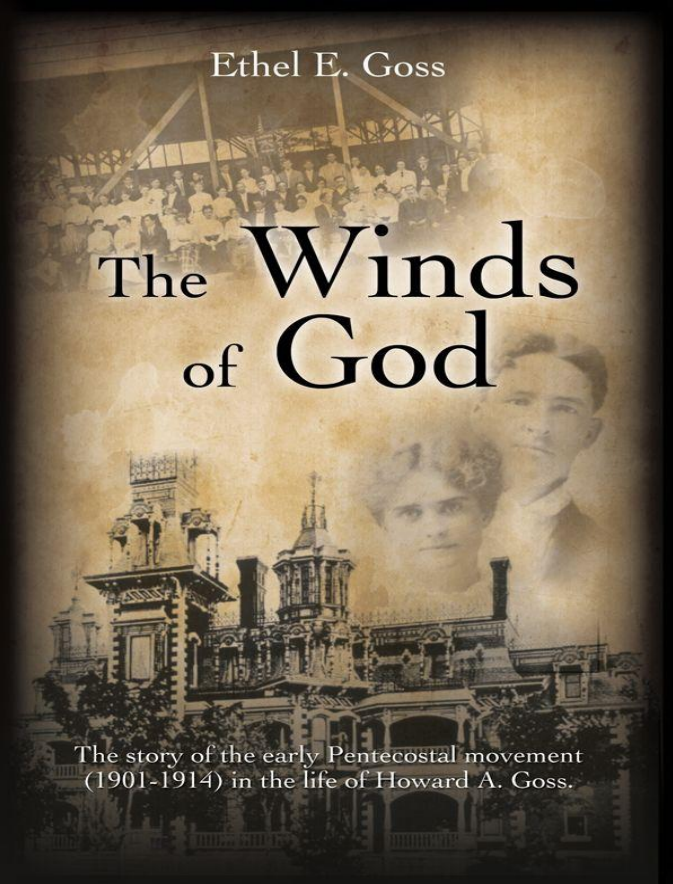
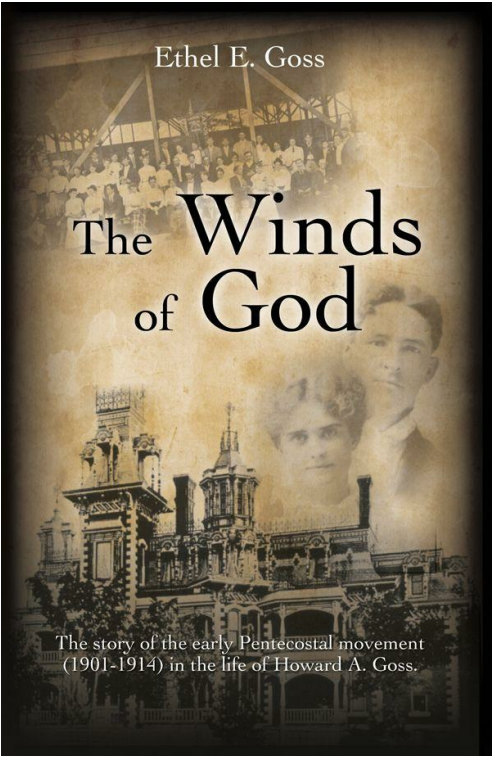




Ethel E. Goss

The Winds of God

The story of the early Pentecostal movement
(1901-1914) in the life of Howard A. Goss.



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**The Story of
The Early Pentecostal Movement (1901-
1914)
In the Life of
Howard A. Goss**

**by
Ethel E. Goss**

THE WINDS OF GOD

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Goswood Lodge
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Preface to Fourth Printing

Just Keep on Saying Yes to the Lord!

This was the maxim that kept Howard and Ethel Goss faithful and obedient to their call to the ministry and to each other. Whenever they were at a crossroads, they would shut the door and stay closeted with the Lord until they knew their course. They knew how to trust the Wind, the Holy Spirit and how to be led by the Lord. It was just a matter of hearing a clear signal and agreeing on that course. It never seemed to enter their thinking to do otherwise!

I clearly remember a time during my teen-years when Daddy had pastored a large church for just two months. Below the surface of wonderful programs, good offerings and the “new pastor euphoria,” the Holy Spirit began to reveal a terrible moral reproach that had been known to the police and town officials for over five years. To judge righteously and restore respect for the Lord’s work meant that Daddy would have to remove the former pastor from *his* new pastorate, and gather evidence and witnesses. It also meant that Daddy endangered his own future and ministry in that district because of the position this minister held.

I will never forget Daddy and Mother’s faces as they came out of their meeting place with the Lord. The quiet, resolute expressions on their faces revealed clearly that

nothing on this earth could stop their course. Their own reputation, possible rejection from fellow ministers, criticism . . . nothing was as important as their constant dedication to God's reputation among the unbelievers. Their primary commitment was that God's work here on earth go forward with integrity, godliness and at *all times* be above reproach. Shortly after this reproach was removed, a city-wide revival broke out without any help from programs or advertising! Whenever Christ is exalted and His Name preached by men and women of God who serve only their Lord and His righteousness, there will be revival!

As a pastor in Toronto, Canada for sixteen years, Daddy's integrity and leadership attracted many giants of God, world renowned ministers from all over the world. Howard Carter, Standley Frodsham, Lester Sumrall, William Booth-Clibborn (General Booth's grandson) and dozens of others were frequently our house guests. They regarded their call to the ministry as God's ultimate privilege here on earth and they never took it lightly.

I believe that our present generation of fine young people who are serving God around the world will be strengthened and encouraged by this account. Because of the desperate need for role models, we have many Bible School students in video classroom situations that need this kind of literature to identify with. When the Lord called me in 1978 to go and teach His Word in South Africa, it was very important to me to know that God had never failed my father and mother, and that He would not fail me,

. . . *ever!* For many years I leaned heavily on my parents' lives, their reputation, identifying with self-righteous pride as their daughter. I am still very thankful and honored that I had such wonderful parents. However, I realized that it was only the Lord who could be with me always and that the God of the whole earth was calling me to lean completely on Him. In 1973 I understood that even though I had been God's child and filled with the Spirit of God since I was nine, I had never been without that struggle of trying to please God by my own efforts. Then I began to really read the Word of God as if I had never seen it before. I began to study all that Jesus did for me at Calvary and that the door to the very presence of God was not through anything that I could ever say or do. It was not my perfection, my conformity, self-achieved righteousness . . . *never!* I had to walk into the obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ in a new way. Once I made a decision to see God through His Word, I started to believe it and then I knew that through obedience to one Scripture at a time I could take on the Christ-life, starting from the inside. The Lord put His finger on that "hidden man of the heart." The joy and release flooded my heart and soon obedience to the Lord became a delight instead of a burden. I had been doing it all in my own strength for too many years, accomplishing nothing of value in the Lord's sight. In 1979 I obeyed God's call and arrived in South Africa, commissioned by the Lord to "Teach My people that I love them." When you have learned Who you lean on, it is not really important if there is no one to send you or to receive you. God met all my

needs and He has never failed!

Early in December, 1964, Mother slipped away to meet the Lord. Since she was twenty years of age she had been obedient to the call of an evangelist. God gave her many beautiful songs, many sung today in Pentecostal circles, and she was well-known for her anointed ministry in song. She and Daddy were married for over fifty years and raised three sons and three daughters. Seven months after Mother's homegoing, Daddy went to meet her and "so shall they ever be with the Lord." From the time he was called into the ministry, Howard Goss never looked back, never entertained the thought of an alternative vocation. He never considered that he retired from the ministry. In his early 80s he slowed down somewhat, but was still driving himself around the week before he died. How precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints! (Psalm 116:15).

Ruth Goss Nortjé
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Foreword

Howard Goss has lived a streamlined life. It is not his nature to waste time on trivia of any kind. For him all living is pared down to the barest essentials.

He has been more a man of deeds than of words; in fact, so sparing of words that he can be easily misunderstood by his enemies and puzzling even to his friends. His hurried handwriting, often almost illegible, shows this same impatience of detail. Anyone who has ever received a written communication from him can testify to this fact.

One minister, a little bolder than the rest perhaps, once teasingly wrote him this reply:

“Dear Brother Goss: Your letter received and as I haven’t the Gift of Interpretation, will you please write me an interpretation of your letter at once.”

One day I came across a facsimile of his style of writing in a book. Underneath, the author said that the outstanding characteristic of such a writer was “great organizing ability.”

As you who have worked with him already know, he possesses the rare ability of going immediately to the heart of a matter. He is able to quickly separate the real issue from the mass of less important matter, and is never confused by unimportant detail. Since he entered upon his life’s work, his entire time, thought and energy have been spent on the church and its problems. He possesses a

remarkably retentive memory; ministers have often said to me: "He is a walking encyclopedia of the Pentecostal Movement."

Over the years a host of requests have been made that he write a history of the Pentecostal Movement. As far as we know, no other preacher now active in the field has been in the Pentecostal ministry since 1903. This book is being written partly to satisfy that demand.

In this story we shall attempt to answer partially some of the questions most frequently asked about the early days of the Movement. It is not a full account—far from it; but we trust it will be helpful to those who are interested.

Because of his reluctant attitude toward details, Brother Goss has requested that I include any incidents which I may chance to remember and which he did not write. Since he is no braggart, some incidents which I wished to include he has ruled out entirely. Some he has tempered; much, I am sorry to say, he has reduced to insipidity. Well, on this score at least, if "pride goeth before a fall," he appears to be safe.

Nevertheless, I shall do my best to interpret him to you as I know him. Realizing that all great men have in them some weakness, and that all weak men have in them some greatness, I shall try to recount for you only the things in which I think most of you will be interested.

We both trust you will make due allowance for any slight discrepancy in memory which often occurs over the years and believe us when we say that we have not

knowingly made any misrepresentations in this manuscript.

Since my husband has entered the Lord's work, he has missed only two years in keeping a diary and it is mainly against this diary and other memorabilia that our facts were checked.

The rigorous training he received in his early life has stood him in good stead all these years, for he has always been an active, tireless worker, ready day or night to seize the slightest opportunity to advance God's cause. It is characteristic of him that nothing he can do today is put off until tomorrow, neither at home nor abroad. He was always an early riser and, later in his pastorates, he completed the chores around our home between six and nine in the morning. Then he would dress for his calls and perform the regular pastoral duties of the day. For him, the true way to happiness is to love duty and to perform it, and to find pleasure in it. As he has already written: "Brethren, life is passing—Youth goes, strength decays. But duty performed—Work done for God—This is imperishable."

I trust God's Holy Spirit to build up all of us in the faith, and to make our calling and election sure.

Ethel E. Goss

Gosswood Lodge
Picton, Ontario

Prologue

In the dimly lit bedroom of a Missouri farmhouse, a valuable and worthy life was swiftly being snuffed out.

On the bed lay a tall young miner. His broad, white forehead rose well above a pair of brilliant dark eyes, as he spoke quietly, but impressively, to the younger brother seated at his bedside. The same flawless skin, the same underground pallor was upon them both; but the younger man appeared to be physically in fighting trim.

With well-nigh his last breath, the older of the two young men was encouraging his brother.

"Remember the things I have told you, Howard. Store them safely in your mind so you will never forget! They are true. The world is due to be delivered from the ignorance which now enfolds and smothers it, to the extent that men cannot perceive what is truly wrong and what is right.

"But I have taught you and you must remain true. The world will hear you, I feel sure. You are destined to go far in life. Farther than any other member of our family.

"But let me caution you again: stay true to infidelity—to the teachings of Ingersoll, Voltaire and Tom Paine. There are my books." He motioned to a spot across the room. "Treasure them. It has been a good philosophy to live by, and I find it just as good to die by."

A setting sun plummeted into the night against the far horizon; and as the light in the room slowly grew dimmer, a young life went blindly out into the vast eternity from

which there is no port of return . . . a young life, secure in the belief that all was well.



The Azusa Street Mission, Los Angeles, California.



“Stone’s Folly,” Topeka, Kansas, where the baptism of the Holy Ghost first fell in the twentieth century in the United States of America.

Beginnings in Missouri and Kansas

Immediately after the Civil War, my grandfather, Larkin Goss, moved from Tennessee and settled near Steelville, Missouri.

His son, Clinton, with his Kentucky school teacher bride, Margaret Gillette, soon followed and homesteaded land near my grandfather's acreage. In 1883, on these three hundred twenty acres of virgin soil, only partially cleared, I was born.

In those days, anyone who homesteaded land in Missouri could have all he needed. When my father and mother arrived, they settled amidst beautiful scenery. If the heavily wooded mountains and hills were covered with stones, the fertile valleys lay ready to feel the edge of the axe and—after much hard work—the bite of the plow.

They soon found that the forests around them abounded in wild game: turkeys, deer, wild hogs, bear, opossum, wild fowl and small game—food for the experienced hunter as it came from the hot maw of his great wood-fired oven. Swift mountain streams teemed with fish. Forests of tall oak furnished the logs from which their two story houses and barns were constructed.

Into this boy's paradise seven sons were born, I being the fifth of the seven. Later, two daughters made it a family of nine children.

We were a hardy people, and the country matched us in hardships. There were no toys other than those we devised for ourselves. I used a large, old, discarded iron skillet, with a string tied through the handle, for a wagon.

While books were a necessity in our home, shoes, which had to be handmade in our locality, were considered a luxury that could wait until we were older. I was twelve years old when I had my first pair, which was sooner than most boys in the neighborhood acquired theirs.

We all worked from the peep of day until the darkness had settled down. Christmas Eve and the Fourth of July were our only holidays. On the "Fourth" we all attended a "Democrat" picnic, our only celebration of the entire year. On Christmas Eve we all drove to town to do our shopping.

Sunday afternoon was the only recreation time in the week. Then, we were free to roam the hills, fields, and woods for our own amusement. Early on I became an expert with the bow and arrow, and shot predatory birds in the trees. I speared fish in the streams in this primitive Indian fashion. My older brothers had two guns for hunting, one a Winchester rifle, and the other a muzzle-loading rifle. We had no feeling about lacking what today would be called the comforts of life, because our life seemed full and complete to us. Compared to those around us, it was. But, we learned to work hard for everything we received. What we did have was plentiful enough, but money was

very scarce. My father often sold a full wagon load of his finest Northern Spy apples for ten cents a barrel.

A few incidents will suffice, I think, to depict my childhood days.

Teasing a large, vicious bulldog was one of my main diversions. I would go up into the hay loft where the dog couldn't reach me, and throw hayseed down at him until he would become angry enough to tear me to pieces.

Sometimes he would come so near to catching me that, when I would dash across the yard in answer to the dinner horn, I would be forced to climb a tree for safety, and sometimes would remain there for hours. My brother now claims it was my favorite way of escaping work. Usually my pockets were filled with seeds and clods, so that from the vantage point of a limb, I could still pelt the dog. It was always open warfare between us, as the farm work did not, by any means, use up all my energy. Many times the dog caught me, and aiming for my throat, would chew the arm with which I was protecting myself, leaving the flesh hanging in ribbons. But, I would wait for a few days for the wounds to heal, and then would start teasing the old dog again. Several of the worst scars show to this day.

While I was still quite young, my father sent me with a younger brother, Byrl, into a field to plant corn. On this particular day, I had the hoe while Byrl carried a bag of shelled corn slung across his shoulder. We were to drop three or four grains of corn into the plowed furrow, push the loose dirt over them, tamp them down, and move on to the

next position. I became very weary and bored as the morning crawled by.

Starting to play a bit by way of distraction, we spilled the corn on the ground and then decided it was too much work to pick it up. Being two little boys, alone in the field with a lot of unplanted corn, we soon decided the easiest way out would be the quickest way home. So, I dug a hole large enough to hold all the spilled corn and raked it in.

"And why not," I thought. "Father will never know." I carefully covered it over, tamped it down smoothly, and felt relieved. Then, we very soon forgot the whole incident.

But, alas, spring weather, the sun, and the rain did their inevitable work. One Sunday, after Father had walked over his fields on a tour of inspection, he called me and returned with me to the corn field.

There, before my astonished and terrified gaze, the ground which I had left so smooth and flat was now bulging in a great mound, and from it a tangled mass of green, growing corn was shooting up. My father only pointed . . . without saying a word. But, the punishment I received at that time taught me a life-long lesson, which I later learned was biblically expressed in the words: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper" and "Be sure your sin will find you out."

On Sundays my father usually sat in a huge chair on the front porch after his weekly tour of inspection was over. At watermelon time he sat with an eagle eye watching the patch of melons in front of the house, guarding it from his young sons and their visiting friends. A stream which ran

through the farm meandered through this particular field in a horseshoe shape; it was almost half a mile from the porch to the stream's farthest central curve. Through this field the water ran shallow under deep, overhanging banks and sandy bars.

Waiting for the melons to ripen was a long process, and we younger boys often became desperately impatient. One Sunday afternoon, as Father kept a sharp lookout for every leaf or twig that moved suspiciously, two or three other boys and I entered the stream bed well behind my father's line of vision. We came crouching, Indian-fashion, up the full length of the lazy creek bed, until we reached a point nearest the ripest melons. Slithering carefully on our stomachs, without disturbing so much as a leaf, we quietly edged our way over the field until each of us had a melon detached from the vine. Rolling them carefully in front of us with our heads, we made our way back to the stream bed. We then disappeared, each triumphantly bearing a melon. All this had been accomplished without arousing suspicion.

One of the visiting boys was a "softy," however. Later that evening, after we had eaten the green melons, we were in the blacksmith shop when two of the boys suddenly became sick. With no warning even to themselves, their rebellious stomachs scattered green watermelon seeds all over the floor of the blacksmith shop. I suffered other painful consequences the next day, after the blacksmith described the incident to my father.

Another pastime, on snowy winter mornings, was to

see which of us boys could run barefoot around the house in the snow in the shortest possible time. We were healthy, hardy, and young, but full of pranks, amusing ourselves at every possible opportunity.

Once, according to Mother, we boys finally persuaded the “poor little girls,” who were aged four and six, to run around the house barefoot in the snow. We solemnly promised them that if they would, we would show them the cutest pair of little white calves they had ever seen. To farm children, this was more than they could pass up. But, they fled in shocked tears of disappointment to Mother when one of the boys only lifted the hem of their long skirts and showed them the calves of their own little white legs.

After almost forty years Mother’s voice still betrayed annoyance and pity, as well as amusement, at the remembrance of our prankishness.

Ponds and streams of water, combined with the cold Missouri winters, afforded us plenty of opportunities for ice skating, and I soon became very good at it. One winter, the whole country was heavily covered with sleet. Our farm was on higher ground than the schoolhouse down in the valley, three-and-a-half miles away. One day I decided to go cross-country to school on skates.

However, I wasn’t experienced enough yet to allow for the downgrade, and I quickly gained momentum I hadn’t figured on. I shot down steep slopes, sailed over ice-covered stumps, jumped frozen streams, and had all I could do to come out of my wild flight alive. But I still

enjoyed skating.

Several years ago, I met an uncle, Jesse Goss, who was postmaster for many years at West Plains, Missouri. Although retired, he still was active and in perfect health at eighty-seven years of age.

Talking reminiscently of our childhood days, he said that after his return from the Spanish-American War, he paid a visit to my Father's family. Unexpected visitors soon arrived, and one of the older boys was sent out to cut some firewood for the kitchen stove. A younger brother tagged along, but Uncle Jesse had by this time forgotten which one. Standing on the back porch, Uncle Jesse could see the smaller boy playfully thrusting his bare foot onto the stick of wood between the axe blows.

Finally, after repeated warnings, the child failed to remove his foot quickly enough, and the axe severed the great toe from the foot. Only one slender cord of loose skin held the toe and foot together.

When Mother heard them call out, she hurriedly snatched the family wash basin, and pouring it full of cold water from the spring, went out to them. Dashing both foot and toe into the cold water, she placed them together again, bound them up, and hurried back into the house to resume her dinner preparations.

Uncle Jesse said that was the last he ever heard of the incident. I had never heard of it, nor have I any idea which one of us it was.

I never remember having tasted medicine, nor having had any need for it. I was never sick but once in my life,

and then not for an entire day.

When I was about fourteen, several of us boys began to work occasionally at an iron furnace about three miles from our home. Our job was to fill the kiln with cordwood, which was burned and made into charcoal for the iron furnaces. We worked twelve hours a day for a wage of fifty cents. The hard work naturally developed powerful muscles, resulting in a young teenage lad with strength that was far above average.

In 1898 my father sold the farm and moved to Galena, Kansas, where a mining boom was surging in the lead and zinc mines. He invested in a mine which failed, and all our savings disappeared. Soon, I secured a job in a mine, replacing a man who had been killed the day before.

I soon became used to the “voices” of the mine—the rumblings of the earth—and got to understand their portent. In spite of this, I went into the mine one day, just after the powder men had set off a blast, and without warning, a great pile of falling stone partly buried me. It cut my scalp in several places and knocked me unconscious. When I revived, I found myself on a couch in the company’s office, swathed in bandages. But, I was soon well enough to go back to work.

Another accident occurred in the mines when a fellow worker and I fell down a mine shaft 125 feet deep. Waiting for the hoister to take us down, we had stepped onto the cage or “bucket” before the operator arrived. The machinery slipped and down we shot. While I was falling, although I did not understand at the time why this should

be, I saw all my sins depicted before me on the wall of the shaft.

Not believing in God, I could not connect this occurrence with Him. I did not know I was a sinner, nor that I would have been eternally lost had I died then.

When we struck bottom, the loading platform broke beneath us, and we plummeted into the sump water below. This saved our lives, after the platform had checked our fall. Nevertheless, I felt this had come as a warning to me. So, I quit the underground work and went into the mining plant above ground.

Later, I became a helper, and was soon made assistant to the overseer of the mill, and learned the trade of "steam jig" boss. When I was about nineteen, I was offered a great opportunity for advancement in the mining business, if I were to decide to make mining my life's work. I accepted, left the mines temporarily, and returned to high school to finish out the graduation year that was necessary to secure my promotion.

During the next few months of my school life in Galena, many things happened. Physically, I was a natural athlete, and fond of all sports. I tried a little of everything. Having previously done some boxing for the sake of exercise; and since I was light on my feet, as well as fast, alert, and strong; I soon gained quite a reputation in town, and developed a considerable following.

Although I had not the least intention of boxing professionally, it seemed for a time that I could scarcely avoid such a future. But, since I liked football much better,

I concentrated on that sport. I became captain of the high school eleven, and later the captain of a professional team.

To keep in training, I would run twelve miles every morning before breakfast. Of course, I lived an abstemious life, a life of great self-control. I drank neither tea nor coffee, and I know now that football taught me many lessons which I probably could not have learned as easily in any other way.

Later in life, I was able to apply this knowledge to Christian work. My aim is still to see that the ball always reaches its goal; that God's side wins; that the devil is defeated; and that the Word of God makes a touchdown every time. Tackling, feinting, passing, teamwork, organization—they all have played their part in furthering God's kingdom.

The section of Galena in which I worked then was that of a typically wide-open, frontier mining boom-town, where everything went, and where tent shacks abounded.

Rough men came from every direction, riding or driving through the deep mud or dust, whichever for the moment made up the newly laid-out streets. They drank, gambled, fought, and shot or killed each other as they pleased. Largely making their own laws, they went their own ways, working in the mines when they felt like it, or when they ran out of money and were compelled to. In the business section, almost every other building housed a saloon, with brothels sandwiched in between.

Few were the mornings when I went to work that I did

not see at least one dead man lying between the tent shacks where he had been thrown during the night to get him out of the way. After some nights, there would be several bodies in evidence.

A railroad divided the town into two sections—like two armed camps. That is, insofar as the teenagers were concerned. When the boys from the “respectable” side of the tracks had to go on Saturday nights to draw their pay at the mine office, they rarely went alone. For safety’s sake they usually went in gangs of twenty or so. Many interesting and wonderful fights were fought over nothing! But, it was like fire to impetuous young blood and muscles, and we never tired of it.

Surprisingly enough, although we were surrounded by all this wickedness, we seven Goss boys remained respectable members of society, and picked up practically none of the wicked habits of the men with whom we worked. Several of us began to use tobacco, but only one of us ever took more than an occasional drink. Fortunately, we all grew up to be men of whom a mother and father could be proud.

None of us were Christians at this time—far from it. We had never read a Bible, heard a Bible story, or attended church in our lives. The subject of God was completely ignored in the Goss home. I remember my mother once telling me that I could never be a truly educated man unless I had read at least a few portions in the Bible—for literary reasons, of course. To please her, I acquired a Bible, and asked her where to read.

“Anywhere, I suppose,” was her answer. So, I opened to Matthew, and after reading the first chapter, remarked to her, “Well, if it’s all like this, I don’t want to read anymore of it.”

She never mentioned it again. Consequently, I grew up quite isolated from the doubts, disbelief, and erroneous ideas that plague many a “church member.”

John, the third son in our family, was a staunch infidel all his twenty-one years. Somewhere he had picked up some radical ideas. He read and passed on to us such authors as Paine, Voltaire, Ingersoll and others. Some of us believed in infidelity and some of us were indifferent. But, seemingly none of us saw any reason to refute it, so it became the accepted belief of some of us boys. As John was my ideal, I naturally became one of his strongest supporters. It never occurred to me that we might all be wrong.

On his deathbed, he called me, who was his favorite, and admonished me to hold to infidelity, telling me that I was the wisest and most favored of all the children. He announced that some day I would make my mark in the world and have greater happiness than the others.

If this has been fulfilled at all, I feel it was because I became the first in my family to find the Lord. When I did, I began regular attendance at all services. My soul’s salvation and obedience to my new-found Savior became my goal.

2

From Voltaire to Victory

My conversion from infidelity to Christ came about in this way: While attending high school in the late fall of 1902, Mrs. Mary Arthur, a devout Methodist, and her husband, the town's leading hardware merchant, invited Charles F. Parham, a former Methodist minister, to Galena for a series of evangelistic meetings. The evangelist pitched his tent on the Arthur's front lawn, and began preaching the new Apostolic (now Pentecostal) message.

Because of Charles Parham's revolutionary message, there was soon quite a stir in the area. As a result of his strong emphasis on divine healing, many people found deliverance from cancers, blindness, and a multitude of other diseases and ailments. Mrs. Arthur, herself, was healed of a blind condition. Her prominence in religious and social circles caused her healing to receive widespread attention.

Many of my classmates were attending the revival, and almost daily we received reports of the miracles taking place at the tent meeting. Soon, some of the students said they had been saved; a few even talked in a strange language and claimed they had been "baptized in the 'Holy Ghost'"—whatever that meant. Since they were

boys and girls like the rest of us, I knew they understood no language other than their own. Curious, I, too, became interested.

This was my first contact with Pentecostal people . . . or with Christianity of any sort, for that matter. I was invited to go to the tent with some of the younger people.

After attending the services, it became evident to me that some superhuman power was at work there. Much to my surprise, I found myself beginning to be convinced that somewhere there existed a being whom men called God.

During the altar service one night, I watched an old Indian chief receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Tall and straight as an arrow, this old chief stood tilted rigidly backwards, yet maintained his upright position by balancing on the edge of his heels without any support. While he was praising God with uplifted hands, his body trembled rhythmically as if shaken by some great machine. He maintained this flexible position, and did not vary or relax in the slightest degree, for over an hour. Then, he began to speak in a strange language.

Unusually strong as I was, I knew it was beyond ordinary human power to perform this feat, or many of the other things which I saw take place before my eyes. But, this was the incident that finally capped my decision that there existed somewhere a Power higher than man. As I watched and cautiously listened further, I soon became fully convinced that there was a supreme Being, and that His power was at work in our town.

Cold weather had driven the congregation from the

tent into a large store building on Main Street, called the Grand Leader Building. It must have seated 1,000 people, and out of the great crowds that attended, some 800 were converted, and more than 1,000 were truly healed. Several hundred were baptized in the Holy Ghost, as evidenced by their speaking in strange tongues according to Acts 2:4.

Miracles and wonders seemed to be a constant occurrence. I'll always remember the young lady, who after receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost one Sunday night, could not speak English for a full week afterward. Her ability to speak English returned seven days to the hour after she had received the Holy Ghost. The young lady had been quite popular in the town, and her account caused great conviction to fall on those who knew her.

A friend of mine's father, who had been seeking the Holy Ghost for several days, awoke at four o'clock one morning speaking in tongues. He, too, lost the ability to speak English, and in his case, the ability did not return until that same hour the following Monday.

I feel that I owe my conversion to Christianity to hearing people speak in other tongues. The 14th Chapter of I Corinthians tells us that tongues are a sign to the "unbelievers." Today, I still thank God that I heard and saw His own sign from heaven.

Around the time the Galena meeting first started, Mrs. Arthur's sister, who was my high school teacher, detained me one day after school and spoke to me about serving the Lord. In all my life, this was the first time anyone had spoken to me about my soul. As can readily

be imagined, I have always since been a firm believer in personal evangelism.

After I became fully convinced that infidelity was wrong, I went forward during the next meeting to the place of prayer, earnestly seeking God. I sought God every night for about two weeks, and so far as I could tell no change of heart took place. But I persisted, for I had wholly given myself up to God, and now wanted Christianity to be my entire way of life. Finally, one night I physically felt my sins go from me, and I knew within my heart that I was forgiven and pardoned.

I have often said publicly that once I became convinced there was a God, then in order to be honest with myself and to do what was right, I had to serve Him. So, I thanked and praised God for what I, at long last, knew I had received from Him.

On one of the coldest days of the winter, a tremendous crowd assembled, as Brother Parham baptized some 100 converts in the Spring River. None of the converts who were baptized developed a cold as a result of his experience. I was one of that hundred.

This was the first Gospel preaching I had ever heard, and needless to say, it made a profound impression upon me. I remember how attentively I listened each night. The great Galena revival was the second to ever be held by Pentecostal people, and during it Brother Parham pulled no punches in preaching salvation and divine healing.

He preached that when Jesus slipped out of His human body at Calvary, this did not lessen His power to

heal. Instead, it increased it. According to Brother Parham, the sufferings of Gethsemane and Calvary were all for us, that He might be “touched with the feeling of our infirmities.” His power to heal after that was not through the natural man, the earthly Jesus, but was through His power, as the Son of God from Heaven.

Whenever there was a healing line, there would always be so many waiting to be prayed for that Brother Parham would sometimes become exhausted, and would have to finish praying for the remainder of the sick while sitting down. However, he always seemed fresh and strong for the next service.

