

LIFE STORY

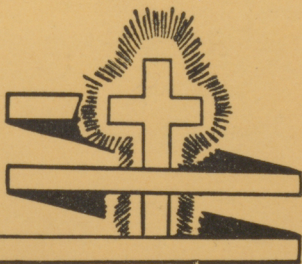
of the

Rev. O. H. Bond

Oakgrove, Arkansas

*"God forbid that I should
glory save in the cross of
our Lord Jesus Christ."*

—Gal. 6:14.





**ONE YEAR BEFORE BROTHER BOND
WAS CALLED AWAY**

DEDICATION

On the Dedication page, you will note that this book was dedicated to me by the author, my faithful and devoted husband, the late Oscar H. Bond, who passed away March 2, 1957. He wrote this autobiography in the last years of his life, but was unable to finish it. I am finishing it for him. My purpose is to publish it in memory of him, and that his work will not die, but will bless the readers as if he were yet living.

With tender love and respect, I humbly dedicate this book to the memory of my departed husband.

MRS. GEORGIA BOND

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To our beloved wife, who has so faithfully stood by us all these years; who has been a true, Biblical helpmeet, indeed; who so fervently sought the Lord for our salvation in our (deeply) sinful days; who has been such a source of encouragement and blessing in our Christian life, and in our feeble attempts in the Gospel cause; and who, under God, has meant more than life to me, is this little volume lovingly and respectfully Dedicated.

—The Author.



A Foreword



Feeling that the Lord began moving upon us some few years ago to set forth, in brief, a history of our life, with special reference to that of events transpiring during our (now) thirty-eight years in His good cause, we are engaged at this time, and by His help, in the preparation of such account which, we trust, will prove a blessing in some manner, to SOMEONE who may be disposed to read the same. While there will be nothing spectacular to refer to above the ordinary of that which has befallen many a good man or woman in the past who has faced the problems, trials, temptations—and persecutions, as they went forth, either sowing the good seed of the Kingdom, or reaping in the evangelistic field for the Lord, yet we do feel that many things coming our way in the past thirty-eight years have proven a blessing to us—left us with memories of assurance that God was with us at such time.

We will say this—our entrance into the Gospel work came at a time not too far removed from the real “pioneering” days of this last great Gospel call—the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, or latter rain, which begun (if we have the history aright) on the very first day of January, 1901, occurring at Topeka, Kans., and was climaxed in the greater outpouring of the Spirit in Los Angeles, Calif., in April, 1906; and from which latter place the Gospel in its fulness has circled the globe, and penetrated the far off isles of the sea. And as in times past, wherein God would be leading His people into deeper depths and higher heights in the

Spiritual life, Satan has come on the scene in all opposition.

So it happened to be our privilege, as it were, to come in at the "eleventh hour," and bear a portion with those who had borne the heat of the (pioneering) battle, wherein sainted men and women had to face no little opposition---real persecution---as they toiled in getting this good Gospel in all its purity and fulness, established in the earth to the point now in evidence. Their work lay amongst a generation of people, multitudes of whom were "religious," many with real salvation; but again, many not so Spiritual, and "set" in their ways, were antagonistic to the teaching of a life above sin---freedom from such through the shed Blood of our Saviour; did not believe in Divine Healing for our physical bodies; and FAR from any such recurrence of that of the (original) day of Pentecost---the baptism of the Holy Ghost, with the Bible evidence of "speaking in other tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance" (Acts 2:4; 10:46; 19:6). In fact, the unsaved element, on the whole, were often more responsive to the (full) Gospel call, than were "professors" of religion, who often did stir up some (unsaved) of the "baser sort" to persecution of the true saints.

Therefore, to let our readers know (they may number those of various denominations) that any reference we shall make in this little volume as regards any persecution, trial, or opposition, is not to be thought alien to that which men and women of God have, in (many) generations past, had to endure in order that the Gospel, in the light of their day, might be established in their midst.

To begin with, we think of that great reformer, Martin Luther, and what he and his followers had to suffer in order that the doctrine of "justification by faith," might again be brought to light following the dark

ages. Luther's renunciation of the authority of the Pope of Rome in preaching "the just shall live by faith," brought untold persecution upon those who adhered to such doctrine. And because many would not recant, and deny the mediatorship of Jesus Christ, they had to pay with their lives—burned at the stake. Such as this is the price that "pioneers" in the true Gospel had to pay in that day, that Protestantism might be established in the earth. But this never stopped the good work—and Word—of the Lord. It only prospered and grew. Rightly has it been said, "The seed of the church has been sown in the blood of the martyrs."

Then after the doctrine of justification by faith was again thoroughly established in the earth, and the time now ripe, so-to-speak, for further renewal of the original doctrine of holiness, without which "no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. 12:14), we find that God raised up two fine (Christian) young men, John and Charles Wesley, students at the time in Oxford University, England, and lead them into the light of holiness—heart-purity—entire sanctification, or the "second blessing," as it was commonly called in that day, and through their efforts we first had the original Methodist church, and since then, the various groupings of Holiness people. John Wesley was a minister, and Charles his co-worker in song, with some of his original numbers yet blessing the religious world. And in this event, we find Satan again on the scene, having levelled his guns of persecution at the front ranks of the holiness movement, with adherents of that faith now suffering persecution—indignities—at the hands of base unbelievers, of course. Maledictions—verbal abuses

were heaped upon those claiming the "second blessing," with physical attacks, such as dragging some through the streets by the hair of the head, hurling sticks and stones at them, casting dirt upon them, etc.; and also, calling Holiness people in the early days, "Old Sankies"—such was the partial price that pioneers in those days paid in establishing the Gospel, in their light, in the earth!

And now the time having arrived for the fulfillment of prophecy relating to the outpouring of the latter rain (Joel 2:28-31), and with Holiness sufficiently in evidence—men and women Spiritually prepared for such—clean temples—and the occurrences as referred to in a former paragraph (1901; 1906), the Holy Ghost being given again, as on the day of Pentecost—with the same initial sign, or evidence as back on that day, we find Satan once more moving up his line of attack, and time would not permit, neither would space be available, to relate in a full measure, the opposition sainted men and women of God have had to meet in promoting the full Gospel to the position it now holds in the world. Aside from such minor epithets as "Holy Roller," true saints of God have had to suffer—even unto violence—for the privilege of both preaching and testifying to, this good Gospel. They have, in more pioneering days, been put out of their meeting places; church house doors closed against them; turned out of their original church "home," by reason of their getting the deeper experiences; and had bad eggs, both ripe and "green" tomatoes hurled at them; their places of worship "rocked" (and not too careful if some of the stones found a living mark!) and in general, have the enemies of right-

eousness did all in their power---that the law of the land would permit—to stop the work; but what has been the result—“So, mightily grew the word of God and prevailed” (Acts 19:20). Glory!

Now, beloved, we would apologize aforehand for the mistakes you are going to encounter in this, our first attempt as an author. Our rhetoric will be poor; our style of presentation will be sadly lacking in—especially, brevity, as well as in being rightly descriptive. There will be many grammatical errors for one to note; but our intentions have been up to par! So thanking the Lord that it has been our privilege to have experienced a few things that went with the real pioneering days of this (true) latter rain movement; to have known of some of the things encountered—and endured—by those who “blazed the trail” before us, we send forth this little volume with the Prayer that it will prove a blessing to SOMEONE. We have some fine young men and women within our Ministerial ranks today, who have scarcely ever known what real persecution for the Gospel’s sake was; neither have they hardly known what it was (personally) to be in want, out on the great battlefield against sin---yes, accounts of the “old faith route” are practically unknown to them! But we pray that God will bless them, and that they will so live NOW, in this day, that when the trying time comes upon this earth—and it will come—they will be able to stand in that day, even as did Daniel, and the three Hebrew children of old—that they will have so lived, that Jesus will be found in their midst, protecting them from the “fiery furnace,” or the “lion’s den,” as the case may be. God bless you, as you read. —The Author.



My Life in Brief

I was "first born" on what was called "Will Bill" branch, a tributary to Fourteen Mile creek, about fourteen miles north from Tahlequah, in what is now Cherokee county, Oklahoma; (but in those days before statehood, the Cherokee Nation, in the Indian Territory), about sundown, on August 8, 1889. Then on Friday night, about nine or ten o'clock, January 1, 1915, down at an old-time altar bench, in the little town of Hulbert, in Cherokee county, Oklahoma, which is located about twelve miles west from Tahlequah, and during an old-fashioned Holy Ghost revival meeting conducted by Sr. Amanda Jane Capps, and four daughters—Srs. Verda, Flo, Nova, and Ivy, with dear old Bro. Capps much in evidence, looking after the temporal side of the campaign, I was gloriously "BORN AGAIN," thank God! And it is concerning this latter, or Spiritual birth, wherein LIFE for me did really begin, that we wish to dwell upon—that is, the main events of our past thirty-eight years for God, which gives rise to the title of this little volume which we hope, in some manner, will tend to glorify Him who gave His life for me—and for "who-soever will"—that I might have life, and that I might have it more abundantly. (John10:10.)

It Was in Pioneering Days

As concerns our first advent into this world, it was in the midst of a full-blood Cherokee Indian settlement, fourteen miles from the nearest town (Tahlequah), and where the scream of the panther was yet to be occasionally heard in the land; and on the whole, the natives were

not always too kindly considerate of white settlers. Of course, there were exceptions. My parents, the late Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Bond, had but recently migrated from the state of Arkansas with a family of three children by his first wife, who was before her marriage, Mary Stephens, but who had passed away some two years previous. He then was united in marriage to Charlotte Forbes, and I being the first born of this union. A little sister, Bertha May, born later, passed away at the age of eighteen months. Of the other children—my two half-brothers, and half-sister, Henry was the eldest, being twelve years of age the day I was born, with Will, two years younger, whose birthday was, incidentally, on August 6; and Zuby, now the widow of the late Geo. J. Kinder, living at her home in Baxter Springs, Kans., is eight years my senior. Brother Henry, if yet living, is presumably with his family in Houston, Texas, but in poor health at last account. Brother Will was last heard from (indirectly) in the cattle country in the state of Oregon. This has been some years ago, therefore, we do not know whether or not he is yet living.

Almost Like "Frontier" Times

Yes, it was in a much pioneering time, with "varmints" sometimes at large. I recall hearing mother relate an incident occurring one day while father was away from home, in answer to a sick call. (This was after he had taken up the practice of medicine, and was making his calls on horseback in that rugged countryside, before removing with his family to Tahlequah, then captial of the Cherokee Nation, before statehood.) All at once she and the children heard what sounded as the cry of some one lost, or dis-

tressed. Mother quickly, though, realized what the cry was—the scream of a panther! Our elder brother thought it was a neighbour's children possibly lost in the woods, and were calling for help. So he began to answer, and the cry of the panther seemed to draw nearer. Mother sensing the danger of the situation, had to tell Henry just what it was, before she could get him to stop answering it and taking me in her arms, and the other children following, she made her way quickly to the nearest neighbour's for safety. The big cat was evidently just passing through the country, and did no damage as was known in that section.

On another occasion, father was returning home from a sick call, and passing underneath a large limb that extended across the road from a big tree (and if I remember correctly, the account of the incident, his horse begun to act "skittish"), and just as he had ridden past the spot, something hit the ground right behind him, and that he did not have to use spurs on his horse from there until he reached home, which was not too far distant—it was a panther that had tried to jump on them as they passed under the limb of the tree!

Hard Times

I have often heard father tell of the hard times they experienced in their first years there, and before he taken up the practice of medicine (graduating from the Medical Department of the Arkansas State University, in Little Rock, with the class of 1895). He told of plowing his little white mule, "Pete," for fifty cents a day, and taking much of his pay in sorghum molasses and side (salt) meat; of making rails, etc., in order to

get supplies for his family to live upon. He had taught school back in Arkansas before his first marriage and later on, had devoted much time to reading medical books, spending one winter in Prairie Grove, Ark., working in a drug store, for an old Doctor, whose name I cannot at the moment recall, but seems it was "Harris," or something nearly that, reading and studying under him, which was of great benefit to father in the days to come.

So in his new home, and being several miles from the nearest doctor, it was natural for him to do his best in sickness under the circumstances. The neighbors soon found that he had a knowledge of medicine that proved beneficial in sickness, and he was naturally in demand amongst them. To have heard him tell of how a good neighbour finally prevailed upon him to just give up farming, and devote his entire time to medicine, and how he responded, would have sounded much like a person telling of his call to the ministry! If it was my father, he did know medicine, and proved such throughout his forty years in that honourable profession, or until the affliction that finally brought on his death in his eighty-first year. God bless his memory.

My First Schooling

My first schooling was in the old Baptist Mission school, in Tahlequah (long since evolved into the High School of that place), the seat of the present Northeastern State Teachers College, and which was under the sponsorship of a Baptist Missionary Board, of New York, for the purpose of helping in the education of Cherokee Indians in that section. The school was certainly founded upon Godly principles, and we shall



HIS FIRST YEAR OF SCHOOL

never forget the influence of Prof. and Mrs. Parks, from the state of New York, and another teacher, whose name we cannot recall, as they laboured with we children, teaching us the rudiments of the "three R's," so-to-speak. I remember our first experience in "counting," was through some hickory nuts, as we little fellows gathered about Prof. Parks desk, and with them laying on the desk before him.

As we said, the school was under sponsorship of a Baptist Missionary Board, and was tuition free to the Cherokees, but white people had to pay. I remember how that many of my little playmates were either full-blood Indians, or of Indian extraction; and I have had a feeling toward Cherokee Indians since that day—it seems most like home to be among them. However, there would sometimes be manifest that spirit of animosity between the two races. One of my little school-mates, a little full-blood (or nearly so) girl and I did not get along together at all times—no, by no means! In some of our little "quarrels," after we had just about exhausted our limited vocabulary along the line of calling each other "names," she would usually climax the situation by referring to me as "white trash!" This, in part, just about summed up some of the Indians' opinion of the white man—how they felt about him "under the skin," if you will excuse the expression.

Well, so much for that—and now back to the story of our first advent into this world.

We Came SO NEAR Having Been in Glory—

Now there was nothing concerning our advent into this life to cause any undue excitement—that is, above the ordinary; and yet, a circumstance connected there-

with has caused us many times to "wish" that it had never happened; that the curtain, at least, had then and there fallen upon our life, so-to-speak, before we had even seen the light of day in a world so filled with sin, sorrow, and heartaches, for we came SO NEAR going from our very birth into the immediate presence of God, and think how wonderful that would have been! But the Lord evidently had a future for us, or else we would have never breathed that first breath which started life out for us.

As our good parents, who have long since gone on to meet the Lord, related the same to me in after years, father rode horseback the fourteen miles to Tahlequah, to secure the services of a physician, and having to let his horse "stand good" for the bill before the doctor would accompany him back home. But ere he and the good doctor had arrived, WE HAD ALSO ARRIVED! The good neighbour women called in to assist, had did their best under the circumstances, and there WE WERE, all safe and sound!

But as the story went, it seemed that in spite all those good women could do, it would be a "still" birth—that we would never breathe. Yet one lady present, who seemed more persistent than the others, would not give up until she had made ONE MORE effort to see if we would show any signs of life. She won out—we at last breathed; and so here we are; but, O, the many times since wherein we have WISHED that it had not been so—that THAT good neighbour woman had not been there; that we had went from that moment into the very presence of the Lord for ever! (Many may think it ill of us to have wished such; but

I am sure that our dear God in Heaven fully knows and understands!)

Now since the Lord, for some unknown reason, has ordained that we BE HERE, we do thank and praise Him for the hope we now have of some day finishing our earthly course with joy, and to at last meet in perfect peace, the One who gave His life that we might be partakers of this great salvation, and YET be able to praise Him for all eternity. Amen.

And pardon us for dwelling upon the thought, but we often feel as did that good man of God back across the centuries, Job, who said during his great trial of afflictions, and as regards the day of his birth—"Let the day perish wherein I was born . . . Let that day be darkness," etc. (Job 3:3,4). The troubles, trials, and many temptations in this life can sometimes become so great as to cause one, as it did Paul, to "despair of life"—that if it were not for the sake of carrying on for others in our feeble ways, it would be so much better to just "depart, and to be with Christ" (2 Cor. 1:8; Phil. 1:23)—that we would have LONG AGO went on to our reward. But since that we are this far down the line in the great conflict against sin, and with never ending Thanks to the great God of Heaven for this wonderful salvation, we DO DESIRE, and am DETERMINED by His grace and help, to stay in the "battle," and some glad day be able to help crown Him as King of kings, and Lord of lords. Howbeit, we do confess that when God now sees fit to occasionally bless our unworthy soul with a Spiritual shower from Heaven, it is **right then and there** that we have a great desire to pass on! We are hardly like the good brother Minister

who says, as over and against our “feelings” at such times, that he then wants to “stay here, and preach a little longer!” Well, may the dear Lord BLESS BOTH OF US! Amen.

Approaching Young Manhood

So passing on from the scenes of our very early childhood, and approaching young manhood, we find ourselves living in the little town of Welch, I. T., or about twenty-five miles north from Vinita, and about twelve miles south from Chetopa, Kans., where we received the greater portion of our limited grade school education. This was yet before statehood, and father enjoyed a good practice in that section. This was in Indian Territorial days, but a good public school system. (For a short period of time we had previously lived at Pryor—then called “Pryor Creek,” and with a brief return to near Tahlequah, before moving to Welch.) Here we completed the eighth grade (first time), and with a few weeks in the ninth. This constituted our schooling, until a second completion of the eighth grade, preparatory to teaching, referred to elsewhere in this little volume.

While living at Welch, we began to launch out into sin, and in a manner of the which we are yet suffering the results—“reaping” for the “sowing” engaged in during the earlier days of our youth. We are hardly like the young sister in the Lord (daughter of strict Christian parents) many years ago, who told wife and I how that she wished she had engaged in a certain line of worldly pleasure before her conversion—how that now possibly Satan would not be tempting along such lines. For us, we have an entirely different view on



GRADUATING CLASS IN 1906

such! How WE WISH that we had never known the ways of sin in certain respects, at least, for by having had experience in the same, it gives the enemy a better chance to bring such up before us again; "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," according to the apostle Paul, in 1 Cor. 15:57, and now, where SIN did one time abound, grace does much more abound. (Rom. 5:20.)

Under Conviction For Sin

Our first time to be under conviction for sin, was while living at Welch. An evangelist came to town, and held a revival in the Methodist church. I proved to be FAR from the nicest boy in school—especially, the last year or so; and I had a "pardner in crime," in the person of one of my schoolmates—a boy slightly older than myself. We were both badly in need of salvation. So we attended the revival, and conviction seized upon each of us. I remember two of my other class-mates professed salvation during the series of meetings. I asked my father one day, what would he think if this other boy and myself would "join the church?" Father replied that it would be all right. This was either just before, or after, I had the experience we are about to relate.

One day, and during the course of the meeting in question, I was for some reason standing by the pigpen in the barnyard (and this makes me think of the prodigal son in Luke 15!), and meditating on my Spiritual condition—SOMETHING was at work in my heart—when the **best feeling** began to creep over me—it just had to be the Lord, as I could later on more easily understand! O, if I had but then went on through,

and only "confessed with my mouth, the Lord Jesus," as contained in Romans 10:9, 10---I was most assuredly RIGHT THEN believing "in my heart"—I would have been wonderfully saved, and escaped many things that followed in my life. But not yielding completely to the Lord, I soon lapsed back into sin, and DEEP was the sin path in which we trod until our final conversion some years later.

I am not sure that it was this same evangelist in question—if not, another one was in a series of meetings at another time in the same Methodist church, and we remember how he could preach on "Torment"—everlasting punishment—until you could almost see that place! This little man assuredly had God in his life, and his preaching was with an unction from Heaven. How we need some of his caliber in our midst today! It is sad to just even think what precious young people are missing today, when they reject the Lord, and sell out for the pleasures of this life. I yet hold the regret that I did not accept the Lord in my life at a much earlier date—the heartaches it would have saved me in later life. It is good to live for God; and I am surely glad that I did accept Him when I did—when yet a comparatively young man—about twenty-five. So now having had experience on both roads, we would choose the good way with the Lord EVERY TIME, in preference to the disillusionments of gilded sin. The wise man was right when he said, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them" (Eccl. 12:1). We see those today, who have followed sin all down their years, giving God



**THE PRINTER AT THE AGE
OF 19 WITH HIS FIRST
WEEKLY PAPER**

no chance at them, until the thing they once so loved and cherished by way of sinful pleasure, or satisfaction, has at last become a greivous burden to them: but now they MUST FOLLOW IT—they see no way out! Yet there IS a Way out, perchance they have never as yet crossed that tragic dead-line that lies between God's mercy and His wrath—JESUS IS THAT WAY!

Another Move

From our home in Welch, father decided to locate in the booming lead and zinc mining fields of what was later Ottawa county, Oklahoma, in the extreme north-eastern part of the state, at then the mining camp of Lincolnville, about eight miles south from Baxter Springs, Kans., or some ten miles northeast from Miami. Here I found work in various phases of the mining industry. We continued on here for a while, and then moved to Miami, where I began work in a printing office, having first gotten "printer's ink on my fingers" when but a boy in a printing office at Welch. There is a fascination about an old print shop, it seems, that lingers. I worked on two different papers in Miami, helping to launch a small "daily," a free publication (product of the then **Miami Record-Herald**, since evolved into a thriving daily). Later, I came into control of a small weekly, "**The Ottawa County Courier**," which had closed up, at Wyandotte, Okla., near Miami. This was during the first campaign following that of statehood. I was operating on Independant lines, getting all I could from candidates of both political parties! So far as I knew, I was, at the time, the youngest Editor in the state, if not the United States. But this venture was short lived. (No move that I made up until that time,

nor since, until finding the Lord, ever prospered in my hands.)

By this time father had decided on a move back to Cherokee county, our old home country, and located at Peggs, about eighteen miles north from Tahlequah, where I met and married my wife—Miss Georgia Capps, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Capps (proprietors of a small hotel in that little inland town), and one of the finest Christian girls to ever grace the home of any man: a person who has been an untold blessing to me, for had it not been for she, I hardly see how that I could have stemmed the tide against sin, and been this far down the line in this great Christian warfare, though I did lead her through trials and tribulations until I finally yielded my heart and life unto God—this through her prayers, and others of her loved ones. And now we hope and pray that our course in this life, as we travel hand in hand, so-to-speak, and with the dear Lord leading us, will end as simultaneously as God will permit.

Things Begin to Take on Better Shape

It was while at Peggs, that things began to shape themselves for me in a better manner. I worked for a while in a blacksmith shop with my “future father-in-law,” his father, and another partner in that business. Believe it or not, I here learned to shoe horses, a trade I was following, the best I could, considering my afflicted condition, at the time I was happily converted, and related elsewhere in this brief history of my life. Then I also did some clerical work in stores. During this time, a school teacher came to the little town, together with his wife and her step-father. It

seems the school was all run down, and he set about working a transformation along that line. Interest picked up; and very soon the principal began to talk "teaching" to me. He and his wife, and her step-father, together with father, mother, and myself, all boarded at the little hotel. (Incidentally, this made for an easy "courtship" between wife and myself!)

In those early statehood days, the teaching proposition was far different from what it is today—in Oklahoma. One could get a second or third grade certificate on the strength of an eighth grade diploma, provided, in the case of the second grade, one had had three months class-room experience. A first grade certificate had more rigid requirements. This teacher told me that if I would enter the school, finish again the eighth grade, he would allow me in the meanwhile to teach two or three classes each day, giving me this credit toward a second grade certificate; and at graduation of the eighth grade, I could take the teachers examination, and go to teaching. This began to sound like a good proposition to me and I accepted. He seemed to have a personal standing with the County Superintendent of Schools, and everything worked out just fine. I finished the eighth grade, took the teacher's examination, and passed for a second grade certificate, with an average of 90 per cent, which was far above the state requirement for that class certificate. And while yet going to school, wife and I were married. So things did begin to look brighter for me all around. I would soon be teaching; out in a home of my own; and with prospects for A FUTURE; but I had no idea of the road I was yet to travel before the Lord brought me to the goal. He had

set for me—in fact, I was thinking but little about God, or the future in that respect. I remember this—before our marriage, I faithfully promised wife that I would never lay a straw in her way, so-to-speak, concerning her worshipping God; and though I was yet in sin, and did things which were very grievous, I am glad to this day, that I kept my vow to her, intact. During a time wherein she had underwent an operation on her foot (of course, we knew nothing then about trusting the Lord), I would “proudly” call a cab, and send her to church! It would so please me at other times, when my father would accompany her to services. (This after we had moved to Tahlequah, as in the following paragraph.)

Back to Tahlequah

And in the course of time—not long, it found us all back to the old scenes of our earlier childhood—Tahlequah. Wife’s parents had formerly lived there, also. And it was while I was engaged in teaching a little country school (Union) some three or four miles to the southwest of town, that I next met the Lord, I am sure, for by this time, in some manner, just the very thought of death—dying—had taken a great hold upon me. I was made to REALIZE, VIVIDLY, that people had to pass away—I had seen so many in their caskets to not, by this time, be impressed by the sight. So, as many others, I decided to try to do a “little better.” I conceived the idea that I would repeat the “Lord’s Prayer” somewhere every day. Feeble were those prayers! Oftimes I would just “go over” it in my mind while riding along in the saddle on my way to school. Of course, this brought



HIS FIRST—HE TAUGHT IN 1914



no relief to my soul. People will have to PRAY THROUGH, if they ever expect to get anywhere with the Lord! Too many, today, are merely trying to ease their conscience by way of some religious observance; but Jesus has told us that, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3). The so-called "Lord's Prayer," is but an outline of prayer; and it is for Christians, in THEIR varied petitions to God. The man down in the temple prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13). It takes prayer of this order, if the unsaved person is ever to get the experience of salvation. The further recording of that incident says that THAT man "went down to his house justified (saved!) rather than the other" (the publican, or just religious professor).

Evidently God Was Dealing by Way of a Call

One day while riding along on my way to school (and should the road yet be running as then, I could almost take you to the place where it presented itself to me), the thought began to steal over my mind of how wonderful it would be to just take the Bible, and go through it from Genesis to Revelation, expounding (teaching) it just as it was, to the people. The thought appealed to me, yet at that time I never realized that such would ever materialize—that I would possibly one day be in the pulpit: and for sure, I did not think of the "road" that I would have to travel to reach such place. Had I known it, possibly I would have never made the start leading that way. God often works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform—not that we have ever been anything even close akin to a "wonderful" preacher; but IT IS A WONDER that God did get hold of me in

a manner that caused me to yield my heart and life unto Him. Praise His good name for ever. Amen.

Nervous Breakdown—Hopes Blighted

Well, it would be a rather lengthy story; but as time went on, and my life in sin telling on me, it was near the close of my second term of school at that place when I suffered a nervous breakdown, THAT DID, once and for all, change my course in this life. The Bible tells us how that "the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance" (Rom. 2:4). The Lord proved Himself to us in this event. It taken just the things we went through with, to get us to turn to the Lord in the end—a blessing in disguise! I had reached the place in political circles where I was tendered the job as Assistant Postmaster in Tahlequah, the Postmaster (the late Horace Gray) was going out, due to a change in the National Administration, and he tendered me the place as Assistant to him before he had to give up his position, knowing that I would be able to hold over indefinitely under Civil Service.

The school board where I was teaching had allowed me to cut my term short two weeks in order that I might go into the Post Office and acquaint myself with my new duties. But in just a few days before the close of my school, and while coming in home one afternoon, I was suddenly stricken with a nervous breakdown (in medical parlance, it was a neurasthenic condition having taken hold on me). As stated above, this changed my course in life—stopped everything. My coveted job failed to materialize. Here was the beginning of a sad story—for me; but one of THE BEST THINGS that could have happened to me after all, in that it was a

real step on God's part, that ultimately led to my conversion—salvation. God had a course mapped out for me in this life; and He had to use rather drastic means to fit me for the place. Of course, I now praise Him with my whole heart for what He wrought out in my life, and for the means He had to use in accomplishing the same.

