"Are From Kansas: This Time the Parhamites Break Loose in Kansas City" Kansas City Journal (February 1901)

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There was nothing to prove it yesterday. Mr. Parham in preaching had known many tongues, but he only used one. The most marvelous miracle in the chronicles of the Parhamsites is that wrought on Miss Agnes Orman. On the day of Pentecost, but a few minutes after, having been on her knees praying for the power to speak in German, before that moment she did not know a word that he might dedicate his vocal chords to, nor a word of anything else.

I figured out," he said yesterday, "that I would give my vocal chords to the Holy Ghost, for use in German, if he would use them. I thought it would be wise to say to a German congregation the verse: 'Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.'" The next minute I found I was saying the verse in German, as before.

The Parhamsites are a decided novelty. The apostles are the only ones they have had. Mr. John, and everything that he does in the way of ordaining Williams and others, sets up another classification of men, all over the shop. You times yesterday, he thanked the Holy Ghost for a miserable little measly salary, like a farmer, and a measly suit of clothes, and a Bible. The Lord provides," he has praised Second Polly, outside the limits of Topeka, and established a college there.

His students are training to be preachers, and they live the lives of the old apostles, even to frequenting the 'upper room.' In person Mr. Parham is below medium height, pleasant looking, has a fierce reddish-rudish beard, a voice like a pirate and a manner something like a frolic in a hat! He is a native of Kansas and talks Indian and Kansa, the minute, and if it is a matter of doubt about his having the language, the Indian language is spoken in the church, which is Indian.

He struggles for a word, and he is not above crescendos that he leads nowhere. He starts in with a slow stammer, and the hearer think he is sure to pull up on a word, but then it is all over. Through the congregation knows he is talking to him, his voice is as soft as a woman's, as clear as a boy, he did not understand, quite.

At the evening service Mr. Parham followed up his address with a benediction in the afternoon, devoting most of his time to the subject of tongues, which he explained as only one known to mankind which would cure all diseases, save the disease of medicine and condemned the practice of dissertation in colleges. He had no faith in vaccination, and said that for a thousand years none of medicine had been experimenting, but diseases still went uncured. He also spoke of the great gifts and help he had received through his Lord, giving the instance where he lay three days on his face, fasting, and in a few days recovery enough to pay rent on the Topeka temple.

Despite the weather, he was heard by a fair-sized audience.
ARE FROM KANSAS
THIS TIME THE PARHAMITES BREAK LOOSE IN KANSAS CITY.
BRAND NEW RELIGIOUS SECT
MEMBERS MIRACULOUSLY SPEAK IN FOREIGN TONGUE.

Beat the Schools to It-Some are So.
Foreign the Speakers Themselves
do Not Know what They Are-
No "Measly Salaries"
for Them.

It is a matter of indifference to the Rev. Charles F. Parham what the newspapers say about him. They get things wrong and he doesn't contradict them; not he. They say, would you believe it, that every time his students speak with tongues they have tongues of fire on top of their heads just like the apostles of old. Nonsense. They never had any tongues of fire on top of their heads since the third of January. The newspapers get it wrong.

That is substantially and ungrammatically what Mr. Parham told his congregation yesterday afternoon when he addressed it in the Academy of Music. It was his second farewell address, he having made another a week ago. The Parhamites are declared in Kansas City to be a brand new sect, but Mr. Parham contended yesterday that it was one of the oldest in the land. The particular virtue of Mr. Parham's students is that they miraculously have been enabled to speak in unknown tongues. They do not always know what the tongues are, whether Chinook or Okobogi, but they are not English. Occasionally the discovery is made that the tongue is German, or French, and then everything is lovely.
"Anybody can get the gift," the preacher declared in his lecture at the academy. "All you have got to do is to get out of your little clique. I know what you Holiness people do. You break away from the old churches because they got so clannish you could not get a word in edgeways, and then you went into the Holiness church and got as clannish yourselves. You never will get the gift if you do not get away from your cliques. It is easy."

And then the preacher told how he got it.