He preached a clean, holy life of victory for all believers, and the second work of grace as taught by Rev. A. B. Simpson. He emphasized the words and commands of Jesus and taught a clean separation from the old life. He seemed to “rejoice” at the opportunity to demonstrate Christ’s teaching, such as: “Give to him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away . . . ” “Overcome evil with good . . . ” and many other practical truths of the Word of God. As he promised, obedience brought down upon us a “running over measure.”

I assimilated all this as best I could, and when they told me I would now have to be sanctified as “a second definite work of grace,” I went after this experience also, and soon received something which they said was “sanctification,” a “dying out of the old man.” I did not know what to call all this myself, but the one thing I did know was that I was now “a new creature” and full of the

Lord, and that it was most glorious.

God had surely changed my life. I was so happy that everything around me seemed scintillating with joy. God had changed my outlook on life so completely that even the old mine dumps around Galena suddenly seemed beautiful.

Although I had been enthusiastically interested in all types of sports, I now felt that God had a different work for me to do. And, what little He allowed me to do at the start, I did, whether I fully understood it or not.

I belonged to two secret lodge orders, but felt they were not God's best for me, so I resigned from them, as well as from the football team. These and many other decisions I made for myself before hearing them mentioned from the pulpit. God somehow made plain to me what He wanted me to do, and I did it. All my plans for the future were changed.

I was disconsolate over the time I had wasted reading newspapers. So, for two years after my conversion, I read nothing but my Bible. What a love I had for the Word of God! Many nights I could not bear to lay it down even to sleep. I would lie all night with the Bible folded in my arms upon my chest while I slept, so intense was my love for that blessed Book. This exclusive reading of the Scriptures soon became a fixed habit. I would read it in every spare moment, even while at work when it was possible.

When I later temporarily returned to the "steam jig boss" work in the mine building where I was stationed, I

found an old unused elevator shaft. It was small and without a floor, but I got some boards and laid them across the opening and made a floor. Then, with a chair for furniture, I used the shaft as a place of prayer.

Whenever the mill was running smoothly, I would go into this sanctuary with my Bible, and close the door. Many hours every day were spent there in prayer and Bible study. The sound of the machinery was all I needed to tell me when something was wrong. The superintendent had often found me there reading or praying but never mentioned it.

One day, about two years after my conversion, a small boy came into the mill trying to sell newspapers. Through pity for the child, I bought a copy, and sat down to glance through it and soon became engrossed. Oblivious to the sound of the machinery, I read on and on. Finally, sensing that something was wrong, I glanced up and saw the superintendent coming toward me holding a handful of "chat tailings" (a term for refuse rock after the ore has been taken from it). There was unextracted ore in it. I knew I merited a severe reprimand, and never again did I read anything but my Bible on that job. It was in Galena that God gave me much of the teaching which in later years I was to give out to multiplied thousands of people.

I remember well Brother Parham's preaching. Being a personable, gifted, accomplished, original and forceful thinker, as well as a vivid, magnetic personality with superb, versatile platform ability, he always held his

audience in the curve of his hand.

People sat spellbound, one moment weeping, the next moment rocking with laughter, as the words flowed from his lips like water gushing from a fountain. But, through it all he was sending home with clean, incisive, powerful strokes, the unadulterated Word of God.

His humility, meekness, and consecration impressed everyone most favorably, and he became a father to us all. He took the Word of God literally and practiced it as such, teaching us that each command Jesus gave should be literally obeyed at any cost. Prevailing prayer solved every problem, and it was the foundation of all his work.

A former Methodist minister, Brother Parham had become a licensed exhorter with that group at seventeen years of age. But shortly before I met him, he had declared himself undenominational. As I remember it, the change had come about in this way: Investigating the different new religious movements which were flourishing just before the turn of the 20th Century, he had come to see more light in the Word of God than ever before.

Dr. Dowie and Dr. Sanford preached divine healing, but preached sanctification as also being the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Some of their teaching he believed and saw clearly, but to some he had no witness in his heart. Everyone, at this time, seemed especially confused on the evidence of the Holy Ghost baptism.

While living in Topeka, Kansas, a few years prior to the Pentecostal outpouring, Brother Parham had gathered a good congregation around the truths of divine healing,

sanctification much as Dr. Simpson had taught it, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost (but without possessing any definite seal or sign from God, as he was to teach later).

He had established Bethel Healing Home, a sort of combination hotel and Bible school, where the sick were brought to be cared for and healed by the Lord.

While Brother Parham was away on a trip of investigation, searching for new truths, his supply pastor had appropriated for himself the large healing home and the congregation as well. Accepting Scripture literally as he did, Brother Parham let it all go rather than break the Lord's command (Resist not evil) and thus disrupt the saints.

Following God's leading, Brother Parham then issued an invitation to all ministers and Christians everywhere (who were willing to forsake all, sell or give away what they owned, and enter a Bible school for study, prayer, and waiting upon God) to come together in Topeka where they would unitedly trust God daily for all their living expenses. The sole declared purpose of this school was to encourage and prepare workers to go everywhere preaching "this gospel of the kingdom" (which he was convinced had never been preached in its fulness in these later days).

Brother Parham was already publishing by faith a bi-weekly paper called *The Apostolic Faith*. The paper bore as a subscription price the Scripture "Isaiah 55:1."

To house this new school, the Lord gave them what was known in Topeka as "The Old Stone Mansion." It was

a magnificent structure for those days, and was very grand indeed. It had been patterned after the style of an English castle and was, I believe, built of white stone with a red brick trim. It had beautifully carved doors, woodwork and stairs, and was lavishly finished in different rare and expensive woods; imported cedar of Lebanon, bird's-eye maple, spotted pine, cherry, mahogany, and other handsome materials.

Atop this commodious four-story residence was an observatory which was reached by an outside winding stair. Cupolas and turrets decorated the rest of the building—one of these rooms being large enough for what they christened “The Prayer Tower.”

There in the Prayer Tower volunteer students kept a watch of three hours each, so that prayer was constantly being made for the furtherance of God's kingdom here on earth. Those who wished to spend the entire night in prayer were allowed to do so.

Around forty Christians answered Charles Parham's call, and the school, known as the “College of Bethel” was opened in October 1900. This assembled fellowship was not the usual young student body attending a Bible college, but a company of older people—returned missionaries and a few elderly saints—all in all, a company that had been stirred alike by the signs of the times and unknowingly had been chosen by the Lord for this very purpose.

Brother Parham had been very stirred over the doctrine of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but he had

found few Christians who agreed on any one special evidence. Some held that the "laying on of hands" was the correct way to receive Him; some thought that sanctification was the seal; some claimed it "by faith"; but none claimed any certain evidence as its major witness.

Brother Parham was deeply convinced that the church as a whole should now go before the world with a scriptural evidence which was indubitably biblical. He felt there was a power, found in God's promises, which the church in general had not yet received. It was to this search of the Scriptures that the College of Bethel dedicated itself.

By December of 1900, they had reached in their studies the second chapter of Acts, and were confronted with the important question: "What, if any, was the true biblical sign of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and how could Christians be certain they had received it?"

For days the subject of evidence was exhaustively discussed in and out of classes. Various opinions were held, yet no one seemed really satisfied that his own opinion was the correct one. Seeing this confusion of ideas, Brother Parham finally proposed that they let God settle it.

The students were told to take their Bibles and go to their rooms. There, they were to fast, pray, and wait upon the Lord; seeking Him for the truth. They were to consider this question before God, undisturbed, for three full days. At the end of that time, they were to meet and report their findings.

At the end of the allotted period, when they had assembled once more, it was found that without exception God had convinced each of them that the only scriptural evidence which accompanied the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as recorded in the Bible, was speaking in “tongues” as the Spirit gave the utterance.

The entire student body had to acknowledge that none of them, despite their previous beliefs and claims, had received such a baptism. So, they decided! to seek God to be scripturally filled with the Holy Ghost.

3

Birth of a Nation

In the church-world, just before the turn of the century, minister and layman alike were impressed that the dawning of the new century would be accompanied by something significant. The prevalence of this feeling among the churches had been picked up and publicized by the press. Everyone was stirred, and prophecies, strange to ordinary ears, were suddenly being discussed, though not perfectly understood, by the majority of Christians.

Several of the leading daily papers featured articles suggesting the "Epiphany," whatever that was, might occur in the approaching twentieth century. Everyone felt that something strange, some extraordinary phenomenon would take place as 1900 rolled in to 1901, and the twentieth century began. Of this particular New Year's Eve, my wife relates the following:

I remember well that New Year's Eve in our southern town. My father, who always retired early, would usually, on New Year's Eve, begin to doze off and finally slip into bed, apologetically asking my mother to awaken him at midnight.

But not this night! All over our house lights blazed! No one slept! No one even talked! There was a tenseness in the very atmosphere, an expectancy which I, child that I was, could not understand too well. As the dragging, hurrying hours went slowly by, each tick of the loud, old clock seemed to set the pace for the beat of my excitedly responding heart. All our neighbors were up, too. Their lamps blazed the same as ours.

My mother, a staunch Christian and the leader of the women's work of our church, restlessly walked out about 11 o'clock onto the front lawn. I followed along. Our neighbor next door, the leader of the women's work in another church, left her own family group and approached us.

"I feel as if the Magi and their camels might suddenly come riding down the street," she said, half laughingly.

"And I, too," agreed my mother in her more serious manner.

They stood quietly for a while, each sharing the other's emotion. Then, my mother spoke in a hushed, almost reverent tone:

"I shouldn't be surprised if the heavens opened at midnight, and the angels sang."

"Nor I," replied our neighbor.

A few minutes longer they stood together, watching the darkness and the sky, as the minutes went by. Then, slowly they drifted back to their tensely waiting families. Solemnly we all sat on until midnight. But, nothing happened: no angels, no magi; nothing but extra guns,

extra bells, and extra whistles.

My father, who was not a follower of the Lord, flatly announced immediately after midnight, with a quizzical look in his eye:

“Well, I’m going to bed!”

Was he, too, disappointed? I thought so, but I could not be sure. My mother finally sighed, relaxed, and said in a low impressive tone:

“We shall hear of this. God has done something, somewhere, and we shall surely hear of it.

It was New Year’s Eve.

A clock ticked rhythmically—steadily.

Swiftly the minutes which were bearing a world relentlessly onward to the close of its nineteenth century flew by. It was a momentous evening! 9:30! 10:00! 10:30! Silently . . . swiftly . . . ineluctably the last few hours of the century moved majestically onward to its grand completion. It was an evening full of portent!

With a feeling of awe tinged with fear, people everywhere were alertly watching the passing of this particular year, as it fled on swift feet into a boundless infinity.

Many a troubled mind strove anxiously to pierce the intervening veil which the future held pinned so securely, but beheld instead only baffling mystery shrouded in darkness. Speculation was rife.

What might one expect of a brand new century?

What changes would it bring? Would there be a new order of things upon the earth? Who knew but that the end of the world might even come? These were some of the questions discussed.

This was an evening of evenings for the entire Christian world! Weary children, who had for once been allowed to sit up and wait for the boom of the big guns, the crack of the anvils, and the ringing of delirious bells, nodded sleepy heads and drooped weary eyelids grown heavy with waiting.

The wide stretching Kansas plains lay dreaming under the cold, crisp light of the white stars, and in the streets of the little city of Topeka, lights twinkled. . . .

Within their homes, family groups sat here and there, amusing themselves quietly; families who were accustomed to much earlier retirement from the cares of the day. 10:30! 11:00! 11:30! For many it was a solemn evening, full of foreboding.

In other places merriment ran high. Tinkling music and dancing feet set the pace, while the youth of the little city swept carelessly on through the night in light-hearted gaiety . . . some even in unrestrained revelry and laxity.

But, in one of the large rooms of the great house known as "The Old Stone Mansion," formerly the official residence of governors, a totally different scene was being enacted.

Blazing chandeliers lit up a scene of worship . . . of adoration . . . of devotion! People knelt, or sat quietly about the room, naturally, unaffectedly, as people do who

have devoted themselves wholly to one purpose.

And that was exactly what they had done! For three weeks they had been waiting there . . . praying . . . believing . . . scarcely knowing what to expect . . . and yet following undauntedly the torch of faith which had been planted within their bosoms.

Three weeks! Three glorious weeks in which heaven seemed to stoop down and touch the earth . . . in which the Son of God had walked among them and opened to them the Scriptures! "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and fire!"

How was one to know? Was there to be no sign? Could so important a manifestation of the presence of God take place without one's scarcely knowing it? Without even one of the signs which had originally accompanied it? They prayed on!

11:30 . . . 11:45 . . . midnight!

Soon, over the assembled company there came the passing of the divine breath!

A woman began to quiver slightly . . . the rhythmic quivering of a leaf rippled by the wind . . . and beautifully, forcefully, distinctly there tripped from her lips ecstatic utterances which soon became a language . . . unintelligible to the kneeling company . . . but without doubt a language! Acts 2:4? Could it be possible?

Rising to investigate the phenomenon further, they beheld a blue flame-like fire playing about her head, as she gladly and joyfully yielded herself completely to the

Holy Spirit of God.

“O spread the tidings round!
Wherever man is found!
Wherever human hearts
And human woes abound;
Let every Christian tongue
Proclaim the joyful sound—
The Comforter has come!
The Comforter has come!
The Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from heaven,
The Father’s promise given;
O spread the tidings round
Wherever man is found!
The Comforter has come!”

Truly God had done something! Although the many groups of watchers scattered over the country hadn’t seen it, God had ordained that as the next few decades quickly passed, the whole world would hear of what He had done on that New Year’s morning at the turn of the century.

“But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light” (Zechariah 14:7).

The woman who had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, early on that January 1, 1901 morning, was Agnes N. Ozman (later La Berge), a returned missionary. Shortly

after midnight, she had asked several of the men present to lay hands on her that she might receive the Pentecostal blessing promised to all believers. As they did so, she began to speak very quietly in fluent Chinese. For the next three days she could speak nothing but Chinese. Whenever she attempted to write in English, during this three day period, the result was always the same—Chinese characters. Copies of her writing were published in various daily newspapers, and her experience attracted widespread attention.

Those who had been standing near Miss Ozman when she received the Holy Ghost, reported that a halo of light appeared about her head. For three more days the students sat in God's presence, waiting for another divine manifestation of His power. Then, on the night of January 3, with about seventy-five assembled for a regular service, twelve ordained ministers from various denominations received the Holy Ghost simultaneously. Heavenly brightness once more filled the room, as the twelve spoke in tongues as the Spirit gave the utterance.

Of those who received the Holy Ghost that night, some were sitting, some were kneeling, and some were standing with upraised hands. Although some trembled slightly, there was no evidence of violent emotion. Just as on the Day of Pentecost, tongues as of fire sat upon each of them. Finally, in unison, the minister recipients began to sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." They sang in at least six languages, but the blending of their voices sounded like an angelic choir.

When all this was “noised abroad” the crowds began to gather. Reporters from as far away as St. Louis came to investigate and report. So convinced were they that their stories resulted in front page accounts with banner headlines. Soon, other reporters converged on Topeka, bringing with them government interpreters and language experts. The languages being spoken by those at the College of Bethel were verified as legitimate and fluent languages of men, languages these recipients could not possibly have known.

The modest, Christian behavior of these students, coupled with the undeniable fact that they were all speaking known languages with correct accent and intonation, caused all who saw and heard to admit that it was real.

And so, day after day, student after student was caught up into glory and scripturally sealed with the Holy Ghost, as evidenced by speaking with other tongues, exactly as the apostles had done on the Day of Pentecost.

Kicked into the Ministry

When I had finished high school, I went back to the mines and took charge of a large plant about six miles from Galena, driving a horse and rig back and forth every day. My mother began attending the meetings with me; soon she also was converted. Then, we attended the services together and how supremely happy we were in the Lord!

As a result of the Galena revival, an assembly was established on Third Street called the Third Street Mission, which we attended for about two years.

By that time Joplin, Missouri and Columbus, Melrose, Galena and Baxter Springs in Kansas all had established churches to which we went often. We attended a service nearly every night.

The Lord had been talking to my heart about His work for some time, but I felt I could never be qualified for such an honor, so from time to time I put Him off with excuses.

One Sunday morning, after having dressed for Sunday school, I hurriedly went out to water my horse. Father had a horse in the same stable, and on this day there was a slack rope which formed a partition between the two horses. Carrying a pail of water, I stepped over the rope, and in my haste, awkwardly caught my toe and fell to the

ground. The pail of water slipped from my hand and rolled against the horse's heels. Kicking at the pail, she struck my face. The horse had been newly shod the day before, and one of the new corks caught in my eye, while the toe of the shoe struck my jaw, tearing it open. As the blow came, I knew instantly why it had happened. Just as I lost sensibility a Voice said: "This is your last chance."

"Yes, Lord, I'll go," I answered.

When I regained consciousness, I got up and went into the house. Mother was shocked when she saw my face torn and covered with blood. She and the church prayed for me. On Thursday, when I went to the barber shop to get a shave, the barber looked at me and said: "I heard that you had been seriously injured last Sunday. It must have been a mistake." I showed him the scar and told him how God had healed me.

In the summer of 1905, Charles Parham took a band of twenty-four workers to Houston, Texas to open a work. Soon a great revival was on. Mrs. Mary Arthur and Mrs. Fannie Dobson were left in charge of the Galena Assembly.

Then, in September of 1905 a camp meeting was held in Columbus, Kansas. I took two weeks off from my job and attended. The Pentecostal work was now spreading throughout this section of the country, and a large group gathered for the Camp. Wonderful things happened there also. Some of the workers who had gone south were back, and all in attendance were victorious, happy, and filled with the Spirit. They told how the Lord had worked in

the field. This overjoyed all our hearts.

A second group was now preparing to go to Texas to assist in opening more works. At the close of the Columbus Camp, a company of twenty-two workers made ready to leave for active evangelistic training in the Lone Star State.

True to my promise, I sold my horse, rig, and everything I had, and bought a ticket to Houston. I gave the remaining funds to the general treasury, since we were to have all things in common.

Thus, I started out with my pockets empty of money, but my heart brimful of zeal and courage for the Lord. It was really a step of faith for all of us. But, we felt that if He had led us to go, He would care for us, and thanks be to Him, He has never failed through all these years.

On the way down to Houston, we changed trains at Alvin, Texas, where we laid over for a few hours. During the noon hour, we went uptown and held a street meeting. A large, hospitable crowd quickly gathered, manifesting great interest in this "new religion." Hungrily they pressed us to come back again.

To welcome the arrival of this second band in Houston, a special convocation of workers had been arranged. During their stay in Houston, we heard many of the remarkable things which the Lord had been doing in the Texas field.

They had just come from a revival in Orchard, Texas, where a big ranch owner, Brother Ayler, was sympathetic to the message and had backed their efforts. He had

previously contacted Brother Parham about coming to Texas, and the first meeting had been held there. He later became fully Pentecostal, and supported the cause with his influence and finances.

The outstanding feature of the revival held in Houston's "Bryan Hall" was the remarkable healings. One was a lawyer's wife, Mrs. Delaney, who had been seriously injured in a street car accident, and as a consequence, had had considerable publicity in the courts of Houston, due to her resultant paralysis. When she was miraculously healed, her cure attracted the attention of the entire city.

At the end of this Houston Convocation, all of us were separated and put into companies of five to eight workers, with a man and his wife acting as chaperons for each company.

I was sent back to Alvin with a former Baptist minister, Brother Oscar Jones, of Kansas, as leader of our band. He rented the Opera House there, and we began our campaign. In a few days the Lord Jesus began to manifest Himself and the town's people received us gladly.

Soon, we needed a larger hall, so we rented what had once been a storage building. We moved into this, and the revival kept increasing in power and interest . . . and results.

There were many young people here who were filled with the Holy Ghost and spoke in other tongues "as the sign." Many of these also received a call to the Lord's work. Among them were Walter Jessup; Hugh Cadwalder

and his sister, Rosa; Hattie Allen; Millicent McClendon; and others.

The power of God was so great in the altar services here that seekers often fell as if they were dead, and would lie immovable for hours, with only their lips whispering softly to God. Early in the morning they would have to be piled like cordwood into the back of a delivery wagon and taken home to continue their solitary soul's search after God. These usually came through to a glowing experience right in their own homes. A thriving Pentecostal church was the result of this revival. Alvin had now become another established revival center for us, for which we thanked God.

A second company of workers had been sent on to the seaside resort of Galveston, which was a few miles beyond Alvin. They were having a hard spiritual battle in Galveston, so fresh workers were sent down to assist them from Houston, which was fifty miles inland. I was sent to them from Alvin. Brother and Sister George Rose, Sarah Bradbury, Cora Lane, and others were among the group in Galveston. Their leader was Tommy Miller.

Galveston was a very wicked place at that time; it was full of spiritualists and many other spirits of evil. We soon realized that we were battling against great spiritual darkness, and our faith was severely tested in many ways. As we were often without money or food, most of our time was spent in fasting and prayer.

It was also an inflexible rule of ours that no public offerings could be taken in at any of our meetings; neither

were we allowed to mention our needs. We mentioned only our general system of financing our work. Thus, we had to trust God alone for all our needs, accepting only tithes and gifts given to us as unto God. With this system of financing, we felt that God could more easily permit us to be tested for our own development whenever we needed it.

But later, after we had established a fully functioning church, the church itself decided its own method of financing. But so far as I know, none ever gave its pastor a salary. These all preferred to still live by faith.

During one of these testing times, while still in Galveston, a friend in Alvin, Brother Carlyle, who was the manager of a produce company which shipped green vegetables to the northern markets in the winter, sent us a crate of fresh white table turnips.

Although a residence had been rented for the workers, as well as a store building in which to hold meetings, we had no personal money. Consequently, we had no fuel with which to cook the turnips. But, it was considered shameful to utter a word of complaint for what God chose for us, for we knew that what He did was always best. So, we gladly submitted to His will without murmuring.

When mealtime came, we would kneel around the dining table and have a period of prayer and worship, in which we returned thanks to the Lord for His love and care for us. There on each plate would be a whole raw turnip which we ate with grateful hearts. For eight days raw

turnips made up our entire menu. The love, joy, and fire with which our hearts were flooded made up for such slight things as lack of food or warmth.

From that day to this I appreciate a raw turnip, as it never fails to remind me of this time of great spiritual blessing. I have since found, from a standpoint of health, that a raw turnip diet is excellent.

It was in Galveston that I learned another lesson. I thought perhaps that I should do what I naturally could to relieve our needy situation. So, Brother Miller and I borrowed an expensive deep-sea fishing throw-line, waded out through the shallow water into the Gulf of Mexico until we came to some great rocks, and prepared to cast from there.

I had been told to tie the fishing line to my body as it might slip away from me, but I neglected to do this. I cast a few times and then once again. This time I flung the line with all my strength far out into the ocean. The end of the line, which I had carelessly wrapped around my fingers, skipped off, and the entire tackle sailed out into the sea, past hope of recovery.

Disappointed, disgusted with myself, hungry, and sick at heart over the loss of the borrowed line, I decided from then on to "let patience have her perfect work," and not try to help the Lord.

I then began to realize more fully than ever that God was purposely sending whatever might happen to us, and that it was allowed only for the good of his children.

Later, in the fall of 1905, the workers were called from

the field to attend a short-term Bible and Training school which convened in "Caledonia Hall" on Texas Avenue near Main Street in Houston.

As usual, we were given a thorough workout and rigid training in prayer, fasting, consecration, Bible study, and evangelistic work. Our weekday schedule consisted of Bible study in the morning, shop and jail meetings at noon, house-to-house visitations in the afternoon, and a six o'clock street meeting followed by an evening evangelistic service at 7:30 or 8:00.

The Southern Pacific Railroad shops offered a great opportunity to preach to large crowds of men at noon. Many of these men found salvation, Brother Joe Roselli among them.

By this time there was a good sized congregation of saints in the Houston church.

W. Fay Carrothers, a former Methodist minister, who was then pastor of an Independent Holiness Church in Brunner, a suburb of Houston, had received his Pentecostal baptism the year before this school session took place. He was now the Pastor of the Houston Assembly, and under God, became a great blessing to the school by his godly example and excellent teaching.

Our residence and school building was at 503 Rusk Avenue; it was quite a good location in those days. It was near the largest and most beautifully appointed hotel in Houston—the "Rice."

Among ourselves we laughingly dubbed our residence the "Rice Hotel," because almost all we could afford to eat

the entire winter was rice.

However, the Lord was in that school in a mighty way, so much so that He seemed to be leading it Himself. The lack of food and the constant rice diet did not seem to bother anyone.

In order to attract the attention of the crowds to the gospel, Brother Parham would often have the workers dress, sometimes even for street meetings, in Palestinian costumes—flowing robes, dazzling colors, and all. He explained as he spoke what country or district the robed workers represented.

He had previously bought some of these costumes to use in lecture work, and they were very effective in attracting crowds. Our leader was a most versatile and entertaining speaker, and while explaining the garments, he could get in enough gospel to impress any man. It was rare indeed for anyone ever to leave while he was speaking.

One night, in a watch-night service back in Galena, I had heard him preach to a large audience for five hours without stopping, and no one moved or left the service until he had finished.

It was our custom, as we went to the night meetings, to march down the center of the main street two abreast, singing evangelistic hymns. There was no motor traffic in those days, and the horses by that time of evening were safely in their stables for the night. Thus, the street was open, while the sidewalks were generally congested. This marching therefore attracted much attention to our work

and paid off in advertising.

Usually, a large banner proclaiming “Apostolic Faith Movement” was carried aloft by two of the young men at the head of the marching column. With a band of fifty to seventy young people on fire for the Lord, and a capable and colorful leader, the city soon knew we were there.

We received excellent training. For lessons in poise, we were put out by ourselves to conduct a street meeting, each one of us having been instructed previously in our own part.

As the meeting progressed, our leader would sometimes unexpectedly appear in the back of the crowd which had gathered, and as a stranger would in those days, begin to heckle us unmercifully. Sometimes he would dispute the Scriptures we were preaching from—perhaps privately to those around him. On other occasions, he would simply make fun of us, doing everything in his power to confuse and disconcert the worker speaking. Soon, as a result of this training, we were all capable of conducting a street meeting, regardless of the stumbling block that might be thrown in our way.

On the other hand, when we were unable by our own efforts to attract a crowd, our leader would take his place among us and begin preaching. From the time he uttered his first few words, the crowd would begin to gather from all directions until the street would be packed. As soon as he had a crowd for us, he would usually disappear, and allow the students to finish the service.

We did not wear uniforms. The lady workers dressed in the current fashions of the day . . . silks . . . satins . . . jewels or whatever they happened to possess. They were very smartly turned out, so that they made an impressive appearance on the streets where a large part of our work was conducted in the early years.

It was not until long after, when former holiness preachers had become part of us, that strict plainness of dress began to be taught.

Although entire sanctification was preached at the beginning of the movement, it was from a Wesleyan viewpoint, and had in it very little of the later holiness movement characteristics. Nothing was ever said about apparel, for everyone was so taken up with the Lord that mode of dress seemingly never occurred to any of us.

It would be difficult, indeed, to describe adequately the spiritual aspect of these schools, but it seems necessary to attempt it.

When we first gathered, we began by seeking the face of the Lord almost day and night. Of course that was our usual way of life—everyone lived in His presence constantly. But, when we gathered for a school, we sought Him for special guidance, blessing, teaching, and power for that particular time and locality, and for all whom we might touch or influence.

In reply to a few days or hours of earnest, conscientious seeking, and unselfish surrender to His will, God's Spirit always settled down upon us.

We were peculiarly fused together by the Spirit as a

whole, so that at times it seemed we were dealt with almost as one person. A deep hush lay upon our souls . . . a kind of breathless suspension when everything earthly disappeared, and we were lifted up to a heavenly locale and brought to attention before God in the Spirit, in a restful, holy, quiet intentness upon His every word and mood.

This seemed to me to be like resting upon a cloud before God, basking in the very nearness of the Savior and in the sunshine of His smile.

The feeling of His immediate presence was everywhere. Particularly did He fill the assembly room and church where we met for worship. The sessions usually ran from nine a.m. to around four p.m. or whenever the Spirit released us. Normally our dinner was served around five o'clock, and by 6:30 we were on the street ready to start service. A kind of glorious awe filled us always; it made us speak often in hushed voices, and go softly and sweetly even about our daily tasks.

At times He thrilled us as by an electrical surcharging, but most often it was simply the luxury of His exquisite love, a deep thrilling along every nerve of spirit, soul and body, experiences rich in emotion, in promise, and in fulfillment.

At such seasons of worship, things of the world and of time faded from our vision, and we might as easily have been sitting with Moses on a stone upon Mount Sinai's summit, so completely were we closed in with God.

One was often conscious of the pressure of the Spirit

filling the atmosphere above, of either dipping and gently caressing us, or lifting us up, one or several at a time, into a glory that was pure intoxication. Yet, at other times during the evening or Sunday services, volumes of praise to God would arise spontaneously from hundreds of throats, as full and resonant as the sound of many waters tossed in a resounding sea. And the singing! It was not we alone who sang then. Again it was the “Spirit that helped our infirmities,” and angelic hosts that sang with us. Hundreds of people, over the years, have mentioned that it was not earthly, but heavenly music.

There were the hours of teaching through heavily anointed ministers. We also heard through tongues and interpretation, and more rarely, through straight prophecy.

Difficult passages of Scripture might be explained, and correction on points of doctrine might be given. There were personal reproofs, but seldom was there praise. There were instructions concerning the handling of God’s work in the field, and about daily living and holiness. But, above all, there was the assurance of His devoted love and deep personal interest in each of us in all our different needs and perplexities. He was a dear, loved Father to us, and we were His obedient children—raven-fed and supplied. We saw Jesus only.

So far I have said little of our prayer life. When food was withheld, God seemed closest. Truly the Holy Ghost “helped our infirmities.” There was constant prayer! Ernest . . . fervent . . . deep . . . pungent . . . searching . . . full of faith . . . full of love and compassion . . . importunate . . .

prevailing prayer! Prayer that moved both heaven and earth! There was prayer the like of which we had never seen before! "Then did my heart rejoice, and my lips sing His wondrous praise!" because I had lived to see this glorious day of the Lord.