Contracting the Dope Habit

So suffering the nervous affliction blighted all my hopes—as I thought. I was no longer able to maintain my own home, and wife and I had to go back to my father and mother's home for sustenance. And now coming to the saddest part of my story, in the course of time I contracted the "dope" habit while seeking relief from the condition I was now in. I used morphine hypodermically, until contracting a craving for the drug. I was never a "fiend," in the blaze sense of the word, my physical condition otherwise would never permit me to take as large a "shot" of the stuff as I might have done otherwise, because of the reaction it had on my physical being. I was possessed of what medical science calls an idiosyncrasy to the drug; or, that is, it had a reaction toward me that forbade my taking as large a dose of the same as I did desire for effect every time. The use of tobacco was much the same with me—more than one time I have had to throw away a cigar, realizing from my heart reaction, that I had taken as many puffs on it as I dare take. All this was evidently good for me—to have went into further excess in the use of these two things, might have resulted fatally for me. (A chapter later on in this little volume will deal

more fully with my condition along the line of the "dope" habit, and God's wonderful deliverance from the same. Praise His good name.)

The Final Breaking Up of My Own Home

Now as time went on, and it appearing that I would never be able to carry on in a normal way any more, and with sin getting a deeper hold on my life all the while, the devil next turned loose on me as concerning my dear wife—one of the best friends I have ever had in this life. The Bible has said in Prov. 18:22, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." It assuredly proved to be true in my experience! Not every married woman is a WIFE, beloved—no, by no means. We shall NEVER DOUBT but what our dear wife helped us to obtain "favour" from the Lord. So I finally reached the place where I at last told her to go from my home. Think of it! For Shame!! Beloved, it is most terrible what SIN will often finally do in the life of the person giving themselves over to such. How precious souls DO NEED GOD in their lives, to keep them in moral decency, and uprightness. Of course, there was but the one thing for her to do, and that was to go. But God went with her. Praise His good name; and I was reaping for what I had wilfully sown! She had not been gone thirty minutes until I was shedding tears of bitter remorse over my action; but Satan had such a hold on me, that I would not at that time call her back. It was ALL my fault. She had always been true—devoted—to me, though sinful I was.

Now this sad epoch in my life occurred after we had

all moved down to the little town of Hulbert, about twelve miles west from Tahlequah, where after about fifteen months (I do not even care to remember the exact dates) of justly suffering, I was wonderfully converted—saved from a life of sin and shame, delivered from the morphine habit, and our home again so happily reunited. We feel that we have much to praise God for—more than we shall ever be able to do in this life. It surely pays for people who have the Lord in their hearts and lives, to hold on to Him, for we never know just how nor when we shall have urgent need of Him! Wife did not do as thousands of others—seek a divorce, though we could only say that she would have had a Biblical right to refrain from living with such an one as I; but she sought unto the Lord, and He heard and answered her plea, and brought me to the bleeding feet of Mercy, and us back together, where our home has since been—not any mansion, thank God, but a place where true love and happiness has prevailed! Jesus has been our unseen Guest; and where Jesus is, there is that SOMETHING that makes for true peace and happiness. I do not say that we have not had our differences; but LOVE covers everything, thank God. And true love is assuredly an attribute of Heaven. I have heard of people who claimed to have lived together for YEARS, and never a word between them; possibly so; but yet—we wonder!

As for myself, during this period of separation, we will have to shamefully admit that we stooped low enough—mean enough—to try twice to introduce divorce proceedings; but God was that good to both of us, that I was not financially able to hire a lawyer to put

the thing over—to start the suit. Glory! God was good to me—His goodness was faithfully leading me “to repentance” all the while. (It is not too uncommon to hear of a preacher now living with companion No. 2, and out preaching the sacred Gospel of Jesus Christ.) Concerning the divorce question, Jesus tells us in Matthew 19:8, that “it was not so,” that a man should put away his wife and marry another. He dated this decree as being “from the beginning.” Read it; then what about a minister of His out on the Gospel field guilty of that very same thing! To me, holiness, especially, presents A FAR CLEANER LIFE! (And the same rule of conduct equally applies to the lay-member, as to the minister. Amen.)

So I was travelling a hard road, indeed, during those sad fifteen months. But the Lord had wonderfully provided wife with a good job, in a good home in Tulsa, Okla., where her parents by now were living nearby. Wife's (step) mother, a real Christian woman (of whom we shall give more account later on in this volume), tells of how that she and Georgia would go to church, and about the first thing she would hear as they would kneel in prayer, would be Georgia praying for “God to save Oscar, and start them out in the work together.” You could never make me believe but what the Lord heard the prayers of these two good Christian women, and brought this wayward boy into the great fold of God! But it did not happen over night. God knew just the way to lead. I put in MANY “blue” and despondent hours in the meanwhile. But prayer, and God having a purpose in my life, prevailed.

An Encouraging Word, Though We Hardly Realized the Same

I remember an occasion wherein I was with father, riding along in the buggy, as he was making a call to a patient in the country, and was feeling so "blue," and dejected. He noticed it, and began to try to "cheer" me up. He told of how he had in turn told mother some time previous, concerning my condition, that he expected to hear me preach the Gospel some day. He was possibly trying to point out to me, that I was going to live, and that things would eventually be better. I also remember the reply I gave him (concerning his expecting me to some time preach), saying, "Well, the Lord's will be done." We again thank the dear Lord that father and mother both lived to see the time wherein I was wonderfully delivered from the terribly condition I was then in, my home reunited, and did hear me, through God's help, preach the Gospel—in its purity and fulness. Amen.

Father Was Right!

During the progress of the revival wherein we was converted, the country being stirred by reason of the messages going forth, and God so wonderfully working, of course the doctrine of Divine Healing was being declared, and father being a physician, some one asked him one day what he thought of "Divine Healing?" He replied that it was Bible. They next asked, "Why, then, are you practicing medicine?" He said, "For people who can't believe." About as good an answer as he could have given them. And we also add, that father told certain in that little town previous to our getting saved, that "Nothing will ever do Oscar any good,

except a 'good case of religion.' " Father knew that so far as medical science was concerned, there was no cure for such as a neurasthenic condition (bad nervous disorder in a class by itself). He was right; but there is yet a God in Heaven who is able for all things—including nervous disorders of the most malignant type! Amen. But father held on to his theory of medicine, yet had enough respect for the good cause of the Lord to admit the truth just the same. It might seem coincidental, but whereas I, after experiencing salvation, had the privilege of driving father many miles in his car, visiting the sick, he one time drove me out in the country to PRAY for a sick lady! I assuredly felt that such was the right spirit for one to have, who was in direct controversy to a theory in this life!

Back In the Publishing Field Again—Briefly

So while living in the little town of Hulbert, despite the physical condition I was in, I again ventured into the publishing field, taking over (or rather starting again) a small country newspaper, "**The Hulbert Headlight,**" which had been discontinued, and changed its name to that of "**The Hulbert Times.**" Of course I was unable to continue on with the paper but a short while. God had His hand on my life, and nothing that I attempted was to prove a success until I yielded my life to Him. And while we most assuredly do not claim to have made a "success" in our Ministry the past thirty-eight years, yet we feel that our efforts have not been altogether in vain. At least we feel that we **HAVE FOUND OUR PLACE IN LIFE**; and our earnest desire is, that we shall, as the apostle Paul testified to-

ward the close of his earthly career, "finish our course" in the will of God, and some Glad Day receive, alongside others, that "crown of righteousness"—not for any great thing accomplished in this life; but because of our faithfulness to God and His cause. And it now appears that, if Jesus does not make His appearance soon, our earthly life will not last too long—old age is fast creeping upon us, which is doubtless materializing the quicker because, in part, of the sins of our youth.

The Full Gospel Comes Our Way

It was but a short time following the close of our second attempt in the publishing field, that God sent the full Gospel message into our section of the country. Sr. Capps and family held a most successful revival in the Ray community, west from Hulbert a few miles, with many precious souls being swept into the kingdom of God. Wonderful were the experiences in salvation of men and women who yielded their hearts and lives unto the Lord. There were wonderful cases of healing, and deliverance from habits and appetites of the world; broken homes were reunited (ours resulting alongside a total of some seven or eight separated couples being brought back together through the influence of the Gospel in that section of the country); restitutions were made in many events that redounded to the glory of God and His cause.

Yes, the country was stirred as never before. At the close of the revival at Ray, some seventy-seven people were immersed in a water baptismal service one Sunday. Incidentally, we were as yet publishing the little newspaper at Hulbert at the time of this baptizing, and naturally, we had to have a "little say" in the paper regard-

ing it. While our comments were rather on the "notoriety" side of the question, yet we do remember how that we said a few "nice things" about the people who were, of course, referred to as "Holy Rollers" by the world in general. We now remember how that God has said in His Word (Psalms 76:10), that He would make the "wrath of man to praise him."

The Hulbert Revival

Then following the campaign in that part of the country (possibly a shorter period of revival in the Victory community, northwest from Hulbert), Sr. Capps and family came to Hulbert, and launched a revival in that place which also stirred that immediate section. The meeting was held in a building on the Main Street of the little town; and had formerly been used as both a pool hall, and a moving picture show. Seats were improvised, services begun, and in a short while the crowds were coming. Sr. Capps' four daughters were excellent singers, and good with guitars, and on the piano, as well as wonderful workers for the Lord otherwise. It was not long until the Lord began to bless, the power falling in the services, and conviction seizing upon the hearts of the people, and souls began to pray through to God in the old-time way. In spite of denominationalism, people soon turned to the Lord for the deeper blessings of sanctification, and the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. And if the great majority getting through to God in that meeting, which lasted several weeks, have since either fallen by the wayside, or passed on the meet the Lord, God did do a work there

that will not be soon forgotten by many.

But the best part of the story—that which concerned me most—was the fact that I had just about made up my mind in a more favourable manner toward the on-coming revival before it started in reality; and it was not but a very few nights from its beginning until I was showing a decided interest, and was a regular attendant at the services. While I can't say that I felt such a DEEP CONVICTION seize me at the first, yet I was drawn toward the meeting, realizing that I needed something from God. While I cannot remember how many nights passed before I made an open start for God, but I would say that it was just a few nights until I found myself at the altar seeking the Lord for salvation. Aside from an old man who went to the altar about the night before I made my start, I was the first person otherwise to make the start. And some said of the old man, who never sought the Lord any further in the meeting, that he was possibly just a "sign seeker." But with me, it was a start in reality, thank God.

Again, if I remember correctly, the very first visible move that I made for the Lord in the meeting was, I either held up my hand for prayer, or went forward and gave my hand for prayer, at the invitation of a Bro. Beal, of the Pentecostal Holiness Church, in Wagoner, Okla., just a few miles west from Hulbert. Bro. Beal, a Minister, assisted Sr. Capps in the first few days of the services, and proved a blessing to me in his good preaching, and faithful service around the altar. He helped me much as I sought the Lord in prayer. I did not get through the first time I went to the altar—no, by no

means. It was several days (or nights, rather) before we prayed through to the blessing, and we attribute our failing to pray through the sooner to the fact that we got our eyes more on the expected "blessing," than on the Blessor. No doubt but many have made this same mistake in their seeking God for the different experiences. I wanted to "top the seats," so-to-speak, when I got I saved; that is, I wanted a "shouting" experience like others. But it never came that way—God held me down to a place of quietude before Him—He had the kind of experience for me that I NEEDED, and not what I had previously wanted.

But I would not give up. Night after night, I sought the Lord, and there were others who started going to the altar after I did, and who had prayed through to even the blessings of sanctification, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, shouting, speaking in tongues, and dancing in the Spirit, and there I was, still struggling along, wanting the SAME KIND of a blessing! Well, one night—I shall never forget the night, time, nor place—after I had as usual, "prayed out" again, and with no results, found myself kneeling at the west end of the altar (possibly in a half-sitting posture), with the good altar workers labouring with others to my left—possibly none too encouraged at the progress, or rather the non-progressive attitude I was showing, and with my face laying on the left side, just meditating before the Lord. It seemed that I had did every thing I knew to do—I had repented of sin (I was through with that thing), prayed, and did everything I could do, except, of course, BELIEVE; and naturally, I could not do this until I got my mind off the kind of experience I DE-

SURED, and just let God have HIS WAY.

Born Again!

Well, in this position, and in this condition before the Lord, the first thing I knew SOMETHING BEGAN TO HAPPEN! Talk about a reality—a “know so” experience in salvation—I then and there began to FEEL IT! Literally, it seemed, a bright light began to settle down about me, and a warming sensation began to creep over my body from the top of my head, to the very bottom of my feet! Subconsciously, you might say, I lifted my head from that old altar bench, and shouted, “Glory! Glory!” I distinctly remember saying it twice--- I was feeling just that way! Then the devil, who is never far away, especially at a time like that, rushed in, and taken advantage of the occasion. It seemed that I was so full of the Glory of the Lord that I wanted to say something else, yet my vocabulary you know was not too resplendant with heart-felt praise words, so remembering how it use to happen on the ball ground when some one “knocked a home run,” I next lifted my voice and shouted, “Hurrah!” This brought quite a damper on me—I immediately began to “shrink up,” so-to-speak—the blessing began to subside. Right then and there, when I was less than three minutes old in the Lord, God taught me my first lesson, which I shall never forget—There is no “Hurrah” to this good salvation; it is just “Glory” all along the way!

This was on Friday night, January 1, 1915; and happened about nine or ten o'clock. I might possibly live years yet, or until Jesus comes, but that is **one experience** that I shall never forget (as well as the following

experiences in our Christian profession); it will be a green spot in my memory so long as time, or knowledge of earthly happenings, shall endure. I have heard somewhat of John Wesley's experience in, possibly his Aldersgate conversion—at any rate, at that time he said that he “felt a warming sensation of the heart.” I think I fully understand just what he meant. Amen. The very next day I enjoyed my new found experience in the Lord in even an equally, or more wonderful way—it seemed that the very atmosphere had changed; people looked different; it seems as if I was in a strange land, so-to-speak; I could almost imagine myself being in a “Bible land,” but with the same citizens I was used to walking the streets with, etc.; but it made me think of them more as pictures I had seen of inhabitants of Biblical places. I think I could go on at length, testifying of the blessedness of that experience—of the new-found joy that was yet flooding my soul; of the different attitude I felt toward people in general. I loved everybody, and hated nobody. A few days previous to this, I could not have said as much. But there is a reality in old-time salvation that is unexplainable. The apostle Peter just had to conclude that such was “joy unspeakable and full of glory” (1 Pet. 1:8).

But just a bit ahead of my story—on the night God did so wonderfully save me, I had went to services that evening as usual, only somewhat cast down, thinking how glad I would be if wife was only there to pray for me. I felt that she could be such a help to me in that respect. (From the time I began to seek the Lord in the revival, I had a burning desire for wife's presence to

help me pray. Yes, indeed, by now I was a "changed" boy, thank God!) While sitting there, awaiting the time for services to start, a messenger came for me to answer a long-distance telephone call. It was from my dear wife in Tulsa, Okla. I think I had informed her by mail of the meeting, and of my seeking the Lord. I was most assuredly glad to hear her voice, and implored her to come, if she possibly could. She told me that she could not come, but that she would pray for me there. (And we might here add, that God never let me set eyes on wife again, from the last time I had seen her—briefly—some few months before, until I went through to all the experiences in salvation—was saved, sanctified, and baptized with the precious Holy Ghost; baptized in water; and had partaken of the complete sacramental services—the Lord's Supper, and washing of the saints' feet.

Somehow, this makes us think of that scripture wherein it says, upon one's having been cast into prison—"Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing" Matthew 5:26). I had so wrongfully sinned against God, and my dear wife, that He was not going to let me stop short of PAYING ALL before I would be permitted to have her again. Glory! Amen.

Our First Testimony

So the next day being Saturday, and as we said, God had so wonderfully saved me the night before, and the services that night having been so nearly over with when I had gotten through to the victory, we never had a chance to testify at that time. But a group of the

saints had gathered early that afternoon for street services. I happened to be in a store on the opposite side of the street from where they were assembling just off the sidewalk. At first I was a bit timid, and hardly knew what to do about joining them. I finally decided I would cross the street to where they were, but would just linger in the rear of the little group who were to conduct the service. But the next thing I knew, I was right out in front, and there gave my first public testimony for the dear Lord right before my fellow townsmen, and the country people who were in town for their Saturday's shopping. God had taken away my fear, and gave me boldness to speak for Him. It was a good little service; and we remember one thought expressed by Bro. Beal, who did the preaching that day, of how that "Jesus Christ was a street preacher." Of course this kind of a service was quite new to many who were present; and we remember a portion of our own testimony, which was to the effect that we "had tasted sin from (every) fount." And this was just about so—from minor things, to just about the same as murder in my heart!

The Deeper Experiences

So the revival progressed, and in a short while we had received the blessed experience of sanctification, and the wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost, with the Bible evidence of speaking in other tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance (Acts 2:4; 10:46; 19:6; and other scriptural reference).

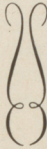
I well remember how that in seeking for the blessing of sanctification, I would pray until my physical

strength was gone, and then would pray for God to give me more strength TO PRAY. I need not have did this, if only I had first made my consecration as complete as it should have been ,and then exercised faith for the experience. But I kept "battling" on until one night in the services, laying flat of my back in the floor, I went through to the blessing. While I did not shout at the time, as we have heard of others who so wonderfully rejoiced when they had at last laid everything on the altar for God; but my experience was just as real, thank God—from that very hour, I began to realize the fruits of the experience in my life. I was made to realize the next day, very definitely, that I had been drawn into a closer relationship with the Lord; that I had an inward victory which, previously, had not been ours!

Yes, I soon realized that the old "body of sin" (Rom. 6:6) was gone---had been destroyed. Of course there are many good Pentecostal people who do not agree to this doctrinal teaching of sanctification, but it was real in my life, thank God—the fruits of the blessing bore out the same. And as concerns those of a kindred faith who do not see sanctification as a second, definite work of God's grace, we are glad that we have no quarrel with them. A truly sanctified person is not going to "fight" over doctrinal issues. They may stand firm, in the meekness of the Spirit, for that **which they know** the Lord has did for them; but there will be no "get back" in evidence in their life. And this should go for those good people, as we afore said, who do not view the experience of entire sanctification as being a definite work of grace, seperate from either that of justification,

or the baptism of the Holy Ghost—if they have also been cleansed from all sin, and have the blessed Comforter, the Holy Spirit, abiding in their life, they, too, will have no “fight” in their heart against those holding to the original teaching of the Apostolic faith along this line. The Holy Ghost will never come into an unclean temple—it will first have to have been cleansed of that old Adamic nature by the precious Blood of a crucified and resurrected Saviour, before He, (the Comforter) will enter in to take up His abode. If we cannot see “doctrine” alike, we had best reach the place wherein we can see Jesus alike—watch out for the fruits of a truly consecrated, cleansed, holy life—they will be there, if the Holy Ghost abides!

I again remember the next night after having received the experience of sanctification, as we gathered for services, and had went upon the platform to help in the song service, that one of the saints helping conduct the meeting remarked to this effect: “You can tell he has the blessing”—this is reference to myself, the very expression on our face (countenance) bore out the fact of a work of grace upon our heart and life! Yes, without controversy, I was definitely a step higher with God; and since that time we have tried to both live, and teach others, of the blessedness, and Biblical reality, of the experience. Jesus taught it to us through the prayer He one time prayed (John 17) the Father in behalf of ALL believers in Him—even down to this present hour, for that matter. We have not did as some others have done—preach this thing for years; literally shouting over the blessing, and then finally come to



**BROTHER BOND AS HE LOOKED IN HIS
PRINTING WORK**



the conclusion that we was all wrong—that the blessing does not come that way. That's the way it came into our life! And now for me to deny the experience, would be for me to deny the results that followed in my life, or immediately after the consecration of that night in question. The fruits of the consecration of that night did not appear until AFTER I had went through the experience. So it is for those who one time "shouted" the blessing, and then possibly years afterward denied the same, that we fear—not those who have never been taught differently, but who have followed the Lord in all the light they have ever had on the subject---it is for **this class** that we fear.

Then after we had received the experience of sanctification (which thing we began to seek for immediately after having been saved), we began to seek for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This was the teaching of those in charge of the revival at the time of my conversion—that of a threefold plan of salvation: justification through repentance; sanctification through consecration (both experiences through faith in the Blood of Jesus, in proper order and | or application); and the baptism of the Holy Ghost through obedience. So I lost no time in beginning our seeking for the blessing. But we did not receive it during a service in the revival. The story connected with our experience of the Baptism is one within itself.

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost

It was but a very few days since our having received the experience in sanctification, and we were fresh from the Throne of Grace, you might say—the joy of true

holiness yet bubbling up in our soul, and it was so easy to pray! I was visiting in the upstairs apartment where the workers holding the revival were "camped," and a request had come in from the late Bro. Tom Taylor, and Sr. Taylor (she is yet alive, and living in the home of a daughter and son-in-law, Bro. and Sr. Will Aaron, in Tulsa, Okla., and who also come into the deeper experiences of full salvation in the same revival as we), good Methodist people who had come into the light of Holiness, as the blanket term is often used, that they pray for them, that they might be sanctified.

So we had all knelt in prayer in answer to this request; and it was but a few moments until the power of God began to fall in our midst, and it seemed that I was soon caught away in the Spirit. The next thing I knew, I was laying flat of my back in the floor, praising the Lord; and when I came out from under the power, I was yet on my back, but in the adjoining (north) room of the three rooms running lengthwise on that side of the upstairs apartment. And to this day, I do not know how I got through the door into that room—that was not in my mind; I was earnestly—anxiously—desiring the Blessing. At this time, I experienced that phenomena of "stammering lips," as set forth in Isaiah 28:11, a manifestation that, according to this prophet of God, was to accompany that of "another tongue," in connection with the prophetic outpouring of the Spirit (the former and latter rain), or the baptism of the Holy Ghost, which began on the day of Pentecost, and was repeated, according to prophecy, in these last days, beginning in the very early days of this

present century.

Now at this time, we felt that we had received the Baptism, but I am sure that those present, and in charge of the revival, were skeptical as to our having received the fulness of the Spirit—that we had gone through to the completed evidence. Then in a few days more, or on towards the close of the meeting, whereas some 24 or 26 candidates were baptized in water, EACH PERSON having the baptism of the Holy Ghost in their life, came up out of the water speaking in other tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance, with the exception of one individual. It was a most wonderful occasion, indeed! The power of God was present in a manner of the which we had never seen, of course—neither before, nor since. As for ourself, we had no sooner been raised from the water by Bro. Buckles (now in Glory these several years), whom Sr. Capps had sent for to conclude the revival with some deeper teaching on the scriptures, until we also burst forth in a language we had never known! The Spirit began to speak through these lips of clay, the wonderful works of God! It was REAL, thank God; and then we no longer had any doubt as to our having the fulness of the blessing—the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost—in our life. The Comforter had come, and He was speaking for Himself. This has been a living reality in my life all down through these thirty-eight years; has helped me to live this good salvation; preach it clean; and stand for God in the face of men and devils! Blessed be the name of our Lord! Amen.

A Singular Thing—

A singular thing connected with the water baptismal service—it was a wintry day (the last day of January, 1915), with the skies overcast; but when the time for the service proper arrived, the first we knew, the clouds had parted, and the sun shone through in warmth and splendor—so beautiful, and clear. It assuredly seemed as an omen from Heaven—doubtless an “Amen” from God, as He looked down upon the scene!

Then immediately following the baptismal service, it again became cloudy, with a cold, drizzling rain falling later that afternoon. And we shall again remember the services that night—our first time to partake of the blessed sacrament, followed by washing of the saints feet, according to the example set by our Saviour on the night of the Last Supper. We had now, incidently, been saved on the first day of the month (January); sanctified wholly in the meanwhile, and filled with the precious Holy Ghost—without doubt—and baptized in water, and the complete sacramental service, all on the last day of the month. What better way could one have begun the New Year! Wife will now soon be home; and how happy we will be!

And we shall not forget to make mention of another phase of that memorable day of our water baptism—Bro. Buckles was first, a stout man, and had had enough experience in administering water baptism, that he had made the assertion as to how he could baptize a person in “eighteen inches of water, if they would but ‘behave’ themselves!” Of course we knew

what he meant—if they did not get to “shouting,” and out of (his) control. Well, as the hour for the service proper drew nigh, and realizing it was a cold day—the water would be cold, and with so many to immerse, he planned on not wading out very deep—not deep enough to get his body wet; but no sooner had he begun to baptize them, until each one, it seemed, as they came up out of the water, began to “shout,” literally “splashing water all over him,” and in a few moments he was about as wet as were they! But how he did enjoy it—the Lord blessing his soul as he administered baptism to them! Printed words, beloved, would never convey to your minds, the blessedness of that sacred occasion! Amen.

Remindful of the Bible Plan—

While it is altogether inconsequential, yet we like to think of how like the Bible pattern, so far as the plan of salvation is concerned—that of our experience on the day when we at least had our first experience toward the fulness of the Spirit—there were three rooms running lengthwise on that side of the upstairs apartment where the workers were living during the period of revival. This makes us think of the threefold plan of salvation. We were in the “second room” of the three—the middle room—where we knelt in prayer for the sanctification of Bro. and Sr. Taylor, elsewhere referred to; and it was in this room that we went under the power of God; and when we came out from under the power, we were in the north, or third room! Yes, literally speaking, we had an “upper room” experience, for that matter, even as the disciples were in the “up-

per room" on the day of Pentecost, And we look upon the "second blessing," or that of sanctification, as being the middle, or connecting link, between that of justification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Wife's Happy Return!

And so moving on with our story, it was not long until God began to open the way for our dear wife's return. Happy, indeed, were we when she at last stepped from the train in Hulbert—home again, and to a husband COMPLETELY MADE ANEW—in the Lord! Her prayers had been answered; her faithfulness to her marriage vows rewarded; and now she was to enjoy a truly Christian home, also in answer to the prayers of her own mother, and those of her good second mother, under whose Christian care she came when but about six years old. As wife remembers the accounts given her of her own mother, that good young woman was assuredly devoted to God and His cause. She was always ready to lead out in prayer, testimony, or any part of the service of the Lord. And that her prayer was, during the short period of time she was permitted to be here on earth with her babe (about two years), that God would save her when she reached the age of accountability, and eventually provide for her a Christian home (a Christian husband). Truly now, the prayers of this devoted mother, and augmented by those of this good second mother, had been answered. And now if wife and I have, in any (Christian) manner, been a blessing to ANY ONE in this good way with the Lord, let us think of how FAR REACHING IS PRAYER!

Led Out Into The Work

Then it was not long after wife's return, until we both felt the leadings of the Lord out into the work for Him. We first began to carry on in a small way in our local community, helping Sr. Capps and family in a rather brief revival effort at Shady Grove school house, a few miles northeast from Hulbert. All the while it seemed that God was preparing us to launch out for Him, and it was step-by-step, as it were, that we moved in that direction. My not having been able, due to my physical condition since first suffering our nervous break-down, and the terrible events following, forbade us accumulating anything in a financial way over the past fifteen months, or thereabouts. So from all appearances, we HAD NOTHING upon which to launch out! But God always has a way; and it does not necessitate big revenues to begin for God. In taking stock of our earthly possessions, we found that we had but one thing of earthly value, you might say—that was a nice, large, brass-studded trunk which wife had brought back with her from her so-journ in Tulsa. She was that consecrated to the Lord that she unloaded it, and sold it to a neighbour there in Hulbert for the sum of **four** dollars, the same trunk today, possibly being worth twenty-five or thirty dollars. But to go for God was now the very theme of our life; and we finally went—and, thank God, HAVE BEEN GONE SINCE! if you would understand our thought. Amen.



Our First Revival

While we have never felt our calling in the Lord was of an evangelistic nature, as others are so definitely called in that respect, yet it has pleased God, in the course of our ministry, to give us precious souls for our hire—we have been privileged to have men and women pray through in our meetings in times past, to all the blessings, or experiences—saved, sanctified, or filled with the precious Holy Ghost; we have seen the sick healed; and have baptized many in water. We have never been given to exploiting our call from the Lord; but we feel that we have had as definite work to perform in His good cause, and trust that our feeble ministry has been a blessing to SOMEONE in this life; and that we will, therefore, have at least a part in the rejoicing on that Great Day, as workers in His good cause lay their sheaves at the precious feet of our Saviour as He announces to those who are worthy, “Well done,” and bids them enter into the joys that await, even those “faithful in a few things!” Amen.

So if we be permitted to use the blanket term, “revival,” throughout the volume of this little booklet, we will say that our first meeting of this kind was at Manard school house, about ten miles east from Ft. Gibson, Okla. There were just a very few saints living in that community; but they were hungry for the Gospel, and to see something done for God in that place. The revival continued for about two weeks (ours have never been any long campaigns), with the Lord blessing our feeble efforts in His good cause. The saints enjoyed the services; and sinners had the Gospel

seed sown in their midst, some of which we hope brought forth fruit, even at a later date, knowing this—that every message accomplished its purpose, as God sent it. His Word will never return void—it will forever stand as a witness, either for, or against the hearer, in the Day of Judgment.

