

THE "DEATH" OF THE "D. D."

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religion. He is a good fellow, eloquent as Demosthenes, but lacked spirituality." Do you see the point? I made myself as comfortable as I could that night—think I turned over 100 times. "Briggs professed sanctification! Well, well, well! He must be crazy; anyhow, he is a good fellow—and always was. Tom Atkinson is impulsive, but Briggs—well! Don't it beat everything." Thus I reasoned.

Saturday, word came to me from Briggs that he would preach for me Sunday night; that I must go to Centenary and hear Dr. Carradine. I gladly accepted Dr. Briggs' kind offer and went over Sunday evening. The sermon by Dr. Carradine, songs and prayers, all made a good impression; but far from what they seemed to make on others. Indeed, there was intense feeling in the house. Tears, shouts, amens, were everywhere, but I was not equal to the occasion. It was above me; I could not reach it. I went away—sad and thoughtful; went away introspecting my life. What I found I have already told. I returned Monday morning and was present at the 9 o'clock service. It was one of remarkable power; the Lord was there. At the close of the service Dr. Carradine called for seekers of sanctification. I neither went forward nor stood up; but concluded that I would go away. To me it was a mystery; it was not such a meeting as I had often attended. There was lightning in it; the strokes were coming thick and fast. My soul was gradually becoming a storm center. I was being slowly but surely drawn into it by the power of Divine grace.

I took my hat, cane, and overcoat, and started out of the church, but found Dr. Briggs at the door, and he urged me to remain. He was weeping. I was neither cold nor indifferent to his plea, but treated it with respect. I knew he was in earnest, and earnestness always commands attention. Looking around, I saw Mrs. Gilde, a lady whom I had known for many years, on the same mission, who after speaking a few words on another subject, said quietly, "Are you going away?" I had an engagement in Oakland, but concluded to let it go and attend to it later. I went back into the church and took my seat. My thoughts for a few moments ran thus: "Lord, what blessings I have received from Thee have been good, and I know all about them; but if there are others that would be of service to me, or to my ministry, I want them. I now take the place of the ox on the Greek coin—stand between the altar and the plow—ready for service or sacrifice. I am ready for poverty or riches, friends or foes, but give me what I need. This is as near the train of thought as I can give. Suddenly I found myself falling—falling away from everything—the church and preachers, my family and friends. I went down into loneliness and desolation. I became unconscious of what was about me—I could not see—an horror of darkness was around me.

I went down, down; and for the first time I felt alone. O, the sense of loneliness was awful; never to my dying day can I forget it. As I continued to descend the Fire went crashing down through my body; a sense of burning as distinct in my flesh as though coals of fire were laid on it; yet there was no charring—no pain. By this time I believed I was dying, and although I could not see, my mind was active; I felt my pulse and found that my heart was beating regularly. Just at the end of the darkness, to my surprise, I found myself in the arms of the "Wonderful Man." He was the whitest man I ever saw; His face was like the sun. For a moment

He held me; and such a bracing, buttressing and girding of life I never had before. I was, blessed by God, in the arms of Omnipotence. Then the vision ceased to be objective; slowly, as I sat there, I saw the Christ pass into my own life, and with the last glimpse of Him came bliss unutterable. For hours and hours wave after wave of glory rolled into my soul. At times it seemed to me that I would die; it was more than I could hold. Then there would be a cessation; but as soon as I could get my breath another great wave would come and quite overwhelm me. For forty-eight hours I was tossed by those heavenly gales.

I have said enough; the half I have not nor could not tell. The effect on my life has been peace, quietness, assurance. I found the work wrought in me to be purgative, illuminative, unitive. I love my church, my brethren, my family—the whole world—better than I did before. My church's doctrines—justification, regeneration, sanctification and redemption stand out in my experience as great lights.

Everything drops down to its place; and my experience is delightful. I have no quarrels about terms; no fault to find with other people's experiences; only want the privilege of "growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour."