About this time a Negro woman named Lucy Farrow, who was engaged as a cook at the school, was feeling a burden for Los Angeles. After receiving the Spirit's baptism, she felt the call of God upon her. Brother Parham provided the money for her fare from our treasury, and she left for the West Coast.

She started a prayer meeting in Los Angeles, so we were told, and the Lord began to pour out His Spirit. Soon, she wrote back to Houston and asked that someone be sent to assist her.

A Negro Baptist preacher from Houston was selected—a Brother Seymour, who had often attended the morning sessions of the school, and had received the light of the Pentecostal message in its fullness. However, he had not as yet been filled with the Spirit.

In answer to Sister Farrow's call for help, money was again raised by the school in order to send Brother Seymour to Los Angeles. When he arrived there, he found that God was working mightily, for the Los Angeles outpouring of April, 1906, was already under way. He became a prominent leader for a while in the Old Azusa Street work.

When news of this great outpouring was noised abroad, hundreds of ministers, Christian workers, and

missionaries came from all parts of the continent to Los Angeles to see what it was all about. Many of them humbled themselves before God, sought His face, and were filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking in tongues as in Acts 2:4. Many of them later became widely known leaders in our work. A. H. Argue, R. E. McAllister, A. G. Carr, Glen Cook, Frank J. Ewart, Frank Small, A. G. Canada, Frank Bartleman, Max Morehead, Harry Morse, John Sinclair, and William H. Durham were among them. Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Lum were also among the workers who visited Los Angeles at that time, and witnessed God's power in the Azusa Street meetings. They soon founded the present Apostolic Faith Mission on Burnside Street in Portland, Oregon.

Not long after, some of the believers in charge of the Azusa work allowed various kinds of fleshly manifestation to creep in under the impression that they were of God. But, these proved to be unwholesome and thus hindered their work. Fanaticism then made its appearance, and for a while was allowed to run unchecked.

Brother Parham heard of these extremes, and later made a trip to Los Angeles, hoping to help the workers steady the work. But, as is often the case, they felt they had received a greater power in Los Angeles than had been known before, so Brother Parham's saving advice and council went unheeded and was rejected.

However, many good healthy assemblies were springing up all over the continent, which were led by men of discernment. The Pentecostal truth was spreading over

the world. God had undertaken to establish His Truth, and nothing could stop it.

The Houston School closed in the spring of 1906, and we left for our different fields of labor filled with God's Spirit, more determined than ever to scatter this latter rain message of salvation near and far.



Dr. A. G. Canada, a noted E. N. Bell, Brother Goss' successor as evangelist among us since the pastor of the Malvern, Arkansas work. Los Angeles Revival in 1906. In Brother Bell was elected General later years he had a successful Chairman of the newly-created radio ministry on the West Coast. Assemblies of God in 1916.

Train Ride to Glory

Near the close of the Houston Bible school, a group of workers was sent to Wallis, Texas, to open a work. Tommy Miller, Walter Jessup, Nora Byrd, Mabel Wise, Millicent McClendon, and Hattie Allen comprised the group sent there. I was with them part of the time, but soon returned to Houston.

A young German brother and I were sent out, instructed only to go south toward the Gulf of Mexico and stop anywhere we could find a place to preach. For capital to launch our project, our leader gave us a silver dollar apiece—all that he had left. At last we were on our own as evangelists.

We went to Alvin and received a little money, and thus reinforced, arrived in Angleton, Texas on February 27, 1906.

A room in the Angleton Hotel cost us fifty cents a day. The Court House Auditorium was free for a few meetings, and so we opened the first gospel meeting in which I had full charge.

We soon found an old abandoned saloon building which we could use regularly. As we had received no more money, we borrowed planks of new lumber from the

lumber yard for seats, and laid them across a few of the empty, up-ended kegs which had been left in the building. When the building was cleaned and ready for use, we set out to get a crowd, but we had little success at first.

This meeting was a long, hard pull, for it did not break as quickly as the others had. Much of the time we were without food—once for three days, as I recall. But that did not deter us, for we were so blessed spiritually, and so happy to be working for the Lord that we scarcely noticed it.

Each night there were about a dozen people in the congregation, each seated on one end of the plank seats, so he could support a shoulder against the wall. Others stood outside and looked in, but only these twelve would enter. I preached every night for seven weeks before a break: came. But, when God did begin to do things, the bottom of heaven seemed to fall out. Of course, after that we were soon abundantly supplied with food and lodgings.

Addison Mercer, a deacon in the Baptist church, who thought he had salvation, but found that he didn't, was our first convert. The day after his conversion he took several big chickens back to a neighbor, saying that he had stolen them. Since he had been considered one of the best Christians in town, the community was really shocked when the news got around. But, such spectacular conversions as his and others surely did have their effect. They were all deeply sincere; they covered up nothing, and held back nothing. This brought everyone under conviction and packed the building. Brother Mercer later

became an apostolic faith preacher himself.

The Angleton revival spread to mighty proportions, as scores were saved, healed, and filled with the Spirit. We obtained a tent for summer work, and the country for miles around was stirred to seek God. Many signs and wonders were also done in Angleton by the Spirit of the Lord.

While this meeting was in progress, a convention was announced to convene at Orchard, Texas, for April 13-15, which was Easter weekend. All the preachers and workers who could, planned to attend. I went from Angleton with the purpose in my heart to seek the Lord with prayer and fasting until He filled me with the Holy Ghost. I had experienced wonderful anointings in teaching and preaching the Word of God. At other times, I had been so blessed that it seemed I had everything but the speaking in other tongues. But, I knew by the Word of God that when I became fully baptized in the Holy Spirit I would speak in other tongues.

I sought the Lord constantly throughout the entire convention. At 2:00, Monday morning, April 16th, I was still not filled with the overflowing measure. Disappointed, I walked, late though it was, beyond the edge of the little town, and kneeling down under a small mesquite tree, prayed until 7:00 that morning, shortly before the train was due which would take us back to our various appointments.

The train was more than an hour overdue, and about 100 of us were at the depot waiting. Brother Parham suggested we have some singing. Then, after some of the

crowd had testified, Brother Parham began to preach. He was still preaching when the train rolled in, carrying two extra coaches for our workers. We were so blessed by God that the only thing we wanted to do was rejoice, pray, and praise the Lord!

The coach which I boarded was filled with our group, all praying and worshiping God. Soon the Lord really began to pour out His Spirit upon us. That coach became a veritable prayer room! Some were kneeling at their seats, some had their hands uplifted in worship, and some were standing. Still others were praying with seekers for God was now baptizing them with His precious Holy Spirit, and they were talking in tongues as the Spirit spoke through them.

I knew that several had already been filled, when suddenly the power of God struck me! I was so grateful! Soon the power and fire of God came heavier and heavier upon me, until it seemed that I must really be on fire! This fire and power, coming upon me for the first time in my life, seemed to melt all my natural strength, leaving me lying helplessly back in my seat. With every compartment of my mind fully surrendered to God, I told Him to have His way with me, and as I was completely relaxed, He did. Oh, such joy and glory! I had never dreamed it could be! Soon my English stopped, and I could talk and praise no more.

As I lay back limply against my seat, the Spirit of God took possession of my fully surrendered body, and lastly took hold of my throat and vocal chords in what to

me was a new and strange way. God's power and glory upon me became far greater than I have ever since been able to describe.

This went on for several minutes, while the fire of God flamed hotter and hotter, until I thought that I must be actually on fire. When another great bolt of God's lightning struck me, thereby loosening me still further, I began to speak in strange tongues, as the Spirit actually did the speaking. I talked first in one language, which was soon changed to another, and then to another. I could tell when the change in the languages came, because they were so different. I sat there completely relaxed, even helpless, and let the Lord control me Himself, as the different languages came and went.

About the same time that I had begun to speak, I heard a young lady from Angleton, Miss Mary Smith, who with her mother, was seated facing me, also begin to speak in another tongue. They both had been waiting for the Holy Ghost. What a time we had in the Lord! What a train ride!

Too soon the time came for some of us to change trains, taking the southbound for Angleton. I later found out that twelve in our coach had been baptized into the Holy Ghost that day. The Greek text defines the word "baptism" as "truly saturating, dipping, or plunging." This is certainly an accurate description of what happened that day. Five in the other coach had gone through the same experience, making a grand total of seventeen.

I was so filled with the Spirit that when I stood up, I

could scarcely keep my feet on the ground. Neither had I the power to speak in English. Since our train was late, we had missed our planned connection, and I needed to give instructions to our group as to what course we would follow in this emergency. I knew the train we wanted to board was down at a sugar plantation about a mile-and-a-half away, since it took on freight there before going farther south. It would be possible, if there happened to be enough freight, to catch the train there. An old man with a team and a light express wagon stood near. After trying to speak English, I finally had to make signs to him to get the women and the baggage down to the plantation junction immediately.

After he had loaded, he whipped up the mules and started them at a run, while I ran down the track ahead of them to try to hold the train. As I went down that railroad track, I was so exhilarated that it seemed as though I were flying. The Spirit of the Lord had come upon me just as it had upon Elijah when he ran before Ahab's chariot. It seemed as if I were taking about twenty feet with each step. Perhaps I actually did; I'll never know.

As it was level country, the train crew could see us coming, so they held the train until we all got aboard. The Lord filled five more of our company with His Spirit on that train. When we arrived in Angleton, the town soon knew we were there, for we all got off the train scripturally "drunk" with the Spirit and the power of God.

That night almost the entire community converged on the meeting to hear and see what had happened. I had

charge of the service, but I still could not speak in English. I led the song service, but could only sing in another language.

Indeed "our mouths were filled with laughter and our tongues with singing."

I tried to preach, but could not read my Scripture in English. After a few minutes of trying to talk, I finally gave up and motioned the people to the altar. The crowd rushed forward. What praying and power we had! God really walked back and forth through the tent that night! A tremendous volume of praise and prayer went up to God, as He poured out His Spirit upon many people. I have never seen such a meeting before or since that time.

Night and day the crowds continued to come, and what a mighty revival God gave us! Still, I could not talk except in other tongues. When I had to go shopping in a store (we didn't starve all the time!), I could only point to what I wanted, and talk in a strange tongue, because I had no English. God still controlled my tongue.

After about seven days my English gradually began to return. It was almost two weeks before I could preach in English, although I tried very hard for the peoples' sake. For myself, I didn't care. Since I had sought God for nearly two-and-a-half years for this experience, and since the glory and joy were so overpoweringly wonderful, it did not matter to me whether I ever spoke in English again, unless to speak English were in the will of God for me.

When the other language finally left, I could speak only in English. Even when I prayed I did not speak in

tongues. The power of the Spirit remained in my heart and upon my body, but the tongues had lifted entirely. I regretted this to some measure, but as far as I knew, I had done nothing that would displease the Lord. Just why this all should have happened I did not know. It possibly had something to do with my great strength and endurance, which all my life had been set against God. I could not “yield” myself, so God had to teach me how.

The revival did not abate, but went on and on, reaping a great harvest of souls.

There were many unusual manifestations of the Spirit at Angleton. Often, those who were under the power of God would call for a tablet and write page after page in other languages. Others, who had never played a piano in all their lives, would go to the instrument and play under the power of the Spirit as skillfully as one who had been highly trained. They could not play once the anointing had lifted. A great many miracles and notable healings took place as well, more than in some other revivals, largely because the contact with God was so real.

I learned here that prayer and praise are the spiritual roads to the presence of God; that the throne of God is hidden in the secret kingdom of God, kept safely from enemy interference or intrusion, so that only the hungry, conscientious, humble spirit can find the “door” that leads into the secluded realm of the Spirit.

When, with closed eyes and bended knees, the world is left behind, while one’s whole being is given over to searching for the passageway where our Savior now

dwells, angelic help is given to move one along the avenue of prayer to the actual throne—into the presence of the Christ.

Visiting ministers soon came to assist us in reaping this harvest, and they were a great blessing to the newly-formed church. Fay Carrothers, Mable Smith-Hall, Mrs. Annie Hall, and several other early workers were among them.

This Is That

Through the years our knowledge of the biblical manifestation of “unknown” tongues was expanded and refined.

Statistics hold that there are over 5,000 known languages and dialects spoken on the earth. Paul said there were “tongues of men and of angels.” Possibly there is one language common to angels, but then again, the use of the plural term “tongues” would suggest more than one language. But, be that as it may, there are enough languages spoken on this earth, alone, for every believer to speak in a language unknown to him.

Languages spoken by the Holy Ghost, through Spirit-filled people, have been understood so many times that it is no longer of any note amongst us. We have had ample proof over an extended period of time that the trouble with “doubting Thomases” is not with the ability, nor with the accomplishments of God’s Spirit, but with our own predilections or preconceived ideas.

Mainly, I have spoken only in one language through the Spirit, but in that language I was understood by Armenians in Austin, Texas, who said I spoke fluently in their native tongue.

A Baptist minister, a friend of mine, understood the superintendent of one of our Sunday schools, who spoke in purest Greek, while testifying in one of our services. It was explained to the minister that this man was speaking solely by the unction and inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

It could be said of some: "Among the chief rulers also many believed on him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue; For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God" (John 12:42, 43).

What a loss! What an irreparable loss has been theirs, when all these years they might have been watching God gloriously at work in His hospital, in His repair shop, in His spiritual filling station, as I was privileged to do. But, they will never realize what they have missed until eternity dawns.

Once, when Brother E. N. Bell was preaching in Southeastern Missouri, he preached awhile in tongues, "as the Spirit gave him utterance." After the service, some Russian coal miners from the Ural Mountains, who were working in nearby coal mines, waited for him outside the tent and tried to talk with him in their native tongue in which he had been speaking. They could scarcely speak English, so were pitifully disappointed when he could not converse with them in their own Russian dialect. Brother Bell tried to explain in English, but with little success. It seemed they weren't interested in God's message to them, but only in visiting with someone who could speak their mother tongue.

Although he was a gifted linguist, I never heard Brother Bell speak but that one language by the Spirit. It was so easy to memorize, that until this day I remember some of the words and sentences.

Several of the more presumptuous of the sinner lads, who stood outside during a church service, after hearing Brother Bell, would sometimes go down the street speaking parts of Brother Bell's Russian language among themselves. This was a sign to them that it was no language at all, for they imagined that any real language would be more difficult for them to master than their own high school Latin.

Many missionaries have had the experience of hearing their adopted tongue spoken by baptized persons, while on furlough in this country. But, sometimes the opposite occurs.

Pandita Ramabai, who was associated with the great school in Lucknow, India, that cared for as many as two thousand child-widows, reported the following happening at the time that country was invaded by the baptism of the Holy Ghost: "Many of the believers, upon receiving the Holy Ghost, spoke messages in distinct English. For the most part, they praised and glorified God, saying 'He's coming soon.'"

In his book entitled *Vision Beyond the Veil*, H. A. Baker, missionary to China, tells how many little heathen orphan boys in his school, when under the anointing of the Spirit, spoke in perfect English, a language with which they were entirely unacquainted. Some of them

scripturally described heaven in English, although they had never heard nor read an account of it at any time, neither had they been indoctrinated. They had been told only to surrender completely to God.

My daughter, while praying in tongues in Visalia, California, was understood by Brother George Kelly, a missionary then in America on furlough. He said she was speaking in flawless Chinese.

At another time, while in a service in Oakland, California, the power of God was falling like rain upon the congregation. My wife spoke briefly in tongues during a public prayer. A woman near her, also anointed of the Spirit, answered her in tongues. For several minutes they carried on a conversation, their eyes closed, lost in the Spirit. Rising from prayer, Ruth Bernstein-Redmond, the daughter of missionary parents, who herself was born and reared in China, told us that they had been discussing "how wonderful Jesus is" in perfect Chinese.

My wife has been understood many times, as she spoke in fluent Chinese. She is not confined to this language, however, as God has blessed her to speak in tongues in many, many languages.

Once, while sitting beside a window, late in the evening, she heard two men pass on the sidewalk below, conversing in a language she recognized as the one with which she most frequently spoke as moved upon by the Holy Ghost. She sensed that these men were not speaking by the power of the Spirit. Earlier, I had passed these two men on the street, and recognized them to be

American Indians, speaking their tribal language.

The “gift” of tongues, however, is rare among us. I have been told that years ago Carrie Judd-Montgomery of California, the editor of “Triumphs of Faith,” in doing personal work, often stopped recent immigrants on the street, and at the Spirit’s bidding would begin witnessing to them in their native tongue. Although she would often have no idea of what country they had emigrated from, she never failed to speak to them in their native dialect. As the Spirit moved through her, she would carry on a complete conversation, including answering any questions the other party might have. She did this, never knowing, herself, what had been said.

In his book, *With Signs Following*, Stanley H. Frodshaw relates the story of many fully-authenticated miracles, signs, and wonders which took place up to 1926. Many of those mentioned were instances of foreign languages being spoken as the Holy Ghost moved upon believers. One, a Marathi-speaking school teacher of the Mukti Kedgaon Association, spoke in the Guzerathi language upon receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Although the teacher had never been acquainted with the language before, he was afterwards able to understand, speak, read, and write it at will.

Irene Piper, only ten years old, could converse with the Chinese and invite them (in Chinese) to her church to accept salvation, all by the power of God alone. One man, May Lee, declared that “Irene’s accent was perfect; her forms of speech so exact that ten years’ study would not

have given the average Occidental such knowledge of the language.”

An American missionary, Lillian Keys, of Peking, China, while employing a Chinese carpenter, understood the questions he asked her about the work he was planning to do. She knew no Chinese, he no English, yet she understood all he said to her as easily as if he had been speaking in English. She answered in tongues, which turned out to be Chinese. So, they understood each other, the carpentry work was completed, and the Lord was glorified.

Another person similarly used was Mable Smith-Hall, one of our early successful pioneer evangelists. Her father, a practicing physician, lived in Galveston, Texas, where ships from all over the world docked.

When the group of Pentecostal workers would go to the street service each evening, the crowd which gathered was sure to include some of these visiting sailors. While Mable was preaching, her language would suddenly change from English into tongues. Sometimes she would preach almost her entire sermon in one foreign language. At other times she would use perhaps as many as three or four. Always there was someone in the audience who understood what she was saying, and after the service would want to talk with her in his native tongue. But, as far as I ever knew, she couldn't carry on a conversation with them as Mrs. Montgomery often did.

When the fullness of the Holy Ghost baptism is received, “believers” invariably “speak with other tongues,

as the Spirit gives them utterance.” But, few people seem to receive the full “gift” of healing, the “gift” of working of miracles, or any other of the nine special “gifts.”

This notwithstanding, all believers may scripturally lay hands on the sick, and fully expect them to recover. This ability, however, is separate and apart from the “gift” of healing, just as speaking in other tongues as the initial sign of the Holy Ghost is distinct from the “gift” of tongues, as mentioned by Paul in his letter to the Corinthians.

Confusion reigns in some minds as to why God has chosen tongues as the initial sign of having received the Holy Ghost. Why, some ask, did He not use one of the other gifts? Why not joy?

While I believe joy to be the main characteristic of Holy Spirit baptism, it is the *result* of it, and not the *evidence*. Many emotions produce joy. For this reason alone, it could not be depended upon to act as an evidence of a life totally submitted to God’s service.

A Spirit-controlled tongue, however, is evidence of a life under absolute submission to God. James tells us, “But the tongue can no man tame.” Thus, when a tongue is brought into captivity, it is evidence for all to see that God is in command, the believer having freely and entirely yielded body, soul, and spirit to the Lord.

A simple illustration. When an ambassador on foreign soil moves into the official residence of his own country, his native flag is immediately flown aloft, proclaiming his presence there, backed by his nation’s full authority to look after every phase of his country’s interests.

So, when a man yields himself to fully become God's residence here on earth, the Holy Ghost takes up His abode in His new home, raises the miracle-standard of the kingdom of God, to which the man now belongs, and stands fully ready by day or by night to further God's plans in the earth.

"Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done in earth, as it is (done) in heaven."

It has been committed to us—creatures of both time and eternity—to bring this about. God has entrusted it to us. Let no man fall short of his privilege to glorify God.

But the gift of love, it seems to me, is the most necessary accompaniment which the Spirit freely confers. The power to love God supremely, unselfishly, wholly; to lay down our lives day after day for others, as Jesus did; was graciously granted to us, along with the baptism of the Holy Ghost, it being both a gift from God, and a fruit of the Spirit as well.

When the Lord chose to send this latter day revival, He first scattered it out in the open like manna, for all to partake of freely.

But, sad to say, many acted out Satan's same old script, deterred only by the existing civil laws, which a few Jewish leaders of Jesus' day had enacted long ago.

Thus, they cut themselves and their followers off from the power and authority vested in the genuine attested baptism of the Holy Ghost. But, millions did go on to see signs, wonders, and miracles in profusion; nor have these miracles ceased. They have been slowly, but steadily

increasing in such numbers and power that one is left almost breathless with amazement at the mighty acts of God in the earth. Thank God that I have lived to see this day!

United in Doctrine and Marriage

God was pouring out His Spirit in other towns as well, for wherever we went, He gave revivals.

A camp meeting was announced in Houston for August of 1906, I went up early to help work on a tabernacle which was being built on a lot given to us by Brother and Sister M. E. Layne. It was located near their home in Brunner, a suburb of Houston, and was the first Pentecostal tabernacle ever erected in the "Apostolic Faith Movement."

It was a good camp, and many people attended. Brothers Parham and Carrothers were in charge. The Lord blessed as usual. Brother and Sister O. P. Shirer, Sister M. E. Layne, and many other neighbors opened their homes to the visitors. Sister Layne, who had three grown sons near my age, was like a mother to all the young workers. For years their consecrated means, gladly given, were a great help in spreading the gospel. We appreciated all the more the sweet fellowship enjoyed in these homes and gatherings, since the Pentecostal way was not an easy one in those days, and most all of us in this Texas group were mere youngsters.

Fresh from the revival in Los Angeles, Sister Lucy

Farrow returned to attend this camp meeting. Although a Negro, she was received as a messenger of the Lord to us, even in the deep south of Texas.

One day, she preached and told about the great outpouring at Azusa Street. After she finished speaking, she prayed for the people to receive the Holy Ghost. The Lord had been using her to lay hands on the people and pray. God would then fill them with the Holy Ghost and speak through them in other tongues.

A long line of people queued up before the platform, and as she laid her hands upon each head, one after the other they received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and spoke in other tongues. But, what interested me most was that everyone for whom she prayed was speaking in tongues.

When I saw this, my heart became hungry again for another manifestation of God. I had not spoken in tongues since my initial experience a few months previous. So, I went forward that she might place her hands upon me. When she did, the Spirit of God again struck me like a bolt of lightning; the power of God surged through my body, and I began speaking in tongues. From that day to this, I have been able to speak in tongues at any time I yielded to the Spirit of God.

I know what Paul means in the fourteenth chapter of his letter to the Corinthian church. I have thanked God all these years for the power and privilege of speaking in tongues at will. I thank God for Sister Lucy Farrow, who later went to Africa as a missionary, and while there went

home to glory.

Another blessing I received in the Houston camp meeting was when the brethren ordained me to the ministry. It was here also that the first definite steps toward organization took place. Up to this time, Brother Parham was called the "Founder and Projector of the Apostolic Faith Movement," and all along he had issued credentials under that name. Brother Carrothers was now appointed General Field Director for the U.S.A. and I was appointed Field Director of Texas.

The latter part of 1906 was spent traveling over the district, looking after the various meetings going on in the state. There were about sixty of our ministers and workers in the field at this time in Texas, and my part was to help out wherever there was a special need.

Early in 1907, Brother Carrothers and I decided to have a convention and short-term Bible school for our workers at Waco. It was called for February, and most of our ministers came in from their stations to attend.

Several important ideas were being privately advanced, analyzed, and mulled over by the preachers. They were mostly points of doctrine, which really required a fair and open discussion, and a final public settling. Many new ministers of various faiths had received the Holy Ghost by now, and had become a part of the group.

Some still retained ideas which they had received "by tradition" from their former connections, but which had not as yet been approved by the Holy Ghost in our midst. These doctrines had already raised questions on the field.

Such subjects, of necessity, were to come before this convention for a final decision.

Daniel C. Opperman, having recently resigned as superintendent of the high school system of Zion City, Illinois, was attending this convention, and earnestly seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Shortly after his arrival in Houston, Brother Opperman had been healed of tuberculosis. This healing had come about as a result of his obedience to the commandment of God to preach Christ to those he encountered on the streets of Houston.

During this session in Waco, one of the subjects introduced was, whether speaking in tongues was the initial evidence of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, or just another gift on par with the other scriptural gifts. This idea, as I have said, had been lately introduced among us by some of the newcomers.

Several of our new preachers took the orthodox position that any one of the nine gifts of the Spirit could be as much an evidence of the Holy Ghost baptism as could speaking in tongues. Brother Carrothers and I led those who maintained that all would speak in tongues when they received the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that the nine gifts of I Corinthians 12:8-11 were given to the believers after they had received the Holy Ghost. Interest ran high when we attempted to defend a doctrine which some doubted.

A day was finally chosen for an open discussion of the Scriptures on this subject. It was quite a session. Brother A. G. Canada led the opposition, and as he was a

gifted speaker, none of us could predict what the outcome would be. Brother Carrothers had been an attorney in Houston before entering the ministry. This training, with the spiritual ability he also possessed, proved to be a great help in analyzing and “rightly” dividing the Word of truth. As a conclusion to the prolonged biblical discussion, he summed up the evidence of the Word of God by using as his clinching point the quotation: “For they heard them speak with tongues, and magnify God.”

As a climax, he showed that the connective “for” (or because), used in Acts 10:45-46, could not honestly be ignored nor lightly set aside.

He argued that this was the pivotal point of the narrative, confirming as it does, that the speaking in tongues alone finally convinced the Jews that the Gentiles, as well as themselves, had actually received the Holy Ghost.

We could see that God was mightily helping him to unfold wise and logical deductions, and as he closed his masterly discourse, God came down upon all of us in great power and blessing, confirming this teaching in each one of our hearts as never before. For most of us the question was settled once and for all. After almost fifty years, I still have not the slightest doubt whatsoever along this line.

This question never arose again in our ranks until years later, when Brother F. F. Bosworth, who had come amongst us, printed and circulated his little booklet, *Do All Speak in Tongues?* I believe the Assemblies of God at

that time publicly reaffirmed their stand, as against his idea.

While attending the camp meeting during the previous summer, I had become engaged to Miss Millicent McClendon of Alvin, Texas, one of our most promising young lady evangelists. I left the Bible school on February 24th, 1907, and went to Alvin, where we were married. We later returned to the school in Waco.

Most of the school met us at the railroad station and gave us a hearty welcome. After the greetings were over, they put us at the head of the usual line of marching students, Millicent and I carrying aloft the large banner, "Apostolic Faith Movement" between us—a signal of honor. We marched through the streets, singing the songs of Zion. After holding the regular evening street service, we returned to the Bible school.

When this school closed, a group of workers headed by Brother A. G. Canada was sent to San Antonio with the Pentecostal message. There a great revival broke out. Brother T. Mathew Bowen, later pastor for many years of one of the largest and most beautiful of our churches in Houston, was one of the workers in this revival, as well as D. C. Opperman and his wife, Hattie.

Before leaving Waco, the group destined for San Antonio decided to use the San Antonio meeting as a further confirmation from God of their decision concerning "other tongues" as the crowning biblical evidence of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was also felt that this would assist in soothing the possible hurt that had been

experienced by those who had lost the argument.

We all knew that no one had ever before preached or taught tongues as an evidence of the baptism in this new and faraway city. So, they covenanted together that none of them would mention tongues, or an "evidence" in any way whatever in San Antonio. They prayed and committed the results to the Lord, preaching only the baptism of the Spirit.

None of the citizens there had ever seen anyone receive the Holy Ghost baptism, nor had they ever heard of it. These workers endeavored honestly in every way to give God a further chance to straighten them out if they were wrong in their conclusions. Therefore, no seeker was expecting any unusual manifestation. But, it made no difference. They all likewise spoke in tongues as the Spirit gave utterance when they received the Holy Ghost. This satisfied even the most skeptical among us.

It was in this San Antonio revival that Brother Opperman received his baptism. Brother L. C. Hall, who at that time was a Christian and Missionary Alliance pastor there, also received the baptism after attending several of the meetings.

One day, the workers heard Brother Hall praying and praising the Lord down in the tent where he had gone alone to pray. He had a powerful voice, and was using it mightily in praise and worship of the Lord. Of course it stirred the whole neighborhood so that a great crowd gathered, and unknown to him, stood watching, while he received the Holy Ghost.

Thus, after two hours of praising the Lord, and without any assistance from anyone, he came gloriously through, baptized by the God who answers by fire, and began speaking in other tongues. Every seeker in that meeting did likewise. This permanently established the doctrine as a tenet of the new movement.

Brother Hall ministered to our camp meeting that following summer, and henceforth became a great blessing; to our work, and to us. For about forty years this noble character was a fearless, outspoken evangelist among us.

All that he was by birth, breeding, intellect, and talents was humbly at the Master's disposal . . . and how God used him!

A successful soulwinner, Brother Hall never failed to sweep his audience along with him, clinching every point, as he logically, sanely, scripturally, and powerfully tore them loose from old unscriptural, thought-patterns, and sent them out into the full stream of God's unchanging Word, will, and work.

He had an unusual gift of mimicry. Often, where words might have been resented, he got his idea happily across with a quick impish smile and a droll, expressive gesture which did the trick perfectly.

A profound thinker, his logic was irrefutable. Coupled with a ready wit, and upon occasion, an effective touch of sarcasm, his mimicry could so successfully point up pulpit pomposity or ostentation—his pet peeve—or any other insincerity which he needed to expose, that an

audience would shake with laughter. But, he would go serenely and gravely on with his discourse. In this way he could accomplish in a moment what mere words perhaps could never have done.

He was a man of unusual personal distinction, of high principles, uncompromising and faithful. But, he attacked only that which was contrary to the Word of God.

I have sometimes heard our leaders remind young preachers to be original, telling them above all not to try to copy L. C., for there was only one L. C. Hall, and there could never be another. We called him "The Prince of Evangelists" because he had neither equal nor peer. An accomplished musician, he composed many deeply spiritual hymns which were much loved and appreciated.

A truly great soul, he since has gone on to the city of God, but his work remains.



Brunner Tabernacle (Houston, Texas). Howard Goss standing at right end of front row.



Dr. Lemuel C. Hall, noted pioneer in the early 20th century Pentecostal movement. In 1925 L. C. Hall was elected Chairman of the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance.