This was but a short time, of course, following the happy reuniting of our broken home—MY FAULT, please keep in mind. Wife and I had happily been brought back together, and she was, as was I, assuredly “shouting” the victory! I can yet see her in that meeting (God bless her!) as she would “shout” back and forth across the slightly raised platform in that school house—literally “dancing” in the Spirit (2 Sam. 6:14; Exodus 15:20; Psalms 150:4), and acting for all that she would dance that head of chestnut brown hair **right into** one of those old-time, out-of-door gasoline torches, hanging on either side of the platform, used to light the building. But I would try to exercise “faith” at each approach to the flame, that the Lord would not allow her hair to burn (as if the Lord did not understand His business any better than that!). Of course He didn’t; yet I confess that our faith was a bit weak at the time. O, thank God for those good old days!

Well, at the close of the meeting, we remember how that some one of the good brethren taken up a “collection” for us (we did not, and never have to this day, asked a congregation for a single penny! Ours has always been a faith route; and we hope it ever shall—possibly more on this subject elsewhere in this volume),

and that offering totaled the sum of **sixty-two cents!** Do you think that discouraged us? **Not in the least.** It was a rather poor community; but had it been otherwise (in fact, we never gave such any thought), it would have been all the same to us—our only objective was, as has been ever since, that of **OBEYING THE LORD.** If we did not know any better than to not be discouraged in this, our first attempt in thus obeying the Lord, we are now glad that we did not; but we only felt like pressing on for Him. We had been taught that the way with the Lord was a “faith route,” and we yet thank and praise Him for this very kind of teaching from the beginning, which has remained with us all down through the years. We have seen the time when finances were at about the lowest ebb—yes, many of them; but God has always come on the scene, and **IN SOME WAY,** provided for us. If it has necessitated, as it has did so in times past, that wife and I “roll our sleeves,” as it were, and go into hard work to get out of financial difficulties, it has been good for us, and we have never felt above doing just that. The preacher who seems immune to honest toil when the occasion arises, is hardly in the class with the apostle Paul, who was not afraid to labour with his hands, in helping promote the good Gospel cause.

We are made to think of that good “bank account” in Philippians 4:19, which reads: “But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” One thing for sure—the devil cannot, within himself, “**STARVE TO DEATH**” the humble saint of God! Sometimes people may make up to

“STARVE OUT” the preacher; but how easy can God come on the scene, and send him help of some kind, and that maybe through a source never before dreamed of. No—all the “ravens” are not dead; neither are there no more “widows,” as in the days of Elijah, to divide their very substance with the true child of God!

So in concluding our reference to our first revival effort, will say that wife has never owned an equal to that nice trunk she sacrificed toward our first venture in the Gospel cause, nor much above a “battered” suitcase since; yet we have gotten by: and if that first “offering” did total only **sixty-two cents**, possibly ALL parties concerned had value received in the incident. Yes, again—**THOSE WERE WONDERFUL DAYS IN THE LORD!** (And we might here add, to the glory of the Lord, that since that time, and while operating on faith lines alone in both our pulpit ministry, and in the publication of the Gospel paper—**The Apostolic Faith Messenger**, now in its twenty-third year—our remuneration has been from that of a single dime, as it were, to that of a three figure mark! To God be all the praise.)

(And to show just how genuinely **mean** Satan can sometimes be, it was on a return trip to the scene of our first revival that a purported telephone call came one day, that wife’s mother was bad sick at their home near Oilton, Okla. Father-in-law was by this time living on an oil lease in that section, and working in the oil field. Of course it proved to be all false—just a trick of the enemy to get us to close the meeting, and take the train for that place. A “messenger” had

brought the "call." In Rev. 22:15, it refers to a certain class who "loveth and maketh a lie." Such was fully demonstrated in this event!)

Part Two

And as we have now come to the conclusion of a brief historical sketch of our life up to, and including our entrance into the Gospel work, we realize that it **has been brief** in many respects, and without any special appeal; but for some reason we have felt the past few years like making this attempt. This is our first effort in this kind of an undertaking, and quite already have we sensed our inefficiency along the line—the many errors in this respect. We note among many other failures in clarity of expression, that we have never made any reference to our "call" to the Ministry by way of definite statement. We believe the call to the Gospel work will be just as plain and clear as an experience in salvation. There may be differences in the MANNER or calling, even as there are differences in manifestations when the evidence of salvation comes into our life. We well remember how definite the "call" came to us. It was while assisting in the revival effort of Sr. Capps and family at Shady Grove school house, near Hulbert, Okla., and referred to formerly in this little volume. Some of us were gathered in prayer at the bedside of a sick person, and without our mind at the time being on that of even preaching, when suddenly we were conscious of that "still small voice" (1 Kings 19:12) speaking to us, "Sow the seed: Jesus is

coming soon." This confirmed to me that there was a work for me to do in the vineyard of the Lord. I have been careful ever since as regards making any reference to this—you will remember how that Mary, the mother of Jesus, "pondered" some things in her heart that had been revealed, or spoken to her concerning the future life of her Babe—the Saviour of the world.

So we shall try, the Lord helping us, to devote the rest of this brief little volume to that which concerns some eventful things transpiring on down in our Christian life—experiences, incidents, etc., that have been ours over the past thirty-eight years in this good Gospel cause; and of the which we feel, in a measure, at least, are worthy of note, though confessing that we have nothing too remarkable (in the estimation of many, possibly) to relate; but each of them meant something to us—they have spoken of something "special" from the Lord. And, too, we have in mind many of the good old-time saints of God with whom we have been associated over the past many years, and whose revived memories of days past and gone in this good way—the blessings received along the way, together with some of the things that had to be endured that this good Gospel might be established to the place it now fills in God's plan for these last days—that they might be thus blessed as they read.

Am sorry that we cannot present, in chronological order, such experiences, since many dates, and even minute particulars, have long since been forgotten. (And this gives rise to the thought that we wish we had kept a "journal" of our travels in the Lord over

our past years in the Gospel. We read of how John Wesley did this in the active days of his Ministry, which no doubt proved a blessing to him in his writings from time to time.) But we will say this—much more “exciting” were some of the things encountered back in the early, or more formative days of this good (latter rain) Gospel, which had its beginning, as aforesaid, in January, 1901. It meant something in an earlier day to face the world with the fulness of the Gospel—it meant sacrifice, opposition, and sometimes genuine persecution to carry on for God. Not only did saints of God, and the Ministry in particular, have to often suffer humiliation—called “Holy Rollers” (we deny any such ridiculous allegation), “fanatics,” “hypnotics,” and other slanderous, degrading names, but were met with attacks of bad eggs, both ripe and green tomatoes, being thrown into their services, as well as stones being hurled—and as contained in our **“Foreword,”** not careful if rocks thrown did hit a human target! and with some having to go to jail for the testimony of the Lord.

Yes, back in the days when the (full) Gospel was “new” to many, and the devil was stirred over what he well knew the results were going to be as concerned the effects such was going to have on his kingdom, as it was declared in its fulness and power, that he set about to stop it if he could: at least hinder its acceptance, and the universal spread of the same. But despite the persecution heaped upon the saints, such only tended to further spread the same. And now since the Gospel in its fulness has taken such deep root through-

out the accessible parts of the civilized world—especially in such as our own beloved nation—Satan has ceased his “outside” operations as in the past, so-to-speak, and moved to “within,” causing division, sub-division, dissention, and creating schisms, etc., amongst the saints of various groupings, naturally, we are not meeting with as many “exciting” adventures as being locked out of meeting places, and facing persecutions as referred to above.

Many so-called Pentecostal people of this day (especially, the younger generation) have never experienced some of the things endured by the pioneers of the general Movement. They have never met with the opposition brought about from the preaching of a life free from sin as did those of yesteryears; the doctrine of sanctification as a second, definite work of God’s grace; or that of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, with the Bible evidence of speaking in other tongues, or languages, as the Spirit gives utterance (Acts 2:4, etc.); neither have they felt the opposition—and persecution—from teaching Divine Healing for our physical bodies in cases of sickness; and that of other subjects related to the full Gospel. But the good Word of God prevailed back in those days; and now you can scarcely find a city, town, or village, as it were, but what there will be a church or mission hall wherein SOME BRANCH of so-called Pentecost has invaded. Yes, “store-front” churches have reached that great class of common Americans with the Gospel, which the greater churches of the more nominal groups are not touch-

ing. Certain of our outstanding sectarian (Protestant) churches has admitted this fact.

So we feel that the contents of this little volume will be the more devoted to "early day" experiences along this line; and should we meet with something like this—even from the ranks of THIS DAY in Pentecostal activities: "That all happened in the past. Why do we not have something up-to-date?" Beloved, that which it cost to establish this good Gospel in our midst, IS ENTIRELY UP-TO-DATE in the light of the Bible and the estimation of God, as He looks down upon the scene, and notes how, in TOO MANY instances, the "up-to-date" kind has digressed so far from the original, as to assuredly grieve His great heart, Who one time suffered such sacrifice to bring this good salvation to a lost and ruined world! To learn "something new" has been the downfall of too many precious souls in God's good cause—men and women who one time set forth in His name, in all reality, but who have since succumbed to the popular, instead of that which it is one day going to take IF WE stem the rising tide of sin in its many forms, and land at last on the Other Shore, at the sounding of the Great Trumpet, which is soon to give forth its clarion call, summoning those who are prepared to go forth and meet their Lord in the air! Today, too often the very message that one time produced a "shout" within the camp of God, will any more cause MANY to take the "tuck head," instead. Yes, pride, and other forms of disobedience to the Divine Command, are compassing us about today, as

we one time never dreamed such would be the case.
Amen.



Delivered From Dope

While we know that the day of miracles are not past, as many today would have us believe, yet the GREATEST of such to touch our life was the time when God transformed us from darkness to light; from the power of darkness, to the marvelous light and liberty of the great Son of God—or, that ever-to-be-remembered night when He saved our soul from sin and shame! Just think of it—the one moment a lost sinner, on our road to eternal destruction; and the very next, on our road to Glory—saved from this world of sin! Of course there could be no greater miracle performed; yet, while this pertained to the Spiritual, but in the natural that which we are about to relate, constitutes the first and greatest in that respect—that of our sudden, instantaneous deliverance from the “dope” habit which had me bound for some fifteen months, or thereabouts, prior to our time of deliverance, in the early days of January, 1915. So we would know of no better thought to lead off with, in our line of experiences with the Lord, than our wonderful deliverance from this, one of the worst habits that can so easily fasten itself upon the life of the unfortunate victim of such.

As has been said, God works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform. Just why our deliverance from the morphine habit did not occur simultaneously with our

conversion, we are not able to say. Such as this has no doubt been the testimony of hundreds in like conditions—that they were delivered from ALL habits and abnormal appetites at the very time of their conversion. But in our deliverance, we experienced something that has since proved a blessing to us, by way of being able to illustrate to others how easy the victory is obtained over ANY WRONGFUL INDULGENCE in this life. For one to reach the place of genuine WILLINGNESS in their heart to forsake, or give up something that is detrimental to either (or both) their physical or Spiritual well-being, constitutes more than half the battle! Yes, the very moment one gets willing to surrender the thing as unto the Lord, at that very moment victory is assured!

I had used morphine (hypodermically) to the extent of tolerance—that is, I could not take as much of it at one dose (“shot”) as I craved, due to the reaction it would have upon me; and even this proved a blessing in disguise. Had I been able to have indulged in it more heavily, it is altogether possible that I would have become a “fiend” in the greatest sense of the word. I did suffer much by reason of the extent we did indulge in the habit. While it is most shameful to relate, I had at **one time**, SIX RUNNING ABCESESSES on my left arm, from my elbow to my shoulder, due solely to the use of the hypodermic needle. The scars are there to this day, to prove our assertion. And not only on that arm, but like marks have been left on my other arm, as well as both thighs of my lower limbs, evidences of abcesses from the use of the needle.

The neurotic condition I was in during those days, was something terrible at times. I have had my mother (during the days of my broken home) sit by my bed at night, holding my hand, until I fell asleep. I was afraid to try to go to sleep otherwise, for fear that death might seize upon me. I thought of course, that she would be present to help, if worse came to worse. There I was—not fit to live, and neither was I fit to die! About twice do I recall jumping from my bed at night, screaming for help, feeling that death was upon me; and father (you remember he was a physician) injected strychnine into my body to stimulate heart action: I was **that near** the very brink of (a Christless) eternity! I had tried to quit the drug, within my own strength of course; would “taper off,” or altogether be away from any source of obtaining it for a time; but just let me get back to where it was obtainable, and back to the use of it I would go. Yes—a person in that condition would get it, if he had to “steal” it, **which** thing I (shamefully) did on an occasion or two, as I worked briefly in a drug store during that time; but thank God, I made this right with the proprietor after I obtained old-time salvation—that is, I offered to, but the druggist would not have the pay. In those days one could often buy it right across the counter—that is, unless a person was a confirmed “fiend,” in which case the druggist used his own discretion in dispensing it.

So as we said (and now coming to the best part of our story), it was but a short time following our experience in salvation, that one day I was laying across

the bed in father's home, feeling much dejected because of our bound condition in the habit, and with no one in the house even, but myself—and the Lord! (mother being somewhere on the place), it seemed that my mind was directed toward the suffering of Jesus on the Cross—just what He went through with for my sake—and, of course, the whole world: the real agonizing pain which He endured. **THERE FOR ME!** and this aside from the ignominy of the death He had to die—numbered with transgressors! And in that very state of mind—and we are sure that it was God who was leading us to that very thought, looking upon the mental picture of such suffering, it was then and there that I became perfectly **WILLING** to **suffer** the craving for that drug—just let the great desire for it come!—I was as willing to suffer the want of it, as Jesus was **THAT WILLING TO SUFFER FOR ME ON THE CROSS!** And no sooner than that happy medium was struck, **in an instant of time**, God came on the scene, and set me **ABSOLUTELY FREE** from the thing! I arose from that bed a free boy—as free as though I had never felt the sting of a hypodermic needle in my body! And mind you, this did not occur in a big meeting—no, there was **NO ONE** there to as much as help pray; but it was real, thank God; and best of all, **THAT VICTORY** has held good all down through these **thirty-eight long years!** Praise His great and wonderful Name!

Now there are those who will, as we said in the onset, declare that “It isn’t for us this day and time—that the day of miracles is past.” For all such opposers of the truth of the Gospel, we only have this to say—

“Brother, you are just a little too late with your ‘message’—WE ALREADY HAVE THE BLESSING!” Amen. The same Jesus that one time walked the shores of Galilee, opening the blinded eyes, loosing the dumb tongue, unstopping the deaf ears, making the lame man to leap as an hart, cleansing the leper, and even raising the dead! is on the Throne today, and with the same power as in those days, if WE will but believe—and obey. Yes, Jesus is yet REAL, thank God; and His invitation is to “whosoever will.”

At the time of my conversion, I weighed in flesh something near 135 or 140 pounds. This is a conservative estimate. Mother always contended during the remainder of her life, that I would not have weighed nearly so much. But suffice to say, I could wear my father’s dress shirt collars (size $14\frac{1}{4}$); but after my remarkable deliverance, I immediately began to pick up in weight; and in years following, I have tipped the beam at 279 pounds! Have worn $17\frac{1}{2}$, but now a 17 dress shirt; and my weight running between 230 and 240 pounds. To God be all the glory. And not saying it boastingly—no, by no means—there has not been a drop of medicine went down my throat since my conversion. I must shamefully confess, though, that during that period of time immediately following World War I, wherein thousands died in that terrible ‘flu epidemic, and which was also accompanied with a plague of—well, just the plain old itch! that we weakened over this last named disease, and did “rub on” a remedy, and that because of the advice of one who should have, in the Lord’s cause, been in position to advise me bet-

ter. But we yielded—both wife and I—not because we were afraid that we might die, but just that we had got tired of “scratching!” (I know this is not nice; and we do not like to even mention it: but it did bring a spot on our otherwise absolute testimony to Divine Healing.) But having yielded, and used a remedy for that terrible affliction, we paid dearly for the same—taken our chastisement from the Lord, and since have had more than one occasion to prove to Him our faithfulness in trusting Him for our healer, thank God. And will add, that we have suffered affliction since that time that, had it not been for the mighty power of God to heal, we would have passed from this life; and so today, He is our Great Physician—our all in all. Praise His wonderful Name.

Now briefly back to our miraculous deliverance from the morphine habit. The Bible declares (Heb. 13.8), “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.” This takes in both the past, the present and the future, of the grace and power of Christ Jesus our Lord. I was raised in a home to know nothing except the effects of a dose of medicine in sickness since our earliest recollection; and until this time we have no quarrel with the medical profession—they have been, and are yet, an untold blessing to those who know nothing of the power of God to heal; but since Jesus has come into my life, He has been our Great Physician—to both wife and I—we have honoured Him as such, except in the one instance referred to above; and HOW SORRY we have been by reason of that one failure. But God knows our every human weakness; and how

thankful we should EACH ONE BE for His great mercy. But this gives us no license to keep on failing Him. He expects us to reach the place SOMEWHERE in our Christian life, wherein we can trust Him solely for both soul and body. Amen. Confessing our weakness continually, and then not trying to do something about it, will never gain for us the victory—we will have to reach the place some where, some day, wherein WE CAN STAND FOR HIM. There are those who have had this kind of a testimony for years—"I know that I am not where I should be with the Lord; and I want you to all pray that I will hold out faithful," etc. God would have us SOME TIME get out of that rut! As the man on the radio once said, "If we are not where we should be with the Lord, that is evidence that we are where we SHOULD NOT BE."

So in my case (dope deliverance), it was not immediate prayer that brought the victory—it was a willingness in my heart to just STAND FOR GOD. There are those today, who need to take a like stand. We know what His promises are; and He would have us to believe them. When people get to the place wherein they are willing to die for the Lord—trusting Him for their healer, then they are getting in good position to get something from Him by way of healing for their physical bodies. The moment I got willing in my heart to suffer the craving for that drug, finding a counterpart in Jesus who was willing to suffer for me, that moment victory came! There are those today, within the ranks of God's good cause, who need the victory over SOMETHING, no doubt, in their lives. If they

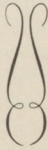
would just be willing to lay that thing down, whatever it might be, right then and there God would bless their soul, and grant them deliverance from the same! Jesus died on the Cross that **YOU AND I** might have the victory over every thing in this life contrary to God and His will. Yes, as the song says in part, "There is victory in Jesus." The price has already been paid, whether it be sin, sickness, habits, or what ever it might be—it is now ours for the asking! Amen.



God Made The Way

Despite the fact that the Bible teaches the doctrine of "restitution," or that of one's straightening up their past life in sin—the paying of old debts; paying for, or returning stolen articles; or making right our wrongs in any way with our fellow man, etc. (Ezek. 33:14-19; Luke 19:1-9), it seems that we hear but little of this kind of preaching any more from the pulpit on this very needful—yes, possibly essential teaching. But we thank God for the "form of doctrine delivered you" (us), as set forth by the apostle Paul in Romans 6:17, in the early days of our conversion, which assuredly planted in our heart the very desire to go over our past life, making right many wrongs, so-to-speak, wherein we had trespassed against others, or owed money on long overdue bills.

I remember sitting down in father's home one day, just shortly after our having received the blessings of old-time salvation in my life, and writing letters of restitution to different ones relative to our past busi-



BROTHER AND SISTER BOND
at the time of buying the large
press



ness dealings. While I was not able to make amends in ready cash to those of our creditors, yet we felt that we should at least write them, confessing our obligations, asking their forgiveness for long delays (some of our debts would have possibly never been paid, had it not been for the Lord's having gotten hold of our life), and promising them that we would take care of each obligation as soon as we could. Of course we taken occasion in our letters in each event to make known unto our creditors that God had saved us, and therefore, we wanted to make things right with them—that it was Bible for one to do so.

So in the fall of 1917, if we remember correctly (at any rate, it was in the fall before World War I broke out the next spring), God so very definitely lead wife and I to Kansas City, Kans., where we found work (leaving our previously brief sojourn in the Gospel field, only having begun in the Ministry in the latter part of 1915, or early 1916), labouring with our hands in order to clear up my indebtedness over the past few years—or since the nervous breakdown we had suffered which ultimately lead to our conversion. And we thank God for that, even though it did take rather strenuous means to bring me to the place where I realized that I needed God WORSE than anything else in this life. And it was through friends that we had met (made) while on the Gospel field since our conversion in 1915, who told us of the possibilities of work at Peet Bros. (now the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.) soap factory in Kansas City, Kans., that influenced us to seek work at that place.

Now at the first impression, the term, "soap factory," might sound almost repulsive; but far from it, or especially in our experience connected with the one we herein refer to. It was a clean, aromatic smelling place in which to work. The "perfumes" used in scenting various brands of toilet soap permeated the section wherein we worked with odors pleasant, indeed. And for that, we read in the Bible of a wonderful man of God (the apostle Peter) who was staying at a "tanyard" as it were, in Joppa (Acts 10:6) with a friend of his, when God called for Peter to go down to the household of Cornelieus, in Caesarea, and there preach unto them. Now we are sure that a "tanyard," or a place where they dressed and prepared hides of cattle, sheep, and other animals for leather, would be a place FAR from "aromatic," as that term is implied! Yes, there are MANY TODAY, who need to do a bit of coming down in their opinion of themselves in some respects. You will recall how that Jesus first saw the light of day in a lowly cattle stall! But to get on with our story—

So feeling that we should make an effort in line with the proposition—seek employment in the place recommended by our newly made friends, we at last found ourselves aboard a 'Frisco passenger train, headed for Kansas City. We arrived there late one afternoon, and that night visited the then "Apostolic Faith Mission," a branch of the Portland, Ore., work, located in an upstairs hall, on north Main Street, and near the intersection with Fifth Street, on the Missouri side of the twin cities. The people at the Mission were nice to us that night; and following services we secured a room not too

far from the Mission hall. (And if we correctly remember, the pastor—then a Bro. Damron, whom we understand has since passed away—and the Mission no longer in operation—proffered us the loan of some money, if we did not have enough to take care of ourselves for the night. This we did not accept, though WE CONFESS that our finances were at a rather low ebb at the time!)

Having left our baggage with a couple of brethren who were “batching” in an upstairs apartment on down the hall from the Mission proper, we went back there the next morning and made arrangements with them to leave our suitcase there until we could see further about the job, a place to room, etc. Thinking to save as much money as we could, we then started out on foot to locate the place we had been told about (however, we might as well went on the street car at the beginning, for that is what we finally had to do ere we got there!). I had spent a few months in Kansas City some years previous when a boy in my ’teens, with a half-brother and family who lived there at that time, and did not think I was going to have much trouble in locating the place we were going; but soon found out that it was farther out than I had suspected.

So after we had just about “walked our selves down,” we finally caught a street car, headed down Kansas Avenue (west), and in the direction of our destination. Having become a bit confused over the location, we went on past the place for several blocks, and getting off the street car, we walked back to Peet Bros., and it now being past the hour when they always “hired” any needed help from the small crowd usually gathered

there of a morning, looking for jobs, we walked on past the watchman at the gate, who attempted to tell us that it was past the "hiring" hour, and made our way directly to the Time-keeper and Superintendant's office in the main building; went in, telling them our business in Kansas City—that we were seeking employment in order to get out of debt, that we might go on in the work of the Lord. They hired us on the spot—I was to receive \$2.00 per day, and with wife to received \$1.00 per day. (You must remember there was a vast difference between unskilled labour—the wages they received—in those days, as over and against the fabulous wages of these days!) They instructed us to appear the next morning, assigning us to work in the soap powder department, or at that time where they made a well-known product—Seafoam Washing Powder. And I shall never forget the "sneezing" initiation, as it were, of the first few weeks on that job! I operated a "mill" used in the preparation of the soap powder, grinding it fine, that it could pass through an automatic weighing and carton-filling machine, and next placed in shipping boxes. Now just an ordinary handkerchief would not suffice in caring for such "sneezing"—it required a fair sized piece of muslin! But after some few weeks, one would get more accustomed to the fine dust arising from the soap powder, and not have to sneeze nearly so much.

Well, after having secured our job that morning, the next thing was to find a suitable room for "light house-keeping." We had noticed a sign just across the street from the factory, advertising a room for rent. But it seemed at first that we wanted to look elsewhere. We

tried a short distance on down the street, but finding nothing suitable, we came back and investigated the first "Room For Rent" proposition. The people living there also had a short-order place next door, and a small line of groceries. We contacted them, found the room rent to be reasonable, and taken the room—but not until our first telling them somewhat of our situation. I told them that we hardly had enough money to pay the first week's room rent, and buy our groceries; but would they let us have the room, and furnish us with groceries the first week, and we to let our first week's checks stand good for the same? They so graciously did so; however, when our first week was up, they never inquired about our checks! God was now assuredly in our endeavours!

So having all arrangements made—our job secured, and with a place to live, which, incidentally—or should we say, Providentially—was close enough that we could have our thirty-minutes lunch period each noon "at home," the next thing was to go back across the city to where we had left our suitcase that morning(and this time we both rode over, and came back, on the street car!), got it, and when back to our room, wife finished the day by putting out our first laundry on our new job!

Well, the Lord did bless as we entered into our work with a zeal, looking forward to the day wherein we would be out of debt, and free to go for Him. It seemed that we found favour with the foreman over our department from the very beginning. He, though an unsaved man, was surely as fine a person as it has ever been our privilege to work under on a public job in

that respect. Every thing went well; and we soon began to pay on our debts in a wonderful way. We did not, nor have we since then gone in for extravagance. We believe that people should live within their means—that is, be careful, showing discretion, for that which we handle in the way of finances, comes from the Lord, as it were; and in this, I am sure that God wants us to exercise proper consideration. Even as regards the identical work of the Lord, we feel that the minister should be willing to live on a par with those whom he or she may be serving. But so much for that.



Had To Take A Stand Against Sunday Work

As the winter drew on, and we began to approach the Christmas season, somehow the output of our department (and possibly all other departments of the factory) showed such an increase in business until our foreman decided that we would have to put on a night crew to handle the situation. So he approached me one day, asking if wife and I would go on the night crew. Now he had proven such a nice man to work for, that without giving it the second thought, we told him we would. But when I soon found out that being on the “night shift” would necessitate a portion at least of Sunday work, I began to feel bad about the thing; and the longer, the worse. I did not believe in Sunday work—that is, especially since having been saved, and finally just had to tell him how I felt in the matter—how that we had come to the city to get out of debt, that we might go on in the work of the Lord; and that if I had had believed in Sunday labour, that I could have gotten

a job in the Oklahoma oil fields, which assuredly would have meant Sunday work. I was sorry; but I just had to stand firm in my convictions.



Well, being the nice fellow that he was, he reconsidered the proposition, and said, "Well, we will shut down at mid-night on Saturday night and not work on Sunday night." Of course I could say no more. So we closed down at mid-night on the first Saturday night of our week's "night shift;" and after that, he decided that we would not work at all on Saturday night, thus giving us a chance to work five nights a week, and by working all day each Saturday and Monday on the "extra gang," we were able to put in SEVEN DAYS each week, though it meant two twenty-four hour shifts out of the week; but we did not care for that—we wanted to make as much as we could while on the job.: And when we think how that God made the way for us—and it concerned the whole crew—we think that it was most wonderful, indeed. We only heard one party make complaint—one fellow made a rather slight remark about "church folks;" but in it all, we assuredly learned a lesson, or just had it more thoroughly confirmed to us—that **Sunday work** is not in accordance with God's plan. Now YOU may disagree with us, saying there are some lines of work that HAVE to go on, Sunday, or no Sunday. Well, without any argument, we will just say, there are plenty of people who do not care in the least for Sunday labour, so we will just step back and let them follow what they feel is necessary! Now is there any great wrong in this? So it convinced me

further as regards work on the Sabbath; and we as yet have the line drawn against the same!