"We followed the Bible," he said, it being taken for granted he could talk four languages all as a result of a miracle last month, "and were sitting in an upper room just like the twelve apostles did. All of a sudden there was a rushing as of a mighty wind and by three or four of our students tongues of fire were seen above the heads of their fellows. Those immediately began talking in strange languages. They had received the gift of the tongues. We had stormed heaven to get that gift and we had it.

"And why should not we? The Holy Ghost knows everything. Do you suppose He knows nothing but English? He knows Russian and Chinese and Sanscrit and Greek and Latin and Italian and every language of the world.

Too Busy Talking to Think.

"Sometimes our students do not know in what language they talk. They do not know what they are saying, but they know they are talking in a strange tongue. I talk English and do not
stop to think of what I am saying. Many and many a time I speak for ten, twenty, thirty minutes and never once stop to let my mind call up a sentence. The students who have received the gift do not have to stop in their utterances in foreign tongues to think what they are saying. So wonderful is this gift some of them do not know what they are saying. They do not know what language it is. Others can pick up the Bible in English and read right from it in their new tongue. Others can write it, and still others can translate it back into English."

There was nothing to prove it yesterday. Mr. Parham might have known many tongues, but he only used one. The most marvelous miracle in the chronicle of the Parhamites is that wrought on Miss Agnes Ozman. On New Year's morning, when the century was but a few minutes old, after having been on her knees praying for the gift for hours, she began to speak in German. Before that moment she did not know a line. Mr. Parham prayed that he might dedicate his vocal chords--but his own words tell it best.

"I figured out," he said yesterday, "that if I would give my vocal chords to the Holy Ghost for use in German he would use them. I thought it would be nice to say to a German congregation the verse: "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." The next minute I found I was saying the verse in German. I never before knew a word of German."

The Parhamites are a decided novelty, even for Kansas, where they have had St. John and everything down to Evangelist Williams at Hiawatha, and Mrs. Nation, all over the shop. Ten
times yesterday he "thanked the Lord he did not work for a miserable little measly salary, like preachers who go about with saddle bags and a Bible. The Lord provides." He has leased Stone's Folly, outside the limits of Topeka, and established a college there.

His students are training to be preachers, and they live the lives of the old apostles, even to frequenting the "upper room." In person Mr. Parham is below medium height, pleasant looking, has a fierce reddish-raddish beard, a voice like a pirate and a manner as brusque as a janitor in a flat. He is a native of Kansas and talks at ther ate of 250 words a minute, and if it is a matter of doubt about his having the gift of tongues, he has at least the gift of one, for in his fights of rhetoric, which is ________, he never stumbles for a word. An oddity about his crescendos is that they lead nowhere. He starts in with a string that makes his hearer think he is sure to pull up on something extraordinarily strong. First thing the congregation knows he is talking about his sore feet.

Beside having the gift of tongues, the Parhamites have the gift of healing. When God called Mr. Parham to preach, he told Him He would have to cure his feet, which He did. They say Christian Science is a good thing, but it is only hypnotism, and that Christ and the apostles are the only healers. As he stood on his platform yesterday roaring for sinners and sick to come to the mourners' bench Preacher Parham saw a poor boy painfully move on crutches to the door after him. When the boy came back later, having gone to the meeting prayerfully in hopes
that he could find relief doctors had not given him, a student asked him if he wanted the congregation to pray for him.

"It's all the same to me," said the boy. He did not understand, quite.

There was no miracle.

At the evening service Mr. Parham followed up his sermons of the morning and afternoon, devoting most of his time to the divine power, which he spoke of as the only one known to mankind which would cure all diseases. He denounced the science of medicine and condemned the practice of dissecting dead bodies in the colleges. He had no faith in vaccination, and said that for a thousand years men of medicine had been experimenting, but diseases still went uncured. He also spoke of the great gifts and help he had received through the Lord, citing the instance where he lay three days on his face, fasting, and in a few days received money enough to pay rent on the Topeka temple.

Despite the weather, he was heard by a fair-sized audience.