Holy Boldness and Willing Hearts

At this point, I would like to pay tribute to the character, zeal, and consecration of all these early workers. They were truly the salt of the earth. Their consecration and sincerity was so deep that there was no room for anything other than God and His sweet will in their lives.

A scriptural characteristic which all alike possessed, and one which invariably accompanied both the early and the latter rain outpourings of the Holy Ghost, was a spirit of prevailing prayer and holy boldness. Prayer being of a private nature, this scriptural boldness became an indisputable sign to the public, a sign that no one could quite explain away. This was one thing our opponents could not get around. Perhaps a lack of fear might describe this attitude more clearly. Later, as ministers, their grand imperturbability under stress, their complete composure whether with high or low, their courage in every kind of situation, inspired confidence and trust, made them leaders worthy to be followed.

As Verkuyl renders it: "As they observed the freedom of speech on the part of Peter and John and took it that they were men without schooling or skill, they marveled, and they recognized them as having been with Jesus.

Besides, looking at the man standing with them perfectly healed, they had nothing controversial to say.”

Anyone who was convincible at all could find God in our meetings, for God revealed Himself in His glory to all those whose hearts were hungry for more of Him.

When platform-shy young boys and girls, as well as older people, would stand up among friends and acquaintances, sometimes with even antagonistic relatives present, and give a rousing testimony about the things of God, they knew these people “had been with Jesus,” for this could not possibly have been done without some tremendous assistance. It was astonishing what God did for many people in this way.

I remember one little ten-year-old boy from the mountains, who had never seen a street car, nor electricity, nor even a restroom, preach night after night under the power of the Spirit, while great crowds of sophisticated city people sat in astonishment at the words which flowed from his lips. I heard many comment, “He could not possibly know what he is saying!” This was true. His address was scholarly, his rhetoric flawless, his arguments and exposition profound. That God spoke through him, I never heard anyone doubt.

Again, some who later became top-flight executives in our work were as children, and so far as a knowledge of the world was concerned, not too far ahead of baby robins . . . children of the wild—children of nature. But, God saw their inherent ability, coupled with a great hunger for Himself, so He began their tutelage under the Holy Spirit,

which developed all their powers to the highest degree. When God calls an individual, He allows not only for the exact work he is to do, but for the preparation for that work as well.

One of the reasons that some educational centers are often harmful to young preachers is that certain teachers or instructors, like the proverbial bull in the china shop, lack the heavenly wisdom and knowledge of things spiritual, which enables them to understand the delicate nuances of the Spirit of God. Unless these men are deeply consecrated, totally selfless, and solely dependent upon the Holy Ghost in their teaching, they will surely do untold harm and little, if any, good. For the young minister student, life, which had promised so much, becomes a tragedy. Worse still, they may never discover the cause of their failure.

One great stumblingblock, however, to the naturally-minded church member, as well as to the teacher, is the incomprehensible difference between the Spirit-filled Christian and the nominal church attendant; between the scriptural “walking in the Spirit,” and “walking in the flesh.” “For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are, the sons of God.” The first is “led” by the Spirit as a constant way of life. The other decides what he considers is right to do (perhaps also scriptural) and expects—yea, might even ask—God to bless it. And God does—in a way. Even the sinner who upholds virtue, honor, and integrity has the reward within himself, as well as God’s approbation on clean living. A highly moral man, apart from salvation

entirely, sometimes lives such a life. But, the sad part is that these last are all alike without a Savior, and thus have no scriptural promise of ever seeing heaven, because they have not actually been adopted into God's family, nor have they legally become His child, and thereby have no rightful claim on Him.

We all strove to be great soulwinners, always attempting to pack "just one more" fish into the usually full gospel net.

"Action" was our watchword. Jesus "went about" doing good.

Men of constant prayer and faith are usually men of accomplishment. In the beginning God made His pattern for preaching so uncomplicated that, given a willing mind, even a child could successfully follow it. For scriptural preaching is entirely dependent for its power upon the Holy Spirit. Preaching, we felt, served mainly to hold the audience at attention while God mightily strove with them and deftly worked! While we expounded the Holy Scriptures, heated on our part by prayer, fasting, self-denial, and consecrated and concentrated zeal, all unsuspected by the audience, God was so adroitly manipulating every heart, mind, and conscience, that few people could be the same again after sitting through one service. God made grappling hooks of His Pentecostal preachers rather than bookworms.

Those who succumbed to being bookworms, those who did not enjoy the strenuous swimming which the full tide of God's rescue operations required, He gently

steered toward quiet, shallow waters where we lost sight of them. They could be satisfied with less, so less they got! Why? Because books are in themselves only dead things. They cannot, apart from God, give life. Alone they are inactive, inoperative. A book is too still to generate life by itself.

Men who are in a dying condition need quick work—quick operations and great presence of mind on the part of the operator—if life is to be restored before it is too late.

Our ministers worked together like a lifesaving crew, each manning his own station, or city, for God actively superintended those “led by the Spirit.” Thus, all Bible colleges have it in their power to turn out either bookworms or soulwinners, because there are primarily two predominant types of sermons, as well as men. One type attempts to produce a sermon which is a rare treat of intellectual perfection, flawlessly presented, designed mainly to be contemplated and enjoyed, much as a poem, painting, or some other work of a great master is appreciated.

The other type of sermon may be only presenting the bare, naked truths of Scripture, but is skillfully designed to produce the fervent activism of obedience, and start man toward God. As in all else, between these two extremes lies the middle ground where study and action are both used in suitable proportion as needed.

Early disciples, as well as those of later date, spoke with the authority of both a dynamic revelation of truth direct from God to their own hearts, and out of the fullness

of their own soul's dramatic experiences with God . . . an unbeatable combination of dynamics in any age.

The formula for revivals, with healings, miracles, signs, and wonders following, still is: be fully obedient to God and His Word yourself, then preach the Word until the Word takes hold.

Many of our most successful early workers had no formal education for the ministry. Their training was received on the field, under the tutelage of the Holy Ghost, as they went. But, that was spiritually sufficient. Churches were established which stand today—soul-saving stations which are a monument to what God can accomplish through men who yield to Him. Neither these early pioneers, nor the humble beginnings of many of our large churches, should be forgotten amid the great temporal and spiritual prosperity existing among us today.

But, sad to say, a few second-generation preachers are now being tempted to sow the seeds of careless living, to eat the bread of idleness and to neglect prayer and Bible reading, while apparently waiting for someone to drop a finished pastorate with its attendant revenue into their laps. We had some of these in the early days, too, but the last I heard of most of them, they were still waiting. The trouble, at least with some, was that they did not recognize opportunity when they saw it.

Comforting is the thought that somewhere along its length, every busy street presents an opportunity and a challenge to step out and begin presenting the gospel. Every city, town, and suburb presents opportunities so

numerous that the God-called and aggressive heart is always overwhelmed by the vastness of the white harvest field.

Although one's place may not be in a full-time ministry, there are, however, hundreds of other places, important or not, depending upon how one looks at it, which need developing. Because one may not see an opportunity is no reason to become discouraged. A man can find some other line of Christian activity, and execute it with all his heart and soul. To such I would say: God needs you, and will surely use and bless your service when presented to Him.

Many years ago, when calico was priced at five to ten cents a yard, a sixteen-year-old girl with only one calico dress to her name had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. She answered a distant call for cotton-pickers. While picking barefoot in the fields, she kept praying for, and witnessing to the "pickers" around her, intensely hoping they might find the Christ she had found. As there was no church of her faith nearby, some of her fellow workers secured the use of a schoolhouse for evening prayer meetings. There, she testified and sang to them of her experience as best she could. Some of her listeners became soundly converted and a great revival started. When it became too big for her to handle, she sent for a minister to help her. He forged it into a good and prosperous assembly. She had no call to preach, but she just did "what she could do."

Years later, we had a tremendous revival in Malvern,

Arkansas because of the dedication of one dear sister. Unlike some meetings, in which we would have to be patient until a breakthrough came, there was a mighty outpouring in Malvern from the very first night. By the time we had closed out, over 250 souls had been saved and baptized in the Holy Ghost. All this was possible because one woman, after having been filled with the Holy Ghost, herself, had spent the greater part of every day for five years travelling in intercessory prayer, pleading for the souls of her neighbors, acquaintances, and the surrounding countryside. The answer to her prayers was indeed overwhelming. She had "done what she could do."

Occurrences similar to this happened over and over because our people, wherever they went, either preached or testified of the Gospel, and God gave the increase. Woodrow Wilson once said, "It is enthusiasm that sets the powers free."

Whenever my wife and I went to a new town to preach the baptism of the Holy Ghost to the people, our first order of business would be to gain the attention of the people. My wife, who was the evangelist in the family, would open with remarks similar to this: "I'm no prophet, so I cannot tell you how this meeting is going to turn out. But, there is one thing I can be sure of: All the best Christians in this town will receive our message, as well as receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost with speaking in tongues. No matter how long they have thought they were already filled with the Spirit, they will acknowledge to you later that they were honestly mistaken. You tell them for me that God

has a wonderful surprise for them down here at the tent.”

We could freely prophesy this because God had responded this way wherever we went. I knew God was sealing true Christians around the world, getting them ready for His return. I was confident in the knowledge that if there were not some of His children, who He planned to fill with the Holy Ghost, in a particular town, we would never have been led there to hold a meeting. God knew who His children were, and never failed to lead them to the very greenest of pastures.

Nothing is hard to a willing mind. All success is dependent upon this fact. And we were willing to suffer; willing to go hungry; willing to be cold, uncomfortable, insecure; to take beatings, misrepresentations; to become the butt of jokes and pranks; to suffer losses; to be deprived of rest, of home, of loved ones; to be thrown on a cold and unfriendly world without money and often without a place to lay our heads; to accept joyfully any persecution or trouble the Lord allowed the devil to stir up, while praying for the salvation of our tormentors, because we believed all the Bible, and could see where it said, “All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.” And we surely did love Him and were definitely called to His work.

This same difficulty is still found in the mission field wherever a new work is being opened up. Only a few days ago a missionary said publicly that one of his converted native young men came to them, and while discussing the

possibility of opening a station in a new district, said: "Well, I'm not worth much in a venture like this, but I'd be willing to go along and take the beatings myself instead of you." Bless his heart! He had already learned from experience that he could take it. And so had we.

Millicent McClendon, a noted evangelist of pioneers days. Later the young wife of H. A. Goss.





Howard Goss, his first wife, Millicent, who died following childbirth.

Life on the Evangelistic Trail

You may wonder about these evangelistic “Bands” mentioned before. They were an integral and vitally necessary part of evangelistic efforts. Physically, the most attractive feature of our work was the newness of young people all on fire for God.

An old saying, widely believed and fatalistically accepted, was: “young folks must first sow their crop of wild oats before becoming Christians, in order to get it out of their systems.” Consequently, very little attention was paid to youth at all. Naturally, everyone was greatly surprised when they first heard our young workers praising the Lord, “right out loud!” . . . “and not in church, either.”

From the very first Pentecostal revival, God got the attention of the young people, and began calling out those whom He had chosen for leaders. Older leaders were chosen, also, but the ratio was perhaps six to one. Joel’s prophecy (Joel 2:21-32) was often used as a sermon text. Other passages in this end-time latter rain prophetic book were frequently used also. The impact of their fulfillment before one’s very eyes was terrific.

Then, too, we found that several deeply-consecrated, vitally-interested persons, concentrating heaven-propelled

prayers on one locality, brought results. Rarely could one evangelist go into a new field alone, and turn the community upside down for God in a short time. Jesus did not attempt it, far less then should we.

All of us lived entirely by faith, and would have been thought by the workers to be hopelessly backslidden had anyone mentioned a salary, or suggested a certain sum as desirable. As we took the Scriptures literally, "Having food and raiment let us be therewith content," we were full. The vast majority of us went gladly anywhere God sent us, leaving it entirely up to Him for the supplying of our needs. Sometimes it was only used clothing—perhaps a gift—but the heart of the giver was kind. Perhaps a garment was entirely unsuited to us, but we wore it thankfully, happy that we had achieved enough humility to do so. We literally proved the statement: "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Our only concern was that our lives, in every detail, be lived exactly to Bible pattern.

Consistently enough there had to be unity. Anyone who could not keep the unity of the Spirit with every other member of his band was either given a railroad ticket and sent home, or perhaps given another chance in a different band. But, no disunity could be allowed. The power of God would not fall upon such a condition. We often saw it happen that when there was disagreement no one could be prayed through at the altar service. Meetings would be locked tight, finances would fail, and the heavens turn to brass.

Husbands and wives sometimes failed through lack of

harmony, accord, or unity with each other. Prayers would go unanswered until they acquired unity. Once all was clear, the heavens would open again, the power of God would fall upon the seekers once more, and all would be well. Whenever we struck a snag of any kind we fasted and prayed until it was removed. It could be said that this movement was born, grew, and flourished on the Bible formula: obedience, faith, fasting, and prevailing prayer.

In one meeting, the break in the revival had come and people were getting through to the Lord at the altar service night after night as fast as popping corn.

But, on another occasion, instead of the usual liberty, everything was bound. For three days no new converts came forward. No one prayed through. Liberty was gone. Everything was at a standstill. The leader and his wife examined their own hearts. As far as they knew, there was nothing wrong anywhere. The workers with them seemed to know of nothing. They knew the Lord was displeased, but where to find the trouble? They had to start fasting and praying to discover the hindrance.

On the third night, as they neared home, the leader glimpsed two of the young workers, a girl and a boy, who had come home ahead of them, standing and talking under a light in the back hall. With the glimpse came the knowledge of what was wrong. He went in and asked them at once if they "were sweet on each other" (the current expression then), and they confessed it. A harmless little flirtation we would call it today, but it successfully cut off God's power because they had not only broken their

agreement, but were putting “self” first. Each worker who went out had to agree to the ruling: “no courting on the field.” When anyone broke this agreement, they were automatically disqualified. God is a God of principle and honor. After they had voluntarily given their word, God had a right to expect them to live up to it.

After both young people had sought God’s forgiveness, the boy was sent back to headquarters the next day, and that night God’s power came down again as before.

I might say here that only the highest form of lovemaking was allowed at any time. People whom God had joined together in the spirit of marriage did not hinder a meeting at all. In a revival (and we were in one almost all the time) it could often be told which love affair had God’s approval and which was only a flirtation, by whether God honored it or not, in letting His power fall as usual.

To become a shirker, a deserter, or to be indolent was anathema. “No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God” (Luke 9:62). Anyone who deserted his post for any reason other than complete physical inability to carry on, was disgraced, and almost never found his place again in God’s work. If he attempted a comeback, some fundamental personal weakness seemed to prevent him from succeeding permanently. Many easily-discouraged people have felt the call of God, and over the years have gone into the work. But, when the going got rough, or became monotonous—which it seldom was—they found

excuses for themselves, and returned home, never to attempt the work again. Some lost touch with God entirely, and were thought of as failures for both time and eternity.

Now I have come to believe that God may call some for a special duty during a certain period of time, and when the task is finished, their work is done, and they go back to take up their usual routine again. Such can be a great blessing to God's work. For transportation our workers rode in trains or horse-drawn carriages, if they could afford it. If not, they rode bicycles, or in lumber wagons; some went horseback, some walked. Often they waded creeks. At times men removed their clothes, tied their bundles above their heads and swam rivers. How they got where God wanted them wasn't important. To be there: that was the thing!

The workers lived wherever a vacant place was opened to them: in mansions, lovely residences, old hotels, old stores, abandoned buildings, Negro rent houses, covered wagons, shacks, tents, or under any other kind of shelter.

In establishing new works, vacant residences were usually scarce. Sometimes they were nonexistent. My wife and I finally learned that in almost every town there was one, if not more, supposed-to-be "haunted house." Most of them were in excellent condition. As a vacant house produced no revenue, the owners were always glad to let us have one for as long as we wished—rent free. Our occupancy always broke the spell of fear over the

community, and every haunted house we left became henceforth a good money-maker.

None of us had any furniture, as far as I can remember, that could rightfully be called furniture. It was rare that anything but discarded furnishings were ever given to us. We slept on every kind of bed: on wooden slats covered with a ticking filled with dried corn husks; on benches in the church, after the crowd was gone; on the ground; on the floor; on tables, or on two or three chairs placed side by side; under trees—anywhere. The reason for this was that we went everywhere if we thought we could rescue a lost soul. If Jesus would have gone, we went. We always remembered that Jesus had no place to lay His head; that He slept in a stable; and so considered ourselves better off than He was.

We put up with bedbugs, flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, fleas, and rats when it became necessary. In fact, we sometimes had a suspicion that the devil sent these creatures along in droves to discourage us and send us home. But, God often freed us from such plagues by a miracle.

Once, in Joplin, Missouri, Hardy Mitchell and his wife arrived first to engage and prepare quarters for a short-term Bible school. Among other buildings, they rented two large three story residences in good condition, and were surprised that such good buildings were vacant, and held at such low rentals. Even so, it was all they could afford, so they rejoiced and thanked God.

They rented furniture for both houses, and chose their

own room. That night, as soon as the lights were out, an army of bedbugs began to march on them. The bugs came in droves, out of the walls, and from all parts of the room. Horrified, Brother and Sister Mitchell stayed up for several hours trying to evade them. Killing them proved to be unsuccessful, as reinforcements quickly took the place of the dead ones. They were heart-sick! They had never thought of bugs! Their money was all gone, and the workers would begin to arrive early the next morning! Finally, in sheer desperation, Brother Mitchell stood up, and in the name of the Lord, rebuked every bedbug in that house or in any other building he had rented, commanding them to leave immediately. He told his wife that it was now up to them to lie down quietly in faith and go to sleep. Believe it or not, sleep they did—undisturbed! A hundred or more people attended that school and not one trace of bedbugs was ever seen.

Hardy Mitchell was one evangelist, who, with only his wife accompanying him, could go into a new field and have a good revival started within a week's time. He was a tall, handsome, young man with crisp blond curls. He had callused knees, so his wife said, from kneeling beside his bed in prayer. He really worked at praying. When he was not in meetings, she said he often spent eighteen hours a day talking with God. He was answered accordingly with signs and wonders, several times raising the dead to life.

His wife, a lovely girl, played the organ for him. She never failed to kneel at the organ stool, praying silently, earnestly, and effectively while he preached. His altar

service was usually a landslide.

Without this God-given, nonetheless human, ability to sacrifice and endure hardships, neither the Pentecostal work at home nor abroad, as it exists today, could have been possible. Many willing hands helped turn the wheels of the chariot when the going was heavy; strong backs everywhere helped when it was needed. It was and still is a tale of loving sacrifice gladly given. It called, to borrow a phrase, for "blood, sweat, and tears," but it brought far more happiness than tears, for the tears that hurt were only those shed in despair at our own weaknesses, inabilities, or lack of holy hearts. But, the joy of enduring for Jesus' sake a little of what He endured for us and of "triumphing" everywhere so that Christ became "the odor of a sweet smell." How I thank God for the small part I was allowed to play in this great last day move of God, and for all the great souls, both men and women, who played their part nobly and well, and who gladly and happily bore the brunt of the fighting.

There was, by common consent, little joking or teasing. But, I believe this always happens in times of stress or strain. Years after, when pressure had lightened, and our numbers had grown, we, too, could relax somewhat. By then, we had many willing hands, heads, and hearts to help us to carry the burden.

Perhaps the early church did the same thing. When lives are in danger, few people can relax enough to joke or tease. This has always been the norm, I think, for completely dedicated souls in any age.

Of course, many amusing things happened, which, when retold to the group, provoked a good laugh, and managed momentarily to relax our seriousness.

The daily routine began with Bible study and prayer each morning. Prayer used up spare moments during any hour, day or night.

We preached to people in factories each noon hour. House-to-house visitations filled the afternoons. Street meetings were conducted every night, as were evening evangelistic services. Then came the altar service of prayer and seeking God, which lasted until the last seeker had ceased praying. This could be anywhere from midnight to six o'clock the next morning. The girls usually stayed until the women seekers were gone. The boys remained with the men, who were usually the last to leave. The altar service was the crowning climax to our day, the one in which we could really see all our labor and sacrifices bearing fruit.

Converts made in this way were a replica of ourselves—earnest, sincere, devoted. These were the most rewarding hours which, I believe, ever came to any man or woman.

As individuals, we gathered up all our resources—scattered moments of time, used and unused talents, capabilities—and threw them all wisely, and with a glorious abandon, into God's work here on earth.

Since all sin, slight disobediences, and procrastinations were gone, there was no friction within our beings, and we could see clearly, judge wisely, plan

capably, and execute efficiently. Of course, we didn't realize this then, but looking back, and also judging by results, it seems so. We could follow the Lord's lead without hindrance. Be that as it may, when fused into a whole, each one of us slipped into and held the position where he was needed most, without jealousy, rivalry, envy, or any other of the "works of the flesh" which never fail to hinder success.

Watching some of these bands synchronize with God, one was reminded spiritually of the picture King Solomon drew of the Lord and His church in one of his beautiful word paintings:

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an
army with banners . . . thou art beautiful, O my love"
(Song of Solomon 6).

No wonder the devil hated them, for in God's hands they were invincible, and wrought great destruction in Satan's ranks.

Of course, these bands were all conducted in the strictest possible manner. If there was a married couple or an elderly woman in the band, they usually acted as chaperons, becoming responsible to God and to the State Overseer for the conduct of us all.

"Neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common" (Acts 4:32).

Home, friends, comfort, money . . . everything on earth was forgotten in the all-consuming desire for the salvation of lost souls, and for God's truth to be made known. Consequently, those who went into the work left everything behind.

The personal holiness, purity of principle, and motive demanded of each of us was so great, comparatively speaking, that many onlookers believed we were either insane over religion, or drunk on some glorious dream.

Sometimes we almost had to pinch ourselves to find out whether or not we could be dreaming, we were so gloriously changed.

But, we knew only too well that our sins were gone! Disappeared! They were cast so far away we had even forgotten what they were like! And God had forgotten, too.

But, with us always—when we tried proving it to ourselves—was the unquestionable knowledge, deeper than reason could analyze, of the bedrock fact of our constantly answered personal prayers.

Requests for everything—our health, our clothing, and our food, meal by meal—was routed through heaven back to us. All of us were kept well: A place to live, a place to preach, transportation, words with which to grip and move an audience toward God—all these things had the same routing and the same fulfillment.



D. C. O. Opperman, well-known Bible Hattie Allen, an early worker, teacher who was elected Presbyter of later married to D. C. O. the Assemblies of God in 1916. The Opperman. She stood following year he was elected Chairman faithfully with her husband of The General Assembly of the through their many years of Apostolic Assemblies. successful ministry.

Living by Faith

After the Waco school closed, Millicent and I spent the spring of 1907 opening a work in McGregor, Texas. We labored there for several weeks. Then the greatest test of our whole lives came, as Satan struck our movement a terrible blow from within.

One of our leading ministers fell into an awful sin, which turned out to be only a temporary affair. He repented, confessed, was forgiven, and afterward lived an exemplary life so far as I ever heard. However, this discouraged our Texas workers so that most of them left the field and went home. Our band remained with us at McGregor. After this happened, there were no more workers to oversee.

Since the system which had previously been set up to advance the work was dissolved, I resigned as field director of Texas. Later, at the camp meeting that summer, A. G. Canada was appointed field director. Under his leadership, many of the workers came back on the field and began to hold revivals. So, the work started forward again, but without any formal organization. L. C. Hall attended this camp meeting, which was his first after he had received the baptism.

With the company of workers, we prepared to go to Austin, Texas to open a work. Dan and Rosa Caldwell, and Walter Hall rounded out our band. When we were ready to leave for Austin, we found we had no train fare. For several days the five of us prayed and waited on God to supply our need. Finally, the Lord touched Sister Katie Field's heart, and she supplied our fare.

Arriving in Austin, where no one had ever heard of this new movement, we had \$1.35 among the five of us. The women sat in the depot all day while we went out to locate a place for our tent—an old tarpaulin which we had brought up with us from Houston. After a brief search, I went to a residence to inquire about a vacant lot next door. I told the woman who answered the door that I wanted to put up a gospel tent in which to conduct a revival. As I turned to leave, she called, "Will you please wait a moment?" She went into the house and returned with a five dollar bill which she handed to me. No word of finances had been mentioned. Later on in the day, while inquiring about a different lot in another section of the city a second woman gave me five dollars for expenses. Still later, a third five was given me. At a lumber yard a man gave me \$2.50. When I returned to the depot, I had secured a lot, had lumber for seats, and despite having mentioned our need to no one, had \$17.50 in cash left—a large sum in those days. We rented a residence and furniture the next day, put up the tent, seated it, and were ready for the revival.

The Lord truly sent in the people, for by this time

many had heard of us and were curious to know about this new religion. At first, we were very disturbed by the antagonistic crowds around the tent, and by the persecution and opposition of some of the townspeople. Feelings ran high. The city police did not see fit to protect us or to enforce order. However, a unit of Texas Rangers was stationed a few blocks away, and when I was forced to appeal to them for help, they gave us adequate protection in true, old-time Texas Ranger style. We soon had a great revival on our hands.

Many of the best people of the town now attended the services, and accepted the message. Although I kept no account—as we never counted our converts—there must have been at least 150 to 200 filled with the Spirit, and many more healed and saved.

Millicent had started preaching about the same time I had received the Baptism, and God mightily used her as an evangelist, her special gift. Our workers called her “Little David” because of her remarkable preaching ability, her beautiful alto voice, and because one of her best sermons was about the meeting of David and Goliath. God used her mightily here in Austin, as she did most of the night preaching.

Our tent was first located on East Twelfth Street. Then, we held another meeting on East First Street. Later in the fall we rented a hall uptown, and the revival continued. When we were ready to leave Austin, we turned the work over to J. D. Shumack, while we went on to Snyder, Texas to hold another revival.

Millicent had been to Snyder in a meeting before we were married, and God had given her outstanding success. From Snyder, we went north to my home church in Galena, Kansas, for a meeting. Sister Fannie Dobson was still pastor, and my dear mother was a member of her congregation. During the services, Mother received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and talked in tongues accompanied by holy laughter.

When I first left home to go into the ministry, my father told me never to darken his doors again. I went away thinking I would never again be welcomed into his house. But, I wrote constantly to Mother about my work. Perhaps she relayed this news to him. I do not know. When I returned to Galena, I did not go to my father's home, but to the parsonage where my wife and I were to be entertained.

Soon, Mother said to Father:

"We ought to have Howard and Millicent out to dinner some day.

"Shall we invite them on Sunday?"

To which he replied, "Yes, if you want them."

Whether he had forgotten what he had said previously, or whether he chose to overlook it, I never knew. He welcomed us in his usual quiet way and nothing was said. Several years later, he, himself, and one of my brothers were converted in a Methodist revival held in Galena, and were united with the church. Now, almost the entire family are church people. Truly, we had a great time in the Lord during our stay there.

After that revival, we were asked to go to Lucas, Iowa, to open a new work. We went there in February of 1908. It was rather cold for Millicent, since she had been brought up only a few miles from the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Several of the Texas workers were with us, including young Hardy Mitchell, the boy preacher, of Houston. He was a great help to us, and with my wife, both being evangelists, shared the night preaching. I taught the Bible in the afternoon services. Some of our prominent workers came into Pentecost during that meeting, Brother John Goben among them.

We went to Des Moines, then to Centerville, Iowa, where we held a revival. We returned to Texas, by way of Galena, and worked in and around Houston for awhile.

While in Iowa, we were invited to stay in the home of a millionaire. He was so tight, however, that even though it was in the dead of winter, he refused to furnish adequate heat. Fifty degrees proved to be too cold, especially for the Southerners in our group. As a part of our host's stinginess, he not one time provided a warm meal for us, but fed us on cold sliced beef and baker's bread. Nevertheless, we did our best to endure hardship as good soldiers, and were thankful to God for what He had provided.

After a series of meetings in San Antonio, we revisited Austin, and returned to Houston for the camp meeting in the Brunner Tabernacle in July 1908.

After this camp, Brother E. J. Bayse, a Pentecostal business man who had formerly lived in Houston, but was

now in Stuttgart, Arkansas, bought us a large, new gospel tent, and asked us to come to Arkansas to open up new fields there.

We used the tent in Stuttgart, Pine Bluff, Redfield, Hot Springs, Malvern, and Benton. This tent became a real blessing to God's work, and the means of many, many people finding God, for He certainly wrought mightily in Arkansas at that time.

We invited Brother Frank Anderson of San Antonio, a young tinsmith, to assist us in some of these meetings. He left his business, joined us in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and proved to be a great blessing in prayer and altar work. These two elements were the outward essentials upon which all our revivals were built.

Brother Anderson tells a story which goes something like this: For some time the Lord had been dealing with him to leave all things and enter the ministry. He had noticed, however, that many of the workers on the field had not been able to renew their original wardrobe once it had served its usefulness, so he hesitated.

He and his brother were getting a new business on its feet, and he was reluctant to leave it, just as it was beginning to pay well. In the meantime, he had purchased a large new trunk, and had been laying away articles of clothing, some by the dozens of pairs, and some by the half dozen, until he had all he wanted. Finally, he began to add several new tailor-made suits to this array. He decided that now he had enough good clothing to keep them well dressed for several years to come. So, when the

unexpected call came, he left his business to his brother and bought a few extra things to divide with other young preachers who were in need. Then, he joined our band at Pine Bluff.

Before he arrived, we had rented a residence in which there was a rear lean-to room. This became Brother Frank's room, and in it he neatly arranged all his possessions. The meeting was progressing nicely. There was teaching in the day services and evangelistic preaching at night. The crowds were coming, and on the whole, things were not nearly as bad as Brother Frank had expected them to be.

However, one night during the service, someone came and told the workers that our house was on fire. When Brother Frank arrived, he found that only his room had caught fire, and that its contents had been destroyed before the firemen could extinguish the flames. The clothes on his back were now his only possessions. He said he knew instantly why God had allowed it to happen. In trying to provide and insure himself against hardships of any kind, he had cut himself off from the privilege of knowing God's care and provision in times of need. He said he learned then and there never to try to insulate himself from God, and thus stunt his own spiritual growth, but always to trust God, who knew what was best. Later, Brother Anderson became a successful pastor and evangelist and was much used of God in the gifts as well.