We Made a Mistake

Well, we would hardly feel like closing this experience with the Lord in our work in the factory in Kansas City without also telling you briefly how that we made the mistake along towards the last of our sojourn there, of leaving out for Oklahoma about a month too soon; and how that we had to come back to the city, and how that God graciously moved upon the heart of the factory Superintendent, and we went back—and to our old jobs—until we had, of a surety, finished our needed stay there. Wife wrote him a letter in the meanwhile, telling him how that we felt we had made the mistake; and he replied with a nice letter, telling us that our old jobs would be awaiting us. But while back home, the Lord in mercy, permitted us to be in a good little meeting just a few miles west from Hulbert; and that one precious soul received an experience in old-time sanctification.



An Act of Restitution

To begin with, **Restitution** is one of the outstanding doctrines taught in the Bible (Ezek. 33:14-16; Luke 19:1-10; Rom. 12:17, etc.). Not only is it right to do right; but through men and women making their wrongs right toward their fellowman, often has God been greatly glorified thereby—the one wronged being greatly touched by the individual shewing a work of grace in their heart by making some restitution, and

actually resulting in the salvation of the party formerly wronged.

And our acts of "restitution" (after our conversion) consisted of straightening up, all the way, from a twenty-cent account with a Book Concern in New York City, to that of a forty-six-dollar merchandising account with a business firm in Tahlequah, Okla. (Our having suffered the nervous break-down referred to elsewhere in this little volume, contributed to our getting into financial difficulties, some of which would have never been straightened up, doubtless, had it not been for our getting saved.)

So among other restitutions we had to make, aside from the "outlawed" Bank Note mentioned in connection with our trip to Kansas City, we had to "make right" a little proposition with the 'Frisco railroad. While a young man, not far from twenty years of age, and yet living with my parents in Miami, Okla., I thought it real "cute" to slip pass the conductor, so-to-speak, and riding in the passenger coach, "beat my way" up to Quapaw, some few miles distant. A half-brother ran a meat market there. I practiced this on different occasions. But after God had saved me, and I realized that I must do my best to make right my wrongs toward my fellowman, this, along with other discreptancies in my past life came up before me, and I sat down, and with other letters of restitution at the same time, wrote the president of the St. Louis and San Francisco Rail Road, with offices in St. Louis, Mo., and made my confession to him, imploring his pardon, and enclosing what I felt would be enough money to cover what my rightful fare should have been. The reply I

received was, for years, one of my treasured mementos.

And we would not forget to make mention of one incident connected with our making "restitution"—that of our taking care of an "outlawed" note we had owed a bank in Oklahoma. It was for only \$15.00, money we had borrowed on our own signature; but having suffered the nervous breakdown referred to elsewhere in this little volume, we had failed to pay the same. But when God got hold of us, and old-time salvation had become ours, we wrote the bank among other of our creditors; and when at last in Kansas City, we wrote them to send me the amount of the note with accrued interest—uptodate. They did so; and by this time the note was over three years old. When I received the statement from them, and sent them the money to cover it in its ntirety, they of course sent me the cancelled note. We noted on it how that it had been marked "off" by the board of directors—they had given up hopes of its ever being paid. But in the "courts" of our God, we will yet owe EVERY DOLLAR of our earthly obligations UNTIL THEY ARE PAID! God had not forgotten.

So it was a blessing to take care of this debt; and best of all, it has been our good pleasure to do business with that SAME BANK since then; and they did show me due consideration in the matter of a loan. Now I could walk in there, with my head just as "high" as the next person—Why? Because I came clean with them! (And I could tell you how that our dealing with them after I had paid off the "outlawed" note consisted of our borrowing enough from them, with personal security—chattel—to help one of the good brother Min-

isters trade for a car that that bank held a mortgage against; and how that when we later moved from that place to another county, the bank let me move our milk cow, which was included in the mortgage we gave them to clear the mortgage against the car the other in question was trading for. Now we make none of these statements in any manner of boasting; but only to glorify our God, who will bless those who walk uprightly before Him. Amen.)

Other Restitutions

Aside from the above, we had other restitutions to make before we could esteem ourself perfectly clear in the sight of God—and man. While they consisted mostly of “over due” debts, or rightful obligations, yet there was one included in the number, though not of great monetary value, but greatly wrong just the same. We shall make specific mention of it in a paragraph below.

Now some may think that so little a matter as that would never be held in remembrance against the individual. It was against me! and God is NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS. We must remember that the Blood of Jesus Christ will never atone for the sin—wrong—that WE can make right; and neither let us be unmindful of the fact that God in Heaven is keeping a record of our lives—there is nothing hid from Him! It would be just as wrong to “steal” from a Rail Road Company, as from a private individual. The actual “theft” of a penny, in the sight of the Lord, would be sin just the same as the robbery of a bank. Some may not look upon such in this light; but sin is

just SIN, regardless of magnitude, or circumstances leading up to it.

In connection with this, we often read in the newspaper of someone writing a letter of "confession" to some business firm, and even inclosing money to pay for goods possibly stolen, but without signing their name. I would not call such Biblical restitution. It sounds more like someone trying to enter Heaven through the "back door," if such were possible. No, it just won't work! How could the one wronged know WHO to forgive? If the individual has come clean with the Lord up to that point, they need have no fear of making a clean breast of the affair—God will be right there with them, and be MORE GLORIFIED in the individual's personal appearance—or at least over their personal signature—such act might touch the wronged person's heart in a manner that would tend to at least convict them before the Lord for some of their own acts of discrepencies—might result in such an one's salvation!

We have heard the dear old brother (long since in Glory) tell how that he prayed for the Lord to give him a message to take to his (unsaved) brother. The brother in question had but recently come into the experience of full salvation, and felt a deep concern for his brother who was yet in sin. Of course he expected the Lord to give him a verbal warning, or "message;" but said that when it did come, instead of the kind of message he was expecting, it consisted of just a "little red rooster!" It came about this way: The two brothers had been stabling their horses (teams) in the same barn—that of the unsaved brother in question—this

before the first brother connected with the incident had come into the light of the fulness of the blessings of old-time salvation, and he did not like for the other's chickens to get into his horses feed-troughs. So he got a bit too severe one day in "shooing" them out, and killed a nice pullet.

So after coming into the deeper experiences of salvation, and while in prayer one day for his yet unsaved loved one—still seeking the Lord for a "message" that would touch his brother's heart, suddenly there appeared before him, in vision, a nice little "red rooster." It was not long until he fully understood—he REMEMBERED how he had killed the nice pullet on that occasion; and this little rooster, under the circumstances, was the nearest thing he had in the chicken line with which to repay. So he just gathered up the little rooster, taken it over to his brother, told him what he had previously did, ask forgiveness for his act—and, conviction came over the brother who had been wronged, and WAS soon saved! Now the value of the whole transaction was hardly of consequence, for that matter; but GOD REMEMBERED, and as contained in the scripture (Psalms 76:10), God will make "the wrath of man to praise him."

We have heard it said—years ago, and when holiness first came into that part of the country, that such (the full Gospel Movement) was just "make up of chicken and watermelon thieves!" Well, without apology, there were, no doubt, MANY of this class who had been saved in some of the wonderful revival meetings of those days, and there WAS much restitution being made as the result. But thank God, old-time salvation

helped straighten many a one time "crook" out, and caused him to pay up debts that he would have possibly never paid; sobered up many; defeated the divorce courts, and reunited broken homes, bringing peace and happiness into saddened hearts and lives. Of course the devil wants none of this to go on, if he can help it; and, saddest of all, there were those professing salvation in the various nominal churches who were incensed at this.



We Caught This Train—and Made the Camp Meeting!

In another chapter of this volume, our thought was centered around that of "missing the train," whereas, in the following, our being able to "catch a train," and that because of its being late, has somewhat to do with our story in this event.

It was in the year of 1923, or thereabouts, that wife and I were aboard a north-bound M. O. & G. (later the K. O. & G.) train, headed for Mulberry, Kans., possibly (how I wish that we had kept a better record of our travels in those days!), when we happened to remember a Camp-Meeting that was scheduled for the Number Eight community, a school district a few miles south from Seneca, Mo., and to be conducted by Bro. J. F. Atchley and Bro. Artie Stringer.

We were not on any scheduled visit to the saints at Mulberry at the time, and began to think quite seriously of changing our plans, and going by the Camp-Meeting, instead. To do this, would necessitate our changing trains at Fairland, Okla., which place we would soon be approaching, and catch a Frisco train east bound for Seneca.

The Conductor on the train we were riding presently came through the coach, and we asked him if we might get off at Fairland, and he said we could, and refunded the difference in the fare from that point to our destination on that line—or as far as we would be traveling toward the place in question where we were going.

So getting off at Fairland, we had to “rush” across country, you might say, almost a half-mile, or from one depot to the other; and we would have missed the east-bound Frisco, had it not been a few moments late that day! But it was a short run from there on in to Seneca; and we soon found ourselves standing on the street in Seneca, strangers, and in a strange place. While standing there on the sidewalk, hardly knowing what to do, a total stranger approached us, and began to make inquiry—“Where we were going,” etc.? We told him that we wanted to get out to the “Number Eight Camp-Meeting.” He seemed to just take the situation entirely in his hands, telling us he would see that we got there.

He left us there for a few moments, but soon reappeared, telling us that he had contacted a delivery boy for a grocery store, who would take us right out there (the boy driving a Model T car); and further, our “stranger” friend **would pay the bill!** Of course we “Thanked” him—and the Lord—for his generosity. And in a very short while we were on the Camp Grounds, and among Christian friends.

We did enjoy ourselves for the next two or three days at the Camp—remembering one day service wherein it fell our lot to preach, with the Lord certainly blessing us with a message that certain on the Grounds did need. But our story does not end here. We later learned that

the man who had so kindly befriended us when we arrived, strangers in Seneca, later got wonderfully saved in that same Meeting, and joyfully "shouted" the victory! It was like this:

Some time in the past—possibly a year or more—this same man, in company with two other men, had purchased a load of corn from a widow woman, and had failed to pay for the same. In the meanwhile (possibly right during the Camp-Meeting), the Lord had begun to deal with him over his lost condition, and he sought the Lord and was wonderfully converted right there on the Camp Ground. In his rejoicing following his conversion, he jumped rather "high," it was said, and when some one asked him afterwards, "What made you jump so high?" he replied, "Well, if you had got a load of corn off your shoulders, you could 'jump high' too!" You see, after God had begun to deal with him, he went and made right his part of the transaction with the widow woman; hence he had a right to "shout"—in this event, at least!

Yes, this was the effect quite noticeable in the ministration of the old-time Gospel in its purity, back yonder when evangelists were not afraid to call sin SIN. Restitution was considered an integral part of the Gospel—that people were not wholly right with God, unless they also made consistent effort to make right their wrongs committed against their fellowman. We hear of but little of this very kind of fruit following in the wake of many "big" revivals any more. The question is: Is the world in general (the unconverted) living more clean and honest with their fellowmen today, than in days gone by; or, is there a general letting down in preaching the old-time way as we use to; or, are people actually getting through to God in

reality as they one time did? I think we know the answer (and so do YOU!)

And still yet, this is not all of note as concerned that good Camp-Meeting.

There is nothing ever accomplished worth while in God's cause, except it be fraught with sacrificial effort. These two good brethren, together with their little families, worked hard, sacrificed—and prayed, that God would give them a good Camp-Meeting. It was held in an old-fashioned brush arbor; and the faithful ministers subsisted mainly on “roasting ears” (and that without salt!) while preparing the ground, and the arbor for the Meeting. But they held on faithfully, God rewarding their labour—both with plenty for themselves and families to eat ere the end; and with a spiritual feast to their souls, as they saw the salvation of God manifested in the lost coming to Jesus, and Christians going on into deeper experiences with the Lord. Bro. and Sr. Atchley and family are yet with us; while Bro. Stringer has long since gone on to meet the Lord, whom he loved and so faithfully served.

Now while such experiences as this may not seem of great “weight” to many, yet such may be more far reaching than we may suspect. At least, just to know that we are in GOD'S WILL in any undertaking, is a blessing within itself. Numbers do not count as all with the Lord. If, in the face of the evident sacrifice these good brethren made to get the Gospel to a few lost souls in that place, should be rewarded with no more than ONE SOUL getting through to God, and remaining steadfast in His good cause, it would have been well worth the effort. And who knows but what ONE SOUL may be, in some manner, the cause of others coming to the Lord later on in life? Remember,

just one little seed, sown in proper soil, may grow and develop into MANY SEEDS—and on—and on!

And we do not look upon it as a thing improbable for God to even let a train be late, if He has in mind for some one of His children to catch THAT TRAIN on a needful errand for Him! We have heard—and do not doubt—of a train just “held” at the station, when it seems that the “aboard” signal should have been given, but was not until the proper one arrived, and got on board! We are serving a God of power, wisdom, and understanding, if we would often stop, and give Him praise for the same. Amen.



And as a further evidence of the presence of the Lord know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose” (Rom. 8:28).



To the average person, they would not think too much, possibly, of missing a bus or train. But the incident on our mind, wherein we one time (and as far as we remember, the only time) missed a train, caused us to **think much** afterward—how that God was evidently in the same, especially, things turning out as they did.

In a certain town in the Tulsa, Okla., area, there lived a family of people—good saints of God, whom wife and I often visited—in fact, the same as being in our home when with them. There was also in the town a small church, or mission, of so-called Pentecostal faith, which this family attended much, and having great confidence in the preacher, or pastor at that place. And WE had great confidence in the good people of this family in question; but happened to know that the pastor of this group was hardly what he

should have been from a doctrinal standpoint.

In our estimation, this preacher simply had the man and wife deceived. He was not the person they had thought him to be from this standpoint—he had formerly been reported as being straight on the doctrine of Sanctification as a second, definite work of grace—so zealous at one time along this line that he was reported to have followed up minitsters of another faith who were opposed to the original doctrine of Sanstification, “exposing” their teaching along the line. But he, himself, had finally fell in with this “new” doctrine, yet rather keeping it under cover. We had been made aware of this, and felt that we should warn this good family, since they reposed so much confidence in this preacher, thinking he was STRAIGHT on old-time doctrinal lines.

So on the occasion in question, as wife and I had spent some time in this good home, and were now ready to take our departure, we went to the depot, to catch the train out. A young girl—a sister in the Lord—of the home accompanied us to the depot. (This all happened many years ago; even far enough back, that this young sister in the Lord has been married several years—even now a grandmother!) So we got to the depot just in time to see the train slowly moving out, leaving us but with the one decision—go back home with her, and await the next train schedule, which would mean several hours, if not until the next day!

But you can imagine our surprise upon arriving back at the home, to find **that very preacher** (and a young man who had helped him much in the Gospel) sitting there—a rather “pastoral” call. Well, it was not long in the course of the conversation, and feeling that God was now lead-

ing, until we came out plain, asking him about his former teaching, and if it was not true that he was no longer standing for, or teaching, the doctrine of Sanctification as he one time taught it. We assuredly wanted these good people in the Lord to KNOW the straight of the whole thing (though the husband and father was out on his job at the time).

Well, of course this was anything but pleasant for this preacher; but we feel that it was good enough for him, since he had his "change up" in doctrinal teaching all under cover from this family. But he had only one recourse—out with the truth! He had to admit his departure from the doctrine as he one time taught it. And in his admission, the same also came as a surprise to the young man who had also thought him to be the same as he formerly was in doctrinal teaching. Of course the result was, this good family was fully made aware of the deception that had been worked upon them—how they had been misled in their estimation of the preacher in question.

So after all, we could plainly see through the matter—WHY God permitted us to "miss the train" on this occasion. It was brought about in a manner that none could doubt. These good people were straight on the doctrine of Sanctification as being a second, definite work of grace; but the influence of this one person, who had formerly been bealous himself on old-time doctrinal lines, could have easily, through influence, lead these people away from the old paths; but as it was, they remained true to their former teaching. The preacher's own confession brought the thing to light. Has not the Bible said, "For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known" (Luke 12: 2)?

“The Word Was Precious in Those Days;” Or, People Went in Spite of the Weather

“And the word of the Lord was precious in those days”
(1 Sam. 3:1).

It was many years ago—possibly back in the early 'twenties—that wife and I had been away from home (then Tahlequah, Okla.), either in the Tulsa, Collinsville, or Drumright, Okla., territory, and were on our way back (then traveling on the train), when we decided to go by “Jackson Swith,” or Oneta, where Brother and Sister Moss (“Uncle John” and “Aunt Harriett”) were in a Revival Meeting. (Both those dear old saints have long since passed on to meet the Lord.)

After services that night, we all went home with a Bro. and Sr. Steve Sanders (and their little girl), who lived about three and one-half miles out from the little village. They only had a team and farm wagon as means of transportation. This was on Sunday night. And during the night (it was in the winter time), one of those sudden Oklahoma “blizzards” burst over the country, and by morning the snow was blowing—it was cold, and the storm raging! This continued all day; that night; the next day, and night; and going to church was out of the question. But on Wednesday morning the storm had abated; the wind had calmed down; and of course the snow had ceased to drift.

So as it drew nearer church time (Wednesday night was their regular Prayer Meeting night), the suggestion was made concerning going to services. As our “text” above implies, “the word (the Gospel) WAS PRECIOUS in those days;” people went to church if they could at all

get there. They were hungry for the Gospel—their very lives centered around the services of the Lord; and men and women were being saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost in most every gathering together. God was blessing in the old-time way. So Bro. Sanders (who proved to be an expert horseman—or teamster, rather) hitched four head of horses—two teams—to the old farm wagon, threw in some hay for warmth and riding comfort, drove up next to the front porch, and we all “piled” in, and off we taken—for church! If I remember correctly, a portion of the good song about going in “the heat and the cold,” was either in my mind, or else singing a few words of it audibly.

The snow had drifted to the point it made the roads impassible in some stretches, Bro. Sanders having to take to the edge of the wheat fields in order to get through. At one place, especially, it was such a steep, sidling place, that for safety, he had us all unload while he piloted the double team over that spot, being fearful that the wagon might turn over. But we made the trip both going and coming without accident; and you may well surmise that we were not alone that night in congregation—there were others like-minded! Yes, people in those days had a mind to serve the Lord. It had to be severe weather, indeed, or they would be there. And even down until not too many years ago, this spirit prevailed in even the rural sections where travel was not so convenient as it is at this time.

We have heard of those telling how they wrapped ropes around their shoes back in even the 'thirties, in order to climb a slick hill in muddy time, to reach the little church building for services. And in this, we are reminded also of the story told as concerns the Methodist people—how

they used to say (as concerns the weather) that "twenty drops of water would stop a Methodist; but how that the time finally came wherein ONE DROP would stop TWENTY METHODISTS!" But for a rejoinder, we would infer that the good Methodist people had nothing at all on many today professing Holiness—just let it come a flash of lightning, and a loud clap of thunder, along about meeting time, and without a SINGLE DROP OF WATER, and people in their homes would remark, "Well, it won't be any use to go to church tonight, there will not be any one out;" and such would be about the case in many instances. And as concerns the above story relative to the snow storm—you may well imagine about the crowd out these days on such occasion—if YOU or I happened to be there ourselves, to count the number!

We dare say that some of the BEST MEETINGS saints of God have enjoyed in our generation, where during the times when people in the rural sections, especially, would "turn out early" in the fields, or what ever labour they were following, and hitch up a team to the wagon, buggy, hack, or go horse-back, or walk several miles on foot, and be there early for services. The power of the Lord would fall; and there would be shouting and rejoicing as new born souls were added to their numbers; or believers would be sanctified, and filled with the Holy Ghost. The saints had a real love one for another; and their very lives centered around God's cause.

But any more, we are sorry to say, has the world crept in, and with so many seemingly more concerned with the daily affairs of life, until the real Spirit of the Lord has but little place in our lives—our services. People—saints of God—use to literally flock around the old altar bench in

the beginning of services, and there hold on until they, or at least some of them, reached the Throne in prayer. Many would have already "prayed through" at their homes before coming out to church; now, let it be sorrowfully said, that the vast majority scarcely ever—at home or at church—pray through to victory in the Lord! Our services are too many times just "mechanized," you might say—just about so many songs, prayers, and quickly given in testimonies, and short sermons, until formality has all but enveloped what was one time a happy, Spirit-filled, enthusiastic group of people. O, for those good old days, wherein men and women put God first—last—and always, in their lives!



Poor Proof!

Several years ago (possibly back in the 'thirties) while wife and I were working in a tomato canning factory at the little village of Oakgrove, Ark. (which has later become our home), in the day time, and assisting Bro. J. F. Atchley in a tent Revival Meeting at another little village—Blue Eye, Mo.,—on the Arkansas-Missouri state line, about four and one-half miles northeast from Oakgrove, of a night, we had one of those unforgettable experiences that live on and on in our lives.

This instance concerned a Minister of the Gospel who (and with the greatest of respect to him, and all others of his faith) did not believe in a heart-felt religion, or a truly born-again experience. He was of the type who, when attending a revival meeting of some other faith, would never go forward in the congregation, but would always stay in the rear, and listen for the minister to make some remark, especially contrary to his belief, and making a note of the

same, would “lay in wait” for the revivalist, and “jump” him over the assertion.

Well, it so happened that we had made the remark in the course of our preaching during the revival in question, to this effect: “We defied the entire ecclesiastical world (or preachers of EVERY FAITH) to produce **one verse of scripture** from Genesis to Revelation, proving whereby that the day of miracles had passed.” Of course this was just as good as this preacher in question wanted—he was a strong advocate of the theory that the “day of miracles had passed,” opposing, of course, any such doctrine as that of divine healing; the baptism of the Holy Ghost, with the evidence of speaking in other tongues; and anything of a Spiritual nature.

So this preacher taken special note of our assertion. At the same time, both this preacher and myself were working side by side, you might say, at the “packing trough” in the canning factory; and I could just “feel” that he was laying for me. I was rather dreading such, having no desire to get into any argument with him. But one day, during the noon hour, and after I had eaten my lunch, and was sitting down in a wide door-way, in a cool spot in the factory, all by myself, here came the preacher, and struck up a casual conversation, but which in turn soon began leading in the direction which he was wanting, or had planned for.

Well, seeing what he was up to, and noting that he hardly knew how to go ahead with his “thought” as he desired, I, thinking to “break the ice” for him—help him to his desired point—I just bluntly asked if HE believed the “day of miracles had ceased?” “YES SIR,” was his quick reply, and evidently glad that the way had been “officially” opened for him to go into details concerning his point of

“doctrine.” “Well,” I asked, “just when did they pass?” “When the last inspired man died!” was his quick rejoinder. “When did he die,” I asked him in return. “Well, he didn’t know,” was the gist of his answer. Our next inquiry was, “Who was he (the ‘last inspired man’)?” “Well, he didn’t know that,” was the substance of his next answer; and of course, he did not know how many “inspired” men there had been.

I next asked him if he believed that God answered prayer. “Yes,” was his reply, “but not in any miraculous manner.” Poor fellow! There he was—out preaching a doctrine that excluded any thing along the line of the “miraculous” with God; and having for his proof of the same, that the “day of miracles had ceased when the last inspired man had died,” and without the last iota of proof as to who the last inspired man was; when he died; or even how many inspired man there had been! I thought it just about the thinnest thing we had ever heard along a line that was assuredly of Scriptural weight in the light of the Gospel, and having to do with God’s plan in the salvation of the lost.

If I was to place myself in such an one’s position—that I did not believe in there being such a person as an “inspired” man **these days**—that they had all passed from the earth, some one would quickly catch me up on the point of “WHY” was I then out preaching the Gospel, and had no connection with God of Heaven in doing so? My contention is (and again with the greatest of respect to all thus concerned), that if I did not think that God had given me a calling for the Gospel work, and that I never felt an inspiration to plead with the lost to get saved, I would never take up a congregation’s time in attempting to present be-

fore them, something of which I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT! I most wonder if such people, deep down in their hearts, actually believe such? This one thing I do know—that Spiritual intelligence would teach the normal-minded person far better! One strong point of argument with such class use to be—“If anything ‘touched the heart’ of man, it would kill him.” But thank God, this has been duly discredited, in that Medical Science has proven delicate operations of the human heart, and the patient survived. O, that MANY people would have “Something” touch their hearts”—perform an “operation” thereon, and they would be forever cured of that awful disease of SIN—AND UNBELIEF!

“Goose Egged”

Most every one, when a child, has had experiences in playing certain games determined by a “score,” knows what it means to have been “goose egged,” or that is, having lost the game without making a single score.

Well, in this event, we were “goose egged,” alright; but not even engaged in any game; and further more, we were FAR from any loss, but won a **great victory**—in the Lord!

It was many years ago—possibly twenty-five or thirty—that wife and I were engaged in a meeting at what was called “Lick Prairie” school house, just a few miles over the line in Oklahoma, and west from Gentry, Ark. We were staying in the homes of then Bro. and Sr. Arthur Neet, and Bro. and Sr. Fred Neet, who then lived at Cherokee City, Ark., almost on the state line. They went back and forth each night, driving a wagon and team.

We were having a good meeting, with the Lord blessing as the Word went forth from night to night. But there

were some in the community, or vicinity of the school house, who made that point their place of worship—even “leaders,” who professed the full experiences of old-time salvation, yet who were found to be guilty of using the “old brown weed” on the sly. We were having to do much preaching along this very line, and as a result, Satan was greatly stirred. We remember one night as we had arrived early for services, and happened to be the first group in the building that evening, we noticed that someone HAD been there a bit earlier, and placed some of the most ugly old thorns—long, they were—in the seats. So removing them, and going on up to the teacher’s desk, which served as a Bible stand, we were there “greeted” by a large cluster of thorns, with about half a “hand” of home-grown tobacco pressed down upon them!

Well, it was the same night, or shortly thereafter, that following dismissal of the services for the evening, that we, being the last to leave the building, had stepped back to the wall, near the corner of the room, to get our hat, which we had been accustomed to hang over a large map on the wall. Just as we reached for our hat, “spat!” crashed an egg just above our head. Whoever he may have been, our assailant missed his mark that night. But on the next night his aim was better—he “scored” a perfect hit—and WE all shouted!

I well remember that we had reached the place of an altar call in the services, and I was standing just in front of the teacher’s desk, with all joined in singing that good old song (we love it, and shall always remember it)—“Love Lifted Me,” and pleading with the lost to come to the Lord and be saved. Well, all of a sudden something struck my head with a “crash!” Of course I did not know just at first what had happened. I soon realized that my skull had not

been crushed; but there was a "gooey" mass on my head; and to make a longer story short, it proved to be a "goose egg" that had struck me, for the goslin bounced out, striking Bro. Fred Neet, as he was near the wall to my right. The result? You might have well guessed it, if you know anything about the Lord—the power began to fall, and as said above, WE ALL begin to literally SHOUT THE VICTORY! and the next few moments was a most wonderful time in the Lord for the good saints present.

By this time we was facing as sober a crowd as we have ever stood before. We was not the least perturbed; but felt the very presence of God in our life. And to prove to them that we held no animosity toward ANY OF THEM, but were solely concerned about their salvation, we asked that the entire congregation come forward, that we wanted to shake hands with each one in the building. They immediately begun to come forward, while we again joined in singing a song, and shaking our hand. It reminded me more of a funeral congregation filing by, and viewing the remains of a friend or acquaintance. As was the case in those days, in revival meetings—especially in the rural sections—there would be a group of boys congregated in possibly one corner of the rear part of the congregation, and engaged in more or less noise-making during services. But out of that "corner," came as sober-faced group as you seldom ever met, reverently giving us their hand.

The egg had been thrown in through an open window to our left. It was warm weather; but no "burglar" screens over windows in public buildings in those days. And we learned afterwards—that is, it was reported to have been so—that a deputy sheriff (and such an officer had been present at the services from time to time, even taking care

of a “drunk” during one of the services), on being made aware of the boy throwing the egg, gave chase, but fell down in the dark, and not catching him; but that after that did apprehend him, causing him to pay a fine. We rather doubted this, in that no one was there to prosecute—am quite sure that we would not have did so, inasmuch as such as that only goes with the old-time preaching of the Gospel—that of having to suffer persecution for the same. We rejoiced in the incident; and God was glorified. What more could we have asked for? It was just SIN on the poor boy’s part; and if he ever gets saved, he will have to account to God for all such deeds—as far as he can—before he passes the Judgment. For our part, he was amply forgiven, ere the deed had become history! We would be more than glad to be among the first to Welcome him in Glory! Amen.



