

come (but still singing, till Aloni would motion them to go on. Then Josefa came to see why they were so long. The girls were still dressing. At last! There the Bride came, walking by the side of her father, weeping. The bridegroom came forward and stood by her side but she turned half away and wept still harder. In her hand she held a pretty little bunch of flowers which Mamma had sent over—the two bridesmaids also had a bunch each. They walked forward and the crowd followed. Suddenly the mother and father and several others howled. They went a little way down the hill, then round the big cattle kraal, and Layina and Paulosi and one bridesmaid all sat on Layina's big red trunk. Behind was her new iron bedstead and the thick mattress and several rolls of mats, etc.

Josefa hushed the people and Aloni held the meeting. He spoke very nicely from a few verses of the fifth chapter of Ephesians. A nice hymn was sung and then we had prayer.

After the service was over they went slowly to the bridegroom's home with the bride. There was to be another feast and a testimony meeting there. The sisters went too but we had taken neither horses nor donkeys, so we returned home on shank's mares.

The bride did look so sweet! Miss Helen took several pictures of them with her camera.

Good-bye, from

GRACE SANDERS.

REVIVAL SERIES

(No. 1)

G. V. Fairbairn.

"For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." (Acts IV. 20).

Perhaps some will imagine that in this article we are blowing our own horn, but God knows we are not; and while we have had the following facts at our disposal since 1918, we have hitherto been silent; but now we speak; we do so only that God may be glorified. "Hallowed be Thy name."

It was in August, 1915, in our own, first home, at 89 Collingwood Street, Kingston, Ontario, that Sister Fairbairn and I prayed through out of a backslidden condition and God came in saving power. At once the mighty desire seized and held us. Oh, to see others saved. In January, 1916, we plunged into our first revival, at the Godfrey appointment, on the Verona circuit of the Montreal Conference, Canada Methodist Church. In four weeks God gave us twenty-eight or twenty-nine seekers at the mourner's bench. In February, same year, we commenced a second campaign at Bellrock. Incidentally, and providentially, I had been taking God's Revivalist; and the writings of men like Godbey, Carradine, Kulp and others were getting hold of my heart. During the Bellrock effort I became painfully convinced of my powerlessness; and just as fully convinced that what the Revivalist advocated was what I needed. My heart hunger became so great that one night, while wife and I knelt in prayer on the mat at the door of the old range, in the old Methodist parsonage at Verona, I broke past the dread of acknowledging my need before my helpmate, broke off my

praying for my flock, and cried out, "Oh, God, sanctify me wholly." In a few moments I was testifying, to the only one present, that God had sanctified me wholly. Glory be to God!

The fire in our bones raged better than ever and in three years, less a few months, we held sixteen revivals on that big country circuit, two off the circuit, two holiness conventions, and a holiness camp-meeting. Let us glorify the God who so favored us, by telling that we did not have one barren revival. Glory to God.

In those days of mighty visitation we used to pray four and five times a day. We simply had to do so; we simply had to. God answered prayer mightily. He does the same today.

We were very ignorant of the tricks of the enemy and later threw away our confidence. We can see now that we kept the victory in temptation; but, under the biting, stinging accusations of hell, surrendered our confidence; and with confidence away went our victory and the blessing. August, 1917, at Richland, N. Y., under the preaching of Brother David Anderson, God dug us out again. Praise our God.

We came back home to the same circuit and the same fire that we had felt the years before was burning again. Our souls went out after the lost with mighty longing. We prayed, we preached, we labored, we walked in the light as fast as it came; but above and bigger and better than all, God Himself was working.

In September, 1917, a revival broke out which led us deeper into God, led us out of the church to which we then belonged, led us into the firing line in evangelistic work, and raged backwards and forwards over the central part of Frontenac County (Ontario), never ceasing in its burning until December, 1918, when the scourge of influenza put a period of revival effort. It commenced in the little white Methodist Church at Desert Lake, crossed the lake to the Friend's Meeting House on Thirteen Island Lake. From there it spread out to Deyo's Corners. It never ceased. There were seekers at nearly every church service and prayer service. Whether the preacher took the service, or whether some of the laity had it, made no difference, God Almighty was in charge. Hallelujah. Those were days of mighty praying. We had back of us the Mighty God, and under Him a band of men and women, some of them old Methodists, some of them new converts, some of them really sanctified Free Methodists, and some of them a few unprejudiced No-sects, who were mighty in fasting and prayer. Formalists called us "The Gypsies." Some professors of holiness looked askance at us and held rigidly aloof. But God was working and blessing and the revival spread. We saw a wonderful tent meeting at Deyo's Corners in June, 1918. It then crossed the lakes to Godfrey. Some Wesleyans then pitched in, God bless them. At the Godfrey camp meeting, Brothers G. J. Kunz, David Anderson and C. E. Cowman (two of them now in glory), were the evangelists. It was a wonderful meeting. Wonderful! My heart still flows over with praises to God for it.

From there some Methodists invited us to Newburgh, Lennox County. August

was on us before that meeting closed. The tent went up again and in four days Wilmur tent meeting, one of the most successful we ever saw, was on. Holiness Movement and what are now Standard Church folks, now joined the battle. I love and honor Holiness folks whose love for God is bigger than their own denomination, and whose zeal takes them anywhere when the fight is hot and allies are needed. We recall with pleasure battles that were fought when Wesleyan, Holiness Movement, Free Methodist, Standard Church, and ex-Methodist, preachers and laymen worked shoulder to shoulder for God; we also remember that the number of those who stood aloof was very small; we hope they have ere this learned a better lesson.

From Wilmur the fight surged back to Wilton, from there back to Sydenham, from there back to Harrowsmith. We had seen the lines of battle pass through this town a good many times; but at last we were able to secure the town hall there, and with the help of Brothers R. Babcock, W. Burns, Martin Leedy, W. Gregory and E. E. Shelhamer, but above all, the Holy Spirit, we saw a terrific battle staged. Formalism, Secret Orders and the Devil fought side by side against the work; but God triumphed. From Harrowsmith, our band went to Verona where in the Free Methodist Church, with W. Gregory, pastor, we fought the last battle of the campaign. Sister Shelhamer took sick at home in Pennsylvania. Sister Fairbairn took down ill in Kingston. The flu was spreading all around Verona: the health officer closed the churches. The campaign was over.

From that September, 1917, to December, 1918, hundreds were saved, many were sanctified wholly. Some of them are in glory today, who, shortly after the services, went home in the flu chariot. The great majority are still on the way. Some of them are in the ministry, one is on the foreign field. Some of them are in the Movement; some in the Free Methodist; but we did not care what Church they joined so long as they joined something clean that would help them on to glory. We were always very much afraid of putting new born babes in refrigerators. A host of those old warriors, who stood by us from the first are scattered far from the scenes of former conflicts. To them wherever they are we send our hearts' best wishes and prayers; we ask them to give all the glory for it all to God, and to look up for another mighty, much-needed, but gloriously possible revival.

Lord, wilt Thou not revive us again? Thy whole people?

Lord, begin it, for Jesus' sake, let it begin in us.

Lord, let it begin in me.—Amen.

"Pray till the victory comes."

HOLINESS

(No. 2)

Chas. V. Fairbairn.

"We also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Heb. xii. 1.

The great forethought of God was to have a holy people. "He hath chosen us in him BEFORE THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD, that we should be HOLY (Continued on Page Seven)