Persecuted, But Not Forsaken

Since its inception, the Pentecostal way has never been an easy one, nor was it in our day. When anyone stepped out from the crowd or from the religious world, they immediately became a target for the enemy. Many pastors had preached, no doubt sincerely, for so many years, that healing was not for present-day people; that it was only a special power given to the apostles to help establish the early, infant church; that gifts or miracles of any kind had “died” with the apostles. The church, for the most part, was thoroughly convinced that all this was true. So, for some unknown, unorthodox people, especially young people, to come preaching that all this power was restored in Christ, was so astounding and so unbelievable that the majority did not believe it, nor do many today.

But, supposedly to claim to have been baptized in the Holy Ghost, which only the twelve apostles were choice enough to receive, with divine evidence sent down from heaven itself, was to many, especially to God-fearing people, well nigh to blasphemy.

Oftentimes, people would be so aghast that they would exclaim: “Why, they must think they are better than God Himself, for even Jesus did not have that experience!”

Such was many a person's conception of a Bible they could not understand. Some did suggest that this might even be the sin against the Holy Ghost. But, the Scriptures were so plain on the subject, and God so unmistakably "bore us witness, both with signs and wonders," that after a few years of unintentional, nevertheless, intense persecution, all our gainsayers found that no matter how wrong they may have thought we were, their persecution of us only fanned the flame.

God came to our defense whenever we needed it; He protected and preserved us. They soon found that the traps they set for us sprang upon themselves. But, many years passed in the interim.

Numerous are the experiences which could be cited of persecutions suddenly stopped and of hindrances removed. Almost every town we opened up to this gospel had similar instances of how God helped and delivered us. A few of these will suffice.

Brother Lyons, who was converted around 1906, loved to tell of his experiences when the Pentecostal message was brought to Arlington, Texas. His route, as a milk wagon driver, lay past the residence that had been rented for the revival workers. As the surrounding countryside was quite flat, he could easily see the worker's garden, which lay two or three blocks off the main road, as he passed each morning. Early each day, just as the sky was beginning to light up, he would pass by, and would see Millicent McClendon, girl evangelist, walking up and down the garden pathways, her arms raised to heaven in

earnest prayer. Being the rough and wild-of-heart sinner that he was, this infuriated him more and more each day. Finally, he felt that he could easily and gladly kill the entire band. After talking around, he discovered several of the other men in the town felt the same way. So, a few nights later, a gang of them went to the tent, fully prepared to “run them out of town for good.”

That night he stood with his gang outside the tent. The same little freckled-faced, redheaded girl evangelist mightily preached under the power of the Spirit. God took hold of Brother Lyons, and when the altar call was given, he fell to his knees, calling upon God for mercy. He later found that the rest of the group were there beside him praying and seeking God. Not too long after, he began preaching, and had many years of successful ministry before he was called home.

Another time, much later, when we were trying to get a foothold for God’s work in a city in Arkansas, a certain spot seemed to the workers to be the most suitable location—a spot God wanted them to have. But, a woman real estate agent, who jointly owned the property, blocked the way, and refused to sell. Finally, she said that she “would see them in - - - first.” The next day, an automobile in which she was riding turned over down a hillside. She was killed instantly, although no one else was even hurt. The deal went through. God had many souls in that city whom He proposed to save, heal, and fill with the Spirit, and He did just that.

Many a man was converted while honestly trying to

decide whether or not to help run the workers out of town. If the devil couldn't incite the people with one tale, he quickly invented another for circulation. However, he often let his enthusiasm get the best of him, making up a lie that served to draw people, rather than keep them away. Such was the "hypnotism" tale.

It was rumored in many of the towns where we went that the workers, especially the preacher, had the power to hypnotize folks, bring them to the altar, and induce them to speak in tongues. Few at that time had ever seen a hypnotist or knew his limitations. So, instead of being persuaded to stay away, they were drawn to the services out of sheer curiosity. But, we could live with Satan's entire "bag of tricks," so long as people kept coming to the services and getting saved.

When, as a young girl, my present wife first came to our services, it was through this tale. She had seen hypnotists give a few public demonstrations and felt quite sure she could tell by watching us whether we hypnotized people or not. She and her eldest brother came, and during the altar service, while several hundred seekers were praying, drew close where she would be sure to miss nothing. She decided at once there was no "hypnotic power" in Millicent, as she did not have the personality for it. She studied Brother Garrigher, but he was very fair, and appeared quite mild. Then, as Ethel did nothing by halves, they waited until I came near to speak to someone. When they saw my "small, yellow eyes," she and her brother left. Recounting her opinion of it to him, disparagingly and

inelegantly, she said of me: “As for him, he couldn’t hypnotize a cat!”

But, we could never be sure we were not going to be injured. Some workers were attacked, some were beaten, some had bones broken, some were jailed, some were made to leave town, some were rotten-egged, and some were shot at. We were stoned, but at least we were never “sawn asunder.”

Church services were disturbed by roughnecks for many years. Tents, buildings, and sometimes residences were burned; drinking water was poisoned, and windows were broken. We were sometimes threatened by angry mobs or by raging individuals when some member of their family had been converted. Often, we had no protection; there were times when the police chose to close their eyes because we were the strangers, while the city paid them a salary.

But, the most perplexing and annoying thing of all was that almost always, in a first revival, the devil sent in some people who would temporarily seem to lose their minds during the service, requiring several strong men to hold them still. God usually handled this disturbance by causing some leading, levelheaded, cracker-barrel authority to say dryly, “Well, they didn’t have far to go. This might have happened anywhere they went.” Which was true. This usually removed the reproach for us, and quieted public talk.

We privately knew, however, that Satan had been forced—bound by the body of this person—to come nearer

to us than he enjoyed, and that he was responding in biblical New Testament fashion. We always saw that the Satan-sent person got home safely. After a day or so of prayer for them, they were always okay.

The hardest thing of all, though, was to see one of our own young converts driven by Satan. But, fortunately, this rarely happened. Usually, after counseling with those who had been taken in sin, it was discovered that aside from some basic physical weakness, they had left some spiritual gate of disobedience open, an entrance through which Satan could attack them. The fact that they had deliberately sinned, and thus left the protective custody of the blood of Christ, was hazardous enough. But, when they refused to make things right, Satan began to play up his advantage. This, coupled with an accusing conscience, was disastrous.

God could not protect them because they had strayed behind Satan's battleline, and would be held prisoner until they repented and called on God for restoration.

Suffering was characteristic of aggressive gospel work in Jesus' day, and it still is! The devil is just as much alive as he was in Jesus' time. But so is God, Who "makes a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it." We bore it all because of our passion for the salvation of souls.

It was sometimes the case that a young worker was not satisfied, or felt that he had not won his spurs spiritually until he had had at least a few stones, tomatoes, or rotten oranges thrown at him or his tent (for

Jesus' sake). We knew that if we couldn't make that much impression on Satan's territory, something was wrong. I have seen workers exultant over persecution, feeling they had arrived; counting it joy to serve under Him, and so share a bit of His reproach.

Few of us had dreams of world conquest. God was truly our captain. He alone knew what He was doing, and we were quite willing to have it so. That He was forging the great movement which now covers the earth, never entered most of our minds. We had no ambition for anything except to be more like Jesus and more useful to Him. All our attention and time were given to the job immediately at hand. There was never any time to rest, count spoils, nor even to appreciate fully what God had already done. We were all intent upon the joy of the moment.

Ripe for Revival

The type of conversions God was giving proved so deep and powerful, so pungent and overwhelming, that lives were drastically changed from midnight into midday. Once shy, backward, and timid people became bold and adventuresome for the Lord Jesus. Their rousing testimonies carried God's message deep into all hearts. Some yielded to God; some resisted His Spirit; but they all had their chance.

Some could immediately see and recognize the presence of God and contact Him. A few scoffed or derided, according to their natures.

Many seemed to think of this movement as being some new, competitive doctrine, which a group of young irresponsibles had recently hatched, and certainly not as the "good news" of the gospel, the "tiding of great joy" which God long ago had sent through the Lord Jesus to all races, colors, and nations.

We, however, who had been fortunate enough to have eaten and drunk at His table, were so deliciously happy and overflowing with satisfaction that we could talk of little else. The field was ours. Working hard, we hoped to see the masses saved.

Because of these things, tension ran quite high at times. Our opponents, out of fear of the unusual, and a few, perhaps, jealous of the crowds, would attempt to incite the public against us.

But, we had only sympathy and pity for those who misunderstood our work. For, underneath there was a truly tragic situation.

Some southern congregations, in which the spiritual tide was low, had, prior to this, brought reproach on churches in general because they had been allowed to become filled with dead timber. Godly standards had been lowered until almost any sinner could easily join the church, and be received with open arms. In fact, sinners were often enthusiastically compelled to join such a church because some members thought they would “fit in.”

This practice was thought to be entirely scriptural. Did not the Bible say, “Go into the highways and hedges” . . . which must mean sinners, they reasoned . . . “and compel them to come in”?

Many accepted from the hand of God what He was offering; some were indifferent. A few considered us only a personal affront to them.

Some of these “cold” congregations had perhaps less than a dozen members who showed any real sign of being Christians. The atmosphere in many churches was so spiritually paralyzed that no one dared say “Amen” or “Praise the Lord” out loud, for fear of disturbing the speaker and those around them. Some preachers, I am

told, would immediately sit down if anyone dared be so bold as to show any type of emotional response. Others, more patient, would announce that if this disturbance continued, they would instruct the ushers to eject the misguided individual who was causing a scene.

One woman, who had privately received the Holy Ghost about five years before the message was preached in her area, told of being run out of every church in town for her public "Amen's" during service. She was not allowed to return to any of the places of worship because she was a "disturber of the peace." "After all," the church elders would reason, "does not the Bible tell us that all things should be done 'decently and in order?'" Saying "Amen," she was told, was "out of order."

One church, as an emergency measure, announced a business meeting each Wednesday night for as long as our revival might last, in order to withdraw fellowship from those who had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost during the previous week. I heard that during the first few weeks they released forty memberships. But, these mostly all made good Pentecostals, so we profited.

When asked why anyone would object to people getting more of God, they were told that these people were all becoming demon possessed just as people had in Jesus' day.

To this the people replied, "But we have been taught that possession by demoniac power ceased during the apostles' day. How does it happen that it is now suddenly being resurrected?"

I remember one Sunday night in the Ozark Mountains, while my wife was preaching an evangelistic sermon under a heavy anointing, that some disturbers threw a few stones and fired several shots through the windows of the church. One round passed directly before Ethel's face, but she was so absorbed in the message God was giving out through her, that she noticed nothing wrong until the audience automatically bowed over and completely disappeared among the seats.

My first reaction, when I heard it, was to duck my head behind the top of the old church organ, for I, too, had been brought up in frontier country. With the next thought, however, I realized that Ethel was standing up there alone and unprotected. Immediately I stood between her and the window from which the firing had come. She had not even heard the stones nor the shots. Aware that she suddenly had no audience, she stopped, spoke to me softly, and asked, "What happened?"

Again, when reactionists attended our meetings, it was difficult for them to understand why we had public altar services.

The most progressive of the denominational churches had gradually limited their evangelistic efforts to a two-week revival each summer. Then, they imported an evangelist to "put it over." The preaching and advice was excellent, designed to get action, and they usually had several additions to the church. It was all done very decorously and properly for fear someone might—just might—get "emotional." Throughout, they maintained what

they honestly believed was an attitude of worship. The congregation felt cramped, but they, too, hoped they were truly worshipping. If anyone became God-conscious of his sins, conscious enough to openly weep or pray, the eyes of the entire assembly were suddenly focused on him. How the news would fly the next day that this person had been publicly obstreperous.

It was felt that if one must shed tears, he could at least do so with dignity, and with as much distinction as he could possibly achieve. Placing such a restriction on repentant sinners was like setting a batch of new bread, then sitting on the cover to prevent the yeast from working. Or, like setting eggs under a hen, yet when they begin to hatch, binding the eggs so tightly that the chicks could not possibly break through. Many souls, who honestly wanted a complete experience with God, were not encouraged, nor for that matter allowed, to go beyond conviction.

Consequently, few ever really “prayed through” or touched God in the altar services. While the preaching had been mighty, the leaders of the churches had little more than contempt for the old fashioned “mourners bench.” The hungry seekers, having no one to instruct them and guide them, soon became afraid, quit praying, and stopped just short of receiving the completeness God fully intended for them to have.

They wrongly concluded, therefore, that conviction was the only “joy and peace” to be found in salvation. So, upon invitation, they could now conscientiously join the

church, believing that religion had been overrated, overemphasized, and over-preached. But, even this limited liberty in the Lord was not available except for the specified two weeks each year. As soon as the annual revival was over, everyone was expected to return to a state of “normalcy” for the remainder of the year.

But, God changed all that for thousands, as He took a parent strain of people to which “old things were passed away, and all things had become new,” bound them together, and set them working for Him. As a result, our prayer services were our main feature. We were not afraid of the fullness of God, nor of what He might do if we yielded ourselves to Him completely. Hence, these services were not held secretly. We knew we had nothing to be ashamed of, nor to apologize for, as we cared only for God’s opinion—for His work to be done here and everywhere.

Kneeling at an altar mainly served to hold people still before God, while they were encouraged, even assisted, to pray, confess, repent, believe, receive, and make direct contact with God.

Some manifestations began to appear which were not of God. A special endowment from heaven was needed at that time to sort out the doubtful demonstrations from the scriptural ones. Some we let run for awhile in order to see what kind of fruit they bore, trying faithfully and impartially to keep only those which seemed to glorify God the most.

One striking demonstration of the Spirit was new and strange to everyone. Perplexing even to us at first, it was

entirely scriptural when properly conducted. This was the seekers falling under the power of God. We soon found that many such seekers had been through a heavenly experience, and were totally unaware they had fallen. Anyway, there was seemingly no way we could curb it, for they were out like a light before we knew it, and nothing brought them to. Oblivious to everything, they kept worshipping the Lord.

We soon decided it was of God, as it usually occurred in an altar service during prayer. Like things contacting a heavily charged electrical wire, they “fell at His feet as one dead!” We remembered that even the apostle Paul had fallen to the ground and lay prone in the dusty road when Jesus appeared to him. God often came to seekers in such overwhelming power and glory that receptive humanity could scarcely retain its equilibrium while yielding to God.

God often used simple measures, when necessary, to protect us from what might have become a tumult. Once, I did not know just how things might turn out because a prominent and beautiful young church woman had lain prostrate under the power of God for several hours, while she received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This was too much for some, and a few even tried to incite the public to violence.

A local wit, a man who had often molded public opinion by a droll remark, said of them: “Well, one thing’s sure; there’s none of them got enough religion to fall under, even if they wanted to.” This set the public

laughing, and order was restored. An occurrence like this often helped our work considerably.

This phenomenon, alone, was distinguishing enough to bring thousands to watch and “wonder.” We soon saw that the prophecy of Habakkuk 1:5 was being fulfilled before our startled eyes:

“Behold ye among the heathen, and regard, and wonder marvellously: for I will work a work in your days, which ye will not believe, though it be told you.”

Paul, while preaching at Antioch, quoted this same scripture to his Jewish brethren:

“Beware therefore, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets; Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you” (Acts 13:40, 41).

This was undoubtedly spoken by Paul to people whom he hoped to see accept the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but who would not. Our leaders informed us that the manifestation mentioned above had been quite a common occurrence in the past during all great spiritual revivals. It is recorded as having happened often in John Wesley’s work, as well as in the work of many others. Some didn’t like it, of course, but that was nothing. Many didn’t like God, Himself. But, we bowed to His will and let Him work as He chose.

To some, these manifestations marked our meetings as undesirable. Yet, they successfully advertised them as well. And, we did not regard man’s judgment or praise in

such matters. God came first! How could humanity direct Him or set His limits, when we had no idea what He was planning to accomplish? Only the Holy Spirit knows fully the mind of God. Nor did we place supreme confidence in sermon construction, grammar, or delivery. All of this savored of personal ambition. Had He not baptized us into the Holy Ghost in order for Him to speak through us to this generation?

No compromise with the Scriptures was made just to please human ideas. God Himself was sufficient and versatile enough, when the pure gospel was presented by the power of the Spirit, to meet all men on their own educational levels, and thus transform their lives.

“For Christ sent me . . . ” says Paul, “to preach the gospel: not with wisdom of words”—mere words—“lest the cross of Christ be made of none effect” (I Corinthians 1:17).

Of the Corinthian revival, he explains further: “And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God” (I Corinthians 2:4, 5).

I agree that much of this is in the past, and of itself, scarcely worth recounting. But, in a full and true picture of these early days and their influence on the movement as it shaped itself, every angle has its proportionate place because, at the time, it yielded its particular influence.

Brought up in Christianity, my wife used to often say she could not possibly understand why the church at large

did not accept the real baptism of the Holy Ghost, enter into it, and make it her own. It was the logical thing to do. And they could have done it as easily as we. All had the same God, the same Bible, the same privileges, and the same promises.

How millions could possibly cut themselves off from such a heavenly bargain was hard to understand.

The Lord had baptized my wife in the Holy Ghost about six months before we arrived in her town, before she ever heard there was a Pentecostal Movement or experience. She simply became hungry for God, sought Him alone in her room, and He mightily filled her.

Why the church as a whole had allowed us to grab the ball, run with it, and win worldwide victory was a constant source of wonder to her.

Church history could have been rewritten had she—the church—done so. But, in spite of all that:

Our hearts rejoiced on dancing feet;
Our souls took wings and soared!

The Gifts in Operation

After Pine Bluff, we stopped in Texarkana for a short meeting, before returning to Houston to attend a convention that had been called for the Christmas holidays. The meetings were to be held in the now-familiar Brunner Tabernacle. Erected near the tabernacle was a large tent, which would be used as both a kitchen and a dining room. As usual, the meals would be served on a freewill offering basis. This was another unusual feature of the early Pentecostal movement: There was never any charge for meals or lodging. We always prayed for our needs, God always supplied, and everyone shared in the provisions.

No thought was given to paying the ministers who led the camps and conventions, nor did they expect anything. They had "all things common" just as the workers. The common treasury seemed to always have enough to pay the bills, send home any visitor who had become stranded, and get the band of workers to their next field of labor. Most visitors, however, took care of their own needs, and helped with the general expenses of the camp or convention as well. But, in order to place everything in proper perspective, it must be remembered that poverty

was the rule, and not the exception.

The convention unexpectedly continued past the holiday season, and did not close until four months later.

Brother Carrothers was now pastor of the Houston work. Many ministers who had recently come into the movement, some of whom would later become leaders, attended the convention. It was in Houston that I became acquainted with E. N. Bell. I learned to like Brother Bell very much. Others, like D. C. O. Opperman, L. C. Hall, A. P. Collins, and Frank Bartleman, visited the convention from time to time. God so transplanted these pastors, and later many others, into our midst, that they not only became one of us, but pillars in the house of God in their own right. This particular convention became a real power house for God. It evolved into more than just a convention. Call it a revival, a Bible school, God's transmitting station . . . whatever you like. It became all of these and much, much more. My, how God did visit Houston and those of us in attendance . . . especially us. The Spirit of God was especially prevalent in the manifestation of the gifts of tongues, interpretation, prophecy, discerning of spirits, and healing.

I could never tell all that took place during this time. One night I saw the Lord come upon Brother Frank Anderson and bestow upon him the real gift of interpretation of tongues. After that, he was used of the Lord in this kind of work in a special way for many years. Also, through the gift of prophecy, the Lord spoke to us just as He spoke to Barnabas and Paul (Acts 13:1-7).

Many times He spoke, revealing the secrets of men's hearts right before the public; especially the secrets of those who had done things which displeased the Holy Ghost. Not wicked things—we were far from that—but trivial things about which He wanted to give us teaching.

For example: I had been placed in charge of baptizing the converts. So numerous were the conversions during this four month period, that it was necessary to have a baptismal service almost daily. Church baptisteries were certainly not a luxury to be enjoyed by the early Pentecostals, so it was necessary to walk a half mile from the tabernacle to White Oak Bayou. Although we were meeting in the South, the winter weather that year often got cold and raw. My baptismal clothes, which I would wear to, in and from the water, rarely had a chance to dry from one baptizing to the next. I began to murmur this matter over in my heart, wondering why some of the converts could not wait for a few days so that more converts could be baptized together.

During the next baptismal service, when I had just led the first candidate into the water, and had turned around facing the great crowd of people gathered on the bank, the Lord began speaking to me through a message in tongues. I paused to listen. Then, through the interpreter, God told me of the murmur I had voiced in the secret of my own heart, and told me to confess it before the crowd, which I did. Then, He went on talking to me, telling me of many other secret things which no one other than myself had known. He reproved me and admonished me, and

after He had finished, He told me to raise my hands and praise Him. This I was glad to do, because I felt deeply honored and grateful to have had the Lord speak so directly to me. I have never since complained about baptizing anyone, even if my clothing never became warm or dry.

Another instance: two young men, who were strangers to us, came into our midst. One of them came from a far northern state. Both of them were preparing, to become ministers. The first time they attended a day service they took a front seat. During the service, before the entire assembled school, they were called upon by name, and commanded by the Holy Spirit to stand up. At first they hesitated, but when a stern rebuke came again commanding them to "Stand up!" they finally arose and stood before the Lord. Then, the Lord began to talk to them.

The northern boy had purchased a "Western Home Seekers Excursion" ticket, sold by the railroad, which had brought him there. The ticket did not include dining car meals, although a higher priced ticket did. This young man had gone into the diner, along with those passengers holding higher priced tickets, and without being detected, had eaten meals during the entire trip—meals for which he did not offer to pay.

When God publicly reminded the young man of this, he tried to evade by saying he had thought the meals were included in his fare. Sternly the Lord corrected him: "No, I told you on the train you were doing wrong!" He was then

called upon once more to confess the truth and seek forgiveness. Sorrowfully he did, and lived an exemplary life, as far as I know, from that day forward.

Next, the other young man was dealt with. He had boarded a train, had eluded the conductor, and had traveled 350 miles without paying his fare. The Lord told him that He did not approve of stealing from a corporation anymore than from an individual. The second boy was finally told to repent and make restitution, which he did.

Some will no doubt wonder why God did not respect human dignity more than to humble these young ministers before us all.

We all truly wanted God's best. Human dignity can lend no glory to the majesty of God. Ministerial pomposity can never enhance God. As His representative, a clean heart can. Even a proud look He hates, while only a humble heart can be His home.

Again, a lesson privately learned requires no public reproof later. To ride roughshod over the Spirit's secret reproof, as the two strangers had done, necessitated stern measures, if these young men were ever to become true men of God.

Here we also learned the difference between the Holy Ghost, Himself, operating this gift of the Spirit, and the operating of it by our own spirit. Paul mentioned this when he said, "My spirit prayeth." Supporting this is the authority given the leaders, or prophets, who "sat by" to "judge" by which they spoke (I Corinthians 14:9, 14).

Perhaps it would prove interesting to enlarge upon

this. We were taught that we could speak either from our own sanctified spirit, having the same value as preaching, or we could speak from the mouth of the Lord Himself. It was believed that the usual speaking in tongues for messages, as discussed in I Corinthians 14, was from one's own sanctified spirit, as acted upon by the Holy Ghost.

Sometime later, a certain band received some teaching through tongues and interpretation, warning them that God would forsake all Christians who ate any pork whatsoever. While some of those present accepted the message, some rejected it.

Others, myself included, paid little attention to the message upon hearing of it. We had been taught according to the Scriptures in much the way we believe today. A short time later, however, some of these workers were in a town where my wife was preaching her first revival. The band was going through one of its frequent food shortages, and it just so happened that a gift of pork was brought to the worker's home. My wife noticed that despite the lack of food, none of the workers seemed the least bit interested in the pork. So, rather than let it go completely to waste, she ate what she could.

That night, she was informed by some of the workers that they fully expected to see God forsake her at any moment. But, when instead He came upon her mightily each night, empowering her to preach with great anointing, the workers felt the Lord was sending them absolute proof that the message regarding the abstinence from pork was

unscriptural and not from God.

While all this was going on, a mighty revival broke out in the town, and the meetings continued for four months. Hundreds were converted, baptized in water, and filled with the Spirit. The messenger who had spoken about the pork taboo had guided the message slightly. Perhaps he had semiconsciously fit it into his own philosophy regarding abstinence from pork—a belief held by quite a few in those days. Or, perhaps he had continued to speak after the Lord was through talking, but while the anointing still lingered. This practice has been the cause of many mistakes.

We all have made, and still make, mistakes with the gifts of the Spirit. The one who had misdirected us regarding the abstinence from pork was one of the best workers in that band. Such should not come as a surprise, however, as we were venturing into new and untried areas. Except for the Word of God, we had no precedents, written or spoken, to guide us in the proper operation of the gifts of the Spirit. This is not to imply, however, that our meetings were filled with unscriptural messages in tongues, as time proved most of them to be truly heavensent.

God will not be poured into a mold no matter how fascinating to us. Nor, will He be at our beck and call as our personal wishes might sometimes highhandedly dictate. He uses His gifts just as a man uses his garden tools when gardening, or leaves them unused when he chooses. His gifts were never meant to take the place of

either the Spirit of God or the Word of God, but to be used only as the "Spirit gives utterance." Thus, running ahead of the Spirit is most dangerous, because both speaker and hearer are without the protection of the blood of Christ.

One present-day writer comments: "The Prophet, in Scripture, is the mouthpiece or spokesman of God. He may speak of the past, the present, or the future. Prediction is incidental, not essential to prophecy.

"The gifts were given for mutual edification, not for entertainment or vain display. Misuse of the gift of languages was a clear sign of the childishness of the Corinthians, for they were eager to display the possession of the gift without any regard for the edification of others.

"Prophecy also was to be exercised within bounds. It was not to be like the turbulent, unrestrained ranting of the oracles of the false gods to which they were accustomed, whose spirits were beyond their control; but peaceful, discriminating discourse, two or three in succession, yet ready to yield to another who may receive a revelation.

"Yet," this writer goes on to comment, "before the canon was complete, it was needful for the saints to have some means of knowing the mind of God. The Scriptures fully meet that need now."

I would say there is still a definite purpose for the gifts of the Spirit in the operation of the church. In addition to edifying the entire body, such gifts as prophecy and tongues and interpretation provide a present, personal exhortation and comfort for the individual saints. However, spiritual direction seems safest when guided by the still,

small voice of God within the individual. Yet, when God chooses to speak in any other way, there is nothing we can do but accept it and profit by it.

Years ago, we became concerned about the welfare of a small assembly, whose town had recently been the target of a devastating Ohio River flood. Our knowledge of the saints in that assembly reminded us that most of them lived in the lowlying downtown area of the town. Upon inquiring, they told us that several weeks prior to the flood, messages in both prophecy and tongues had instructed them to evacuate their downtown area on a specified date. They obeyed the command of the Spirit, and later discovered this date to have been just three days prior to the unexpected oncoming flood. Through faith and obedience, not one saint had suffered death or injury.

Now “we see through a glass darkly,” instead of most clearly, as we like to think we do. So, at best, we are yet only practicing, a fact which it is safest to admit. That God can accomplish anything at all through beings such as we, is a source of wonder, and should be the occasion for great praise and rejoicing.

There were in those days, and still are, people who tried to operate spiritual gifts in unrighteous lives, but they were spurious. They were only the devil’s counterfeits. Such can never be of God:

“If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth . . . And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his

commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him" (I John 1:6; 2:3, 4).

We found, too, that a life of complete holiness and total consecration was the only life God would accept and honor by His unfailing presence. As we all loved Him supremely, had forsaken all to win His favor, and held not our very lives dear except for His sake, our companionship with Him was educative, abundantly sweet, and satisfying as well.

This Houston conference was a rigid school of training for our ministers, and we thankfully received everything we obtained there. At the close of this gathering, I was asked to stay in Houston and look after the work in the city, as well as edit the paper which we published called *The Apostolic Faith*.

Before we were married, and while she was still a young worker, my wife attended a Bible school which was directed entirely by the gifts of the Spirit. There were some 86 students, and all direction and teaching was by tongues and interpretation, or by prophecy. This school was on the highest level of the administration of the gifts she had ever seen, but it did not in every instance work out right. Even marriages were made by such directions. Of two so-directed marriages in this school, one turned out all right, but the other couple was soon divorced. This kind of message was then on the upswing. While the marrying fever, if I might call it that, was at its height, a

public message came to this young lady, worded so ambiguously that many present believed it meant that she was to marry a young minister also attending the school.

She refused to consider it, saying it was not meant for her. They became insistent that she was resisting the Holy Ghost. Reluctantly, she finally told them that God had previously completely settled her mind as to whom she was to marry, if she were to marry at all. Then, they left her alone, but no public acknowledgment was ever made of the mistaken message. Somebody just spoke out of his own heart, ("my spirit prayeth") and not from God.

As I have said, on the whole, there was far more good than harm done in these schools, a fact which we could forget.

"He that is down need fear no fall
He that is low—no pride,
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be His guide."

God sometimes spoke to us in an ordination service for ministers, but rarely to an individual among us. In fact, I never heard anyone so singled out.

Humility and fundamental honesty remain great spiritual safeguards.

In some churches now the laying on of hands and being prophesied over, seems to constitute full membership. Some seekers are, by this means,

unknowingly shunted into a false position before the world. Often the secret desire of the leaders is only to enmesh the fish which they hope has been caught, and to boast of the increase in their following. This is a wrong motive, and unworthy of true Christian character. Boasters, biblically, are not found in the Christian category. It is the lack of such fundamental honesty and Christian love and consideration as this that makes me wary of some people's gifts. How often have such pastors allowed their own gifts, or the gifts of others, to be used to shear his sheep, rather than to feed them; to give a false impression, rather than one of truth. This has turned many honest leaders away from making a place for the gifts at all, when these gifts might all have been used quietly, and to the advantage of God's people under proper circumstances.

I have often tried to help men whom I saw in danger. Some of them could see they were weakening their own consciences, but others could not. Nevertheless, the soul is in dangerous territory when unduly exploiting anything, even though we may excuse ourselves on the plea that it is to serve a good purpose.

Some dear saints, I'm afraid, will eventually wind up in sin as a result of giving gifts undue prominence. Some have already done this in years past, and will again. To use a gift in its proper place in God's work, as a man would use an axe, a hammer, a saw, is right, but, it is not spectacular enough for some. Neither will it always satisfy the people. When gifts have been advertised and used as

a drawing card, people come to see and hear, and may not continue to return if nothing unusual happens.