As aforesaid, the time of our calling to the Gospel was some thirty-six years ago, but we have never doubted in the least, the reality of the same; and above all, we do thank the Lord that we have, through His mercy and grace, remained true to that call to this day. Our mistakes may have been many during this period of time; but our intentions have been centered on God’s will in that matter. It has not been along a pathway of roses, so-to-speak, that we have trod—there has been opposition, direct persecution, discouragements and disappointments along the way; but there has also been the ever presence of the Lord to strengthen and uphold us when the enemy would have cast us down. And not having been called as an evangelist, we cannot boast a multitude who have been converted under our feeble ministry, yet we do thank God for a few

precious souls who have found the Lord under our ministry, and we hope are yet bearing fruit for Him. Of course some may have long since given up the race; but we are humbly expecting SOME to be there in Glory to say, "Bro. and Sr. Bond, YOU helped us through." Not many will know the joy it brought to our soul some few weeks ago (now June, 1950), as wife and I were visiting a dear sister in the Lord and her family, in a grocery and filling station a few miles west from Neosho, Mo., to have her introduce us to a friend in the little store, adding to the introduction, "We was converted under Bro. Bond's preaching." Others may boast of their hundreds, or thousands, as having been converted under their respective ministeries, but this one little incident caused our hearts to thrill with pride, and to know that she had yet remained true to the Lord through those many years.



Our First Mesage

We shall always remember the first message God gave us—our first attempt to preach. This was before our first "revival," referred to elsewhere in this little valume. It was at Mt. Zion school house, about midway between Hulbert and Tahlequah, Okla. A group, composed mostly of the workers who held, or assisted in the revival at Hulbert where we had been saved just shortly before, had gone there for a service that night, and it seemed to fall our lot to "preach." We did our best for the Lord, and He did most assuredly help us. This was in the early part of 1915.

Our scriptural lesson for the occasion was from I John 1, with emphasis on the 7th verse: "But if we walk

in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin;" and with the last clause of that verse, "and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," containing our basic thought for the evening. And may we add, in substance, this has been the substance of our feeble attempts in the Gospel to this very time—that of a life FREE, or "cleansed from all sin," if we would ever enter Heaven some glad day, thank God.

We also remember how that in the course of our feeble attempt in preaching that evening, we had occasion to refer to, in part at least, of the three-fold plan of salvation. Before we hardly realized we had made the assertion, we made mention of how that "justification was based upon repentance; sanctification on consecration; and the Baptism of the Holy Ghost on obedience." After we had made the assertion, it surely sounded like a "mouthful" for such a one to be making! I had surely heard such a statement before from some minister; or knew of it from the collective teaching of such in relation to that of the three-fold plan. But to be sure that we had made the right assertion—that we were on Bible lines in such statement—I soon taken it upon myself to search the scriptures to know if this was so—if such was the correct teaching or not. Thank the dear Lord, we found out that we was definitely on Bible lines in such teaching.

And until THIS DAY (July 20, 1554), we are yet trying to firmly stand on this form of doctrine which was delivered in the very beginning of our Christian experience.

Amen. Yes, this was the way we were taught, and the way we received the experiences in our life. And we sincerely hope that the last message we, as well as all others who will one day have to stand and deliver their last one, will be in perfect accord with the spirit and teaching of the theme of that hour!

There are precious souls, even ministers of this good Gospel who once "shouted" this message—that of the three-fold plan of salvation, embracing the doctrine of sanctification, but who have since reached the place, for some purported reason, that they no longer "see it that way." Beloved, God never makes any mistakes. If it was the Gospel—doctrine—back in those days (and thank God, it was!), well the same is the Gospel for us today. "Modernism" may easily change people, but thank God, the good Word of God never changes! It will be read as of old on the Day of Judgment! It is going to be sad, no doubt, in THAT DAY (Judgment) for SOMEBODY to have deviated from the Truth, and went in a way "not cast up" (Jer. 18:15). Possibly we should just quote that reference: "Because my people hath forsaken me, they have burned incense to vanity, and they have caused them to stumble in their ways from the ancient paths, to walk in paths, in a way not cast up." There's a lot in that one verse of God's good Word, when we analyze it in the light of certain conditions with which the old-time (Apostolic Faith) way of holiness is now confronted!

So not boasting, yet we are proud of that "first message," and surely give God all the glory. It came with an unction from Heaven; and bear you in mind that God

does not anoint TWO WAYS on the same Bible subject, one pro and the other con, so to speak. The blood of Jesus Christ will NEVER CLEANSE any from all sin (think of that Adamic nature!) except they first be found "walking in the light," or who have formerly been converted, or born again, and are having, at the time, "fellowship with God." Yes, men and women first have to be in possession of that "born again" experience, before they are a proper candidate for the blessing of cleansing—holiness—sanctification. It was upon these very kind of people that the latter rain—Holy Ghost baptism—fell in the beginning of the outpouring of the Spirit in the beginning of this present century. But since that time, MANY have deviated from the original teaching; but some, thank God, have remained true to that which God instituted in the beginning, yet in spirit, "earnestly contending for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints" (Jude 3), and WILL YET BE DOING SO WHEN THE TRUMPET SOUNDS! Amen. If we are to assume that God started this thing (the outpouring of the Spirit in the last days) out right—on Biblical lines—you and I, as individuals, had best be careful that we are yet following His will in the matter when the Holy Ghost dispensation comes to a close!

Now in this, we are in no wise attempting any unChristianization of those of so-called Pentecostal extraction who have never been instructed along these lines; but we do fear for those who once time did walk in the good old sanctified way, but who have since departed from the same, and allowed a more modern way to take hold—to "walk in a way not cast up." Surely you will under-

stand. Amen, and Amen.

Learning To Like The Gospel

Strange as it may seem to the great majority of those who love garden vegetables, there was a time, many years ago, when we did not like tomatoes—fresh garden tomatoes. So to the average person, this might sound queer, indeed. Others seemed to eat them with such relish—they looked so appetizing! But for me to bite into one (and it was hard for me to explain WHY), there was something repulsive about them—I just could not stand the resulting taste. Yet they did look so inviting, that I finally made up my mind that I was going to **learn to like them; and learn to like them, I did!**

I set about it in this way: I would take a very moderate bite of thinly sliced tomato, well seasoned with pepper and salt, mixed together with a more generous bite of meat, bread, or other vegetable, all eaten together; and then by gradually reducing the “bite” of the other food, and increasing the size of the “bite” of tomato, and eat all together, we finally struck the happy medium in taste, and eventually the hoped-for appetite—you can now “pass the tomatoes, please!” We really like them—in fact now have a “craving” for them, especially in season. And in this, we are most assuredly glad. Think of what I had been missing in the vegetable line all those past years!

And so it is with the Gospel. Possibly there are parts of the dear old Bible that we hardly desire as we do other portions of the sacred truths of the same. For instance, there are those good people who have so long been

taught against a life free from sin, until they have no "appetite" for that portion of Scripture that declares against such; that teaches a freedom from sin. No, you will scarcely find the individual's Bible "thumb marked" on pages denouncing sin, and proclaiming holiness, or freedom from sin. Yet Jesus has said (Matt. 4:4), "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." So those good people will yet profess to "believe the Bible is THE BIBLE, alright:" but they do not like the "tomato" portion of the holy Scriptures—maybe not as we were, "tomatoes" looked good, but just could not "go them." That portion of the scripture condemning sin, and proclaiming holiness in this life, possibly does not even "look good" to them! They do not even "want" to learn to like the same!

We have heard the story of the man whose Bible was well "thumb marked" (had been read much) in that portion which said, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (I John 1:8). Yes, at that place the page was also well "speckled" with little brown spots—an overflow of the "old brown weed" in his mouth! They never taken time to look into the real meaning of such assertion—who it was referring to, neither the nature of that "sin!" The last clause of the seventh verse of that same chapter declares how that the "blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." And so being desirous of how the individual viewed the doctrine of holiness, possibly over there wherein it stated (Heb. 12:14), "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." He

said he found THAT PAGE all clean and white—no “brown specks” there, neither was it all thumb marked—he had not been reading much there—possibly it bore a “tomato” taste to him! Amen.

And so we could continue on with other scriptures—doctrinal issues as contained in the Bible, such as the doctrine of sanctification (Biblical holiness), and that of the baptism of the Holy Ghost, with the Bible evidence of speaking in other tongues, or languages, as the Spirit gives utterance (Acts 2:4; 10:46; 19:6); and also that of Divine Healing for the body in times of sickness; and other divine truths, even as concerning that of the adultt-ery question, or that of the second marriage while the first companion let lives. With thousands today, the “divorce” evil is not so evil after all!

And as concerns one of the above which many do not “believe,” is that of Divine Healing. They (think) they do not believe in the same. But let some of their loved ones reach the point of death in sickness, and see how quickly—if they be disposed to pray at all—they will begin to implore God to “have mercy, and spare their lives.” In reality, they would ask God to “heal their loved ones!” Yes, they “believe” in it now more than they formerly professed to BELIEVE!

O, if such good people would only apply the same technique, in a Spiritual way, as concerns the good doctrines of the Bible—mix their “unbelief” with copious portions of, say for instances, the 13th chapter of I Corinthians, they would in due season learn to “like all the Bible.” The person with a deep enough experience in salvation, is not going to be found putting up much of a “fight”

against ANY PORTION of the good old Bible. "Toma-toes" will soon taste good to them!

In the natural, of course, we are under no binding obligation to eat food stuffs that do not appeal to us. But when we approach the "Lord's table," or that which is contained in the Bible, and declared from the pulpit in sincerity and truth, we had best not pass anything by. Again we would quote: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." It will take it "all," to make us the rounded out Christian God wants us to be, even as we need a well-balanced diet in the natural to promote healthy body growth or development. We have many enemies in the world today—both in the natural and spiritual; and in either event, such condition might be traced to a deficiency in either spiritual "diet" in the life of the Christian, and of a lack of proper food stuffs in the natural!

As for ourself, we thank the dear Lord for having blessed us with A GOOD APPETITE! There are but few things in the line of food but what we like. And even so with the Gospel—we have never as yet found a passage of scripture that has caused us to shake our head, as it were, saying, "I just can't see it that way." There are MANY things in that precious old Book that we do not understand, for that matter; but we have never as yet refused any portion of the same!

While it is a bit on the humorous side, but we think of the experience of one of wife's brother-in-laws. Their little son didn't "like eggs." At least he thought he didn't, and could not be persuaded to eat them. The

child's father knew they were good, wholesome, nourishing food, and finally one day decided that he was going to see that little Dennis ate some eggs, so he used a rather stern technique—he just proceeded to hold the little fellow as he sat in his little highchair, and fed him some eggs! It worked! The little fellow got a good taste, and the egg seemed to be more appealing than repulsive, and the result—Dennis learned to like eggs!

Wouldn't it be wonderful—if such were God's will—that we could do SOME PEOPLE THAT WAY AS CONCERNS THE GOSPEL! But, of course, God's plan is always best. He has given us that which we desire in this life—our choice, or liberty; yet He does strive to appeal to our conscience—trying to get us to take the Bible way, placing this restriction upon our “liberty”—we can take the Gospel way, live it, and go to Glory some day; or we can refuse, rebel, and miss Heaven in the end! If ever we reach the Glory World, we will have to come over the route God has provided for us. Amen.



Healed of the Chills

It seems that by virtune of the great “healing campaigns” now in progress throughout the country, that many (Pentecostal) people of this day are just now being made aware of the great power of God in healing the afflicted. But we would have you to realize, beloved, that God has been the healer of His people throughout all ages—those who dared to put their trust in Him. But when the latter rain began to fall in the beginning of this present century, and sanctified men and women began to receive the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost,

with the initial (Bible) evidence of that of speaking in other tongues, or languages, as the Spirit gave utterance, that the gifts of the Spirit (I Corinthians 12, etc.) began to be visibly manifest among the saints of God. And noticably among these was that of divine healing for our physical bodies in times of sickness.

Yes, back in the early days of the so-called Pentecostal or Apostolic Faith movement, there were notable cases of healing, as well as miraculous experiences in deliverance from dope, liquor, tobacco habits, etc. There were experiences that were genuine—that lasted, and brought forth fruit along that line that did glorify God. We could hardly take the time to relate ALL the experiences that have been ours, personally, wherein God has come on the scene—and that right up until the very present, thank God!—and brought healing to our physical body, afflictions that, had it not been for the mighty power of God at such time, we could not have lived. This is true; and with the God of Heaven, aside from earthly witnesses, bearing testimony to this.

So at this time we feel like relating an experience of several years ago, occurring in McDonald County, Missouri, near the Lone Star school house, where there was a band of saints making it their place of worship.

Wife and I were living at the time in what was known as “Blackfoot Hollow,” south from Lone Star, on a rent-free place, milking a bunch of “borrowed” cows, and selling whole milk on a milk route, and serving as pastor of the little band of saints at Lone Star in the meanwhile. All the way ’round, it looked like a good proposition, but it was not to last long. Our location was rather on a hill-

side, about a mile and a half from Elk river (known as Cowskin river across the border in Oklahoma), and whether or not this had to do with it, we began to "chill"—every day; and it was not long until we were unable to carry on in milking the cows. A yuong sister in the Lord came to stay with wife and I, assisting her in the "chores" on the place, which consisted mainly in milking. She was assuredly a great blessing to us—we shall never forget Sister Rachel Cummins, now Sister Cox; and, incidentally, the cows belonged to the late "Uncle Dan" Taylor of the Lone Star community, who, going to Colorado for the season's work, had let them out to Bro. Francis Armstrong (who had the place rented where we were living at the time in question), and who in turn decided to go to Colorado, turned the entire deal over to us, moving his family up nearer the Lone Star school house for the time being.

But to get along with our story, aside from the chills, we had some kind of fever—possibly malarial fever. Our appetite almost completely failed us, which is never the case except in extreme sickness; and we lost weight to a marked degree. I had heard of people "chilling," and immediately after the chill would be over with for the day, they would get up and go on about their work; but it was **decidedly** not so in our case. And to add to the already discouraging "set up"—chilling, as we said, every day, there were those who told us of their experiences along this very line; one person telling us how that they "chilled" for two years at one time—or, that their seige lasted over that period of time. All of this only reminded me of "Job's comforters," adding nothing to

our already sorely tested faith. (You will understand that we were trusting God, solely, for our healing, in the meanwhile.) But we held on, trying to believe the Lord for our deliverance, though it possibly did not seem so in the estimation of those whom we constantly had praying for us.

Now it seemed that the chill would come on us about the same time each day—anywhere from near 2 o'clock in the afternoon, until 4. I would feel that "sensation" strike our back, and to the bed we would go! The chill proper would then take hold in good fashion, and "shake" we would! As stated above, our appetite was gone, and with a fever also prevelant, and nothing seemed to taste good to us; but we found that Sister Armstrong had left three half-gallon jars of canned wild plums in the house when they had moved out—put up without a bit of sugar. Sour! Yes! But THEY did strike my appetite. How I could eat them, and that without adding a taste of sugar! I suppose it was my malarial condition that created this sour appeal.

Well, while having such a "round," the good saints at Lone Star, and others were praying for me. The Lord touched my body some two or three times, and we would miss chilling for a day or two; but they would always return—we could not, or possibly rather did not, keep the victory. In the Spiritual, it is one thing to get saved; then it is quite something else to stay saved! In all, we could not see the prospect of another well day in our life. To me, it was as if I was looking into the mouth of a dark tunnel, with the opposite end closed up—not a ray of light could I see beyond. On one occasion we had Bro.

Frank Bell, accompanied by certain of his family, bring Bro. E. A. Buckles (both now in Glory), and Bro. R. J. Smith, all from Bixby, Drumright and Muskogee, Okla., respectively, to come pray for me. This was during one of the times wherein God seemed to have touched my body in the meanwhile; but in all this, I failed to keep the victory.

So in the meanwhile, our good wife had been exhorting us to just get out of the bed, so to speak, AND RESIST THE CHILLS IN THE NAME OF THE LORD! Now while this was good advice, yet you will remember that it is most usually the easier to give a sick person good advice, than it is for them to take it. Well, the "battle" continued. Wife held to her "theory" in the matter; and we afterwards did thank the dear Lord that she did, for one day after I had "surrendered" to the chill, and gone to bed (on one or two occasions we had two chills the same day), I began to ponder the question—maybe I should just "resist the thing in the name of the Lord." So calling wife and Sister Rachel into the room, we "crawled" out of bed (we had not undressed for our daily "shake!") and over near the fireplace, kneeling there with our back to the fire, we all began to pray. While our faith was, O, so weak at the beginning, yet as we continued in prayer a few moments, it did seem that our faith began to mount just a tiny bit. This was the first time in all my sickness that I felt the least bit of a personal faith for my healing.

As we prayed, the scripture came to me as recorded in Psalms 103:3, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases." This was the first time during

our seige that we had ever grasped the faith that “all thy diseases” included chills! Here we began to think—in earnest. God seemed to appear on the scene in a manner as never before. I stopped praying, and called for wife to get my Bible; and you may call it “boyishness” in me, if you wish, but we opened the Bible to that particular verse, placed my finger there, closing the Book otherwise, stood upon my feet, and began to CLAIM THAT PROMISE! (We at that very time remembered having heard Sister Capps, who brought this good Gospel to us in the beginning, tell of how that God one time touched her body in sickness, and how that she had to walk the floor all night long, with the Bible in her hand, resisting the devil who was trying with all his might to rob her of the victory she knew God had given her in her affliction—and she won out in her battle with Satan in the end!)

Well, you may doubt it if you wish, but we declare unto YOU that God, at that very time (while I was walking the floor, with my Bible in my hand, standing on the good promise of the Lord in spite of Satan) come on the scene, rebuked the chill, and brought complete, lasting healing in an instant of time! That was the last of them! While I might some day yet die of a chill; but until this day, now about twenty-five years ago, more or less, I have not suffered another chill. Some may think, “O well, you just ‘wore them out’.” No, beloved, that is not so—on the contrary, they just about had me “worn out.” Our healing was instantaneous—and lasting, thank God. And we would call your attention to this—real victory did not come through prayer, either personal, or through

the prayers of others; but it came through our just taking A STAND on one of the good promises of God. The lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple was not healed through a season of prayer by Peter and John; but it came through his (the lame man's) obedience—he, at the command of Peter, stood to his feet, so to speak, and was instantly made every whit whole. We do not say that effectual, fervent prayer is not the means by which many are made whole today; we believe in it, but we also say that there comes the time wherein we will just have to STAND FOR GOD, literally, so to speak, if we would gain the victory. Amen.

For Two Hours and Forty-Five Minutes!

Among other incidents connected with our feeble attempts at preaching the Gospel during the past thirty-eight years, and which come to our mind at this time (but which we are loathe to mention, save that it be solely to the glory of the Lord in so doing), is an instance occurring at Newkirk, Okla., during the course of a service at that place, and happening possibly twenty-five years ago.

It was during the song service that evening, and the choir was singing that good old song, "Sweeping Through The Gates." As we remember, the chorus, in part, of the song as contained in the book at that time went something like this: "Saved from every stain, I am," whereas, the original song of some years back read: "Saved and sanctified I am." This portion of the good song had been changed to better suit the doctrine of a certain quite well known so-called Pentecostal group, whose teaching did not embrace the old-time doctrine of

sanctification (a second work of grace).

As we had sung the first stanza or two, and my attention having been greatly drawn to the "new theme" as contained in the chorus, and meditating on how unBiblical it was in the light of old-time holiness, we called for attention right in the midst of the song, thinking to just briefly comment on the change that had been made in doctrinal application of its original meaning, but the Lord came on the scene, and feeling an unction from Heaven that grew in proportion until we next found ourselves literally "preaching" on the subject of Sanctification—it all stemming from the doctrinal change that had been made in the original song.

So feeling in our soul, and being righteously "stirred" over such change in Gospel meaning, and the Lord being so manifest, the choir began to sit down one by one, so to speak, leaving us "standing in the midst," we continued on from one scriptural thought to another for some **two hours and forty-five minutes** without interruption! To God be all the glory.

And as a further evidence of the approval of the Lord as we discoursed upon the subject in question, there was present in the congregation a very fine lady minister, and of the same faith (Pentecostal) that evidently had to do with the change-up in the good song. She did not look upon the doctrine of Sanctification as a separate work of grace (the Lord bless those good people!). She and her husband, also a minister of that faith, but who happened to not be present that evening, lived next door to the church there in Newkirk. And we noted how that she paid such rapt attention as we spoke that evening. We

were told later how that her good husband commented on the lengthy sermon, saying, "It must have been of the Lord, or she (his wife) would not have sat for that length of time under that message."

Now these were both fine Christian people—saints of God; and we assuredly give God all the glory—for both the length of the message, and the subject under consideration. SURELY, the Lord was bringing SOMEBODY needed light on an essential portion of the Bible, but one which has for MANY years been a much controverted subject in application. As for ourselves, may God help us to continue on in this good way, standing for the original teaching in the doctrine of Sanctification, though by far the great majority of so-called Pentecostal, or Apostolic Faith people have either so greatly compromised, or altogether gone entire back on this good doctrine, until it no longer presents a work of grace in the heart as it one time unmistakably did.

And to further show that PREACHING was not just a minor portion of Gospel services back in another day, we remember how that Bro. Buckles (now in Glory), on occasion of a return visit to the little band at Hulbert, Okla., nearly thirty-nine years ago (you will remember that it was he who finished the revival held by Sister Capps at that place, and conducted the water baptismal services at the close), brought us a wonderful message in the forenoon services on the Sunday in question, and at the conclusion, when the congregation had been formally dismissed, they just stood there—not moving from their "tracks," when Bro. Buckles asked, "Well, what do you people want?" A Cherokee Indian brother (a min-

ister, incidentally) who had heard Bro. Buckles much in the revival at that place, spoke up and said, "Preach some more." So. Bro. Buckles smilingly obliged, taking another text, and did his best in another message. Yes, the Word WAS PRECIOUS in those days. (I Sam. 3:1). Amen.

Water Baptismal Service At Night

We quite well remember an incident of many years ago—thirty or more—wherein we conducted a water baptismal service at night. While there is nothing remarkable about that, yet such is by no means a common occurrence, especially in a rural section of the country away from a baptismal tank in a church.

Wife and I had been in a revival effort near Springtown, Ark., east from Gentry a few miles. A young husband and father had gotten saved. He had formerly been quite a ball player before settling down on the farm in that vicinity, and was decidedly of the sportsmanship type. We worked hard with him in the altar, and finally saw him happily converted. The meeting was drawing to a close, and the question of a "baptizing" was on our mind.

As I remember, we had pondered the question as to the feasibility of having the baptizing at that time, or should we wait until we could be back through that section. We decided on an immediate baptismal service, without having to make any additional trip that way for the same. The newly converted brother in question had but a few days before found an ideal place for the baptizing in a small creak nearby. So we set Sunday after-

noon—following—for the services, which was to be the last day of the meeting. But by that afternoon, there was a light rain falling, and we felt that we should not try to go ahead with it under the circumstances. So on the way to services that night, a sister in the Lord from up in Kansas, who was a visitor-helper in the meeting, told of how that she had seen a baptismal service conducted one night. This put us to thinking—Paul baptized the jailer and his household on the very night of their conversion (Acts 16:33). Why not we have the baptizing THAT NIGHT?

Arriving at services, which were being held in a country school house, we asked the brother who had been saved what he thought of the idea? He readily agreed. So we announced the baptismal services to be immediately following the close of the evening's service. The place the brother had selected was not too far down the road from the school house. And so after dismissal, the entire congregation started down there, carrying along a pressureized gasoline lamp, lighted. It seemed to be about the most solemn group of people walking down the road that one would seldom ever meet. There was no boisterous "hurrahing" among them. The only remark we heard made bordering on any comment was from a boy in the rear of the crowd, who said, "Well, I think they are bad off!" that we should have a baptizing on such short notice, and that at night!

Reaching the hole of water in the small stream, our eyes met what we soon saw was the hand of God in the undertaking. In a word, the whole situation presented a most beautiful setting. There was a nice, round hole of

water, easy of access, for just such service; a nice gravel bottom; and of the right depth. And to finish the setting, there was the squarely sawed-off stump of what had been a large tree RIGHT BESIDE the water's edge—an ideal “stand” for the lamp to give light to the services. So without much delay, the services were in progress.

As usual, we had a few songs, prayer, and a brief discourse on the merits of water baptism, and we led the candidate out into the water for the immersion according to Matthew 28:19. It was a most sacred, solemn scene, as well as occasion. God evidently smiled down upon us, though it was night time, and hardly according to established custom, we did feel His very presence in our midst. Sinners standing on the opposite bank of the little stream shed tears during the service.

So in all, this constituted a very unusual occasion in our ministry—one that we shall ever hold in precious, sacred memory. We have conducted many water baptismal services during the past thirty-nine years of our ministry, and some have been on the unusual side. Our first such service was conducted in the Cimarron river, north from Drumright, Okla., and we entered the water from off the “wing” of a ferry boat on that occasion, with one immersion. I have baptized those who were quite on the “heavy” side, and it took care, and in all, the help of the Lord to accomplish such in safety! We have been in such services which presented the quieter side; then we have seen the times wherein the Lord did come on the scene, with the “heavens opening,” so to speak, and great rejoicing in evidence. We love water baptismal services—especially when we feel the Lord

in our midst.

And this we would say in closing: IT IS BIBLE that water baptism follow conversion; and we feel that it should be observed as soon as convenient at the close of the revival wherein there are candidates ready for the same. We have noted at times too much slackness on the part of many in the ministry today, in carrying out this direct command of the Lord. This should not be. There is something about our following the example of the Lord in (water) baptism that is Spiritually strengthening to the newly converted; edifying to the saints in general, as well as being very impressive to the world. John the Baptist was very careful as to whom he administered baptism. While we have never as yet had to refuse any one, yet there could be the occasion wherein we would possibly have to refuse them this sacred rite—some people need to first show something of a work of grace in their hearts and lives, before they would be spiritually fit—ready—for baptism. Water will never save the individual; but by observing it in a Biblical manner—“the answer of a good conscience toward God” (I Peter 3:21), it will help them to stay saved, in that it is keeping a direct commandment from the Lord. Then keep ALL the other commandments! Amen.

INCIDENTALS

The Thing We Needed

It happened during a period of time wherein wife and I were staying too close to father's home in Tahlequah, Okla., instead of being out on the Gospel field as we should have been.

It was one Sunday morning, if we remember correctly, that we had "crawled off" (pardon the expression) to a little church of so-called Pentecostal faith, the only church in town of Pentecostal faith; but the pastor in charge at that time happened to be a man in whom we could not repose confidence—not because of any discrepancy in his daily living; but on account of some manifestations we had noted in him some time previous in a certain little village in the state of Arkansas.

We even remember just about how we were seated that morning—to the preacher's left, and on the side seat at almost the very front of the congregation. He was speaking that morning on how God had to one time "scatter" the disciples abroad—get them out of Jerusalem, that they might go with the Gospel. He used by way of figurative illustration, how that the disciples "had all the grass tramped down around Jerusalem," instead of going out into the regions beyond, as it were, with His message. He said it was like "this day—preachers will congregate in a certain church, or section of the country, treading on each other's heels, so to speak, waiting for a chance to 'get in and preach a little'." He said: "Why don't you find out what your job is, and get to work at it." Spat!" That landed right where I was setting! It was the very thing I needed, even if it did come from an individual in whom we could place but little confidence.

Yes, beloved, God is going to get the **needed message** to YOU, if it has to come through some questionable source so far as that matter is concerned. He (God) even used the dumb animal to speak with man's voice, to rebuke the madness of a certain prophet one time!

A lady one time (I think she professed salvation) said that we “stood too straight”—erect—in the pulpit. That would not be too bad. Any person living a clean life before God, has a right to stand erect—especially, wherein they are helping to preach the straightest Gospel in the world! (And this would apply to ALL concerned.)



Another minister one time said, speaking of us, that we only had “three messages” (to preach)—“The Closing of the Gentile Age;” “The Return of the Jews to Jerusalem;” and that of “Sanctification.” Well, thank God, the two former messages are now also counted as messages of the hour; and of the third—Sanctification—this is one that is most badly needed for this day and time, wherein MANY professed holiness people are “slipping” from the same—becoming definitely identified with the world again!



A good brother in the Lord at that time (now passed on) told us how that we should get a job somewhere, and get us (wife and I) some better clothes! Well, we feel that we were FAR ahead of what John the Baptist’s apparel consisted of at the time of his wonderful revival in the Jordan river country. This was, of course, years ago when finances were sometimes at a minimum.



