

CORRESPONDENCE

BUD ROBINSON

Head of Millstream

Dear Highway Friends:

My sister and I wish to express our sincere thanks for the very many beautiful cards and gifts that came to us at the Christmas season. We were surely wonderfully remembered and feel unworthy of such a widespread expression of love and good wishes—for they came from all directions. It is wonderful to have so many friends. May God bless each one, we pray, and make this New Year one of rich spiritual blessing to us all.

We are so grateful for the privilege of living in such a comfortable home among such kind people as we have in Millstream. Our hearts do appreciate it all more than we can express in words. We miss Brother Kimball's good messages, for he certainly has brought some great messages of truth. It was a privilege to be present and enjoy the deep, searching truths he delivered during his special services last fall. We never want to forget them and feel that we never shall.

We feel the Lord's presence as we meet together in His Name and long that He shall abundantly bless us all as we tarry here in His will these months. We are thankful for improved health, for all the kindness we receive and for the smile of God upon us. "His banner over us is love," and it is wonderful to have Him.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus

Oh, what words I hear Him say!

Happy place! So dear, so precious!

May it find me there each day.

Yours, happy in Jesus,

ALICE F. STERRITT

Seal Cove

Dear Highway Friends:

Without doubt a few lines from this part of the work is long overdue.

We are enjoying our work here with these fine people. We appreciate very much their thoughtfulness and co-operation. We feel our work to be in a healthy condition and we are expecting much greater outpourings of the Spirit in the future.

Since being here the Seal Cove Church has lost quite a few valued members through death, but God has raised up some others to help fill the gaps.

The Wood Island Church has but a small attendance because so many of the people have moved away.

We are engaging in revival services in February with Rev. R. T. Sellick as our evangelist. We covet the prayers of all God's people that we may see a gracious revival. We are believing God and expecting the same.

We had a very nice Christmas this year, were kindly remembered by so many. The Seal Cove Church gave us a substantial sum of money; many cards from our friends here and elsewhere. We wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who in any way remembered us at the Christmas season.

Trusting that the New Year shall be the best year in spiritual things that you each have ever had, we are,

Yours for Holiness,

REV. & MRS. G. R. SYMONDS

Being stingy with God simply shortchanges yourself in the long run.

In some churches the aisle is a benediction. It at least keeps the opposing factions on their own side.

One of the most remarkable men of our generation has gone to be with the Lord. He was born in the mountains of Tennessee, a hundred miles from a railroad, fifteen miles from a postoffice, in a community without churches or schools. The home in which he was born was an old log cabin, with a dirt floor, a clapboard roof, and a mud chimney about half way to the roof. While there were fifteen members in the family, the father and mother and thirteen children, there was but one bedstead in the house. Although there were no schools and churches near this home of such dire poverty, there were ten big distilleries within five miles.

The father of the home was a saloon-keeper, who participated freely in the drunkenness and the bloody fights that were common in the community. The mother kept house without a piece of furniture, did her cooking in the stew pot, and baked in the old oven with a long-handled skillet. The meager furnishings were not the saddest part of this home, for oftentimes they did not have enough to eat. It was in such a home that Bud Robinson was born in Pike County, Tenn., January 27th, 1860. Our generation has witnessed no greater miracle of grace than was manifested in the life of Rev. Bud Robinson, who completed his earthly pilgrimage, and went to be with the Lord on November the 2nd, 1942.

Bud Robinson was converted at a camp meeting in Texas at the age of twenty. At that time he did not know the letters of the alphabet. He learned the alphabet from the New Testament. On the night of his conversion, August the 11th, 1880, his clothes were in rags, and his hip pockets contained a revolver and a deck of cards. Following his conversion he shouted until almost midnight, then went down to a ravine and threw away his revolver, and kindled a chunk fire on which he burned his deck of cards.

On the night of his conversion Bud Robinson slept under an ox wagon, on the bare ground, with his head on a chunk for a pillow. He laughed, cried and rejoiced in the new-found love of his Saviour. He describes the call to preach which came to him under the ox wagon in these words: "During the night Jesus came under the wagon, and called me to preach. I could see his beautiful face, with the crown of thorns on his brow. I could see the sweat and blood mingled on his face, and the old purple robe over his shoulders. He was so real to me. I could never forget my first meeting with Jesus. He told me that he wanted me to preach his gospel, and I told him that I would go." When "Brother Bud" presented himself to the Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Church to ask for a license to preach, he says: "A good old elder asked me so kindly about history, and of course I had never read one. He asked me about English grammar, and I had never seen one. He asked me about the Discipline, and to his surprise I didn't know that we had one. We talked a little bit, and then they sent me out."

After considerable discussion they turned "Brother Bud" down. The Quarterly Conference had not proceeded far with other business, when an old gentleman arose and said: "Brethren, we have done wrong in turning down this boy. If God has called him to preach, and we stand in his way, he may backslide, and God may require his blood at our hands at the judgment. I move that we reconsider, and grant this little boy a license to exhort." The motion carried.

Out of his hard-earned earnings on a farm, "Brother Bud" bought his first preacher's clothes. The description which he gives of his purchases is interesting: "I bought three yards of tent cotton cloth, that cost twelve and a half cents a yard, to make a coat, and three yards of the same kind of goods to make a pair of pants. So the reader will see that my coat and pants cost seventy-five cents. I bought three yards of speckled calico to make a Sunday shirt. Mother made my coat, pants and shirt, and they cost altogether ninety cents. I bought a twenty-five cent straw hat, and paid one-fifty for a pair of brogan shoes, so coat, pants, shirt, hat and shoes cost the enormous sum of two dollars and sixty-five cents."

About ninety days after securing his license to exhort, "Brother Bud" made his first report to his Quarterly Conference. When he gave his rather lengthy report, which had been written by his mother, he read so poorly that the elder read it, and then said: "Brethren, this boy has brought the best report I have ever known a licensed exhorter to bring in for one quarter. From the day we licensed him to exhort until this day, he has led one soul each day to Christ, and is making a habit of preaching once a day."

Ten years after his conversion Bud Robinson came into the experience of sanctification. Let us hear his own testimony concerning this experience: "I think the first year after God sanctified me, I had more people saved than I did during the ten years that I preached as a licensed exhorter and a licensed preacher without the experience of holiness; and yet I want to thank God that from the first time I preached God gave me souls. I have no idea what kind of a condition a preacher must be in and not be able to get people saved."

The results of Bud Robinson's labors stand as a worthy testimony to his experience of holiness. As a humorist he was the Will Rogers of the American pulpit. As a soul winner, his passion for the lost was like that of Dwight L. Moody and William Booth. As traveller in spreading holiness he was like Francis Asbury, "the prophet of the long trail." As a writer, his pen was prolific, being a regular contributor to a number of papers, and author of more than a dozen volumes. The hundred thousand souls that sought the way of the Lord at his altars rise up and call him blessed. While a member of the Nazarene Church, his work so overflowed all denominational lines, that he is now numbered in the Westminster Abbey of the Church Universal in that great company enumerated in the 11th chapter of Hebrews, "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of aliens." "He being dead, yet speaketh."—Editor—Pentecostal Herald.

THE SECRET OF PRAYER

Keep your early morning watch with God I know of nothing more helpful than rising early for the adjustment of the Spirit, the mind, and the body of the Master. He will take our temperature, and save us from being lukewarm—neither cold nor hot. He will see whether our spiritual barometer is rising or falling; and set it for the coming day. Who can estimate the value of such an adjustment? Henceforth, by God's grace, victorious in life and effective in service.—Exchange.