A preacher must almost be made of stone to keep an audience waiting in spite of such a desire, until God's time, when He really wishes to speak to a certain individual or congregation. Trapped, the pastor may fake a message. Saul's sin was of this same nature when, unauthorized, he "forced" himself to offer sacrifices in a similar situation. Not many of the present-day interpretations and prophecy are directly from the mouth of God, but in importance, are on the level of the "spirit of testimony," and of about the same value as preaching or testifying. It is often an emanation from the spirit of prophecy, but may not be true prophecy itself. The Spirit of God upon one should be used safely and wisely, and none but the very humble and sincere of heart are honest and courageous enough to do so.

If I could do it humbly, I would say that we have not been as dumb all these years as we might have appeared. We, too, have seen all the tiny angles and places where we could have taken advantage of the public; where we could perhaps have been as revolutionary or spectacular as some who later failed. But, rather, we made what we felt was the paramount consecration—to be deeply, sincerely honest before God, and with His people. And, this we have endeavored to be, even though we were—and always have been by some—thought of as prosaic.

In those days, when the gifts of the Spirit were being so freely bestowed upon us, some even went too far. A few

imagined, and even insisted, that upon their arrival at the field of labor, missionaries would receive the native language necessary to their missionary activities as a gift from the Lord, without the arduous toil of study. Some prospective missionaries went out expecting this to happen. When it did not, they were discouraged, and because of other unexpected disappointments, left the field and returned home as quickly as possible. Others realized their mistake, allowed for it, plunged into hard work, and in spite of all misinformation, made good on the field.

As none of them had received the gift of tongues, they later had to study to master the language of their adopted country.

If we try to operate the gifts of the Spirit on the level of the works of the flesh, or of the natural-minded man, we shall eventually fail, perhaps in some other test, seemingly unrelated to the gifts at all. One cannot drop out of the Spirit at any point and still be spiritually safe. Only repentance and restitution can restore us.

A young minister in Texas had prayed through to complete victory, even over temptation. A member of her assembly, the mother of several children and wife of an unsaved husband, had fallen and was quite seriously injured. Another member, who lived next door, sensed the need, and sent over her fourteen-year-old Christian daughter to do the housework, during the time the injured woman was confined to bed.

The unsaved husband succeeded in ruining this

young girl. Soon, the girl went violently insane. When the church members went to pray for her, she physically attacked them, and single-handedly drove them from her room. No one could manage her at all. Finally, the lady minister, after completing nine days of fasting with prayer, went to visit her.

The insane girl made no attempt whatever to touch her, nor would she utter a word. Several times the worker visited her, but never was she attacked.

Finally, there came an opening in the crowded mental hospital nearby, and the girl was sent there. Six months later, she returned home in her right mind.

The cured girl went immediately to visit this worker and confessed the entire unexpected and astonishing story. "But, why did you not attack me?" the worker finally asked her. The young girl replied: "Because I could attack only those who were not entirely under the protection of the blood of Jesus. Perhaps they had not yet stopped yielding to impatience, criticism, doubts, fears, or other imperfections. When they came into the room, I could see that their unprotected spots had the mastery over them. But the blood covered you completely; there was no sin, so I was powerless. All the time God was telling me that if I would confess to you and let you pray for me, He would heal me."

Once, around 1912, a native African minister, who had come preaching to this country, was being featured at a large tent meeting in the Negro district. His gifts were so outstanding that great crowds were in attendance. One

night, after the singing had begun, he entered the tent, went straight to the platform, and knelt in prayer, with his back to the waiting audience. He soon began praying aloud for two specific people who were present in the audience that night, and who were committing a special sin which had been dealt with by a pastor in the city that day.

He prayed with tenderness and great pity for these two, and finally the Lord, through prophecy, began to speak to them Himself, pointing out the different places they had made the wrong choices. Then, God dealt with the disgrace they had brought upon themselves, upon their distant families, and upon the work of God in general.

People who were present, said that even the idlers around the tent, and the more vicious ones from the fringes of the dark, gathered silently and stood solidly packed around the tent, seeming scarcely to breathe. "You could have heard a pin drop," was the report.

This minister, still kneeling in prayer, also told them that their own once-whitened garments had become so covered with pin-point dots of wrong reasoning and practice that they had now turned to a grimy gray. Having allowed so many of these tiny wrongs in their lives, they were soon following a dirty gray spirit instead of the dazzlingly white purity of Christ. This substitute spirit had led them into the sin in which they now found themselves.

Finally, the evangelist began to tell them while still kneeling, what to do to make their wrongs right.

He could not have heard, nor could he have found out

in any other way, except through God, what their past had been, nor even that they were in the meeting for the first time that night. They were white workers out on their own, and I was the pastor who had dealt with them that day. It was truly of God.

Finally, the minister rose from his knees and stood at the altar bench, and with his eyes still closed, called on the pair to come present themselves before the Lord for prayer, repentance, and forgiveness. With breaking heart, they both came forward. Laying a hand on each head, he prayed so compassionately for them that the great audience fell to sobbing with them. They were finally directed to come back to me and to ask forgiveness. They were a chastened couple the next day—sorry, humiliated and ashamed—when I gave them their train fare to their respective towns.

Many such uncoverings God gave us in those early days when He lived among us as a Father, and it never failed to bear the peaceful fruits of righteousness and to put the fear of God, and the fear of wrongdoing into our hearts.

To keep honest, clean, and pure before God, even in the most trivial things, constitutes holiness of life and heart, and is essential to the victorious Christian life, and an assurance of companionship with God throughout eternity.

Consecration and Worship

Perhaps you may wonder by what method the different companies or bands of workers and preachers were moved about in those days. We always depended upon the Lord to show us whether to go or stay, and to lead us individually. For our work and our service, each one of us was primarily answerable only to God. As our membership grew, there was a fellowship amongst us, a love which supported each other in prayer and by advice. But, to our own Master we stood or fell. Spirit-filled people were swift to detect any falling away.

There was usually only one preacher in each band, while the rest were “workers.” Real workers they were, too. They would pray, study, visit, testify, sing, play any instrument, do untiring altar work, paint signs, do all the janitor work, scrub, cook, sew, wash, iron, and clean. Everything done was only a means to an end. Everything was done for souls and their welfare above all else.

A preacher whose wife did not carry the burden for souls which he carried, who was not interested enough herself to pray, fast, consecrate, take the burden of the altar work, live the same kind of life her husband lived, was soon out of the work and on the sidelines. A drone could

not survive then as perhaps she can today with all our well established churches, good salaries, and lovely parsonages. Everyone who survived, worked for the Lord! With talents, if they had them; without talents, if they hadn't any. But they worked!

You have, no doubt, decided that a supreme consecration was the main requisite. You are right. Without it no one could stand the opposition of the enemy which came against us, an opposition from the combined forces of the world, the flesh, and Satan. In what appears to be the first time, since the Acts were written, that God had set out on a worldwide scale to restore His power and gifts to the church, the devil met us, with all the force of opposition which God allowed him, to destroy us. But, as our "all" was surrendered to Him, we had nothing to lose; hence, trusting God to protect us, we went into every open door when God did not check us. Where a trap had been set to snare our lives or hinder souls from finding God, He always showed us in time to deliver us.

Once in awhile, there appeared among us a minister who was lacking in sterling character. Such men drift into almost every religious movement. But, these deceived only the most trusting of souls, and then not for long. However, much harm was sometimes done in the interim. Love was so great among our saints, and respect for the true ministers of the gospel so high, that deceivers were usually soon revealed. Often their own misdeeds caught up with them.

This usually was immediately apparent in regards to

money. It seemed inevitable that a preacher who had slipped into private sin, soon became “greedy of filthy lucre” also. These imposters would invariably work some kind of trick, usually with great boasting as to how many people had been healed, saved, or baptized under their ministry. They endeavored to give the impression (seemingly with great modesty) that they themselves were “great ones” a few steps ahead of the common run of Pentecostal ministers.

They tried to make one feel they were a trifle special in as many ways as they thought the other fellow’s gullibility would allow. They would usually wind up by “folding their tents like the Arabs,” and silently steal away with all the personal money in the assembly, as well as the borrowed money the saints had loaned them. They would never be heard of again, at least not around those parts.

But, God kept His true ministers free from this spirit of covetousness, love of praise, unscrupulousness, and self-pity, by sending them wherever He chose, without money and without price. They were the ones who had to follow up the wreckage left in the wake of the ministers just mentioned. In poverty and privation they had to suffer for the others’ greediness, while they helped the assembly spiritually.

No man who really was in touch with God ever thought of going or staying because of finances. Evangelists usually built up a new field through much suffering, then left it, knowing that the preacher who

followed would reap a bountiful harvest financially. A minister who would even so much as inquire about what offerings or salary he was likely to get at any certain place was considered to be “on his way out” spiritually. When God said “Go,” we went like good soldiers, asking no questions. Jesus had never asked how much money He would receive for conducting a meeting—nor did we.

I remember well, years later, when I first heard that one of our preachers had demanded a guarantee of a fixed sum of money before he would consent to hold an evangelistic meeting. How astonished and sorrowful we all were. God had given him great ability to preach, but now he had stooped to sell his God-given gifts for gold! He wanted to use his gifts as a medium for bargaining! Our hearts were heavy.

When we talked to him about it, he said that some of the large churches had become so stingy they were withholding tithes to the hurt of their souls (which was really true), as well as causing the minister and his family unnecessary suffering—suffering which God had not intended them to go through. All this could not be denied. So, one evil seemed to bring about another.

But, the vast majority of us went gladly anywhere God sent us, leaving entirely to Him the supplying of our needs.

The Lord’s work in those days was not child’s play, neither was it self-amusement. Wherever we happened to meet, whether in each other’s home or elsewhere, and whether there was a minister present or not, there was

prayer, Bible reading, or singing. But, almost without fail, there was prayer. Those baptized in the Holy Ghost lived in this atmosphere as naturally as fish live in water. Hence, there was almost no teasing or joking, no relating of amusing anecdotes. There was little of ordinary visiting among the preachers, or the saints either for that matter. We were looking for Jesus only, and we found Him! Praise His precious name!

As to order in our services, only a disturbance which the Spirit Himself made, was tolerated. Each of us fully realized, and were taught, that the eternal fate of some soul depended upon our personal conduct, our staying under the blood, and in close contact with God every moment of our lives. We constantly walked in the Spirit. The devil quickly made trouble for anyone who was not completely clothed in God's armor.

Quietness, attention, and reverence were characteristic of the meetings. Anything else was quickly checked. Sometimes, in a new field, a stranger to our customs might start applauding something which especially appealed to him, but hand clapping was quietly suppressed. We knew the tone of the service would immediately drop out of the Spirit to a natural level because God did not honor any mechanical worship into which even sinners could enter without deep heart-worship. As clapping is purely a demonstration of self-expression, we had no time to waste upon it. Our business was to express Christ to the people, not to enjoy, or amuse ourselves, nor to receive the applause of

men.

You might ask: Were you able to keep a congregation growing and gathering momentum at such a high level? I would say, "yes." I think the reason was, perhaps, that everyone who joined us had been willing to suffer the loss of all things, as well as to endure persecutions. Therefore, it took no amusements to entertain them, nor to keep them coming. When God worked, we had no trouble holding the crowds. God at work was the biggest attraction of all.

I well remember that the only kind of dancing we allowed then was that which was in the Spirit before the Lord. But, it was truly before the Lord, and not before an audience. If the dancer's purposes became mixed or diluted, we started a song. Getting out of the Spirit was almost always handled by singing, at the time. Later, friendly instruction was given privately. All public demonstration had to be entirely in the Spirit, as outsiders were quick to detect self and were quite vocal in pointing it out.

My wife says that the first public dancing in the Spirit which she observed occurred in one of her own meetings, long after she began preaching.

A young girl of seventeen or so, who was widely known and respected in the community, and whose parents were holiness in doctrine, lay prostrate under the power of God while she received the baptism and spoke in tongues.

Almost immediately after, with eyes closed, she sat

up unaided, and reached out her hands toward heaven. The gentle otherworldiness of the Spirit was still upon her. Her father sat watching, his tears streaming.

Her brother, a young holiness minister who sat by, rose, took her hands, and assisted her to her feet. With her eyes still closed, she turned slightly away from him, took a step forward and with her face as much like an angelic being as one could ever hope to see, began gently, quietly, rhythmically to dance before the Lord.

No sound was uttered by anyone for perhaps half an hour. God was so present in the room, that to have spoken would have been a desecration.

All attention was focused upon her, as the Spirit of God animated her as electricity might vitalize a robot. Strong men cried. Tears were on almost every face. Rough men crept in from outside, pulled by this invisible Power. An outlaw, who had been drawn to a front seat, shook, trembled, and wept. When it was over, and the girl had quietly opened her eyes and slipped into her father's arms, the outlaw stood up and said to some of our Christian men, "Well, I never hope to see anything nearer Heaven than that! Nor get any nearer to an angel." After this manifestation, we had no more persecutions in that town.

An exhibition of "flesh" or of the forward human spirit, unsanctified by God, even though it might be through "good people," is often revolting to people of intelligence. But, I have never seen dancing that was of God that did not touch someone in the audience.

Public dancing in services, as a practice, was later drawn from the Negro work, where their freedom from inhibition, one of their most attractive traits, made its appeal. However, even there, it was always entirely controlled by the pastor, and stopped or started at his signal. As does any true pastor, he knew his congregation, no doubt, and allowed only what he considered beneficial. But, this as a practice had had no place among us previously. Nevertheless, they had some mighty demonstrations of the Spirit among them at times and a solemnizing effect they had, too, even upon the most wicked.

Homesickness often disqualified a worker. Everyone was so much under the burden for his particular meeting, that he carried the burden for the salvation of souls night and day.

Malvern, Arkansas, Etc.

In the summer of 1909 we went back to Arkansas to hold meetings. We preached in Hot Springs, Stuttgart, and at a camp meeting in Redfield. Here I was much pressed in the Spirit of God (also depressed in my own spirit) because of certain conditions in the meeting which could not be surmounted.

One night, after service, I went into the woods to pray and seek the Lord. While there, the Lord told me to "Get up! and go into a place which I will show you." After praying, I went to my room and told Millicent that we were leaving. Although we had no cash on hand, we began to pack, knowing that the Lord would supply our needs. He led us to Malvern, Arkansas, where we got a room in a hotel.

Next day, I walked across the tracks to the first building toward town. I saw that it was a saloon. Standing in the door was an intelligent-looking business man, a type not usually found in a place like that, although the saloon was exceptionally neat and clean. He was quite approachable. After a few minutes' conversation, I asked him if there were any vacant lots near the center of town which could be secured for a tent revival. He mentioned

one or two. Then, I asked him if there were rooms which could be rented for my wife and me. He told me that he and his wife lived in a big house alone, and that the upstairs floor had been made into a furnished apartment, the only one in town. Although they had never rented it to anyone, he said they would be glad to have us come live with them. I went back to the hotel and told my wife. We both felt that this was the will of God for us.

While I was looking over the vacant lots in town, the Spirit spoke to me and said, "This is the place to put your tent." I found that it was owned by a small Episcopal congregation, which had erected no building as yet, but had purchased it for a church site. I easily obtained use of the lot, took Millicent to the lovely home where we were to live, and made preparations to launch the Malvern campaign.

Because we had been persecuted so much by the devil in other places, we decided to say nothing of who or what we were in Malvern, do no advertising, and get in our work for God before the devil himself knew we were in town. Brother Carriger came to help us, and the Lord surely did work. Hundreds were converted, healed, and filled with the Spirit before the enemy could find any ground for stirring up trouble against us. When he did, he arose in fury, but God had already worked ahead of him by giving us favor with the townspeople. These were the greatest meetings of my life up to that time. This revival ran for about three months in the tent, with souls getting through to God constantly. Many miraculous healings and

conversions were in evidence also. It was truly an exhilarating red hot revival!

Winter was near, so we bought a lot, built a large tabernacle, paid for it before it was finished, moved in, and continued the revival there. Today, there is a large brick Pentecostal church on that same site.

The Malvern revival was outstanding in ministerial timber. Out of that one revival alone, the Lord called about seventy-five men and women to the field, many of whom are still active ministers. It was God working with us in such supernatural power that convinced people He was "not dead, nor gone on a journey," as they had imagined He might be. He was astonishingly alive, at work in His church, and could be contacted by faith and obedience.

Trying to relate how God worked in all these meetings which I held would be beyond the scope of this book. Beyond its scope, too, would be to tell of even a part of the sick, blind, crippled, and deaf, who were healed over the years; of all the miraculous things God did when we needed it; of how He "confirmed the Word with signs following"; of the many thousands who were saved and filled with the Holy Ghost according to Acts 2:4; and of the hundreds who were called to the ministry. In fact, there were few meetings in which God did not work in His own special way in latter rain power.

One thing that made all this possible on my part was my health, for which I must thank God. Since I was saved at nineteen years of age, I have never taken a holiday from shepherding, under God, the church of His love. I have

never needed a rest or respite from my labors which were also my joys.

I could always see that such a burden was too much for me to bear alone. I endeavored to do my best, and let Christ bear the rest for me. My nerves, if I have any, are perfect. At least, nothing disturbs or annoys me enough to keep me from falling asleep anywhere or anytime it is convenient. I have stayed awake for a week when I felt it was necessary to gain something from the Lord. Consequently, I've enjoyed every minute of my work for Him, and at seventy years of age am still enjoying it immensely.

Thank God for what He did for all of us in the past. It is not, however, what we accomplished which should concern any of us now. The question that should concern us is: Shall we be ready when He comes for us with our work all done? We thank Him for all those who were able to bear the heat and burden of the day, for the "night cometh (all too soon) in which no man can work."

Soon, we once again felt the call of the Lord to evangelize, and invited Brother E. N. Bell to come as pastor of the large Malvern work. Brother Bell, before receiving his baptism and call into the Pentecostal movement, had been pastor of a Baptist church in Fort Worth, Texas. He had only recently married, having remained a bachelor until he was forty-five years old. With his bride, he moved to Malvern, relieving us of the responsibilities of the group there. For many years thereafter the Bell home in Malvern became our "home

away from home,” as well as our headquarters. Brother Bell and I became very close friends, sharing the tremendous burden of the work.

In 1910 Brother Bell accepted the editorship of a paper called *The Word and Witness*. Prior to this the paper had been called *The Apostolic Faith*, and had been published sporadically from Houston, and sometime later, Fort Worth.

Brother Bell was a highly educated man, having graduated from the University of Florida and the Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky. In addition, he had pursued graduate work at the University of Chicago. Despite his extensive formal training, however, Brother Bell became hungry for more of God, and took a year's leave of absence from his pastorate for the express purpose of going to the Durham Mission in Chicago. He was determined to stay before the Lord until he was “endued with power from on high.” His congregation, which shared in his hunger for more of God, began special prayer sessions in his absence.

For eleven months he sought the Lord at the Durham Mission before finally receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He now determined to spend eight days in fasting and prayer so that the Lord could blot from his mind everything he had learned concerning God which was not scriptural. After the eight days had elapsed, he began reading the Bible on his knees before God. As he read, he became amazed at the important points he had missed before. As God continued to enlighten him, Brother Bell

had the sensation of a child reading the Bible for the very first time.

When he finally returned home, he discovered that quite a few members of his church had received the baptism in his absence. However, still following the leading of the Lord, he resigned his pastorate in order to attend our camp meetings and Bible schools. We soon discovered that Brother Bell was a man of good judgment, great wisdom, and deep spirituality. He became a blessing to everyone.

Durham's Mission was also the site of the great Persian work in the Chicago area. Brother Andrew Urshan, whom I met about this time, told how he and a group of friends who were attending Moody Bible Institute began seeking for the Holy Ghost infilling. As they had no private place close by where they could pray aloud, the young men would walk way out on the ice of Lake Michigan, form a circle to protect themselves from the stiff wind, kneel down, and seek the Lord to their hearts' content. I saw a snapshot not long ago of the group kneeling in prayer, with nothing in sight but ice and distance. Brother Urshan and his Persian friends continued to have these prayer meetings for several months. Later, they became members of the Durham church.

Aimee Semple (later McPherson), who had just returned from China, where she had lost her missionary husband, Robert Semple, also became a member of the Durham Mission about this time. One night she was carried into church with a badly broken foot. When prayer

was offered, she was instantly and completely healed, and walked from the service unaided.

Brother Bell, in relating incidents describing the Durham Mission, reported that the top third of the huge auditorium was often filled with a thick, blue haze. When this haze was present, people entering the church would often fall in the aisles, under the power of God, before they could even reach their seats. According to Brother Bell, miracles took place around the clock, with hundreds receiving the baptism or divine healing.

Leaving the Malvern church in the capable hands of Brother Bell, Millicent and I headed north for a meeting in Des Moines, Iowa. From there we went to Chicago where we had the extreme privilege of conducting a campaign in the Durham Mission. From there we went to Stone church, pastored by Brother Piper, for a series of services. Before leaving Chicago, we visited Brother Sinclair's church. After a two week meeting in "Old No. 9" in Indianapolis, and several weeks in St. Louis, we took a leisurely steamboat passage down the Mississippi to Memphis.

We spent three wonderful days and nights on the boat. They served the very best of meals and charged only \$4.50 per person for the trip. What a pleasant time we had! How much we enjoyed that rest!

At Memphis, we held a few days meeting for Brother L. P. Adams. After stopping at Stuttgart and Little Rock, we returned to Brother Bell's home in Malvern. He and I had planned a camp meeting at Malvern for that summer,

so I took a trip around the state in the interest of the general work and the upcoming camp. After my return, I stayed with Millicent until our little daughter was born.

A few days later, Millicent passed away. It was an awful blow to me as well as to the work in general, since she was a powerful evangelist and had been a great blessing to many thousands of people. It was with a sad, heavy heart that I boarded the train with our baby, Gloria, and returned to Alvin, Texas for her funeral, which was held in the home of Millicent's parents. Many, many people mourned her passing.

Fortunately, the camp meeting at Malvern was soon coming up, and it was my responsibility, as well as Brother Bell's, since he was new to the work in that state. Getting under the burden of the camp meeting helped me to get over the shock of my loss.

God gave us a wonderful meeting, with over a hundred people filled with the Spirit in a period of ten days.

To get people to find the "door" into the Spirit realm, as Jesus said, was the hardest job we had. A report that so many were being filled with the Holy Ghost assured everyone that God had really been there in power. People were healed in every service and between times. Workers were continually being stopped on the street with the request, "Please pray for my healing." People were happy over miracles of healing, but little was thought about it. Perhaps they forgot to mention it again.

Healing was taught as incidental to salvation, especially the Holy Ghost baptism. "Of course God would

heal people!" we thought. And, if they got right with God, and believed Him, healing would naturally follow. Without special prayer being offered, miracles often took place, just as a by-product of seeking God. Everyone who needed and really wanted healing got it—miracle or not.

Many Pentecostal leaders came for this camp. There were Brothers Canada and Jackson, who at that time worked together as an evangelistic team; S. D. Kinne of St. Louis, who did a large part of the day teaching; D. C. O. Opperman and Brother Durham from Chicago, who also helped with the preaching. These and many more gathered from other centers to help with the camp. As there were so many ministers in attendance, and all interested, the "Finished Work of Calvary" versus "The Second Work of Grace" was officially discussed. In the controversy that ensued, as I watched both sides impartially, I soon saw that the doctrine of the "Finished Work of Calvary" was right. It seemed that God opened my eyes to see that the plan of salvation was truly finished on the cross, and became ours just as fast as we could appropriate it all. So, for me the "Second Work" theory soon faded out. Our first Arkansas camp came to a glorious close after having proved a blessing to thousands from all over the country.

From Malvern, we took the tent to Benton, Arkansas, a town nearby. Almost as soon as we had erected the tent, it was cut down. We put it up a second time, but returned later to find it had once again been pulled down. This time the guilty party had soaked it with gasoline and

set fire to it. After surveying the charred remains, Brother Philip Stokely and I left in search of a building in which to hold the meetings. We quickly secured one, with the cooperation of several workers, and despite the attempts by the devil, the Benton revival had begun.

While in Benton, we received word that Brother Opperman, along with his assistants, Frank Anderson and Joe Roselli, was to open a short-term Bible school in Joplin, Missouri that coming winter. While Brother Opperman had served as a pastor on various occasions, his calling seemed to lie in the area of sponsoring and teaching in these Bible schools. Several of these schools had already been held, and all had proved to be a real blessing to minister and layman alike. Brother Opperman would announce a school by faith, fully expecting God to take care of every need, whether five or five hundred showed up.

In these services Joe Roselli would often be used of God to give forth messages in tongues. Frank Anderson, the other assistant, would normally have the interpretation. Despite the tremendous responsibility of making sure they were totally in the Spirit, I do not recall any casualties where Brother Roselli and Brother Anderson were concerned. Of course Brother Opperman was always "at attention" in the Spirit, assuring that any dangerous shoal or current was successfully navigated.

Brother Opperman trained and put hundreds of workers into the Pentecostal harvest field. His schools were a "cutting out" station also, where those not called to

active evangelism could painlessly find it out without regrets. These were safely channeled into other lines of God's service. For many years he was a handsome and commanding figure amongst us, full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

He sometimes beautifully sang his experience in the words of the song:

"He's real to me!
He's real to me!
My Father God is real to me!
My soul demands reality—
My Father God is real to me!"



Andrew D. Urshan, who returned to Persia as a missionary. While in Europe he survived the Armenian massacres of 1914-1915. His was a long and fruitful ministry after his return.

Oh What Singing!

And the singing!

It was generally not the conventional church-hymn singing of that era. Entirely unpretentious, there appeared to be neither poetry nor musicianship in the composition. But, there was something far more effective than either.

It could have been most aptly described, I think, scripturally as a “joyful sound,” since nothing pertaining to it prevented the “joy of the Lord” from seeping through.

The very artlessness of these songs, their apparent commonplaceness, created no barriers of antagonism, but rather threw one off guard. After all, the hungry soul of man craved joy more than musicianship.

Previous to 1900, and up until Pentecostal singing appeared, there had usually been a distinct difference in the public mind between “worldly” and “sacred” music. But, it was impossible for people freshly filled with the Holy Ghost to express their abounding joy in the slow, cold, reserved style typical of “sacred” music. Although we all sang at almost breakneck speed, we didn’t notice the accelerated tempo. Anyway, everyone was jubilantly dancing inside, whether it showed outwardly or not. Being full of the Holy Ghost, we required a strong curb on the

reins, much as a race horse ready to run must be held in. The fast singing style was really another of God's safety valves in our work, as well as a chance to shout His praises.

We were the first, so far as I know, to introduce this accelerated tempo into gospel singing. Fast music was then considered far too worldly for purposes of worship. Only those lacking in reverence were supposed to sing or enjoy lively music. Slow, dragging, and listless, much of the approved church music of that day was irksome, to say the least, to the young-in-heart. When seeking amusement young people went everywhere but to church. Consequently, entire towns would often have only one or two young people who tried to be Christians. Religion was openly said to be "only for old women and children." But, God changed all that.

Simple, basic melodies, propelled by joyous voices, coupled with plain scriptural wording, stamped tremendous and easily remembered truths upon every investigative mind, about almost every phase of religion and the Christian life.

Psalm 89:15 was fulfilled over and over in many lives:

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance."

These were truly blest, and walked "in the light of His countenance."

"Jazzed-up hymns" they were sometimes designated by the critical, because the joy of the Lord was so built up in our young people that when they got a chance to sing,

they exploded. Every particle of their being was poured into worship, as they sang. Nothing slowed them down, nor did their leaders attempt to curb them.

This crescendo of joyous, happy people singing unto the Lord was infectious. The sound of victorious Christian living wrapped you around. Unperceived, it seemed to slip down gently into the deeps of your affections, to tap at your heart's door, and unsuspected, spread warmly through your entire being.

You had at first, no doubt, decided that such a desecration of church music was a disgrace to staid and ordinary Christianity. But soon something stirred within which caused you to reach for a book and lift your voice with the rest.

People who had never attempted to sing before felt free to sing along with us. Some could not manage a tune, but they could accompany us without fear of being conspicuous.

The young had at last found a mode of expression which matched their own high spirits, and the tug of life within them. They accepted it without question.

But a true musician soon found that he had been missing something contained in supposedly low level church music. Something he had never before realized existed. Something potent! Something that had dynamic energy! Something that delivered the goods! All because God and His Word were in it! Here are a few titles:

Trust and Obey

*Where He Leads I'll Follow
I Am Determined to Hold Out
I'm to the Highlands Bound
Room for Jesus
Look to the Lamb of God
Humble Thyself to Walk with God
Hold to God's Unchanging Hand
Be in Time, Sinner, Be in Time
When Our Lord Shall Come Again
He Took My Sins Away
I've Anchored in Jesus
When the Saints Come Marching In
The Healing Water
I Would Not Be Denied
When I See the Blood
O This Is Like Heaven to Me
I'm on My Way to Heaven
The Son Hath Made Me Free
Lift Him Up
Glory Hallelujah in my Soul
Sin Can Never Enter There
I'm Going Through
One of Them
Where Shall I Be?
Hallelujah, We Shall Rise
I've Received an Invitation
Hide You in the Blood
Victory Ahead! Victory Ahead!
Waiting on the Lord*

*The Great Physician Now Is Near
Our Lord Is Coming Back to Earth Again
He's Coming Again
Old Time Power
Not Ashamed of Jesus
The Meeting in the Air*

Each one of these bore a distinct and definite scriptural message, truths little known or suspected by the average church member. They contained great lessons, and taught us all how to live. The things of the world, stripped of their glitter and show, were painlessly shown up for what they starkly were. No wonder these hymns brought conviction.

There were no solos nor specials, as we know them today, unless, of course, the Spirit so prompted because of the message a certain song carried.

Such music is now somewhat dignified by the expression "evangelistic music," which is fitting. Without it the Pentecostal Movement could have never made the rapid inroads into the hearts of men and women as it did. Neither could we have experienced a constant, victorious revival over the ensuing fifty years, one in which thousands have been accepted, sealed, and shipped through the world in bond, waiting for the appearance of the Lord.

I know some will disagree with me on this subject of music, but all the same, it was a practical, old-fashioned, down-to-earth type of singing, which all could handle and enjoy, so God used it, as He used a manger in the long-

ago, contrary to all cultured opinion and pride, then or now.