A sister in the Lord (apparently a good woman) invited wife and I to her home for dinner one Sunday, during a Camp Meeting in Oklahoma City, many years ago. We accepted her invitation; but we had no more than got settled in the living room of their home, with wife and

the good woman in the kitchen, making last minute preparations for the noon-day meal, when her husband (who had not gone to services that morning) began on us as concerned the "denominational" question—because we did not belong to some organized church. Well, you can imagine about how we felt in that—a perfect stranger's home! But such as this goes with that of carrying the Gospel, thank God.



A (professed) brother one time invited wife and I to their home, to spend the night with them. He had asked us previously, and we had given him a date to that effect. We happened to know that he was guilty of a discrepancy on Gospel lines, and the scripture we had to use that night we knew would well apply in his case; but we handled the subject as nicely as we knew how. Arriving at his home that night (in his car), we met his wife (?) for the first time—she had not gone to the services. In a short while, the subject of "adultery" was brought up—but not by me! It was not long until we found out how the situation was—they had both been married previously, and with their former companions yet living, and each had children by their former marriages; and there they were—married, and a family of THEIR children. Well, there we were—we had to take a stand for the Bible (part of our discourse that evening at church had been in relation to the adultery question; but we most assuredly did not know that it affected that man). It was not long until the woman of the house gave us to understand that she did not believe it (that adultery was condemned in the Bible), even if the Bible

did say so! Again you can imagine about how wife and I felt as we slept in their guest bed that night! And ate breakfast at their table the next morning! Thank God for grace, thus far, to stand for the old time Gospel in its purity! (Though we later understood how that she "repented" of her attitude toward us on that night in question.)



Yes, we have met with many things in our past thirty-eight years for God. We have been in the home where we FELT AT HOME; then we have been in homes where we did not feel that way! We have slept in beds that were fit for a king, so to speak; then we have had to leave the bed proper, and spread a sheet on the floor, and spend the remainder of the night there—on account of more permanent "inhabitants" in THAT BED! We have had the finest of transportation in times past; then we have had to walk out of the community, carrying our suitcase—the good man of the home too busily engaged (?) otherwise to drive us a few miles in a wagon to catch another wagon, taking us on to the railroad.



We have travelled in most every modern way, except by steamship and airplane. We have walked; (personally) rode horseback; in hacks, buggies, farm wagons, the "running gears" of tie wagons, crossed the river in "skiffs;" on trains—both passenger and local freight; and of course, in cars, and buses. I have slept a few times, by reason of a crowded condition otherwise in homes of the saints, on church benches; have sat at the table "loaded" with the choicest of delicious food; have

eaten at the table with nothing more than biscuits, flour gravy, and pickled peppers, for that sainted person to set before us! Have been in the home where people hardly tried to rise above actual filth; and then have been in the home where it was almost to the other extreme. Give me (us) just the common class, thank God, and a chance to enjoy this good, common salvation with them! The Bible speaks of the “common people;” and also of the “common salvation” (Mark 12:37; Jude 3).



I have preached the Gospel when I chose to stand behind the altar bench, to try to shield my shoes from the public; I have had to go to bed while my good wife “patched” my one pair of trousers—and then had to be rather careful for them otherwise, lest they give way! This of course back in the more formative days of this good Gospel. Yes, we have many young ministers today, who know NOTHING of what it has meant for “trail blazers” of yesteryears, to go before, preparing the hearts of the people for that which MANY are today enjoying, and that with scarcely a care beyond the confines of their own home as concerns any future spread of the precious Word! As a brother inferred in the pulpit, that young ministers of today have gone all out for “faith,” that whereas, “charity”—even “hope”—is above that of “faith.” That it took “charity” back in those days. If they did not have “faith” for the temporal things of life, they did have “charity” to endure a few things that the Gospel might go forth! Well said, thank God. Amen.



We have felt the weight of the cruel hand of even the professor of religion upon us, by reason of our taking a stand for the good clean way—led out of the church building; but we kept the victory, thank God; and the poor man afterward died—a suicide's death, from all accounts.



While we have never suffered as have some, in times past, in order to get to preach this good Gospel; but our path has not been strewn with roses by any means! We have met opposition more than one time, if you please. Satan had been on our trail all the while—yes, until this day, he is busy, if not in the same manner as in days gone by, when persecution was rife at the hands of the world, he is now busy within, stirring up envy, strife, sowing discord, bringing in division amongst the good saints of God, generally speaking. We fear for the man or woman today, professing godliness, if the enemy is not after them in some manner. If he (Satan) can do nothing else, he will use all his force and power to discourage the good saints of God. He knows that if he can properly work this thing upon them, he has a better chance of getting them to just “give up.” But we hear the good Word of God say, “He that endureth to the end shall be saved” (Matt. 10:22). So, beloved, let's hold on a little longer—“For yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry” (Heb. 10:37).



And as we sit here, musing, tonight over some of the things of the past, we call to mind the time when the (good) deacon in a certain denominational church grasp-

ed us by both wrists, as we held our hands out in front, trying to point out something to him. I do not know how much of a "shaking" he might have given us, had not a good brother in the Lord, and one who evidently had the victory, come upon the scene at just that time, praising and glorifying God. At this, the elderly deacon loosened his hold upon me. At the time, wife and I were in a meeting in the school house in his community. Does not the Bible say, that "when the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him" (Isaiah 59:19)? We feel that we have seen this exemplified in various ways. If in no other way, God is able to keep us sweet in our soul in time of persecution.



While the title of this little book bears out the statement of "Thirty-Nine Years For God," yet you will find that we have referred to "Thirty-Eight Years For God" possibly in various places. Let us bear in mind the fact that some of the copy for the book was prepared in correspondence with such date.



We have been called 'most everything, so to speak, from that of a "logger-head," to the more flattering title of "Reverend," "Parson," "Elder," etc; but thank God, none of these have moved us—either way!



Pleasant Memories AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN

We remember how that when a boy in school (possibly fifteen years old), God dealt with us on an occasion as



**AT AGE WHEN FELT HIS FIRST
CONVICTION**



A SURPRISE BIRTHDAY DINNER

concerned our soul's salvation. A little Methodist preacher came to our town at the time (Welch, Indian Territory, now Oklahoma), and was conducting a revival in the local Methodist church. I attend much of the meeting, as well as some of my schoolmates (some of them professed salvation). This little evangelist surely preached under an unction from Heaven. He could preach on "torment," and you would almost "see the place!" Another boy and myself (schoolmates) had certainly built up a "reputation" for ourselves in school, with myself holding, undoubtedly, the "banner!" But we each got under conviction—God was surely dealing with us.

I remember how that I asked father one day what he would think if "—————" and myself joined the church. He said that it would be alright. So the pleasant part of this memory is, that one day while standing by the pig pen in the barn-yard on father's place, and with my mind on the Lord, we surely had a "feeling" creep over us that could have been nothing short of a "born-again" experience, if we had but have known how to accept the same. You remember how that the Bible speaks of, "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10). We had assuredly "believed unto righteousness," and all we needed to have done further was, with the "mouth" to have made "confession unto salvation." O, that we had but gone on from there! Think of what it would have saved us—from the depths of sin we later sank into! That "good feeling" came into our heart; but we had no one at the time to properly instruct us. May God help dear young people who have

made the least start for Him, to go all the way! The Bible has again said, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth" (Lamentations 3:27). But we do thank God that later on, and while yet a young man of about twenty-five, we did at last give our heart and life unto the Lord in reality; and as the good song says, in part: "I've never been sorry." All the regret I now have as concerns our Christian life is, that we did not start sooner, and have not lived closer to the Lord all the way. I do not feel that we laid down a single thing for the Lord, in the beginning of the good way with Him, that was worthwhile in this life, and that we would desire to go back and pick up. The "bridges are burned behind;" and we are now facing the open road, and with Heaven it seems, almost in view!

We Never Made It Home For Christmas; But A Good Revival Instead

An experience of several years ago that was centered around the simple "crossing" of some wires on our car, thus keeping us from making a trip back home at Christmas time, but resulting in a good revival meeting instead, clearly proved to us that GOD is sometimes in our undertakings when we yield ourselves into His hands, though things about us may seemingly be all going wrong!

At the time we were making a prolonged stay in the Lone Star community, west from Anderson, Mo., working for the Lord in that place, as well as also in or near Goodman, Mo., which was about six miles north from Anderson, having Prayer Meetings in the home of the

late Sister (Aunt Eliza) Thrasher. It seemed that God was undertaking; and several of the saints in the Lone Star community were helping; and in all, we were driving some twelve or thirteen miles up there for services each time.

We felt that the Lord was laying upon us the burden for a meeting in that community—especially, in the little town of Goodman. In the meanwhile, Christmas was drawing near, and we desired to spend that season with my parents in the old home in Tahlequah, Okla., and come back fater the holidays—or Christmas, at least—and start the Revival; and was making our plans accordingly. But God had OTHER PLANS for us—His work demanded first place in our lives, especially the proposed meeting at that time, as souls up there were interested—evidently the time for “Revival” **was at hand**, and NOT FOR AFTER CHRISTMAS!

So to get to the interesting part of our story, we had but recently traded cars—a Model T, for a '19 Chevrolet; and the “Chevy” being in need of a new radiator, we had ordered one from a Mail Order house, and was entertaining great hopes of a happy trip back home for Christmas. The new radiator arrived in due time—on Thursday, if I mistake not, before Christmas. We proudly hauled it out from the express office in Anderson, to the home of Bro. and Sister W. T. Casteel, who lived near Lone Star, where we usually made our “headquarters” when in that community. (Sister Casteel having since passed on to her home in Glory.)

So we immediately sat to work, with the assistance of Bro. Will Armstrong (brother to Sister Casteel), in taking

off the old leaky radiator, and replacing it with the nice new one. The change was made in a short while; but Bro. Armstrong, in walking around the car, noticed, to our surprise, that the exhaust was "shooting out" water (a part of our leak, heretofore)!

Well, we thought it fortunate that we had another (used) engine head that would fit the old car (a "bursting" head causing the leak into the exhaust), and quickly got busy in changing heads—**we were determined on that trip home!** The change was soon made, and we started the car—and there it was—something else wrong—it had no power; would not "hit" right; and there we were again! This was on Thursday afternoon. Bro. Armstrong was yet faithfully on the job for us. We worked the rest of that afternoon, all day the next day (Friday), and up until noon of the next day (Saturday), and try as we may, we could not locate the trouble. It yet would not "hit" right, and had no power.

So by noon Saturday, we had given up hopes of being able to make it home for Christmas. I "cleaned up," and wife and I went in to Anderson to call father and mother, telling them we would not be able to get home—that we would just have to give up the trip. From there we went down to the Chevrolet garage, explained the situation as best I could to a mechanic, and he drew a diagram of wiring arrangement of the "distributor cap," and right then and there I began to have "suspicions!" I began to wonder greatly if we had not at last located the trouble.

As soon as we reached Bro. Casteel's home, I got out of the car we were driving, and going down into the barn-

yard where we had left the old car—incidentally, headed north, and toward the gate that lead out into the road; lifted the hood, simply picked up **two wires, reversed their position, started the motor**—and, if you ever heard an old car ROAR, and SCRATCH GRAVEL as we pulled out of the barn-yard, and into the road, that one certainly did! Speaking of “power”—it certainly had it now! But we were never permitted to locate the trouble so long as we had our mind “set” on a trip home for Christmas, instead of beginning the Revival, as God had evidently planned for us.

So it being Prayer Meeting night at Sister Thrasher’s, we all went up there for services, the Lord wonderfully blessing, and with one or two professing the experience of old-time Sanctification that very night; and needless to say, we announced the Revival to begin **AT ONCE**—that is, to start the following Wednesday night, some necessary arrangements having to be made by ways of seats, etc., before we could actually begin. The meeting lasted some five or six weeks, with the Lord blessing; and precious souls getting through to experiences with God. And we do thank the Lord that there is fruit yet remaining from feeble efforts put forth by ourselves, and the good saints of the Lone Star community. Possibly the results all the way ’round, would not have been the same, had we **HAD OUR WAY**, and waited until after Christmas to have started the meeting. And it all happened as it did, just through the Lord letting Bro. Armstrong and myself unknowingly “cross” two little wires, so to speak, in the ignition system of the car, and our not finding the trouble until we had become willing to give

up the trip home. So we now thank God for allowing that minor trouble to just hold us there. It is no strange thing that trouble can often ensue from getting "OUR wires crossed;" but in this event, it proved a wonderful blessing from the Lord! Amen.

Our Personal Testimony

Though having made mention of it elsewhere in this little volume, yet we feel that we should relate it in a more specific manner—a more detailed account of what God one time did for us by way of salvation, and the healing of my body. (Though an account is found elsewhere relative to our deliverance from the "dope" habit, shortly following our conversion.)

It was on the first night of January, 1915, that God wonderfully saved me from a life of sin; sanctified me wholly (a second, definite work of grace) a few nights later; and a few days following, baptized me with the sweet Holy Ghost, and with fire, with the Bible evidence of speaking in other tongues (or languages), as the Spirit gave utterance (Acts 2:4, etc.); healed my broken-down and diseased body, delivering me from the habits and appetites of this world; and reunited my broken home that sin (on my part, and my part alone!) had so wrecked and destroyed; and started wife and I out in the good Gospel cause, to which we have since that time striven to remain true—faithful.

Immediately following our conversion (a graphic account of the same given elsewhere in this recording) on that night, now better than thirty-eight years ago, wherein the Lord did wonderfully bless our soul, we never

arose from our knees at that old altar bench until we began to seek God for the experiesnce of sanctification. The good people holding the revival had taught us the (essential) need of the blessing of holiness, and we realized—felt—that we must have the same. They told us how that it came through a complete consecration to God; and that the blessing was essential if we would ever expect to receive the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost—that our bodies, even, was the earthly temple of this wonderful blessing from the Lord; and how that we would ever after have to live clean lives for God, if we would retain the experience (even salvation).

So we quite vividly remember how that we earnestly sought for the blessing night after night, until at last it was ours, thank God! It was a time that we shall never forget—even more especially the next day, and night (in services) following. It had seemed rather hard for us to exercise instant faith for the blessing. We remember how that we would pray so hard in the altar service until our physical strength, it seemed, would be exhausted, and we would then pray for God to give us more strength to seek Him. Of course this may sound foolish—that one would PRAY for strength TO PRAY, and it was—what we needed **was faith to receive**. But as the (“spiritual”) song says, “I had a hard time, but I got over; had a hard time, but I got over; well, I had a hard time, but I got over; I got over at last!”

Sanctification, as you know, comes through that deep consecration to God—a complete surrender of our will (in all things) to that of God’s will. It is not always accomplished on the spur of the moment; but oftimes it

takes some “digging” on the part of the seeker to reach this place before the Lord. But once the seeker is lost in Jesus, as it were—willing to let God have His way in their life, and then exercise a bit of faith in the Lord, the blessing will soon be their’s! In sanctification one is not repenting of sins—they have done that in finding salvation; but in the experience of true holiness, they are looking forward to a cleansing from SIN—that Adamic nature that so easily gets one entangled again in transgression. When the body of sin is (spiritually) destroyed, the person is not going to be serving sin as they one time did. (Romans 6:6—read it!)

So as stated above, at last one night we got everything on the altar for God—Oscar, of course, the last thing to go thereon, and having that faith in the Lord, the blessing sweetly came into our life; and O, the joy that accompanies that experience! It is truly beyond description. While there have been others who could doubtless tell of a more wonderful experience in receiving the blessing of sanctification; but it is the fruit of the thing that counts most after all. We have heard of those who had to seek much harder than did we—of how they had to shed such bitter tears in reaching the place of willingness before the Lord—of things they had to surrender, etc., before they could reach the blessing; but with us, we presume, we did not have such struggle along this line—we had not much of this world’s goods to stand in our way; neither **too much** “worldliness” to surrender—we had about all we ever desired in that respect—what we now wanted was ALL the blessings in their fullness; and our biggest battle was simply over faith in the Lord

to receive.

Doubtless we are dwelling too long on this part of our personal testimony; but the results that followed immediately—and until this very day!—proved a wonder in my soul that we have never as yet gotten away from. While we have not “shouted” each hour of every day since we received the experience of sanctification; but the reality of the same yet abides—it keeps us from sin, thank God, EVERY DAY; and that is what it is going to take if I make this race successful unto the end! We often tell the people that when God saved, He took me out of this world; and when He sanctified, He took the world out of me! Yes, I had reasons for rejoicing. It is wonderful, thank God, to feel that purity of heart—that spiritual cleanness before the Lord, that accompanies a truly sanctified life. True holiness does not long after the things of the world, but rejoices in the simplicity that is found in Christ. There is something there that completely satisfies. If we find ourselves with our “mouth watering” after something of the world, we need to get to an altar somewhere, and get back under the Blood. There is a satisfying portion in Jesus that is not found elsewhere. Amen.

Then came the day shortly following when the Comforter (which is the Holy Ghost—John 14:26) came in! In Acts 5:23, we read how that God gives the Holy Ghost to them that “obey Him.” Truly we had been walking in “obedience” to every known command of God since the night He had so wonderfully sanctified me. (And we would add here, that it will assuredly take a sanctified life—one completely given up, consecrated, to the known

will of God—to walk in “obedience” to Him.) But on the occasion in particular, we remember how that we were visiting in the upstairs (“upper room”) apartment of those who were “camped,” holding the revival. A request for prayer had been made by Bro. and Sister Taylor, of Hulbert (good Methodist people), that they might be sanctified, their having by this time during the revival received light on the doctrine of holiness. So we all knelt in prayer—incidentally, in the middle room of the three rooms running lengthwise on that side of the apartment. So being “fresh” from the Throne—our having been sanctified but a few days—it was easy to pray; and presently the power of God began to fall, and we yielded ourselves to the Lord, and the next thing we realized, we were flat on our back on the floor, seeking the Lord for mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. When we came out from under the power, we found ourselves to have passed from the middle to the third room, and to this day, not knowing how we got there! It was a wonderful experience; and we came forth with “stammering lips” (Isaiah 28:9-12, a forerunner of Acts 2:4); then on the day shortly following, when, along with some 24 or 26 others, we were baptized in water, we came up out of the water speaking in “other tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance” (Acts 2:4), in an undisputable manner! Glory! It was real as Heaven itself—and best of all, YET REAL, THANK GOD! Yes, the Comforter had come in to abide; and we have tried to so live since that wonderful time in a manner that He would be pleased to dwell; to really comfort, lead, guide, and direct in this life; and to equip us for service, though unworthy we be,

in God's great cause for lost humanity. Amen.

(And we would add, relative to the call to pray for Brother and Sister Taylor above, which led to our receiving the baptism, that Brother Taylor has several years since passed on to be with the Lord, but Sister Taylor, though very frail, yet with us, making her home with a daughter and son-in-law, Bro. and Sister Will Aaron, in Tulsa, Okla. Brother Taylor served as elder in the church at Hulbert, Okla., until removing with his family to near Broken Arrow, Okla., some time before his passing.)

Relative to the water baptismal service referred to above, we would add a few thoughts. First, it, incidently, was on the last day of January, 1915, whereas, we had gotten saved on the first day of that month, with our experience in sanctification occurring in between those dates. It was a cold day. Bro. E. A. Buckles (now in Glory) officiated at the baptismal service, Sister Capps having in the meanwhile sent for him to come from his home community, south from Ozark, Ark., to take over in the revival towards its close (Bro. Buckles being Conference Chairman at that time, and a teacher in the Gospel mightily used of God in that capacity.). As the time for the baptizing drew near, Bro. Buckles had told some that he could baptize a person in eighteen inches of water—"if they would behave themselves!" that is, if they didn't get to "shouting" to the point he could not handle them! (Of course you will understand his good implication.)

Well, as stated above, it was a cold, cloudy day; and Bro. Buckles had decided that, inasmuch as 24 (or 26)

people was a rather large number for the one person to immerse—that it would take some little time to accomplish such—that we would only wade out a short distance—hardly up to his waist. It was a beautiful little stream (Double Spring Creek), skirting the little town of Hulbert on the north and west. And after a brief service at the water's edge, he led them forth, and began to baptize. But in the course of a few minutes, the scene began rather to change! The power of God came down (the clouds had even parted, and the sun shone through so beautifully!); the Lord began to bless, the saints shouting as they came up out of the water, splashing water on Bro. Buckles until he was soon just about as wet as those whom he was baptizing; and of course by this time he, too, rejoicing in the Lord, had forgotten all about the January chill of the little stream! It was wonderful—almost beyond compare! And, incidently, each person baptized on that occasion, and who having the baptism of the Holy Ghost in their life, came up out of the water speaking in tongues with the exception of one individual! Then immediately following the baptismal service, the clouds again gathered overhead, and a cold, drizzilng rain followed. Of course, we all felt that in even this weather clearance during the services proper, was but an approval of God upon the scene!

Then in conclusion we would say, on that very night we were permitted to partake of our first observance of the Lord's Supper, followed by an old-fashioned "feet washing," wherein the Lord again came on the scene, blessing His people in their humbleness toward the good example He had set them. O, that precious saints of

God, today, we are zealous toward the Lord as in those days! We dare say, that with many, it is actually more of a burden these days to prepare for, and participate in, BOTH these observances, than in days when we were rejoicing in our new-found Saviour's love, and eagerly awaiting—anxious—for His appearing in the eastern skies, amidst a blaze of glory that will out rival ANY heavenly phenomena, or earthly occurrence, yet to take place this side of the closing time! May God speed the day!

So it appears that we had another close call to Eternity—but this time being FAR from prepared for such. You will remember reading in the fore part of this narrative, that at our birth, we came SO NEAR going on to be with Jesus; but in this latter event, it would not have been so. Sin had gotten such a hold on my life, that at about the age of twenty-five, it found me not only a spiritual wreck, but a physical wreck, a moral wreck, and verging on a mental wreck—all on account of a life of dissipation and shame. Twice during the time we were suffering our nervous break-down, and having contracted the “dope” habit, we jumped out of our bed at night, screaming for help, apparently on the verge of passing away, and father (a physician) injected strychnine into my body to stimulate heart action! For SOME REASON has God been merciful to spare our life, even through serious illness since our conversion; and now, this near our journey's end—except the Lord come soon—we do desire to finish our course in this life, whether it has been a blessing to any one or not, and that we might SOME GLAD DAY, praise our precious Saviour in a more perfect manner,

in a world that shall never end!

It is pitiful, indeed, to think that men and women will go on in sin and shame—deeper and deeper, until their very lives are wrecked and ruined, then take that fatal plunge into Eternity, lost for ever and for ever, whereas, a merciful God is ever standing ready to save them, and give them peace and joy in this life, and an assurance of a Home in Glory in the end, if they will but humble themselves at the foot of the Cross of a crucified, and resurrected Saviour! While we never went to the “gutter” in sin and dissipation, yet we went far enough to have a foretaste of what it was going to mean to be lost—without hope, and without God! Therefore, we feel that we have a perfect right, in this life, to raise our voice in both word and print, declaring what Jesus has done for our soul. We are assuredly not ashamed of the same; but we are ashamed of the life we one time lived, yet NOW rejoicing that the past is all under the Blood; and with the hope of Heaven leading me on to deeper depths and higher heights in the Lord, until the Gates of that City shall at last come into view, and we pass through the portals—then there will be SHOUTING, THANK GOD, as the good song says, “On the Hills of Glory!” Won’t YOU go with me, beloved? Amen.



Here We Are at the Time of This Happening **MR. AND MRS. BOND**

It would be impossible for one to remember the time and place of each blessing that God has ever bestowed upon them in this life; of each time they have ever felt His presence; of each experience they have had in com-

ing in contact with Him in any form. But there are occasions wherein certain experiences along this line have made impressions upon us that have lingered on. While to some it might seem too common to make mention of the same, yet we have never forgotten the time, when 'rounding a corner a few miles west and north from Bixby, Okla., while on our way from Tahlequah to Sapulpa (many years ago), where, at the time, we had a monthly appointment with a little group then worshipping on North Heights, in that place. We remember how that we were singing that good song, "The City on The Hill," as we were travelling alone in the car, and the very presence of the Lord came on the scene, bringing a sweet blessing to our soul. For some reason this little experience with the Lord has (and should we call ANYTHING "little" that we receive from the Lord?) lingered on with us over years that have passed and gone. We are sure that God knows just how, when, and where, to come on the scene, and bring us encouragement. When we feel His presence, we are ready then for ANYTHING! It was the Psalmist David who said, "For by thee I have run through a troop, and by my God have I leaped over a wall" (Psa. 18:29). The thought we gather from this is, David possibly could not have done this within himself; but through the presence and power of God, he could do that very thing! Have YOU not sometime felt the presence of the Lord enough in YOUR life, beloved, to do what was otherwise the seemingly impossible? With God, ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE. Amen.

Minor Incidents

They All Meant Something to Me

Among some of the minor incident occurring in our life during our past thirty-six years for God, is one that we remember quite well—yet not a singular incident, but a series of experiences wherein we learned a lesson quite well.

At the time we were living in the Lone Star community, west from Anderson, Mo., and as referred to elsewhere in this little volume, working with the good band of saints at that place. Now down across the country, some thirty miles west, and a little south—over in Oklahoma, and about eight miles south from Fairland, there was a little group of people (in the Hickory Grove community) whom we all visited from time to time. They held their little “prayer meetings” from home to home; and the “Star saints” loved to go down there for services.

Now in going there from time to time, we had to cross what was called “Coon Ridge,” or a rather large hill in that part of the eastern Oklahoma wooded country. And it seemed that we seldom, if ever, crossed that section of the country without having car trouble of some kind. In those days, “flats” were a most common occurrence. And it surely appeared pleasing to old Satan to cause us as many of them as he possibly could. But in it all, we learned a lesson. As it was, about every time we would have a “flat,” the enemy would jump on us with the accusation, “See, you are not in the Lord’s will going down there, or you would not have had THAT ‘FLAT’.” He assuredly worked that proposition on us just about to perfection. But the time finally came—

and even afterwards—that we got our eyes opened to the FACT that one can have car trouble both in, as well as out of, the Lord's will!

And so it is—we may possibly be exactly in the center of the will of the Lord in any kind of an undertaking for Him, and RIGHT THERE will the devil try to point out to us that we are FAR from the will of God. Then, of course, there may come the time wherein we are attempting something in the name of the Lord, and find ourselves completely OUT of His will. He may let the old car go wrong; or some other hinderance come our way to stop us. But the thought at which we are trying to arrive in this little “narative” is, that whatever the circumstance, whether in or out of His will, let us try to stay as patient as we possibly can under the existing conditions (you may have guessed how that “patience” was no great virtune with us at the time, and under the most continuous repetition of “car trouble”), realizing how that the Bible tells us that “all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose” (Romans 8:28).

I have had the old car “go bad,” so to speak, in places wherein it was assuredly quite unhandy; then we have had trouble at a time, and in the very place wherein it was assuredly God's will for it to have happened THERE—to have proceeded farther might have meant serious trouble; or, possibly in handy reach of mechanical help.

A brother preacher (unique in expression) one time stated, as we were having trouble with his car while on a rather long trip, and had gotten proper adjustments made, said: “Well(the devil can get in the carburetor

alright; but it will get so 'hot' for him, that he can't stay there!"

OUR LIFE IN BRIEF

Incidents That Impressed Us

We have come a long, LONG WAY, since having heard a song when but a boy in my early 'teens, during a revival in the Methodist church, in the little town of Welch, Okla., then the Indian Territory), the title of which we have long since forgotten (if we ever knew it); but we yet remember one verse, or stanza, which went like this:

*"We'll girdle the globe with salvation,
With holiness unto the Lord;
And light shall illuminate each Nation,
The light from the lamp of His Word."*

While at the time we never thought upon the song so much as apart from other songs. We were as yet unsaved at the time, though touched by conviction, as we can now look back and understand. But somehow that particular verse appealed to me—stayed with me.

Now as I look back over my past life for God—and especially, in the earlier years after my conversion, and receiving the deeper experiences of sanctification, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost—I have thought much upon it. There is a message in those few words that have since come to light in our experience with the Lord. "Holiness" is the very theme of God's plan of salvation; and it was destined, even LONG before that time, to do just that very thing—"girdle the globe." It has done that, thank God; and NOW I get the very essence of that stanza.

So there I was—just a very wicked boy; but God dropped a seed of righteousness down into my heart, though it lay there dormant for many years, yet the time finally arrived wherein, like the tiny plant in the springtime, pushes the heavy clod of earth aside, and raises its head into the sunshine of a new world, the “seed of holiness” finally pushed away the “clods of sin,” and we emerged a “new creature” in the sunshine of a new realm—the kingdom of God had sprung up within!