How did I get this delightful experience? Have told you all that I know; but looking backward I see that my surrender was complete, my consecration perfect. The Lord Jesus came and accepted the sacrifice; and every moment since I have been happy. More: A large number of devout men and women were praying for me—praying that I might be conquered, as I had been an open enemy to the truth and experience of entire sanctification. No doubt the Great Head of the church heard their prayers; and for His own sake, theirs, and mine, gave me this joy.

What effect has it had on my life? It has tranquillized it. The fret, worry, and anxiety are all gone; my heart aches no more; my feet, once so tired, are now resting; indeed, they feel as if they were in the burning path of the cherubim. Hallelujah!

I am not a dreamer; nor given to hallucinations. It has been hard for me to believe in the supernatural; hence I have preached more on miracles, the new birth, and other subjects involving supernatural power, than most preachers. "Why should you thus preach?" you ask. Because I forced myself by study and talk to believe that the Holy Ghost was immanent in everything. I know it now. He imported into my life the life of Jesus Christ. "Christ in us," rehabilitating our natures is my conception of entire sanctification.

Dr. Beverly Carradine was a blessing to hundreds on the Pacific coast; and the M. E. church, South, is better for his coming. He sowed no seeds of strife; he divided no churches; but left behind him a name as precious as the name of a good man (Acts 11:24) can be.

I must add: That I do not call it "Second Blessing," but "sanctification"; that is its name and shall be so long as the New Testament is read.—Bible Christian.

TWO BOYS, A BOAT AND A JUDGE

According to the newspapers, three boys, of Santa Cruz, California, Lyle Tara, James Henninger and Bill Grace, took a yacht belonging to Lou K. Foote and went for a lark and adventure. Arraigned for theft before Judge Rob B. Maxey, they were sentenced each to spend his days until twenty-one years of age in the Preston Reform School.

However, the judge said that he noted that

this was a first offense against the law, that the boys neither smoke nor drink, and that they had attended church services more or less.

Therefore, his honor suspended the sentence. In doing so he made a very wholesome and impressive address to the boys, a part of which follows:

"You shall obey all of the laws of the United States of America, of the state of California, and of any county or municipality in which you may reside; you shall enter high school at the opening of the fall term, and continue your education in high school until you have graduated therefrom. You shall not, pending the further order of the court, use tobacco in any form, nor use intoxicating liquor in any form, and that includes beer.

"You shall attend (Tara, the Free Methodist; Henninger, Seventh Day Adventist; and Grace, Congregational) church, either in Santa Cruz or in any county or city in which you may reside, one service each Sunday. I don't care whether it is Sunday School or whether it is church, but you are to go to one church service each Sunday. You are to learn the Ten Commandments by heart, and six months from this time you are to repeat them verbally and in their entirety to the district attorney of this county, or to the probation officer, as he may direct.

"You will make no public appearance, write no articles, nor willingly permit your picture to be taken for any purpose connected with this adventure that you were on. You will report to the probation officer of this county, either personally or in writing, once each month pending further order of this court; and I might state to you that if you will carry out the terms and provisions that have been set for you today, when you reach twenty-one you can come back into this court and there will be nothing that will afford the judge of this court any greater pleasure than to release you from probation and commend you for your action and relieve you of any further embarrassment by reason of this thing that you have been through."

The judge appears to be one of those old-fashioned individuals who believes that beer is liquor, and that all liquor and smoking are bad for boys. Then he believes in the salutary effect of the Sunday school, the church service, and the Ten Commandments. He did not appoint any boy to attend the movie. Perhaps parents can get a hint from this.—Free Methodist.

WESLEY'S ARGUMENT FOR INSPIRATION

John Wesley gave a short argument for the inspiration of the Scriptures that is well worth remembering.

"The Bible must be the invention either of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God.

"1. It could not be the invention of good men or angels, for they neithed would nor could make a book and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying, 'Thus saith the Lord,' when it was their own invention.

"2. It could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they could not make a book that commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns their own souls to hell for all eternity.

"3. Therefore, draw the conclusion that the Bible must be given by divine inspiration." —From The King's Business.