But millions did know the “joyful sound” of the voice of God, and went on to see signs, wonders and miracles in profusion. He, for whom clouds are but the dust of His feet, walked gently through the earth, calling as of old: Come, follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men.

Thousands left their “nets” immediately, and followed Him as He went down through the highways and byways where dwelt the lowly in spirit, men who would hear and heed Him. Such have reaped down His fields and brought in the harvest into “garners” which He Himself established and sustains.

A young man, R. E. Winsett, was the first publisher who began to write hymns especially for the Pentecostal revival. At first he compiled thin, twenty-five cent, paperback books, inexpensive enough so that everyone could take one of these silent preachers home.

When I went into a new house, and saw one of our hymn books, usually on the piano where someone had been using it, I knew it was a home which would be Pentecostal before long, without any further help from me. Even the titles changed people’s ideas of God. Some of the titles were as follows:

Honey in the Rock
I’m Happy with Jesus Alone
This World Is Not My Home
Dwelling in Beulah Land

*The Old Account Was Settled
Come and Dine
We'll Be Caught Up to Meet Him
Death Hath No Terrors
The Hallelujah Side
Something More Than Gold*

In compiling his books, Brother Winsett seemed to understand the message with which all our hearts were so full. He therefore selected the particular songs which the Spirit could use.

One of his own compositions, however, entitled *Evening Light*, seemed to be most characteristic of our revival. Based on Zechariah 14:6, Acts 3:19, Mark 16:17, John 12:35 and Matthew 24:32, it was a clear, trumpet-like call to the entire church of God, and never failed to command attention. Because it was so used of God to alert everyone to the fact that "books of prophecy" were now being "fulfilled at last," it is given verbatim here:

Christians, awake! see the light has come,
Shining in evening as clear as morn;
Christians, awake! Christians, awake!
Now AWAKE and behold evening light Refrain

The evening light has come,
The dark day is past,
The clouds now have flown,
Books of prophecy fulfilled at last!

Time of refreshing has come to all,
God is now letting His Spirit fall;
Christians, awake! Christians, awake!
Now awake and receive latter rain.

Spiritual signs followed saints of God,
Who in apostolic footsteps trod;
Christians, awake! Christians, awake!
Wake and see holy light shines for all.

Walk in the light as it comes to you,
Christians, awake; There is work to do;
Christians, awake! Christians, awake!
O, awake! or the light soon will pass.

Look and behold now the fig leaves green;
Nearing the end can be plainly seen;
Christians, awake! Christians, awake!
Wake and Watch! Soon the Bridegroom will come.

This song was particularly good, for the refrain ended each verse with “books of prophecy fulfilled at last” which was then startling and outstanding news to us all.

There were some who had already been preaching along this line, no doubt, but not people who actually believed it enough to be living so expectantly. Many will say, “Well, He didn’t come, so what?” God has never sent any great world changes unheralded, unprophesied, or to totally unprepared people. Fifty to one hundred years were

always given for public warning and preparation; but an inner circle or whatever henchmen He had in the earth were notified of every change even before that.

But isn't the word "soon" a misnomer? The answer—not with God. He dwells, not in time but in eternity, where even one hundred years might well be considered nearer our word "immediately" than "soon." That being as it may, it seems that for some, even "soon" may find many still unprepared.

A Love Story

In 1911, I did a great deal of traveling, holding revivals and camp meetings in Arkansas and Texas, as well as a tent meeting in Monroe, Louisiana. In the fall, I attended a great Interstate Camp Meeting at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Brothers Bell, Opperman, and many other leading ministers were present. There God spoke a great deal to us through prophecy and other gifts. By this time, the whole movement in the central states had swung in line with the "Finished Work" teaching, the other issue having faded out.

In the fall of 1911, I was married to Miss Ethel Wright, my present wife. She was a successful minister and was, at the time of our marriage, the pastor of the church at Galena, Kansas. During an interval between two meetings, I wired her and asked her if she could meet me in Eureka Springs that weekend so that we could be married. She came, and we were married there in the double parlors of her hotel, the rooms filled with saints from the Eureka Springs Assembly. That night at church, during the service, the audience called aloud and insisted, until Ethel finally consented to preach for them. I had to leave almost immediately for Texas to conduct another camp meeting,

assisting Brother Fred Lohman, while Ethel returned to her pastorate in Galena. When this camp meeting was over, I went back up to Galena and remained there for awhile.

We had not at first thought the details of our marriage relevant to this narrative, but when several who have reviewed the manuscript requested it, we decided to include it just as it happened. God took a hand in teaming us together for a life's work, just as He did in all else. My wife relates the following:

Throughout my early years I knew little about God except what my mother had taught me. That He had plans, a program, or even a disposition, I had never suspected. Fear and dread of Him ruled my life.

My mother was a lovely Christian whom I deeply respected and loved. In her teens, however, she had married instead of following her call to the mission field. As my father was what is usually called a "good man," but not fully a Christian, she soon saw her mistake and adjusted to it. However, she lost her place in God's work.

Being her first-born, I was diligently trained to follow the leading of God, and not my own preferences, especially in marriage.

With God so far away from the earth—as it seemed to me—a great fear formed in my heart that God might happen to unite me with someone whom I might consider even repulsive, since He knew so little about what went on down here amongst us.

Conviction pressed so heavily upon me that I finally surrendered to God somewhat, but through love of the

world, actually told the Lord I wanted only enough salvation to keep me out of hell.

Later, a boy whom I did not particularly fancy, began proposing marriage to me. Remembering that he was one of the few Christian young men I happened to know at the time, I looked to God silently while idly riffling the leaves of a Bible near me. Casually it fell wide open and I read the following startling words. Could it be an answer to such a trivial prayer?

But these words stood out, and I knew definitely that for some reason God meant them for me.

"What God hath cleansed"—that must mean saved, I reasoned, "That call not thou common" which likely meant that God considered him my equal whether I did or not.

"Rise, Peter; kill, and eat!"

This, I thought, likely meant that I was to accept what God was giving me—if He really was. Did the Lord really want me to marry this boy for whom I hadn't the least affection? But actually knowing so little about God, I could not decide.

Left dazed, even speechless, by this appalling idea, I turned without a word and walked blindly out into the woods, alone with God. I was almost wild with fear. What I had been dreading seemed to have come upon me! I knew I had to contact God, even if I must search all infinity to find Him! I had to know what He really meant!

Three days and nights my soul went questing. I wrestled, implored, and strove to find Him, but to no avail. God, in the meantime, was wrestling with my own pride,

my aversions, and the high esteem in which I held myself. Once a few words were clearly and distinctly impressed upon my mind; "Whatever made you think you were something special?" That successfully finished deflating my ego—temporarily, at least.

After "dying out" as best I could to ambition, selfishness, worldliness, and pride, yet without suspecting the importance of the overhauling God was giving me, I fell, in spirit, surrendered and broken before Him.

Then, He told me to go open the Bible again, and He would show me the man He had really chosen for me. At the same time, a deep, sweet peace crept through my troubled mind and spirit.

By this time, I was so overhauled it didn't matter whom I married, so long as my Lord was pleased. The Scripture I opened to first was this:

"And he had a son . . . a choice young man, and a goodly: and there was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he: from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people" (1 Samuel 9:2).

Then, came one other Scripture which I could not at all understand. This puzzled me greatly. It was Mark 1:3-9, which I did not guess implied that he would be some kind of preacher. But that he would be a preacher—another of my pet aversions—never dawned upon me!

From that time on, I waited for the man whom God had planned to send me, hoping I would recognize him enough not to refuse his proposal, and so disturb God's planning.

Because of inexperience as a Christian, coupled with a lot of imagination about this promise of God, I was soon off on another fanciful mirage. There gradually began to develop in my mind the image of a creature who was more angel or dream than man.

There were no older brothers in our family from whom I might have concluded that, after all, men were only men. I really pitied "the fallen ones," as I labeled the prosaic men of my acquaintance. Men, run-of-the-mill men, had never impressed or held much attraction for me because of their imperfections and lack of glamour. Perhaps it was mostly their lack of morals, I thought.

After this, I was less impressed than ever. But I was fully convinced that somewhere, there was at least one ideal man—one who was perfect! Absolutely perfect!

Of such strong material was this dream fabric woven that it was many years after I was married before the idea ever entirely percolated through that my husband could be wrong about anything.

At first he only laughed at such ideas of himself, but then later tried seriously to point out my mistake. It was not easy for me to see.

Things finally righted themselves, of course, and I could evaluate life as it really existed. But I'm afraid I still retain that impression that "above all the children of Israel"—church people to me—there is not "a goodlier person than he." He is still "higher than any of the people," and very "choice" so far as I can see.

My husband, of course, never held with any such

naive fantasies about himself, for he is a most realistic person.

Nor was it until one day, long after we were married, when I happened to be studying the first chapter of Mark, that I understood that God had not only been showing me the man I was waiting for, but as well, the particular message he would bring.

But from then on I waited for this dream creature, ideal in looks, morals, intelligence, principles and all.

As I could not possibly recognize him until God pointed him out to me, he walked into and lived in our town completely unsuspected.

Brother and Sister Goss came—the first to bring the Pentecostal message to our town. After I became Pentecostal, I accepted them as ambassadors of the Lord. I grew to like and respect them very much. Sister Goss usually asked me to spend the night with her when her husband was traveling and she was alone. I knew him only slightly. I can look back now and see that we rarely ever spoke, but I was not conscious of it then, as there was a congregation of several hundred people, and I would have been embarrassed had I attracted attention. I admired his principles, his character, and his courage in his work, but not himself as a man. He seemed too ordinary. So blinded was I by preconception that, if God had not worked, I do not think I could ever have been conscious of him. Brother Bell shortly became my pastor and continued so, until I went out into the work.

After Sister Goss unexpectedly passed on, Brother

Goss traveled constantly, and we seldom saw him. He was still just another married man, to me and now, what was more remote in my eyes, a widower. I was very prejudiced against widowers; why I do not know.

Then, one night while I was engrossed in doing altar work in a crowded tent campaign, God unexpectedly spoke kindly in my ear and said: "Look over your left shoulder and you will see the man you are to marry."

Surprised, even stunned, I remained motionless, but fumbled over in my mind as to who it might be, for I knew there was no one there whom I myself would have chosen. Heartsick from fear and dread, I decided I would not look. I did not want to know!

Subconsciously, I suppose, I was trying to evade God and get out of it. But I really felt, at the moment, like a lamb being unwillingly led to slaughter.

Finally, God settled it for me by sternly speaking one mere word: "Look!"

Reluctantly, I obeyed.

Under that entire side of the tent there stood but one man. He was wearing a dark summer suit, and stood in the midst of an entire section of women. Bewildered, I saw that it was only "Brother Goss." Again puzzled, perplexed, it did not register. I could not see how he would enter into the picture, unless, happy thought, he might be going to perform the ceremony. "That's it!" I thought triumphantly. "The Lord couldn't have meant him—not for a husband!"

"Of course I had misunderstood the Lord," I decided further. It should at least be someone new. Someone

romantic! Someone thrilling!

Going on with my altar work, I was soon seized by uneasiness, for fear he might happen to walk near me, or accidentally speak to me while I was so perturbed.

In this confused state of mind, I glanced around to see that all was clear. I slipped out and slowly walked home, talking to God as I went.

By this time I understood Him better. I said: "But Lord, I don't love that man. If you mean him, I'm disappointed. I've always expected someone quite different."

So, for days I thought it over before the Lord, and tried to decide. I watched him on the platform, to see what he might really be like, still hoping I was mistaken.

Then, I began to wonder if I could possibly follow through with such a plan if it became necessary. And, as God hadn't answered my prayer, nor spoken further to me on the subject, I began to suspect that God, after all, had really meant exactly what He had said.

I was deeply disturbed and sad. For days I was only subconsciously aware of what appeared to me to be a delicate, feathery, columnar cloud of pale, softly curling smoke. It began drifting down from the sky straight into my heart.

So gently and unobtrusively it fell that at first I was scarcely conscious it was happening.

As the days went by, this gentle falling gradually increased in velocity. I finally discerned that it was love for "Brother Goss" that God was pouring down into my heart

from heaven.

When He finally made me sure that this was His will for me, I hesitated no longer, but gladly surrendered my will to His.

"Lord," I said, "If you are actually performing such a miracle for me, then it is up to me to say 'Thy will be done.'" I had not known before that it was within God's power to do such a thing as this.

I can't tell you how God was able to drastically rearrange my thinking. I only know that soon there dawned upon my horizon a new man, a thrilling new stranger, only five years older than I, handsome, efficient, desirable; and that under God's tutelage my heart was all his. So greatly was this true, that he still seems to have been two different men even yet. From then on, my big job was how to hide all this from him, and to appear as unconcerned as I had been before.

This complete thought-change has since shown me how easy it can be for any of us to so develop our own ideas that, if left to ourselves, we could gladly die for them, believing in our hearts that we were right, and everyone else wrong.

Does it not point out the fact that often a strange, willful, unsuspected thought-pattern emerges in our lives, perhaps coloring, even dictating, important decisions—decisions which might even change the entire course of a life?

It is possible that some of the foremost religions of the world have in the past been unsuspectingly formed by

just such a solidified, crystallized, fully completed thought-pattern.

An old Southern spiritual, recognizing this fact, reasons:

"Somebody's wrong about the Bible, I believe—I believe."

Since the Bible has emerged from the ages as the only true standard of all right thinking, will it be safe, in the end, to be other than God directed?

Then wisely my tiny grand-tots sing the little chorus:

"My Lord knows the way through the wilderness.

All I have to do is follow!"

Earlier than this, Howard had had a somewhat similar experience.

After his young wife's passing, he had decided in his own mind never to remarry, but to devote himself exclusively to the Lord's work. He loved the Lord, and felt that he would like to "go the last mile" in order to please Him. But this proved not to be in God's plan for him, although he didn't suspect it at the time.

One day he had been out of town all day. Two of his old friends, leading evangelists, were then beginning to conduct what proved to be a successful revival. When Howard returned in the evening, they immediately invited him to go into the garden with them.

"Howard," they said, "we have something very personal to say to you. We hope you will not be offended, but we still feel we should tell you because we believe it to be of the Lord."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Your future wife was at the church this morning," they replied. He did not at once comprehend what they meant. Not at all impressed, he asked, "My what?"

"Your future wife," they repeated.

Trying to be courteous, he idly asked: "What made you think so?"

"The Lord showed each one of us separately during the morning service" (one had been up preaching) "that this particular girl will be your wife. After the service was over, we compared notes, and found that both revelations were exactly the same."

Howard didn't take any stock in their words at the time. The only thing it did do, he said, was to set him wondering why they had ever imagined such a thing. We were about ready to be married, if I remember correctly, before I knew of this incident.

I remember that morning well. The new evangelists had arrived on a late night train the night before. None of us had ever seen them; naturally, we were curious.

The next morning I was hindered from arriving at the eleven o'clock service on time. However, I was impressed to go anyway, so I approached the big tent at about twelve, just as the call for prayer was to be given. I slipped into the next-to-the-last seat, but almost immediately the speaker turned to the other evangelist and spoke to him. Then, as far as I could tell, they both looked straight at me, and began whispering about me. I was both nonplussed and embarrassed, and hoped no one else

would notice it. Impatient with what I thought must have been only my own imagination, I began to tell myself how presumptuous it was of me even to think such a thing. I went to prayer, asking God to forgive me for such egotistical ideas, and tried to forget it.

By this time, we had begun to hear from other workers telling us that God had shown the same thing to them, and saying "God bless you." Some, for other reasons, said antagonistic things, but we soon decided the devil held himself ready, at all times, to cast aspersions on what God had set out to do. But as for me, my heart was satisfied; my dream had come true.

It would occupy too much space to tell how God worked with both of us, revealing His will to us, and to the other ministers as well. He not only revealed His will, but graciously confirmed it every step of the way. A few instances will suffice.

When we later became engaged, we set the time for the following summer. This must be the Lord's will, we reasoned, as it was the first spare time either of us would have, so far as we knew then.

But the Lord cut across our plans and began to deal very definitely with Howard. He found he had one weekend unexpectedly free. He telegraphed Galena where I was stationed, asking if I would meet him in Eureka Springs and marry him on Monday.

Since I was never one to make or change plans readily, it didn't occur to me to accept. I prepared to send my regrets.

Wording the telegram, however, became difficult. While praying about it, my hand was stayed. It came to me that in a matter of such importance, in lieu of my mother, I should first confer with Sister Arthur, a much older and more experienced minister who I felt sure would help me arrange the telegram. She had had the overseeing of the Galena Mission ever since she and Howard had come into "Pentecost." She knew the ways of the Lord much better than I.

When, as a preliminary, I read the telegram to her and asked her what she thought I should do, she answered with a happy smile, "Why go!" "Go?" I questioned, astonished. "Yes!" she emphatically answered. Then I explained our previous plans. "Hasn't anyone told you what the Lord showed Sister Coffee?" she asked. Sister Coffee was an evangelist, and a member of the church. "No," I said, wonderingly.

Then she told me that ten days before, in a prayer meeting which the Lord had directed me definitely not to attend, God had spoken to the church through Sister Coffee, in prophecy, and had told them all that He was planning for Ethel and Howard to be married soon. I have now forgotten the rest of the message. Sister Miller, the church secretary-treasurer, was immediately shown a vision telling her we were to go to Eureka Springs to be married soon, and that I was to return as pastor for the following six months.

This was all news to me. The strangest thing was that this was the only way they had of knowing we were even

engaged, as I had told no one; neither had Howard. It later turned out that each member was so sure someone else had already informed me, that no one had thought to mention it.

Sister Arthur said: "Go over and talk to Sister Miller, and see what she says. I've never known her yet to be mistaken in knowing the Lord's voice. She has your expense money ready."

Sure enough, when I walked over and talked to Sister Miller, she handed me my train fare, my hotel expense, and some money for incidentals. The money had been contributed by the members of the assembly, especially for my use. They had found out exactly how much I would need. She also gave me money from the treasury for the telegram.

This happened on Friday morning. I sent the telegram immediately. Sister Arthur told me that one woman who hadn't contributed said she would supply my bride's outfit. So I spent Friday afternoon downtown shopping for a trousseau. This was also done without any planning or forethought on my part.

I took my regular Sunday appointments, and left on the midnight train for Eureka Springs. As soon as Howard arrived the next day, he sent an invitation to the Eureka Springs church to be present at three o'clock that afternoon.

Then there was the matter of a wedding bouquet. Money was so scarce in those days that I felt what little we had could be more profitably spent on essentials than

on a wedding bouquet. Because of an inherited love for flowers, which seems to be in my blood, this caused me some regret, but I brushed it aside.

Just in time, and most unexpectedly, the lady who owned the hotel came in with quite a few hot-house blossoms for me. I quickly fashioned them into a simple bouquet, which I carried. And, so we were married Monday afternoon in the double parlors of "The Chatangua Hotel" with a large group of saints in attendance. How my heart rejoiced to know so definitely that we were in His precious will and care.

Sister Arthur later said that the Lord had several times whispered to her, previous to this prayer meeting, of our forthcoming marriage, although she knew of no engagement.

The Galena Assembly was the most quietly efficient group of saints in the Spirit I was ever privileged to know, and "I thank my God upon every remembrance of them."

They felt we would be so perfectly suited for the Lord's work that they were happy, and so were we. Time proved them right.

Those Early 20th Century Disciples

We were sometimes asked why, if God wanted to restore Pentecost to the earth and fill people again as in Apostolic days, He turned to us instead of the trained ministry who were already recognized as spiritual leaders—although some were far from spiritual.

I did not know the answer then. Now, I think it could have been because ninety percent of us were so very young. When God set thousands of us on fire with a heavenly passion, we balked at nothing. Most of us had no formal training for the ministry, so we had no close, resultant loyalties—all restrictive—such as church fixations, doctrinal prejudices, old college ties, ministerial pride, or acquired dignity to uphold. Our loyalty was to Christ alone.

Most of us were merely ordinary, aggressive young people, overwhelmingly in love with Jesus, the “fairest of ten thousands,” the “altogether lovely One,” and we “loved not our lives unto the death.” Thus, we became selfless and detached. His will became our will. We had no other. No sacrifice was too great, no duty too hard for us to perform. No indignity we could suffer could favorably

compare with what Jesus had already suffered for us, and we were grateful. Without wishing to cast aspersions on any person or situation, I would, nevertheless, like to include some naked truths here.

The average ecclesiastic of that day was not flexible enough for God to use him in this new religious movement on the earth. It was an end time message, a fulfilling of Joel's prophecy, which God had not idly given in the first place. It was, no doubt, intended to be characteristic of this entire dispensation from Jesus' day until now. But, its fulfillment had all along been hampered so often by doubtful clerical teaching, generally speaking, that God seemingly had to sidestep the organized unit, and raise up a malleable people, in order to "bring to pass His act, His strange act," as Isaiah had prophesied.

The first offense by uninspired teachers was that the time period of Acts 2:17 was "put far from them," relegated to some far distant era, which could not possibly concern them. Then the "daughters" were forbidden to prophesy; the "hand maidens" were silenced. "Young men" were shackled, so checked, so retarded that comparatively few young men would endure the oppression for long. Thank God for the few reformers who did! The "dreams" of "old men" were frowned upon and made light of! There was little place for spirituality anywhere outside a tightly-closed pulpit, and sometimes very little there.

"Signs and wonders" were said to be fanatical. Miracles were for past ages, a phenomenon not for everyday use. Physical healing had been for Jesus alone

to perform while on the earth. Faith was a dead flame, a candle snuffed out. The true baptism in the Holy Ghost, with the evidence of speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gave utterance, was held to be an experience so far above human reach that only the twelve apostles were ever qualified to obtain it.

Not even the teaching of the power and happiness of a truly regenerated life was left to bless sorrowing humanity by many denominational preachers. A defeatist religion was proclaimed and believed everywhere. "Just do the best you can, and hope for the best after death" might well have epitomized many pulpit messages.

Think how much precious fruit from the earth God could have had to gladden His soul. Think how many hopeless, doomed, lost men and women down through the ages, now eternally lost, could have been rejoicing in a risen Savior's love, had the "young men" and the "daughters," ever since the resurrection, been allowed to prophesy, to be "led by the Spirit," and to carry gospel light into earth's darkest and most remote corners! Had Christians everywhere been receiving the energizing and propelling power inherent in the baptism of the Holy Ghost, had they been eagerly witnessing as they do today—what might have been wrought!

But Satan didn't die when Judas hanged himself. He shifted his position a bit, and then went to work on the preachers.

An eminent pastor, writing in a recent issue of a woman's magazine, gave a fair cross sectional view of

some present-day church members, and delineated for us a few of the main categories into which they fall. As the picture had changed little with the years, it was still recognizable.

Number one on his list was the selfish type: self-centered people who want nothing of God besides peace of mind for themselves, and to be let alone.

Another was the self-complacent worshipper, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." This writer said: "Indeed, this kind of churchly respectability can become genuine religion's most deadly enemy . . . they are immune to the real meaning of religious faith. . . . Many churches have become so accommodating and easy-going in their requirements . . . that almost anyone feels at home there."

Then there was also the wholly congealed type, so frozen in his own human goodness and perfections, that he couldn't thaw out. Human nature, even though it may be called to preach, seems to prefer to lead God around, monkey-like, on a string, if it could be done, rather than to be completely emptied of self, and allow God to lead and control.

Still another group offered for contemplation were those "self-opinionated, intolerant folk, who go to church to have their prejudices confirmed."

There are also members of another class who worship their denomination far more than they worship God Himself. The first time I heard this stark statement, it was made by a young farm boy who stood up in a testimony

service and challenged all church folk to prove him wrong. He said: "You'll let a man who is working with you curse Jesus Christ all day, and never turn a hair; but let him curse or vilify your church even once, and you will immediately knock him down."

Again, some think of themselves as Christians but say they are "not an emotional Christian." To my way of thinking such a state cannot exist. Love is the most transcendent emotion known to mankind. Where love is, emotions are paramount. Where "all the heart, mind, soul, and strength" are given over to love, as Jesus commanded, salvation becomes a surging river of emotion, carrying the Christian triumphantly through whatever may lie ahead.

Of such cordage are martyrs made. No substitute for love has the necessary tensile strength for the everyday stresses and strains of life. Nor will any substitute produce those "who loved not their lives even unto the death."

True Christians soon learn that this deep, ceaseless, surging tide of love for Christ creates the only worship worthy of His holiness. So, he who is truly a Christian cannot, in the very nature of things, escape being emotional, however much atrophied religionists may insist to the contrary. But, as the bird is adjusted to wind and sky, so the Christian lives in this exalted state of absolute peace, perfect exhilarating rest and tranquility, until, for him, it becomes the norm.

Only by abandonment to Christ's love can the soul

come at last into its true habitat—the great loving heart of a magnetic Savior.

These truly found Him in earth-shaking power, and went home justified, just as they did in Jesus' day.

Led by the Spirit, many denominational ministers, however, at great cost to themselves, came amongst us, receiving the Holy Ghost baptism in its fullness, afterward successfully leading our customary nomadic life of faith.

Brother E. N. Bell, as I have mentioned before, was granted a year's leave from his city pastorate, in order to go to Brother Durham's Mission in Chicago, where he would "tarry" and seek God for his portion of this latter rain outpouring.

For eleven months this humble scholar placed his mind, his heart, and his life at God's disposal, waiting upon Him, unloading ideas which God pointed out were inconsistent, and embracing the viewpoint that God was approving.

By the end of the eleven months, he was really made over into a new man, and taught by the Holy Spirit of God. Through this daily process of absorption and assimilation, he became so filled with God that he abundantly overflowed in other tongues.

Because of this precious time spent on his knees studying God's Word, he later became one of the Movement's great teachers, and a blessing to thousands.

But not all the men of note who came investigating remained with us. Everyone who was hungry enough for God, and willing to pay God's price, got God's best.

People who wanted God at any price were neither captious nor fault-finding, but overlooked, just as we had originally done, all they did not understand once they realized God was in our midst.

Still others had so much consecrating to do that they became secretly peeved with God and walked away. This type usually later spread detrimental stories against the work to ease their own consciences, and thereby hindered many who might otherwise have gone after God's best. But God rode gloriously on, scattering His bounty where He would, leaving the "elder brother" dazedly standing in the road—so to speak—watching His dust.

Because it was He Himself at work, God dipped down and touched scattered cities, villages, and hamlets with celestial fire; and He Himself lighted hundreds of flame-tipped, altar-inspired witnesses of His power to heal, recreate, and make anew.

Nor did He leave Himself dependent upon someone to go, but skipped over distance, bringing hills and plains and seas to life, throbbing with glory and adulation. Isolated missionaries, about their work, heard a heavenly "going in the mulberry trees" and gladly welcomed the One who had also strengthened Gideon. They, too, opened hungry hearts wide to the very "King of glory," and heavenly glory poured in until their cups ran over. Then were our lips filled with singing and our hearts with rejoicing!

Signs and wonders and gifts of the Holy Ghost followed these believers wherever they went, exactly as God had promised in this dispensation.

Ah, those were glorious days! Days of heaven upon earth for everyone blessed enough to have received Him. He was most truly King of glory—King of the glory-filled heart!

Hundreds of assemblies sprang up everywhere.

Many who had been hungry for God were now encouraged to come nigh Him, and received Him for themselves. Many, who had imagined they were saved, now found they had never been truly converted. The gospel was preached to poor and rich alike, the poor coming up and the high coming down, as had been prophesied (Isaiah 40:4).

John was called “a voice.” Some of us can be only echoes, because we lack the “rivers of living water” Jesus promised at the feast (John 7:38). For many years we were called a “John the Baptist-movement” because it was God’s voice crying in a spiritual wilderness of the restoration of all things “spoken by the prophets.”

Besides, all the individuals who received the Holy Ghost went literally everywhere preaching the Word. They sowed beside all waters. Aflame with their heavenly experience, they ceased not day and night, in every house where they could enter, to declare the wonderful works of the Lord. Many congregations were formed voluntarily. Many, who went as missionaries, backed by no board, having no earthly means of support, living by faith alone, laid the foundation for the vast Pentecostal movement around the world today.

Degrees, parent church boards, good salaries, and

restful holidays are all contributing factors upon which evangelistic ministers might base their hope of success. But no human aid so inflames a locality as a preacher and his congregation on fire with the Holy Ghost.

When God wanted to commission Moses to deliver Israel, He got his attention by setting a bush on fire. In this latter rain outpouring God attracted people by setting *men* on fire—men who, like the bush, were not consumed, but who were submerged in the things of God, and able to relate what had happened—men in whom there was no self-consciousness, no pretense, no cultivated mannerisms, no playing to the gallery, no stealing the show. All was done in deep sincerity, in burning earnestness, and in the childlike simplicity of true faith. Binding it all was white-hot brotherly love.

For many years our preachers were more afraid of compromising a message they believed to be of God than they were of outright backsliding. They were more fearful of drifting back into “a form of godliness,” or becoming hidebound, legalistic, or dead, than they were of being found in open sin. I suppose the possibility of the latter seemed the most remote.

Walking in the light of God’s revelation was considered the guarantee of unbroken fellowship with God. I feel that it still is, for that matter. Consequently, a preacher who did not dig up a new slant on some Scripture, or get some new revelation to his heart every so often; one who did not propagate it, defend it, and let it be known that if necessary he was prepared to lay down his

life for it, was considered slow, dull, and unspiritual. Calling a man a “compromiser” killed his ministry far and wide. Because of this, no doubt, many new revelations, which began to cause confusion, were condoned.

Then we took one of our first open steps toward organization. Finally, it was unanimously approved at one of our conferences that every minister who received a new revelation was not to preach or teach it publicly until the next conference. There he was to submit it to his brethren in open session. If none of his hearers could tear it to pieces scripturally, nor “shoot it full of holes,” and if it came through still in one piece, all preachers would be at liberty to preach it, if they wished.

For many years this was common practice. Our eyes were so constantly being opened to some new phase of the Word of God, that when we met each other, nothing seemed to be so important a topic of conversation as the Scriptures. A familiar and most absorbing question when preachers met was: “What new revelation have you received?”

It was so often mentioned that, years later, after we had moved to Canada, my wife and I were somewhat amused when two of our small sons borrowed our language.