So tonight (Sunday, Nov. 9, 1952) while reading a brief historical sketch of the life of George Stebbins, and of his setting to music, the words of a poem that had for quite some time been “tucked away” with other papers, and developed into the song, “Take Time To Be Holy,” it brought afresh to my mind, the stanza in question included in the song we had so long ago been impressed with. And it seems good now, to meditate on the truth set forth in those few words.

While at that time I was FAR, you might say, from such thoughts of at any time in my life having any part in the fulfillment of the song—I had never met with any such thought that I would ever be proclaiming the Gospel—of Holiness, especially; but we are now glad that it has been our privilege, in various ways over the past thirty-eight years, to have a tiny part, at least, in spreading the good Word of the Lord. And while to many, it would seem a minor incident, indeed; but there is SOMETHING about it all that links my mind to those days; and we feel that we have lived to see the time of the fulfillment (in our life, for that matter) of the truth

of the good song. It makes me think that God was dealing in those days in a manner we are more fully realizing now. We love the theme—the very subject—“holiness;” and “without which no man shall see the Lord,” as set forth by the Apostle Paul, in Hebrews 12:14. Would YOU take time to read it, beloved?

Our Activities in The Gospel Cause

Our activities in the Gospel cause for the past thirty-eight years, or since the Lord called us into the ministry in 1915, have never been outstanding, of course. We have only had to face the same trials and tests as other good Gospel preachers of an earlier day have had to experience, as the groundwork was being (unconsciously) laid for the now Church of God, of the Apostolic Faith. We knew nothing in those days but to go for the Lord; live clean before God and man; preach the Gospel in its purity, and leave the results in the hands of God. While doing this, we of course made some friends, from a spiritual standpoint; and at the same time incurred the hatred of others. We never catered to a “pat on the back” from the world; and to the early day ministry, sin was just sin—and we did not hesitate to call it such by name.

While as aforesaid in this little volume, ours has never been an evangelistic ministry, yet God has graciously given us precious souls for our hire in His good vineyard—fruit that we feel will glorify Him in the Judgment. We have seen men and women—boys and girls—as it were, pray through on all (experimental) lines. We have



**IN A REVIVAL AT VAN BUREN, ARK.
1934.**

seen the sick healed; and have seen the devil stirred, so to speak. Have baptized many in water; preached many funerals; and united couples in the sacred bonds of holy matrimony. We never fail to exact the promise of "obedience" by the woman in marriage vows, as well as to the man's Biblican attitude toward the woman. With us, marriage is a holy—a sacred—institution, to be observed until "death do you part." I have never—WOULD NOT—united the man and woman in marriage, with either of them having a former, living companion, regardless of the circumstances causing the first separation. Neither would I perform a marriage ceremony wherein I had suspicions of liquor in the case; nor would I attempt to unite some decrepit old man, with a young woman—a girl. Maybe I am peculiar in these respects; but we try to follow after that which bespeaks holiness from a Biblical standpoint. I do not know what the future holds—but thus far, as we have ever known, none of those couples we have united in marriage, have ended up in divorce court, thank God!

We have never covered any great territory in our preaching ministry. We have been permitted to preach this good clean Gospel in the State of Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Illinois. We hope, the Lord willing, that we shall be able to add other territory (states) to these listing in the future, if the Lord tarries. We have, through the medium of the little paper, sent the message of full salvation to some twenty-two states, at least (possibly others), Canada, Old Mexico, and a few foreign countries. We have received many words of appreciation from readers,

which always serves as an encouragement to us.

Our support in the Gospel—both personal, and as concerns the paper—is, as you may have already learned, through the tithes and freewill offerings of those who feel disposed to use their means for helping spread the Gospel in this manner. We shall always remember that about the smallest offering we have ever received through the mail, came from a sister in the state of Texas many years ago. It consisted of **one dime**—and there was a sentiment accompanying that offering that endeared it to our hearts—we assuredly felt IT came from a heart sincere—that such was all she was able to give. May God bless her—always, and in Eternity! That small offering did touch our hearts. Then we have received various other amount (tithes and offerings) up to the three figure class. May God bless ALL who have helped us to stay on the battlefield against sin and the devil during the past thirty-nine years. Had it not been (and right now) for the faithfulness of some, we could not have continued in the good work of the Lord.

We have preached in school houses, empty store building, dwelling house (private homes), church houses, mission halls, under tabernacles, brush arbors, and a few times on the street, where we did enjoy the sweet presence of the Lord as we were permitted to witness to those gathered on the sidewalks, or in passing by. We remember a little meeting one time, on the lovely banks of Spavinaw creek, so to speak, in northeastern Oklahoma, between the towns of Strang and Spavinaw, in the fall of the year, and the weather had grown a bit “cool,” and the last night of the meeting, which was held

out under some trees, with nothing but the tree tops, and God's wonderful canopy of a star-studded sky for a covering, when on the last evening of the meeting we took a horse and dragged up some light logs, etc., and made four bonfires—one at each corner of the outdoor seats—to provide heat. Yes, those were some more wonderful days as we endeavored to sow the good Gospel seed in accessible places.

We shall always remember a circumstance—a happening—that occurred during that meeting. It was but a small community, and you could just about tell when the crowd all got there. There was a young couple living there, both professing salvation. They had an only child—very small, but large enough to toddle around. One day it wandered out the gate, and disappeared from sight in the wooded area surrounding their little home. Of course the young mother became quite scared, and soon the alarm was out, and the neighbors gathered in to hunt for the child. There was a rather large sink-hole some distance off in the woods from the house, and of course this was about the first thought of many—it may be in that hole. But it was not found there; but was found later, all safe and sound.

The amusing part of the story was (of course it was not amusing until the little one was found). A couple living in the community, with the good man always doing his best for the Lord as he understood the principles of Christian living, and with his also good wife being one of those who would always “stand up” as a Christian as her testimony; and she was more than excited, as the expression could be used, when it was learned the child was

lost, and of course joined in the hunt. So being stirred to that point, she began to pray. After it was all over with, and the child safely with its mother, this good woman told some, to this effect—"I have been a Christian for thirty-five years; and that is the second time I ever prayed in my life!" I suppose accent on the word "PRAY" would have been proper in this event!) Well, I thought how wonderful it would be, should a child get lost (to be safely found again) rather occasionally, if it would have a like effect on SOME PROFESSING CHRISTIANS IN THIS LIFE!

Personally, I suppose I am now the oldest, by way of ordination, minister in our movement. I was ordained at Mulberry, Kan., in February, 1917, by the laying on of hands by two of the elders in the movement at that time—the late Bro. E. A. Buckles, our first General Chairman, and Bro. O. H. Myers, now of a kindred movement. I have my original ordination papers which are assuredly much worn; but we have reason to prize them highly, for that matter. My credentials are on record in both Oklahoma, and the state of Arkansas. Am now in my fifty-fourth year—will be sixty-five, should I live to see August 8, 1954, and Jesus continues to tarry. And despite affliction on my body—high blood pressure, and other infirmities of age, am yet able to preach this good Gospel as God sees fit to give us a message—blessing our soul, as well as to handle the mechanical part of publishing the little paper—aside from that of actual composition on the same—am no longer able to do this, only in part, as necessity might demand. And my daily prayer is, in part, that God will touch my body, and give me

strength to carry on for Him until my course is finished in this life; until my race is run; and the Gates of that City appear in view. Then with my also faithful and aging wife, we shall both be young again—For Ever! Glory! Amen.

The Church of God, of the Apostolic Faith

I do not believe that this little volume would be altogether complete without at least a brief mentioning, or reference to the group of people with whom we are affiliated. We are known as the Church of God, of the Apostolic Faith, and for business reasons, we are now functioning as an incorporated religious body, with our headquarters in Tulsa, Okla. Our present General Superintendent is Bro. J. L. Sullivan, with headquarters address at 2526 West Cameron St., Tulsa 6, Okla.

As far as membership is concerned, a Conference ruling of some few years ago left this open—to the discretion of the local churches—they may have a roster roll of membership if they choose. At present, at least, this is not mandatory—that we have a membership roll.

We are strictly Fundamental. In doctrine, we stand for and advocate that of a threefold plan of salvation—justification, sanctification (a second definite work of grace), and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, with the initial sign or evidence of that of speaking in other tongues, or languages, as the Spirit gives utterance (Acts 2:4; 10:46; 19:6), divine healing; the second coming of Jesus; eternal heaven for the righteous, and likewise eternal punishment in that lake which burneth with fire and brimstone for the wicked. Our creed is Holiness; and we extend

fellowship to only those who are following after a (spiritually-morally) clean life, as applies to both the ministry and laity.

We came into existence as a people (at least a year, or more, prior to our own conversion), with the first Conference to launch the Movement out as such at the then Cross Roads Mission, near Ozark, Ark., in 1914. The late Bro. E. A. Buckles was the first Conference Chairman (since designated as General Superintendent), and continued as such until forced by ill health to retire.

Bro. P. A. Henegar then served as Conference Chairman, or Superintendent, for some years, or until his resignation in January, 1952, at which time Bro. J. L. Sullivent was selected to fill that position, which place he now (1954) occupies. Our Presbytery, or ruling body, is composed of twelve elders, selected for given periods of time.

Our churches select their own pastors, whose financial support is arranged between the pastor and the church to be served. We maintain a General Treasury, into which all ordained ministres are required to pay 75% of their tithes into this treasury, with the remaining 25% to be distributed at the discretion of the minister; our General Conference convenes once a year, in mid-winter session. We have a permanent Camp Meeting (site) located about seven miles east from Stilwell, Okla., in Adair county (Eastern Oklahoma). Camp Meeting is usually dated from the last days in July, over into the early days of August and timed to include at one Sunday period of that (seven days) time. Free camp sites, with plenty of natural shade, good spring water, electricity, and so far, two free meals each day (with campers to provide their

other camp equipment), features this wonderful "getting together" of the good saints of God, with their friends, each year. Free will offerings are always taken for the support of the camp.

While our Movement has not yet reached a place of any great expansion, yet we do boast (in the Lord) a group of as clean a people (spiritually) as you will find upon earth, and with a ministry who are proclaiming a likewise clean Gospel, and generally speaking, of whom we are justifiably proud, thank God.

Sorry to say, that for years, our leaders did not seem disposed to feature a proper expansion move here in the homeland, neither as concerns the foreign mission field; but we are thankful that in the past very few years we have seen an upswing in promotion work; and are now hoping for increased endeavor in promotional lines.

We now maintain a nice little parsonage at the above mentioned address in Tulsa, Okla., with our headquarters church located at 4421 West Fifth St., just north of the Sand Springs street car line—and highway leading west out from downtown Tulsa.

We also maintain a missionary work among the Spanish-speaking peoples—both along the border, and extending over into Old Mexico, with Bro. Edgar Stone and family in charge at McAllen, Texas.

The two official papers of the Movement, the **Church of God (of the Apostolic Faith) Herald**, and **Christian Youth**, are now being commercially printed until such time as the Movement's own printing plant, in store in Tulsa, can be put into operation.

Our field of operation now includes portions of the

four state area of Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas, as well as in Texas, New Mexico, and California, and with members of our constituency scattered in other sections of the nation. We boast again—in the Lord—some of as fine ministers—spirit-filled men and women—is ever graced the pulpit in any church movement. And if we have never made the “headlines,” so to speak, in Pentecostal groupings, we do trust that we have filled at least a small niche in God’s great vineyard; and that by our concerted activities, we shall have sheaves to lay at the Master’s feet in that Great Day!—that there will be souls in Glory who have reached that place through the sacrificing efforts of both our ministry, and lay-members throughout.

So we thank God for the Church of God, of the Apostolic Faith, which has gone through some trying times in the past, but all the while striving to uphold a standard of righteousness that would tend to lift men and women, boys and girls, from the quagmire of sin, wherein they would be disposed to yield themselves unto the Lord—find the salvation of Jesus Christ real to their souls. God can be found in **any place** where lost souls will call upon Him in faith believing.

For sure, there may sometimes be things transpiring in our midst, as in the midst of any church group who are striving for God, which are not exactly to our liking. But show me movement that exactly “fills the bill” in **EVERYBODY’S ESTIMATION**, even within **THEIR OWN RANKS!** There are those quick to censure in some of the (so-called) smaller things, but who think **NOTHING** of the fact that they, themselves, have **NEVER** put forth



TABERNACLE EAST OF STILWELL

THIS IS OUR GROUP OF MINISTERS AT THE TIME OF WRITING



any effort toward one of the **biggest commands** set forth in the Bible—that of carrying out the great commission, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature” (Mark 16:15). They seem to not have much place for any part of a missionary program in their line of activities. To fail in this respect, is for such people to fail in being “Full Gospel,” no matter how loud they may “shout!” Amen, and Amen.



The Apostolic Faith Restored

We might well begin this (brief) treatise on, “**The Apostolic Faith Restored**,” with an apology to the good writer of a volume, of many years ago, bearing the same title; but of the which we dare say not many (active) copies of such are yet in existence. It was good in many respects; but like that which prompts us at this time to make an effort—it came short in this respect—it, too, like other accounts (in brief) that we have read—was too greatly “flavored” with a doctrinal teaching alien to that which predominated in both the two original outpourings of the latter rain (Topeka, Kans., 1901; and Los Angeles, Calif., 1906).

So if this little volume should be infringing upon the rights of another, we do apologize—and most assuredly, we would not be using the title, if we felt that it was under any legal protection. But what we are attempting herein, we feel that we are doing **solely to the glory of the Lord, and His good cause here upon earth.**

So as we begin our attempt in a brief review of the history of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, in the form

of the latter rain (Deut. 11:14; Job 29:23; Jer. 5:24; Hos. 6:3; Zech. 10:1; Joel 2:28-29; James 5:7, etc.), or the restoration of the Apostolic faith, we think of Luke's salutation to Theophilus in the first chapter of his (Luke's) narration of the Gospel—(though we, in no wise, wish to compare ours to the inspired writings of Luke):

“Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us,

“Even as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word;

“It seemed good to me also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee in order, most excellent Theophilus,

“That thou mightest know the certainty of those things, wherein thou has been instructed.”

In the very onset, let us say that we are sorry, as concerns the outpouring of the Spirit in the beginning of the present century, that we cannot say of it, as did Luke concerning the “declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us”—that we have “perfect understanding” of OUR SUBJECT in question; but we do feel that we have had enough reliable information to give somewhat of a correct account of the same—especially, that which concerned the Spiritual atmosphere of—both occasions.

It so happened that we were fairly well “brought up” under the Spiritual admonition (teaching) of a man of God, the late Bro. E. A. Buckles, who in turn was personally acquainted with about the first person to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost in the original outpouring

of the Spirit in Topeka, Kans., on the first day of January, 1901. She was (Sister) Lula Osman, and among others, was attending a Bible school, under the supervision of the late Bro. Chas. F. Parham, in the Bethel Mission, in Topeka, Kans.; and Sister Osman later worked for a period of time with Brother and Sister Buckles in the (full) Gospel work in the western Arkansas and eastern Oklahoma sections, and who, of course, imparted much valuable information to Brother and Sister Buckles as concerned the outpouring of the Spirit at that place.

The story goes about like this:

The subject had arisen in the school as concerned that of the evidence of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. (These were sanctified Methodist people—bear this in mind.) And their psator, Brother Parham, being called away on some occasion, left them with the instructions that they (of the school) have for him, upon his return, the CORRECT BIBLE EVIDENCE of the baptism of the Holy Ghost on his return. They did—but not as he had suspected!

It was said that as they began a search of the scriptures along that line, that this sister's attention was drawn to the fact that those on record in the Bible, when the Spirit was poured out upon them, invariably "spake with tongues." They were, of course, already deeply consecrated (sanctified) Christian people; and with hearts eager for the truth. And again, of course, they had, as all other old-line holiness people, been taught that we received the Holy Ghost in sanctification, and without any teaching ever having gone forth on that of the evidence of the same as concerned that of "speaking in

other tongues.”

Well, this sister (God was evidently leading her!) reached the place of such concern over the subject, that she called for prayer, and was especially drawn to that experience set forth in the Bible wherein the Apostle Paul at one time “laid his hands” upon about twelve disciples he had found at Ephesus (Acts 19:1-7), and “the Holy Ghost came upon them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied.” So they were going to have prayer, and had requested they “lay hands” upon her, following that Bible procedure. And this is about the manner of their prayer, as we remember how it has been repeated to us by Brother Buckles: “Now, Lord, you know our former teaching—how that we have been taught that we received the Holy Ghost in sanctification. Now, Lord, if we be in error, give us the baptism of the Holy Ghost right now.” And as they laid their hands upon her, she IMMEDIATELY began to speak in another tongue, or a language of the which none of them understood! And from this others began to receive the same experience. And when their pastor had returned, they HAD THE EVIDENCE, alright; but not as was expected—but it was gladly received!

This, of course, as on the original day of Pentecost, began to “be noised abroad.” Great was the stir it caused. As the story goes, government linguists (men who knew other national tongues, or languages) were sent down from Kansas City, to set in on some of their services, and to know for themselves, if this strange phenomena was something real—genuine—or was it but the manifestation of fanatical minds. Their verdict—they were

convinced of the reality of the same—they were speaking in various tongues, or languages of the world!

And so the work spread, if we remember correctly (according to the book in question referred to above) southward, having great influence in Texas, and on into California, where six years later, or that is, from the time of the original outpouring in Topeka, until the time for the great outpouring in Los Angeles, beginning on Bonnie Bray street, among some colored (sanctified) people first; but soon grew to such proportions until necessity demanded they seek larger quarters, which they did on Azuza street, in that city, where the stir began that has since circled the globe. God incidently even had missionaries from foreign fields in Los Angeles at that time, that they might receive, and thus the fire was spread.

We remember, vaguely (according to the book in question, again), how that one of the big daily newspapers in Los Angeles sent a reporter to get a "write up" of one of their services (the Azuza Street work), expecting, of course, for him to turn in a report on the "ridiculous" side of the (strange) meetings. It so happened (and God sometimes deals in "so happenings!") that the reporter in question was of foreign extraction, and while there "watching on," the power of God came upon some one of the good saints who was filled with the Spirit, and they began speaking in tongues with power, and their message seemed directed squarely at the reporter, who, like many another, was more than astonished, for he perceived how that the person was speaking in the mother tongue of the newspaper representative—and directing a

stern warning to the man! Did the reporter in question have a "write up" for the paper? Yes; but FAR from the kind he had formerly had in mind! and it is highly doubtful if the paper ever carried the "report!"

Speaking In Tongues

It is our feeble opining (having some backing in the Word of God), that there has been SOMEBODY, from time to time, upon this earth, from the day of Pentecost, even down to this moment of time, who has had the genuine baptism of the Holy Ghost in their life, with the accompanying phenomena—the Biblical evidence of the same—of "speaking in other tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance" (Acts 2:4). There was a wide space of time from the outpouring of the former rain, which unmistakably occurred on the day of Pentecost, until the outpouring of the latter rain (Topeka, Kans., and Los Angeles, Calif.), in the early part of this present century. Therefore, in view of the fact that the writer in Ecclesiastes 3:14, "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him."

Then in view of this fact, does it not seem altogether probable that the experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost would no more be taken entirely out of existence in the period of time between the two outpourings, than would the blessings of justification, and that of sanctification? If, then, the baptism of the Holy Spirit be yet included in God's blessings from Heaven upon mankind, by virtue of the teaching that "WHATSOEVER GOD DOETH, IT SHALL BE FOR EVER," in the period be-

tween the two outpourings, the same as the other Christian experiences, then it remains as another fact that the EVIDENCE of the blessing (the Holy Ghost baptism) would remain the same! While the dark ages did much to conceal the true revelation of the manifestations of salvation in the world at that time, yet it goes without doubt that SOMEBODY, at different times during that period yet had the victory over sin, if it had to be preserved in the confines of a cave somewhere upon earth!

While Paul spoke in I Cor. 13:8, of how that "charity" would yet BE GOD, if you would get the thought, after everything else had failed, he referred to that of "tongues" among the things that MIGHT FAIL, yet "charity" would live on! And if you will carefully note, in the possible case of "tongues ceasing," he also referred to the like failure of "prophecies" to cease functioning, as well as "knowledge vanishing away." So in that we are quite well aware of the fact that these attributes of the Spirit (I Cor. 12:7-11), have **never as yet failed**, leaves us with the assurance that that of "speaking in other tongues" has likewise **never failed!** Hence, our feeble opinion that SOMEBODY here upon earth, from time to time, at least, has possessed the experience in their life, or lives, that produced the Spiritual phenomena of Acts 2:4!

Though like the teaching of justification by faith, as well as that of sanctification, the doctrine of the baptism of the Holy Ghost "went under ground," so to speak, during the dark ages, and the emergence of open Christianity from that devastating period of time was by degrees—as people were able to receive—"bear it" (I Cor. 3:2). This then explains how that the doctrine of "justi-

fication by faith" was again brought to light through the ministry of Martin Luther; then as people were "able to bear" the deeper teaching on holiness, God had in reserve John and Charles Wesley, who began to make public this great Gospel truth; and then as time drew night, and the so-called Christian world was ready—again "able to bear it," God sent the "latter . . . rain unto the earth," the account of which is as nearly covered as we have definite record of in another chapter in this volume.

Regardless of the fact that much may have already been written in the past relative to the subject we now have upon our mind—and it has been our pleasure to read somewhat along that line, yet we have never seen chronicled that which thoroughly satisfied us; and we will dare say, that after this, our feeble attempt, we may yet be left void of that which we would like to see—A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES COVERING THAT MEMORABLE OCCASION—THE DOCTRINE TAUGHT, ETC., of the outpouring of the Latter Rain in the early part of the present century.

Some accounts that we have read of such have been most thoroughly "flavored" with a doctrinal teaching that we have been assured did not exist at the time of the original outpourings—both at Topeka, Kans., in January, 1901, and later at Los Angeles, Calif., in 1906. And we say this with the greatest respect to the good people who no longer hold to the teaching of sanctification as did those who first received in the above named places. It may hardly be in accordance with the subject matter of this little volume, yet it is far from being alien to much

connected with it—but that of the doctrine of sanctification—its application, etc., after all has been said and done, stands as the greatest dividing line between certain well-known so-called Pentecostal groups. And were it not for this one thing, it is highly possible that we would see a united Pentecost, as the blanket term is used, with Spiritual power that would have long ago shaken the world in a manner never recorded in history!

First White Person To Receive Baptism

(Los Angeles Outpouring)

Many years ago—possibly just before, or at least shortly thereafter, we felt like writing the late Sister Florence L. Crawford, the founder of, and for many years the leader of the Apostolic Faith Mission, in Portland, Ore., for direct information relative to the outpouring of the Spirit in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1906. I understood that she was present in that great revival, and I desired some first-hand information on the doctrine taught at that time. She favored me with a reply; but it is with regret that we are not able to locate it at the time of the compiling of this little volume. This was, of course, many years ago, indeed; and we did keep it intact for a number of years; but it seems to have been lost through improper filing.

However, we are glad that we have stored in our memory, some of the principal statements she gave me—at least, the gist of the same. And the subject of which I was most interested in at the time was that pertaining specifically to the doctrine (teaching) of sanctification among those of that great outpouring, from which the Gospel in its fulness has since circled the

globe.

Her reply was in the affirmative—that sanctification WAS the predominating teaching at that time, at the Azuza Street Mission. She said in part, and about to this effect: “No one was ever taught to seek for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, except they had first sought for, and received a definite experience in sanctification.” She went into detail in this respect, concerning the first schism to occur in the Los Angeles work (Azuza Street) following the outpouring, which, as it is recorded, really first occurred in a prayer meeting on Bonnie Bray Street, among colored saints (sanctified people), and later moved to the Azuza Street address because of the inconvenience of the first address. It was to this effect:

Pastor Durham, of the Stone Church, in Chicago, Ill., was attracted to the great revival in Los Angeles, and began to be an earnest seeker for the deeper things of God. He received a wonderful “experience” from the Lord, in the course of his seeking, and thought that he had surely received the “baptism,” and was going to return to his work in Chicago to tell the glad news. Workers who happened to be in close enough contact with him, realized that he had not as yet received the baptism, but that he had only experienced the blessing of sanctification, pointing out to him the reality of the evidence of the Baptism, and prevailed upon him to remain until he had the genuine blessing in its fulness. He did so; and in a short time he had gone on through to the real experience in the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and spake in tongues as the initial sign, or evidence.

So having now been convinced of the reality of the

blessing his soul desired, he did go back to Chicago, with the glad message of full salvation. And here another story would enter in. In the course of not too long time, through "interpretation," someone came out with a "message" to the effect that God could do the completed work in one operation—just one work of grace, and the person would then be ready for the Holy Ghost baptism—to seek for it. So denying the doctrine further of sanctification as being a second, definite work of grace, he then went back to Los Angeles, and tried to introduce their "new light" teaching among the saints there. She, Sister Crawford, told how that she was yet in Los Angeles, when Pastor Durham returned with such teaching.

Sister Crawford went at length to point out how that sanctification WAS the outstanding doctrine in that respect, relative to the outpouring of the Spirit on the city of Los Angeles at that time. That no one was ever instructed to seek for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as stated above, until they had first experienced a clear (experimental) understanding of the blessing of sanctification. And incidentally, she was the first white woman to receive the baptism in the great Los Angeles outpouring.

As concerns the outpouring in particular, she stated how that a man from the great Wales revival, in England, had come to Los Angeles, and had gotten the whole city (the religious element), stirred to seeking the Lord to pour out the Spirit in that place. She stated how that it was not an uncommon thing for even young men of the Methodist church, to tarry until long into the night,

in their prayer services, seeking the Lord for a visitation upon the city. But when the power did fall, it did not descend upon any of the sectarian churches, but upon that little group of (colored) saints, in a prayer meeting on Bonnie Bray Street, as aforesaid; and they began to receive the mighty baptism in the Spirit, and to speak in tongues, as in Acts 2:4, etc.

Therefore, as in the onset of this little volume, we find that different versions, so to speak, have been given relative to the initial outpouring of Spirit at that time, but all of which we have had occasion to note has “flavored” such history with a doctrinal teaching contrary to that which did predominate in the beginning. The true (original) Apostolic faith doctrine had its inception from a foundation that taught sanctification as a **second, definite work of God’s grace**, wrought in the human heart with the Blood of Jesus (Heb. 13:12), by the Holy Ghost (Rom. 15:16); and NO OTHER TEACHING OF PENTECOSTAL EXTRACTION, can point to other than the Los Angeles outpouring for a foundation for their doctrine, except the claim some so-called “new light” teaching that has arisen since the Bonnie Bray and Azuza Street experiences!

While in no wise trying at attempt the unChristianizing of the sincerity of these of condescending faith, yet we must not overlook that which God has included in the inspired scriptures, according to Ecclesiastes 1:9, which reads—as as concerns any such thing as “new light” (from a Biblical standpoint): “The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under

the sun." This puts a fear in our heart—if God started this thing out just right (which He evidently did!), then we see no grounds for any such thing as "new light," or a change from that which was original. If we are to ascribe the least regard to the teachings of the Wesleys in their introduction of holiness—the "second blessing," or sanctification, we will have to assert that such doctrine holds good today, in the face of the above scripture. "New light" in this respect would only be to now discredit the former teaching of entire sanctification as having been the correct Bible teaching as from God—that men like John Wesley, and other old line holiness ministers of the Gospel were FAR WRONG in their teaching. If they were, what of the prayer that Jesus prayed in John 17—is it to now be considered outmoded in need of "new light" to make it effective in proper application? Beloved, we do fear.

So while our objective in this little volume is not direct along doctrinal lines altogether in this respect; but that of a brief history of the restoration of the Apostolic faith; but which can hardly be rightfully considered except correct reference be made to the original doctrinal teaching upon which IT WAS ORIGINALLY FOUNDED. No condescending doctrinal teaching along the line of sanctification was thought of until that of the above reference. Certainly it has portrayed the present teaching that denies sanctification as being a separate work of Grace, as only a revision of the old Moravian doctrine. It is said that Wesley at one time had fellowship with the Moravian brethren, but when made fully aware of their teaching in this respect, he had to with-

draw his association with them on these very grounds. Therefore, Wesley had to contend with an adverse teaching in this respect, even as those who hold to the original Apostolic faith teaching are faced with practically the same thing today. Count Zinzendorf, a German nobleman, seems to have been the original one to introduce such teaching in the days of the Wesleys. Personally, for myself, we can see NOTHING, even in reason, that would seem derogatory to the teaching of sanctification as a second work of grace—it COULD NEVER detract from any virtune in the course of God's great plan of salvation. It is a message (holiness) all the way through the Bible, that has been addressed to the church, to TO GOD'S PEOPLE. It seems that this, even of itself, would place it in line with that of a "second experience," since it assuredly—in these days of Grace—requires a FIRST work of grace, if we would be a member of the body of Christ—that we have a born-again experience in salvation in order to be a Christian. If Holiness, then, be for THIS CLASS, surely it will take an additional work of grace for Christians to enter into the same!

Young Lady School Teacher Receives Baptism

In the early part of 1915, or just a few brief months after we had been so wonderfully saved, sanctified, and received the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost, in an old-time full Gospel meeting, in Hulbert, Okla., conducted by the late Evangelist Amanda Jane Capps, assisted by others of her family, wife and I accompanied the late Bro. E. A. Buckles and Sister Buckles, and their two small sons—James and John—of route 4, Ozark,

Ark., to Drumright, Okla., where Brother Buckles conducted a revival meeting. (This was before I had begun our ministry in the Lord, and wife and I had merely gone along to be of what service we could in the meeting.)

Some who may read this will remember how that Brother Buckles was our first Conference Chairman (General Superintendent), continuing in that position until forced to resign by reason of ill health about 1930. And while in Drumright, two devoted sisters in the Lord, Lelia and Effie May (I believe of Wapanuka, Okla.), who had spent some years previous in teaching school in that eastern part of Oklahoma, joined Brother Buckles and party in the Drumright revival. (Drumright, at that time, was assuredly a "boom town" in the oil fields of that section.) And the brief history of the reason for these two fine young women in the Lord having been convicted for salvation came about through having witnessed a young girl—illiterate, you might say, of school age—receive this mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost in a revival meeting in the town in which they were teaching at the time.

This young girl was at the altar seeking for the baptism of the Spirit, having previously been converted, and had made the consecration that brought the blessing of (entire) sanctification into her life of course, and was at the time so earnestly seeking for the fulness of the Spirit—the baptism with the Holy Ghost, and these two—pardon us if we say, rather "proud" young women, as yet unconverted (according to the history of the incident), were intently "looking on" as the young school

girl so likewise intently sought the Lord. The power fell in the meanwhile, and the Lord gloriously baptized the girl with the Holy Ghost, and she immediately began "speaking in other tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance" (Acts 2:4).

Of course the child knew nothing of the language she was speaking, neither did others who were witnessing the scene at the time—but these two young ladies happened to know! The Spirit was speaking through the young school girl in perfect Latin. This convinced the two young school teachers of the reality of God in the case—they KNEW this child knew NOTHING of the Latin language; and they therefore knew that it HAD TO BE OF GOD. It resulted in the two worldly school teachers getting under deep conviction before the Lord, and giving their hearts to God.

So in the course of the revival at Drumright at the time in question, it was the privilege of wife and I to be in the "home" where the workers were in "camp" for the revival, that one of these two young women—possibly Sister Effie May—received the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost while in secret prayer (in a clothes closet, if you please!), and of course, also spake in tongues "as the Spirit gave utterance." MANY were the experiences in the Holy Ghost baptism received in those early days, by Blood-washed, consecrated—sanctified—men and women—both young and old; and what DEFINITE WITNESSES they received when the Comforter came in! It was no "glug, glug," fleshly imitation of speaking in "tongues"—there were genuine evidences of LANGUAGES, thank God, with a clearness of enunciation—

they were "saying something," even if no one but God did "understand them" (I Cor. 14:2).

But we are sorry to say, that as time has rolled on, and Satan not being able to stop this mighty outpouring of the Spirit of God—the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost, with the same sign, or (initial) Bible evidence as received on the day of Pentecost—that of "speaking in other tongues, as the Spirit gave utterance" (Acts 2:4; 10:46; 19:6), his next attacks was in part, that of introducing a counterfeit. And in the course of a short while we find a "new doctrine" introduced on the scene—the former teaching of sanctification as a second, definite work of God's grace, and many began to fall in with this erroneous doctrine, or teaching.

This so-called "new light" teaching would do away with that of seeking for sanctification as a definite experience, and put the candidate for the fulness of the Spirit to "seeking" for the Baptism immediately after having professed the blessings of conversion—a "short cut," as you might say, across God's established plan of salvation for the completeness of the same. And Satan having discovered the value of the evidence for the baptism with the Holy Ghost, lost no time in formulating a substitute, or "counterfeit" in the evidence. He would lead "workers" around the altar to instruct the seeker to take something like a "praise word" (let us remember how, that on the day of Pentecost, they were "praising and blessing God" when the power fell on that occasion), and repeat it over and over—even "faster and faster," until at last the human tongue would become tired, and the innocent party would reach the place where they

could not speak coherently, but would lapse off into some kind of "jabber," and then workers would begin to "joyously" proclaim, "That's it; that't it; you've got it; you've got it," and so on until the poor souls would go from that place thinking they had received the precious baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Now we hate to have to be so plain, beloved, in some of our dissertations along the line; but it means much for one to defend the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and for sure, we do not mean to attempt any undue criticism, nor to unChristianize any sincere professor of the (full) Gospel ranks; but any such procedure can only be the works of the flesh. It is a most dangerous thing for one to set aside such fundamental teaching as that of entire sanctification, regardless of what apparent results might follow in the (experimental) life of the individual—the **genuine Holy Ghost baptism** will never come into any thing but a clean temple; and an experience in sanctification is the only thing that will produce just that in the life of the believer! To operate on less than this—the possession of a clean, a pure heart, will only give the enemy all the ground needed to work off a substitute, or counterfeit, on the life of such a one—most any kind of a spirit could thus enter!

And this in no wise, then, will tend to the unChristianizing of the individual who has, by reason of such deep consecration, prayed their way THROUGH to the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This has been the experience of more than one good saint of God who has thus pressed their way through to this mighty blessing—they were so sincere following a definite experience in con-

version—so devoted intent on receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost, that they sought God with ALL THEIR HEART again—made Him every promise, every consecration they could think of, until at last they find themselves ALL on the altar for God; then what COULD they further expect in their lives—why, the answer to such consecration could be nothing short of sanctification, or that complete surrender of EVERYTHING to the will of God. “And this is the will of God, even your sanctification . . . ” (I Thess, 4:3). (Note Heb. 13:12; Rom. 15:16.)

Yes, we personally know some who had this (above) very experience in their lives. They so earnestly sought the Lord in their quest for the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost (after they had been converted, of course), until they suddenly one day, found themselves having prayed through to A BLESSING OF SOME KIND—an experience they had never before found in the Lord, and knew not what to call it: but in the meanwhile at about that same time, or possibly shortly thereafter, found themselves “speaking in other tongues,” in genuineness—had received the Baptism; and then possibly at a later period, heard someone preach on sanctification, as a definite experience—how that it comes about through consecration, and almost immediately they can see their own very experience of sometime back—they can now see how they WERE SANCTIFIED AT THAT TIME!

So whether we will believe it or not; whether we will accept the same—sanctification IS AN EXPERIENCE from God, coming through a complete consecration of

OUR ALL unto Him. Faith in the precious shed-Blood of our Saviour, the Holy Ghost (Rom. 15:16) being the agent in application, will bring the blessing into our lives. It is requisite to our receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost, as practically all so-called Pentecostal people will heartily agree; then WHY do we not plainly teach it as such—tell people HOW to seek for the blessing, and thus receive it in a manner that will leave no room for doubt, neither grounds for a substitutionary profession which only ends in confusion? We are saved by grace, through faith (Eph. 2:9); sanctified with the Blood (Heb. 13:12), by the Holy Ghost (Rom. 15:16); and baptized with the Holy Ghost (Matt. 3:11; Mark 1:8; Luke 3:16; John 1:33), and with the Biblical evidence as set forth again as in Acts 2:4; 10:46; and 19:6—that of speaking in other tongues, or languages, as the Spirit gives utterance. And here let us plainly state, in view of the fact of so much dissension along the line of the “application” of the Blood, that just one good, Biblical reasoning, will teach us that **it is faith in the atoning Blood of Jesus**, that brings any (Spiritual) experience into our lives—on this atonement, is built the whole plan of God’s salvation for a lost and ruined world! So let us not argue too much about application—let’s look for results! This is plain, simple doctrine, that no Spiritually-minded man or woman can conscientiously dispute, thank God!



A Larger Press

The following article, written by Brother Bond and published in the February and March, 1944, issue of The

Apostolic Faith Messenger, gives a brief account of how the Lord and His people provided a large press, and Brother Bond's expectations for future developments in his printing of the Gospel. The "Big Press" was in fair condition and was used to print the last issue of the paper. He printed four pages himself before going home to be with the Lord. The other eight pages were printed after his going.

What Hath God Wrought!

Words would fail to express our gratitude to God, and our thankfulness to the saints and friends, through whom the dear Lord has made it possible by their tithes and offerings, that we might have the larger press, which we now have in operation (though not as yet in complete adjustment), which, we feel, is going to greatly speed up the work of the publication of the Gospel in this manner, as well as enlarging the paper, and making the work so much lighter for both wife and myself. And in no less terms do we feel deeply thankful in our hearts for the modest little home here in a beautiful section of the good old friendly state of Arkansas, which we assuredly feel that God has given into our hands, to house our enlarged equipment (it being most impossible to try to maintain such, having to move from place to place in rented, and unsuitable property), as well as providing a dwelling place for us in our more declining years, after having spent, now going on 30 years, in the good Gospel cause, with the last 13 years (since in September, 1930) in the added work of publishing the little paper. And we are now awaiting shipment from the factory, a

rebuilt "Addressograph," or mechanized (hand-operated) addressing system that prints the entire address on a wrapper for the little paper (may it always be that!) at one stroke of the lever. This will be a time and labor saver here in the office work, for which we shall again be truly thankful.

So we feel the thought above, "What hath God wrought?" taken from Numbers 23:23, is best expressive of our feelings in the manner, and the purpose of, which God has undertaken in this respect, in these fastly closing days of time, wherein if one has a work to do for the Lord, they had best be about their Master's business, for truly, the night is coming, when no man can work (John 9:4). Therefore, if any be wondering WHY, or HOW, this little place called home, and enlarged equipment, we hope, hereby, they may understand—that God hath wrought it all; and truly, we mean, by His help, everything within our hands, from the old '37 Chevrolet, to this acre of ground (more or less), with all contained thereon, shall be used solely to His glory in a direct, and indirect manner, in furthering the old time Gospel in its purity. So to all who have had a part in this—May God bless you, every one! Come this way some time, if God will, and see the fruit of your help—we shall not be ashamed for you to see how, and the purpose for which, it has been spent! Again, may God bless you. Amen.

"THE LITTLE PRESS"

Thirteen years of faithful service;
Thirteen years of helping tell the story,

That it takes a life free from all sin,
To gain for the soul, a home in Glory.
Little and inanimated though I be,
Yet, to "honour God," has been my plea.
If human beings could be like me,
No "little you's" nor big "I's" you'd see.
"Praises to God," "Glory," and "Amens,"
Yet many times tears were flowing,
As from the "Little Press" The
"Messenger" pages were going.
God saw fit to use "me" to start
A good work of which I've been a part.
Now a larger work and a larger press,
May He, in His goodness, continue to bless.
I've printed Revivals, Fellowships, and
Camp Meetings—whatever the call;
Conferences, Conventions, Photographs—
Trying to be a blessing to all.
Now I sit in a "corner," and
Continue to help wherever "I" may—
Just print wrappers return addresses, or
Whatever shall happen to come my way.
May the faithful printer, too,
When this good work will be done,
Lay aside "apron" and "rule,"
To receive a promised crown.
Cherished and blessed by many a one,
Both printer and press for the work
They have done.
So may we all just as faithful be,

That some day the result
Of our labours we'll see.

—Sister Sophia Scaggs

Rt. 1, Earlsboro, Okla.

*(This poem was taken from the February and March issue of
"The Apostolic Faith Messenger.")*



"MY LIFE IN BRIEF"

Conclusion

Now that we have come to the conclusion of this little narrative, and the events recorded herein seem to have all (or at least the most of them) occurred in the former years of our ministry, some may be prone to wonder **WHY** there has not been much to relate concerning more recent years. As set forth in the former portion of this little volume, there were many more events of exciting interest as this good Gospel was being established throughout the land, in that Satan was working on the "outside," so to speak, heaping persecutions upon the saints—especially, the ministry; bringing opposition through closing doors against revival meetings; committing acts of violence against those who dared to stand for the truth of the (full) Gospel, etc., but seeing this did not stop the spreading of the good Word of God in its fulness and purity, he (Satan) then changed his line of attack to that of "within," bringing in division, creating dissention; and introducing schisms, etc., amongst the saints; hence, the results of the present-day opposition of the enemy of our souls is quite different from that of the formative days of the good full Gospel Movement, or so-called Pentecost in general—the recording of such

would be far from edifying, though set forth in print!

You may say, "But, Brother Bond, OUR CHURCH (Movement) is not bothered with, as you say, any opposition from 'within'—we are getting along just fine; our people are of one accord; we love each other; and are pulling together for the salvation of the lost." In reply, we would say this—since it is a fact patent to all, that the church of today is not being faced with opposition and persecution from the outside world as was once the case, yet we will dare say that the enemy is at work AGAINST YOU IN SOME RESPECT—he is never idle; if it be not with even any threat of division, schism, dissention, etc., amongst your members, he is POSSIBLY leading you and your good people into SOME KIND OF A COMPROMISE along worldly lines! Sad to say, but it is nevertheless the plain truth—FAR TOO MANY who one time appeared in the neat, plain, simple attire of what they felt was that of a saint of God, can NOW scarcely be told from the rest of the world when seen out in public! And if not in this, if you will take note, he is gradually leading those who one time "shouted the victory" in all reality, into a duplication of the sectarian church in their "form" of worship—copying the up-to-date class in pulpit mannerisms, order of services, etc.

Yes, do not forget for a moment but what Satan is ON YOUR TRAIL IN SOME MANNER; and if not careful, you will be made aware of a weak spot somewhere, and there find the faith, victory, joy, and sincerity that was once YOURS (YOUR CHURCH), leaking out; and this is FAR WORSE for any group of people, than that of real persecution of former days, which tended to bring us all

closer to the Lord. We are right in this thing; and if YOU have old-time salvation, and have been in the good way with the Lord for that length of time, you will agree with us throughout. Amen.

And as concerns that of Divine Healing—we note that we have not had occasions to make too much mention of such as concerns our own personal self' throughout this little volume, and some may again be prone to inquire as to WHY there has not been more said in this respect in more recent years. Possibly at this point in the closing of our life's narrative, though brief that it has been, is the proper time for such mentioning. First, we do thank God for the good health with which He has blessed us during the greater part of our life for Him. We have not suffered too many bodily afflictions during the course of our Christian life; but there has been a few times of very recent years, that had it not been for the mighty (healing) power of God, we would not be employed in typing these few lines at this time! Whether you would be disposed to believe such or not, yet there have been a few times, had not God came on the scene, Satan would have destroyed this literal body; but the dear Lord, for SOME REASON, has always rebuked the enemy of our soul, and brought us deliverance. Praise His good Name!

Today, we are suffering the dangerous effects of high blood pressure. As yet we do not know just what the final results are going to be; but by the grace of God, and through His tender mercy, we are yet among the living; AND MAY BE HERE WHEN THE GLAD TRUMPET SOUNDS! We have trusted God through our affliction;

and by His grace and help, we expect to be doing so until the end, or the coming of the Lord, who shall change these vile bodies, and give us a glorified one, which will never know an ache or pain.

Some three years ago, or thereabouts, we suffered a light stroke in our right side; and on the very day that God come on the scene and touched our body, did the enemy follow with an attack of (brief) total paralysis. We know that God had undertaken for us (Brother and Sister Minick, of our home village, Oakrove, Ark., were called in to help wife and I pray); and we had all returned from a trip to Berryville, a few miles away, and I was sitting in the kitchen while wife was preparing lunch for herself and me, when the same feeling that had affected my right arm seemed to begin creeping over my left arm, and to affect my entire body. I noticed an interference in my speech, and felt my entire body being affected. I called wife's attention, and she came and sat down in front of me, trying to console me. I told her to try to get me to the bed, that I felt that total paralysis was creeping over me. By this time I could hardly speak in a manner to be understood. She assisted me to my feet, and as we attempted to turn about to go to the bedroom, my whole body went limp. We both fell to the floor, with she, of course, calling upon God; and God DID HEAR, and in a few seconds time I was able to reach my hand up and grasp the top of a little washstand alongside of which we had fallen, and by her assistance, was soon able to get on my feet, but could barely move one foot past the other as I attempted to walk. Of course we were praying all the while, and in

a few moments' time, I could reach out into a more normal step, and so on, until I was able to walk again.

Now while we have never been able to understand why this second "stroke" so immediately following what we felt assured was our healing of the first, yet we do know that it was God who came on the scene, and brought us back from the very jaws of death! And just why we have never been able to get final and complete deliverance from our high-blood-pressure condition, we are not able to understand; but the dear Lord does know and fully understands; and if He never sees fit to bring complete healing to me in this life, I am sure that nothing connected with my affliction will bar me from the Courts of Glory some glad day! While we in no manner would attempt to compare ourself with the Apostle Paul, yet he carried an affliction in his body to Nero's execution block, and is now reaping in Glory for his faithfulness in this life, though he did suffer in the flesh in that respect. Amen.

So as we bring this little volume to a close, we are glad to testify that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and today, and for ever" (Heb. 13:8). He has been with us through trials, tests, oppositions, and persecutions, some of which could have easily meant our life; but He has never failed to be near in the time of need. He is **an ever present help in the time of need**, as declares the scriptures. And now that we have delivered our soul in this feeble attempt at a brief narrative of our life, we hope that SOMETHING in its contents has been a blessing to you—we have felt God in our undertaking; and we are sure that He never moves for naught; and should

He see fit to spare our life further, we hope to be able to appear before you in the not too distant future with a few more volums at least, dealing with His good cause as pertains to that of His good plan of salvation; something about the Apostolic Faith Movement in general; and possibly a compilation of choice Gospel messages from the files of **The Apostolic Faith Messenger**, both personal, and that of writers in other religious magazines. It looks like a rather big undertaking, especially from one who is on the already fast declining side of life; but we remember how that our God is a BIG GOD, and amply sufficient for all things designed to His glory. God bless you. Pray for us. Our address: Bro. O. H. Bond, Oakgrove Ark. Amen, and Amen.

The Lord Doth Provide

After the Lord made the way for the Big Press, we went to Kansas City for a paper cutter, and bought one, and had it shipped to Reed Springs, Mo. When it arrived at the depot everyone working there wondered what it was. They had it guessed everything else but a paper cutter. Bro. Horrel Wilson took his truck and hauled it to our little print shop in our home. The Lord made the way for this paper cutter when we did not have a penny nor a way to get it to the printer's home.

Then not long after that we got out an issue of the paper, working hard to get it printed and was wrapping it, had it almost ready to mail but for the postage, and we were feeling rather low over not having money for postage. A young man, Bro. George Freeman of Tulsa, Okla., came to our door and handed Brother Bond a ten dollar bill, saying, "Brother Bond, I felt like the Lord

wanted me to give this to you," so the postage was then provided, and many other times, too. One time we got a letter from a sister in the Lord, sending a dime in that letter to help on the paper, and Brother Bond got down on his knees and thanked God for that offering. He knew that sister sent every penny she had. So the offerings came in from one dime to a hundred dollar check. God made the way many times when we knew not where it was coming from, only through the Lord. There has been times when we could only mail out a few of the papers at a time as there was not enough postage to mail them all at once.

Now the printing equipment is sitting here in the office and seems to be pining and saying, "Where is my master?" I helped Bro. Earnest Buckles run the last paper Brother Bond had started. When we made the last run, it was sad knowing that issue would be the last paper I would work on that my dearly beloved had started himself.

Dear readers, I am sitting here alone in the office weeping while I am trying to write a few words to add to the article Brother Bond put in the first paper he ever run on the Big Press. Since the large press was moved in to the printer's home, there had to be quite an enlargement in the office for a small letter press and mailing machines and so on. Here is the picture of the printer of "The Apostolic Faith Messenger."

We won't meet any more in this life, but I can say, as did David of old. He said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." And I think of the time when

David's son passed from this life. He arose and wanted to eat; the people did not understand. He said, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." It certainly is a great consolation, to know that there is a place when life is over where we shall meet never to part no more.

May God bless each of the readers of this little book, and that some glad day we will arise and meet you in Heaven.

SISTER O. H. BOND

Brother Bond Called Home

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Rev. 14:13.

At Hulbert, Okla., Jan. 1, 1915, Oscar H. Bond was converted to Christ, later sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost. He was healed and delivered from the use of morphine. He was an ardent preacher with the Church of God of the Apostolic Faith.

Called Home

On Friday, March 22, 1957, God saw fit to call him home. He had been in failing health for some time, but continued on in his work for the Lord, as his health would allow. He was feeling poorly on this Friday morning so he and Sister Bond drove over to the parsonage at Boyd Church, that Bro. Raymond Edmondson and wife might pray with them. He remarked that he wanted to have one more experience with the Lord before He called him home. During the prayer he raised his hand and exclaimed, "Glory!" and seemed to be blessed of the Lord throughout the day.

After returning home, he went to their "little prayer house" in the back yard for another talk with the Lord. When Sister Bond went to see about him, the Lord had called him home. There he lay, just outside the door of their place of secret communion. A valiant soldier was called from earth's battlefield to the beautiful homeland and his Father's house. King David had this to say of a valiant soldier in Israel: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" II Sam. 3:38.

Those whose lives have been touched by this departed one, will not soon forget him. His influence will remain a strong factor in each life as pertaining to things eternal.

"A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth." Eccl. 7:1.

Called To The Ministry

Early in his Christian life Brother Bond was called into the ministry. To this calling he was not disobedient, but fervently and faithfully began his ministry, preaching holiness in its fullness. The greater portion of his time in the ministry was spent in the states of Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas. Wherever he preached he steadfastly declared "oldtime holiness" to be a standard of Christian Living for both young and old.

Preaching the Gospel was not so pleasant from the standpoint of finance and means of travel in the days of Brother Bond's early ministry. It was often called a "faith route." Fixing flats and trusting God for gasoline money was trying on one's faith. These experiences worked for him a more sure steadfastness in the faith,

and the blessings were more than welcome.

The Paper

Having been at one time a newspaper publisher, Brother Bond visioned the possibilities of publishing the Gospel along with his personal ministry. He obtained favorable sanctions from leaders of like faith and set out to establish a Gospel paper.

The "Apostolic Faith Messenger" was first published in not so prosperous times. Brother Bond borrowed \$50.00 from a friend to purchase his first press and other equipment to publish "The Messenger" which had its beginning in September, 1930. This first press, a foot-powered machine, was small as well as financial assistance from readers of the paper.

Like his ministry, Brother Bond put his soul, mind, inspiration and physical effort into this publication. He published the Gospel like he preached it. Hundreds were blessed by what they read on the pages of this paper, so sincerely written and edited.

At first a print shop was set up in one room of the home in Tahlequah, Okla., later moving to Bixby, Okla., before settling in the present location in Oak Grove, Ark., where a part of the home was arranged to accommodate the printing equipment. It was here that he had this "Easter" issue in the process of printing. The front page and the Easter message, as well as some other pages were printed by his own hands. His wife, a faithful companion, is making a special effort to finish this issue of the little paper that you, the readers, may be benefited once more by reading its pages.

Years have passed since the beginning of the "Apos-

tolie Faith Messenger." Since it has had a very decided effect as pertaining to the Gospel message, perhaps some one is in Glory because of it; someone may still be in the race; someone a little stronger; and someone's load a little lighter.

EARNEST BUCKLES

OBITUARY

Oscar Harrison Bond was born August 8, 1890, at Tahlequah, Cherokee County, Okla. He was the son of Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Bond.

He was united in marriage to Georgia Capps in 1911.

He became a minister of the gospel in 1915 to which he was loyal and faithful until his death, March 22, 1957. He was publisher of a religious paper, "The Apostolic Faith Messenger," for 32 years. This was enjoyed by countless numbers of people and had a circulation in most every state in the union. At the time of his death a paper was on the press in process of being published.

His life ended as he had desired, he had just finished a session of prayer.

He is survived by his wife, Georgia, and one sister, Mrs. George Kinder of Baxter Springs, Kan., and a host of other relatives and friends.

Funeral services were held Sunday, March 24, 1957, at two o'clock in the afternoon at Boyd Church (near Oak Grove, Ark.) with Bros. Raymond Edmondson, J. F. Atchley and Jack Sullivan officiating. Singers were Rose O'Neal, Ernest Latta, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Waterman. Songs: "It Is Well With My Soul," "We Shall Meet," were

sung.

Graveside services were conducted by Bro. L. L. Wheeler in Blue Springs Cemetery at Tahlequah, Okla., at 6:30 p. m. the same day.

Pallbearers were: Rev. O. S. Wood, Rev. A. J. Duncan, Rev. Clarence Bailey, Rev. Carl Minick, Rev. Lowell Minick and Rev. Forest Miller.

His loving kindness, service and hospitality will long be remembered by the many who have known him. He was very dear to his fellow ministers.

OAK GROVE

(Mattie Humbard)

It is but natural that anyone should have a deep sense of loss on account of the death of a friend. In penning this tribute of respect to the memory of our neighbor, Rev. O. H. Bond, I am sure that I am giving expression to an emotion that many another has experienced under like circumstances. Mr. Bond passed away suddenly Friday evening, about 6 o'clock. Still something tells me that surely no other ever had friends quite so grand as Mr. and Mrs. Bond. They were more than friends to me and mine—they seem just like a father and mother. They made those near feel that there was something in their association that was real.

For several years they have published a paper, called "The Apostolic Faith Messenger," which many of you have been getting from time to time. At the time of Rev. Bond's death he had an issue about ready to mail. It was with this paper that Mrs. Bond was a helping hand in reaching a wide circle of friends. No words could

express the evidence of sorrow that now abides in the home he has vacated. I have never known a more lovable Christian character in his Bible teaching than Brother Bond. His teachings will live on and on in this community and others. No one would ever go wrong if they followed his advice. Old and young admired him. It can truly be said, a good man has gone to his reward.

Funeral services were held at the Boyd Church Sunday afternoon and burial was in Oklahoma.

LOSS AND GAIN

As I try to write these few lines words seem so very empty and inadequate. Truly we have LOST one of the bravest soldiers of our Master's Army. But he has GAINED the glorious robe and crown, for which he has so faithfully labored these many years. Oh that we had more people who would follow in his footsteps, and not compromise with the world! Many times during the last several years it was not my privilege to live near a good Pentecostal Church, and at times the churches I attended were so full of the world, that it almost seemed there was no one left who still believed in old-time holiness. Then I would receive "the little paper," as Brother Bond often called it. And it was always as "good news from a far country." It gave me new courage to go on.

Brother and Sister Bond had a heart of love and were willing to sacrifice that they might help others. Nine years ago my husband passed away suddenly, leaving me with three children. And while others were seemingly wondering what I would do next, Brother and Sister Bond again showed their Christian love by writing



BRO. O. H. BOND

and inviting me to come, share their home. Even though I did not accept the offer, it was so comforting just to know that "SOMEONE CARED" and now all my children and myself join together in saying, that truly we welcome Sister Bond to share our home.

"Weeping may endure for a night,
but joy cometh in the morning."

SISTER JUANITA KING

Midlothian, Texas.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

In Memory of a beloved friend, Bro. O. H. Bond, who passed away on March 22, at his home in Oak Grove, Ark.:

We miss his footsteps coming down the walk; we miss his smiles, we miss his talk.

We miss his visits in our home; we miss his hardy handshakes and that leave our heart so sad and lone.

We miss his Bible teaching, we miss his good testimonies; we miss his preaching.

But Jesus said, Come unto me and take your rest for you have labored hard and done your best.

Now at rest in that home above, where all is joy, peace and love.

In that Land so bright and fair, and we know he will make a wonderful angel for Jesus up there.

We hope some day to meet in Glory Land, and look

upon our Saviour's face, and take our loved ones by the hand.

May God bless his broken-hearted wife in her great lass and comfort her heart and help her to bear the cross.

THE DUVALL FAMILY.