It happened this way: The boys had disappeared with their little wagon after lunch one day. When night fell, and they had not returned, we began to wonder. There was little danger there, nevertheless, I started out to search for them. They suddenly appeared from another direction, and

their mother told them I had gone in search of them, and chided them for being so late. Joseph, the elder (he was then about six years of age), drew himself up to his full height and said impressively: "Mother, I said to Alvohn at the foot of the hill: 'Alvohn, I've just had a revelation.'" Upon inquiring she found that Alvohn had stood stock-still, and had attentively asked: "What is it?" Really serious now, as he noticed the darkness that had fast settled around them, Joseph told him: "We are going to get punished when we get home!"

As God gave each man a vision, so each man wrought. Our chief concern was that the job He had given us be well and truly done for we had found that His work must be compounded together, and that Christ being the chief Cornerstone, our work must be of like quality and endurance. So, God used us unsuspectingly to lay a scriptural foundation for His glory which God has always honored by fire. For truly God's holy fire still falls everywhere on each person who cheerfully consecrates himself as a sacrificial offering to be consumed by God in His service.

We saw only the work to be done at the moment, and were too occupied with duty and opportunity to plan a future. Anyway, God had so effectively taught us that He led His own work and that we were only laborers doing His bidding, that all planning was left entirely to the Master.



Howard and Ethel Goss—wedding picture taken August 29, 1911 in
Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

Hot Springs, Arkansas

It was about this time that Ethel and I began our future work as an evangelistic team, by conducting a meeting in Galena, and a tent revival for Brother S. D. Kinne in Tahlequah, Oklahoma. I shall never forget one incident which took place while we were in Tahlequah.

We entered the tent for a Sunday afternoon service at 2:30 p.m. The thermometer was high—around 90 degrees. Soon, a wind came up from the northwest, bringing rain. Believe it or not, within a half-hour the temperature had dropped from 90 degrees to below freezing. The rain froze over everything; the landscape looked as though it had been carved in ice. I have never seen such a drastic change in weather since.

After attending another conference in Houston, we returned to Galena, where Ethel later resigned her pastorate so we could travel. Our first stop was in Eureka Springs, where we attended a Bible school that Brother Daniel Awrey was conducting.

Daniel Awrey was a world-famous Bible teacher, missionary and traveler. He preached wonderfully for several weeks on Philippians 1:19—"The Supply of the Spirit." He had recently spent forty days on an ocean

steamer and had stored up the Word of God and an abundant "supply of the Spirit" for himself. He was a man of cultivation and charm, but in his trips around the world, he used little of the abundant offerings he received for himself. In order to save and give to others, he bought steerage tickets and arranged to forego hotels by sitting up in trains at night. By living austere, with much fasting, he was able to send thousands of dollars through the years to missionaries who were suffering privations in the field. His messages and example were a great incentive to us; his teachings were both practical and deeply spiritual. A great man, and greatly used of God.

During the summer of 1911, we held several two-week camp meetings under my tent—at Eureka Springs; Siloam Springs; Essex, Missouri; Malvern; and the last camp of the season at Hot Springs in Arkansas.

The last-named camp meeting proved to be an exceptionally good one, with great crowds attending, and with a great moving of the people toward God. We erected the tent on East Central Avenue, near the State Fair Grounds. We were only scheduled for a ten-day meeting, but the crowds were so great that the superintendent of the street railway system came to see me and urged me to continue the meetings. It was more on his part, perhaps, than on the part of others, because of the revenue accruing to him during an off-season period in this resort city. When he found that the tent was to be sent elsewhere for another camp, he offered us the free use of the large Whittington Park Auditorium if we would continue

our services.

So we moved out to lovely Whittington Park at the other end of the trolley line. God gave us another big meeting there. Assisting us here were Brother Opperman and several other ministers.

To this park we brought Sister Woodworth Etter to conduct the evangelistic services: to handle the preaching and the praying for the sick. The fame of her healings had already spread far and wide, so that great crowds gathered to hear her. Many unusual things took place through her great faith in God. Being that rare type—a true evangelist—she became the means of many souls being saved, as well as the means of bringing many others closer to God.

Sister Etter was a great warrior. Although seventy-two years of age at that time, she was still an ideal evangelist. She never had “off days” or nights. She never seemed to tire; she could keep preaching night and day, year after year, in top form and with the same results. Nor did she ever seem to waver. Nothing daunted or shook her faith. She faced the devil boldly, but with the quiet authority of perfect assurance. She never gave him quarter. With a faint smile on her face, her right hand slightly upraised, she would calmly and gladly, I think, have walked into a den of lions for Jesus. No matter how helpless nor in what distressful condition the sick and suffering were, she was almost sure to be the first to touch them. If it were a nauseating case, she was usually the last of the workers to leave.

Nor did her evangelistic fervor ever lag. Things basic and fundamental always happened in every service, for God never failed her during all the months I was associated with her.

A trained nurse, with over thirty-five years professional service behind her, was closely associated with Sister Etter. We all knew her companion well. She told us that never before had she seen such a courageous, self-sacrificing spirit in anyone. Besides supporting some twenty dependent relatives, Sister Etter also supported the workers who traveled with her, and paid them all a salary, we were told. Her husband had been an invalid for years, and allowed no one but her to care for him. She arose at six o'clock every morning to make his breakfast and dress him for the day. Apart from her two meetings each day, all her time was spent with him, a fact she never mentioned either publicly or privately. Her workers told us in confidence, and related the following amusing incident:

Strangers or sinners coming into her meetings often had God's power fall upon them, usually lightly, so that they trembled slightly. But once, when Sister Etter was conducting a great revival campaign in Dallas, Texas, God wrought mighty miracles of healing, salvation, and manifestations of different kinds, until the entire community was greatly stirred.

Arriving late one night into the huge crowded tent, were three very dignified, impressive, and apparently successful middleaged clergymen, in full clerical dress.

As there was no seating space left, people sitting on the altar benches gave them their seats, sitting themselves upon the sawdust-covered ground.

In almost all Sister Etter's meetings the power of God was so strong that person after person would casually tumble off his seat and lie for hours as if dead. Those full of faith usually came out of it receiving the baptism, or healing, or whatever they were hungry for.

These three men sat stiffly upright, their eyes alertly following the slightest move on the platform. When the service got well under way with the power of God as strong as usual, one of them, without any to-do, tumbled into the sawdust and lay motionless. Neither of the other two even glanced toward him, unaware, without doubt, that he had changed his position. Five minutes later, perhaps, the next one fell, and in a few moments the third one also toppled into the sawdust where he, too, lay motionless.

Some small boys soon crawled up from the crowded altar floor and appropriated their seats. The three clerics remained stretched out, dead to the world. The altar service eventually continued around them, and even over them, but they never perceptibly moved a muscle.

After three or four hours, when the power of God had begun to lift, and the altar service was reaching its conclusion, the three ministers arose almost simultaneously, brushed off every particle of sawdust and sheepishly made their dignified way out the door. As they had not spoken a word, no one knew who they were, nor why they had come.

Sister Etter did tell us privately that her faith had been tested in many ways since she had begun preaching divine healing thirty-six years before, or thereabout.

At one time a cancer appeared on the back of her neck, continuing until it had eaten into her spine. The physician who saw it said it was ready to attack the spinal cord. Her family was expecting her death when God healed her, instantly! Throughout the two years of her affliction she had gone right on with her meetings, preaching day and night. A great woman! A great evangelist—"faithful unto death"!

Cold weather forced us to close the services in the late fall, but not before a great work had been done, and a good assembly established in Hot Springs.

When we had left the park, I leased the Grand Opera House downtown for a period of six months, and invited Brother Opperman to conduct a Bible school throughout the winter. During February 1912, Ethel and I availed ourselves of the opportunity to visit the work in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in Chicago, and in other northern points. We returned to Hot Springs in the spring.

Henceforth we remained in Hot Springs as pastors. This was to be our headquarters for several years. I still traveled some, helping in the general work whenever there was a need. But from this time on I always used a pastorate as a base.

In December of 1912, our eldest son, Joseph, was born in Hot Springs. Ethel now stayed at home with the church, since she did a great deal of the preaching. She

was a great help in the Lord's work generally, as well as in our own pastorate.

The next summer, I shipped my tent to Meridian, Mississippi for the first state camp of the season. It proved to be a great camp and much good was accomplished for the message of Pentecost throughout that state. Brother H. G. Rogers was one of the chief speakers, while Brother L. C. Hall, the night evangelist, was in top form and really superb.

The next camp for which I was responsible that summer was in Galveston, Texas. Brothers Opperman, Roselli, Anderson, Hall and many other leaders were there with us. I met Brother Oliver Fauss for the first time there. This Galveston camp, however, was not the success that most of the others had been.

Soon, from Hot Springs, we left for Tulsa, Oklahoma, to conduct the state camp there. W. T. Gaston, who was the pastor of the Tulsa Assembly, had invited us to bring the tent there. Brother and Sister Hall were preaching for this camp also, and God surely did give us a great victory. The city was stirred. Brothers Willard Pope, John D. James, and others assisted us. Altogether we held five state camps that summer.



Jean Campbell, who with Marie Burgess-Brown, pioneered the work in New York City.

Grievous Wolves

For some years now we had had no organization beyond that of a “gentleman’s agreement,” which included an understanding that we would withdraw our fellowship from the untrustworthy. There was, however, an association of ministers called the “Church of God in Christ,” to which a few of us belonged from 1910 until 1914. This association was primarily for business purposes.

It was becoming increasingly apparent that something would have to be done, if we were to preserve the work. New situations were arising all the time, as our movement grew larger and more unwieldy. New attitudes were needed.

In the past we had been taught: “Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.” When Brother Canada took charge of the field in 1908, there had seemed to be no need of earthly organization, so none was supplied.

As our numbers increased, the influx brought with it leaders who did not believe in organization at all; some even preached that anything of that nature (when committed to paper) was of the devil. Opposing this viewpoint was the definite system existing in the New

Testament church under the apostles.

As we were all inexperienced, we were carefully testing every step, lest we would somehow lose our precious fellowship with God. We were not yet too sure of our ground. Walking in the Spirit was all right for those who would, and did, but what of those who wouldn't? What of those who needed more restraint to do their best work?

Carefully and prayerfully watching the work over the years, I hoped to arrive at a decisive conclusion as to what was God's will for us, as I had no desire to grieve or displease the Lord.

It was obvious that men who would voluntarily go into a new field; who would fulfill the requisite obligations, of fasting, praying, preaching, visiting, and singing; who would suffer the privations and hardship entailed, and would give up their own lives to rescue lost souls and mold them into another well-established, frontier lifesaving unit, capable of rescuing others in turn; to repeat, it was obvious that such men truly loved their flocks.

Neither could such men take their responsibilities lightly, but were true fathers to these infant assemblies in every sense of the word. They could pastor a church for years without bringing reproach to it. These were trustworthy men, men of sound judgment and character, men who were thoroughly saved from both self and sin, having themselves well in hand, under God.

Such a man soon associated himself with other preachers who were like-minded. He decided what doctrine he himself believed, had his own fixed standards

of right or wrong by which he judged men, knew what conduct he required of his friends, and, in short, carried his own private organization in his head.

I saw this happen over and over again. It worked in the same way on the foreign mission field, as well as in new states. Wrong practices brought disapproval from better men. Thus, every man, of necessity, had his own unwritten organization, his own unwritten manual, but a manual and an organization nevertheless.

Younger ministers, appraising the older ones, naturally grouped themselves around the more fatherly type of minister, looking to him for counsel, example, and fellowship. These groups grew in ever-widening circles, until we really had an unwritten organization, with each group functioning separately, however much we had tried to avoid it.

Unelected officials were produced in the same way. Men naturally gravitate toward the work they like best. Their gifts, whether natural or spiritual—often both—were soon known. Leaders instinctively turned to the one best fitted for the job.

Men among us, in this way, became a secretary, a treasurer, or a leader, not by “usurping” the position as was sometimes suggested, nor by self-appointment, as was sometimes charged. They were chosen because they were capable, and the general public had confidence in them.

A leader also carried in his mind a list of each man’s qualities and experience, and thus was immediately able

to suggest a suitable person for any appointment.

For instance, it was often difficult, when appointing an individual to serve as Camp Meeting Treasurer, to find a local man whose reputation for honesty and integrity was such that the public mind would be at rest with him at the control of the purse strings. Many coming into the Pentecostal movement had known both moral and financial corruption in the management of the denominational churches. Thus, their confidence in church leadership had to be restored before the Pentecostal movement could be fully trusted.

It also seemed to me that God, in creating human beings, had naturally conditioned them to fit into working groups after the family unit. There appeared to be no alternative to this divine plan except to become an out-and-out criminal, with eventually every man's hand against his brother.

This was contrary to the Spirit of Christ in most of us. Neither did that seem to be God's plan. None of us had any wish for a "hidebound" organization, the usual term for any degree of ecclesiasticism, for all of us wanted to be free, but so far, there seemed no satisfactory substitute.

Another unhealthy problem was that the movement, as it grew, began not only to solidify into small clusters around a favorite leader, but often to develop a partisan spirit as well! So much so that each group, subconsciously, even copied its own leader's mannerisms, much as they copied his life. Looking over a camp meeting or convention audience, you could soon

spot the followers of the various leaders. Some might yell a quick "Amen" in a happy falsetto like Brother Pinson. Another might jerk his head a little to one side as Brother Durham did when the touch of God came upon him. Or some might have still more noticeable manifestations, if their leader happened to be of the spectacular type.

This growing likeness was easily traced back to the early days of the open West, as I remember it, when groups of law-abiding citizens were forced to band together to weed out the bad men and protect the good.

It was obvious that we were almost following the primitive pattern of the wild western mustangs which had once roamed the prairies. These creatures grouped themselves into many small bands, each following their own leader, but fighting every other leader and his band as well.

This primeval state of things had never served the best interests of civilization; neither was our system now serving the best interests of the kingdom of God.

The cohesiveness which God had given us in the baptism of the Holy Ghost through love was rapidly being lost through our lack of cooperation and the spirit then abroad in the land was endeavoring to separate us.

To the public, this partisan spirit could not be justified or explained. An assembly could understand why an irresponsible minister could not be fellowshipped; why some of his ideas had to be preached against; but not why good men would break fellowship or split hairs over some minor point of doctrine, practice, or belief, such as

now threatened us.

The truth was that if a preacher's spiritual and mental pride was small, he could bear with and work with others who could not honestly see eye to eye with him on all points. If, however, his pride were great, fellowship for him (and with him) was impossible.

Again, such enterprises as home and foreign missions required some sort of organization. These would prosper more if a concerted effort were made, and a stronger home base established.

Within their own consciousness, leaders themselves began to recognize gifts and qualities from God in other leaders, far exceeding their own along certain lines. Such men were sent for much as a pastor secures an evangelist because of his confidence in the other's ability to do the work of an evangelist.

In this way, and in no other, as far as I know, several ministers who scattered over the States and Canada eventually became leaders of leaders. Not by effort or pushing, not by self-praise or electioneering, but because men everywhere had found that the Word of wisdom was in them. Or perhaps the prayer of faith, or teaching, or evangelism, or some other of the Spirit's gifts. Men made way for them and pushed them to the top, whether they wanted a top place or not. In this way, we also had our unelected officials. Water will find its level, and so will men. "A man's gift makes room for him."

Many regrettable things began taking place at this time in our southern work, but things so subtle and elusive

as to defy remedying.

As our ministers had no written credentials, they casually walked into a church for a meeting whenever they felt the impulse. The churches became so accustomed to it that they heartily welcomed anyone who claimed to be a Pentecostal preacher.

However, up until this time our work had been known by the name "Apostolic Faith." But as these and some other reproaches had been and were being brought upon us, we decided to call ourselves "Pentecostal." The baffling tales abroad reproached us in the eyes of many people before we could even get a hearing. If they heard us, and then rejected us, all right. But we did not feel that we should let God's work lie under undeserved reproach if we could evade it. Hence the change.

How this victimizing system got into operation, we never knew, but we soon began hearing from scattered, unpastored churches that they had been invaded by the cleverest of confidence men, posing as our preachers.

As these men were, of course, clever talkers, many congregations never doubted them. They all sensed they were different, but in what way they didn't know—at least, not in time to save themselves from being "fleeced." How these crooks found out that we were "sitting ducks" for their evil schemes, we never knew. But we soon knew they were up to no good. Nevertheless, our hands were tied because we had an entire congregation to convince, after we had satisfied our own minds.

The more spirit-led members usually observed it, but

a leader could not honorably accuse a man publicly, with no evidence but his own suspicion in hand. Sometimes a minister was invited, but most often he simply walked in and started preaching. He could stay as long as he liked, leave when the Spirit bade him go, and nothing was thought of it.

When they made their past wrongs right a few who had been lacking in character were accepted among us, for God was giving everyone a chance. Regrettably, these soon failed, and dropped away into private sins. Greed for “filthy lucre” soon followed.

When they grew bolder and more hardened, some of these would stop over for a few days in an assembly and usually, with careful boasting, relate to the congregation how many people had been healed, saved, or baptized under their ministry, giving the impression—with great modesty—that they themselves were “great ones.”

Hot Springs, Arkansas seemed to have more than its rightful share of such incidents. The episode I am about to relate convinced me to move my family there permanently and accept the pastorate of the small assembly.

This city seemed to have become a favorite stopping place for all these con men. Hot Springs was a government health resort for venereal and other crippling diseases. It was on the main line of the Iron Mountain railroad. The traffic in imposters got so heavy here that the assembly sent for help.

One afternoon two strangers arrived at the worker's house dressed exactly as most of our ministers did. They

said they were “Apostolic” preachers, and were going to attend the service that night. They told which assembly they had come from and what wonderful meetings they always had. The men were invited to attend the seven o’clock street meeting, and then to preach later at the Mission Hall.

The street corner which the city had assigned to our group lay along the main street which ran through a narrow pass formed by two mountains, and which contained the very heart of the business and promenade section.

That night the two men testified and did fairly well, until the last one, trying to impress his hearers with how much power he had, pointed to a telephone pole and said, “By this power I have I can climb that pole unaided.” He proceeded to try. Of course, the workers were horrified, and started a song to cover up.

Two policemen who often stopped and listened to the services had come up behind the large crowd, and had stopped in the shadow of a tall building, unseen by these speakers.

They were alerted immediately. One went back to the Station house, only a few steps away, to refresh his memory. Just as the meeting was being dismissed, the officers stepped out, and arrested and handcuffed “our preachers” for horse-stealing in an eastern state.

However, this was the most disastrous occurrence I remember. Fortunately, the city being filled with strangers—200,000 each season—the incident didn’t do too much

harm.

But God kept His true ministers free from this spirit of covetousness; free from the love of praise, unscrupulousness, and self-pity. These He sent wherever He chose, "without money and without price." These were the men who had to follow the wreckage left in the wake of the "phony preachers" just mentioned. But, with patience and love they restored the confidence of the assembly and encouraged them spiritually.

These pastorless flocks were usually understood to be under the supervision of some well-known minister, but often were not. A church waited and held their own services until the Lord sent someone along to preach for them. No one was ever "called" to a church by vote.

No man who was really in touch with God ever thought of going or staying because of finances. Evangelists usually built up a new field through much suffering, then left it, knowing that the next preacher who came along would reap a bountiful financial harvest.

Nevertheless, the church board or the pastor, if they had one, usually gave the visiting preachers or evangelists all they could afford.

We had almost no systematic defense against these previously-mentioned marauders. Individuals who were willing, under God, to be "helpers," had by sheer character and force of their own personality to stand alone and guard the sheep gate from them.

Another trouble was that a leader could guard only so many sheep at a time. What protection did isolated fields,

which had no shepherd, have when some unworthy person, drawn by the scent of gold, invaded their habitation?

Ironically enough, some of these “fleeced” saints would be so hurt, that, instead of reasoning that the one who had tricked them was a crook, they would often turn against all Pentecostal people, classing them all as false, and withdrawing entirely from our ranks.

The Birth of an Organization

My work often necessitated that I go wherever there was trouble, help the one in charge to quieten the sheep, arbitrate if necessary, and assist in restoring the congregation's confidence in God and in their leader. This God always helped me to accomplish. But the damage, nevertheless, was becoming great.

Within the congregations it was much the same. A member who had a wrong attitude could go from one church to another, and might even be received by the new pastor with open arms, no matter how much he had misconducted himself in his former church. Some pastors were tempted to harbor and protect trouble-makers because the individual's family, his presence, or his offerings made a good showing. And, perhaps he could indulge himself in a small bit of personal gloating that, as an up-and-coming pastor, he had added to his congregation a person intelligent enough to appreciate his superiority, and thus pay it tribute. Such a one really should have been reprov'd and sent back home to make his wrongs right. But surprisingly few freelance pastors saw the importance, or the necessity, for doing so.

So, I concluded that in church work, as in all else,

men of honor naturally flowed together to stand against all forms of wrong, whether from neglect, or through the gamut of self-indulgence, greed, dishonor, and on to outright sin. Ministers who, thoughtlessly or otherwise, were at heart unfaithful, cared little for the morale of the Savior's flock.

Thus, from the Book of Acts, as well as from our own experiences, I was led to see that even Spirit-filled people needed some restraint. Just as a good horse still needs a harness to produce worthwhile results, the movement needed a legal form of written cooperative fellowship. An organizational effort had to be made in which every man helped his brother. It was the will of God, and imperative, that only those who would agree to such cooperative efforts be allowed to join.

"Not slothful in business" was another Bible command still in force. But it would be necessary for us to conduct our business in the way our present time demanded; and for this, cooperation was needed.

How a man adjusts individually to organization depends largely upon his own viewpoint. If he has the disposition to make a mountain out of a molehill, it can easily be done over organization. The viewpoint is all.

Communists think of us as "capitalist slaves." We think ourselves the freest people in the world. To us, our laws are a protecting friend. To other minds, however, those same laws may be a glowering menace.

Someone wrote my wife not long ago and said: "How happy you must be to be free again." Although she did not

know to what the writer referred, she smiled and said: "If they only knew, I have never been anything but free."

Laws, being for the lawless, are a protection to men of good will. They rejoice in the safety of what may seem to another to be bitterest bondage.

The unsaved think the Christian bound. The Christian knows he is as free as a bird circling the blue.

Pentecostal organizations have, as far as I know, been kept loosely controlled enough to protect both infant and mature saints; but the fence is also high enough, the gate "straight" enough to bar any who may wish to live in a scriptural danger zone. Some churches, perhaps, are more restrictive than others.

It is all too possible to allow an outlaw spirit to rule one's self, or a church for that matter, thus driving ourselves away from the legitimate protection of organization which God has established for the good of His own people.

On the other hand, danger will loom in any organization when the leaders are forced, because of a lack of qualified men, to appoint those who possess little judgment, and have no sense of fair play. Often, these men are selfwilled, egotistical, and become power-drunk on the little bit of authority vested in them.

Such men can be mean, stingy, or small, as can be found in any cross section of humanity, if they neglect to pray through their littleness into the bigness of the self-sacrificing Christ.

Had love for others been in their hearts, it would have

taught them. Love is one of the greatest unrecognized teachers on earth. It can reduce even the wildest humanity to gentleness; it is a potent civilizing influence to everyone. Love never fails to teach, to uplift, to humanize, and to bring the Deity closer to the human heart.

In one way, nevertheless, organization was forced upon us; the attitude church leaders took made the difference. Many whom God had filled might have preferred to go back to their former connections after the revival, had not God allowed the denominational leaders to criticize, ostracize, castigate or insult His children, demanding that they traitorously repudiate all that God had done. Others, God Himself dealt with personally, and caused them not to return.

In some parts of the country, where persecution was not so intense, some of them still retained their previous membership, although attending Pentecostal services, and were still in good standing many years later.

None, I think, ever really wanted us to set up a separate organization, unless it became imperative. But seeing the bitterness of most church leaders, we soon knew that such a course was now unavoidable.

Perhaps, it is also inevitable that our movement will crystallize as it grows older and larger, and that it will not escape the vices which vast machinery and power have unwittingly fostered in older denominations. But may the dear Lord come before this materializes!

As there was no apparent way to gather up the reins of the different cliques, each of which seemed in danger of

galloping off in its own direction, Brother Bell and I worked privately together on some type of solution. We later found that Brother Opperman saw this need, too, as did a few other leaders.

We realized that great care was needed at this stage, as we had been strictly taught against any form of organization. Irresponsible brethren, if they heard too much, might immediately use the opportunity to poison the saints against us before we could explain, and call us “compromisers!”—a serious charge in those days.

Of necessity, we secretly discussed calling a conference to organize the work. So, in November of 1913, Brother Bell and I ventured to announce a conference at Hot Springs, Arkansas, from April 2 to 12, 1914. We signed the original call ourselves.

I say “ventured” advisedly, because we knew we were likely facing serious opposition, unless God worked mightily. But other leaders took their stand with us, and added their names to the call, which was being published month by month in *The Word and Witness*. I don’t think any of us had many rigid ideas as to how all this should be worked out, but we all supported system against the threatened chaos of the moment. Among other leaders there still seemed to be apprehension as to our purpose. In spite of all, we stuck to our guns and prayed. This took courage, but it seemed we had a special filling of grace from the Lord, and we truly felt that He was leading.

Most of that winter my family and I spent in traveling. Before we left, I had leased the “Grand Opera House” for

six months, and had moved our congregation into it.

Brother Opperman conducted a Bible school until April 2.

We went north that winter and visited many different churches on the way, finally spending several weeks in a revival with Brother Cyrus Fockler in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where we were royally entertained.

Back home in Hot Springs, we found everything in fine shape, with Brother Opperman, who had been perhaps the first one to join us in the call. He had everything in readiness for the convention, and was full of faith that God would work out things for His glory.

A great number of ministers from all over the states arrived to attend this assemblage. Some came hoping to block us, but others came to back us up. None of us could unerringly reach the others' hearts or minds. So, the first few days of prayer, praise, and worship were days of tension and suspicion. No one seemed to want to express his ideas first. Sometimes old friends were even ignored for fear of being seen talking to a "compromiser." Many wonderful sermons were preached under the direction of God. Those sermons accomplished the purpose for which they had been inspired by God.

One night a group of opposition ministers met privately and formed a resolution to be brought to the floor—a resolution which they hoped would forestall any move on our part toward rigid organization.

Some of them knew that we wanted to incorporate with rules and regulations, and this knowledge, perhaps,

had aroused their suspicion.

The next day they unexpectedly read their proposal from the floor. This was a surprise to us, but as we listened, we heard to our great joy our own ideas being read out. The proposal they read is now part of the preamble of the Assemblies of God Constitution.

Brother Bell had been chosen chairman; I was acting as secretary. He leaned across to me and whispered, "Brother Goss, they have the very thing we need—and want!" I joyfully agreed.

After a lengthy discussion, this resolution passed the conference unanimously. Then the incorporation resolution was brought on the floor, and after a prolonged discussion, which became a veritable tussle, this, too, was carried.

Then it seemed that heaven had opened. The power of God fell mightily upon us all. What a glorious time we had rejoicing and worshipping the Lord!

When this thanksgiving had subsided a little, the Lord spoke to us through prophecy, commending us for this move. Thus a long period of strain for Brother Bell, myself, and others was happily ended.

The smile of God seemed to be upon this union of many segments. Whatever adjustments were needed were quickly, easily, and sweetly settled to everyone's satisfaction. When those among us, who had doubted that the conference would work out satisfactorily, saw how easily God had carried us past the shoals and hidden snags, they felt a mounting confidence in God and decided to cooperate. I feel that what we Pentecostal

people want to know, anyway, is that God is in any undertaking, and if He is, we are satisfied.

This was the first successful major effort within our ranks to form a general organization. The idea seemed to catch fire and to spread rapidly. Hundreds, even thousands, came under its influence, and recognized it as a move of God.

The Old Testament church in the wilderness had possessed a severely strict and closely knit organization under Moses, despite its being deeply spiritual as well.

This church was ushered in with manifestations of God's power, with signs, wonders and miracles, with clouds of fire, columns of smoke, and with God talking and personally leading His own.

The same thing happened again at Pentecost. In Acts 15 we read that the great Council at Jerusalem passed four decrees or fundamentals, and wrote them down for posterity. The first result mentioned was the cementing of the strained relationship between the church at Antioch and the Jerusalem church. These were harmonized, and the friction was removed so that all the churches were established in the faith, and increased in numbers daily.

Soon Brother Bell and I incorporated the work in Arkansas, where we were still stationed—he in Malvern, and I in Hot Springs. Later the corporation was moved to St. Louis, Missouri, and the headquarters office was established there.

So ends this history with the equitable conclusion of one of the most formidable questions which ever troubled

our ranks in those early Pentecostal days. Other men will, no doubt, trace for the world the further development of this church as it is today.

But now the churches had rest, and the peace of God seemed to brood over all. Since that time, the Pentecostal work has grown rapidly so that it has spread all over the earth, and has divided into many large main hives of busy workers, each carrying on orderly, successful work for the Lord.

And God is still working, too. Many have received the different gifts in their fullness, and are sowing gospel seed and reaping a mighty harvest beside all waters.

As in all great revivals, God did perhaps more than nine-tenths of the work, humanly speaking. Now I can see that He had truly undertaken to get people ready—sealed in bond—for this atomic age and for His coming—His personal appearance as King at Jerusalem.

Thank God that He ever allowed me to come into “His banqueting house” instead of my having wasted my life on the world and its follies as I might have easily done. What a joy it has been to watch God work . . . to see Him busy in the earth . . . to see Him establishing His kingdom in the hearts of men everywhere—even at this very moment!

As for me, I could wish no greater honor than to hear Him say to me: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy lord.”

The dawn of a new day sheds its beams over the church of God. The mighty Christ, even Jesus of Nazareth, will soon burst upon this astonished world—

“With the voice of the archangel and the trump of God!”

When the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ, He shall reign forever and ever!

Your church-bride has put on her glorious garments and awaits you!

Even so, come, Lord Jesus!



Howard and Ethel Goss.



A. D. Gurley, M. H. Hansford, and Howard A. Goss—picture taken approximately 1951.



Howard A. Goss, 1936



Ethel Elizabeth Goss, 1936



Howard and Ethel Goss at Picton residence in July 1963.



MR. and MRS. GOSS

of Hot Springs, Ark. at

The Pentecostal Tabernacle

228 ALBERT STREET

Sunday 10.30 a. m., 2.30 and 7.30 p.m.

Meetings every night except Saturday



Brunner Tabernacle Houston, Texas in September, 1906. Howard A. Goss standing at the right end of front row and Oliver F. Fauss in back to his right.