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Autobiographies

**THIRTY-THREE YEARS
A LIVE WIRE**

By

John T. Hatfield

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World

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THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

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THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

INTRODUCTION

To the People of America That Love Something Hot and Full of Life:

Well, here it is; it is the life of the Rev. John T. Hatfield. He stands today the most peculiar man that walks the dirt; there is but one John Hatfield on the face of the whole earth. Many of you know Brother Hatfield through the press, and many of you know him personally, but to the millions that have not had the blessed privilege of seeing him face to face, I want to introduce you to him through this book.

To know John Hatfield is to love him, and to love a man makes one Christlike. I would love to tell you just a little bit about Brother John, but there is not a man that lives that can describe John Hatfield; he is indescribable, you never know just what he is going to do next. We talk of men being full of fire well, that is John Hatfield; we talk of life and energy--well, that is Brother John. I am willing to just take down my sign when it comes to doing things, I am not in it at all. John Hatfield can preach longer and louder, and keep at it longer, and shout more, and jump higher, and get more people to the altar, and pray longer and harder, than any man that walks on the ground.

He is the only man that I ever saw that could run a six-o'clock prayer-meeting on a camp-ground. I have seen many others try to get something done, but, brother, there is nothing on earth like the six-o'clock prayer-meetings that John Hatfield runs. Other things that I have seen look tame when we compare them to one of his prayer-meetings; he seems to never tire or wear out, but is always full of juice and freshness and fire and glory. Brother John never runs a meeting by a program; he is as liable to call mourners at the opening of his service as to call them at the close of his service. He is one of the greatest puzzles to the devil that is now living; the devil never knows what he is going to do next; he is about as liable to preach in one end of the church as the other--no strings on that man!

He is a cyclone of grace turned loose on the hills of the earth to do just as the blessed Holy Ghost suggests to him. Now, it will be impossible for all the people of this country to hear this mighty man of God, but there is a way in which you can hear him, you can all buy one of his books, and that will be the next best thing for you to do, for as you can't hear him you can get a glimpse of him through the book that you can't get any other way. When you read the book you will see John Hatfield on the firing-line, with his guns loaded and his finger on the trigger, and when he shoots he gets game. He always shoots to kill, and he puts in old plow-points and ham -irons and old log-chains. Folks, there is something a-going on when John Hatfield gets to town. He doesn't wait a month to see if anything is going to happen, he just opens fire and the thing is happening right now. If you miss one of the books, you have missed your chance. Whatever you do or do not do, get one of these books.

Bud Robinson

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

After many years of travel over this country and in Canada, from ocean to ocean, and from Gulf to the Great Lakes, often telling my experience and the thrilling adventures of my life, my friends would often say to me that I should write a history of my life, and put it in book form, so that more people could get the benefit of it; they felt that it would be a blessing to any one who would read it.

At last I consented to do so. After twenty-five years had passed away, when I had completed the manuscript, I sat down to read it over and make what corrections were necessary, and it seemed to have so much self in it that I threw it into the waste-basket, and refused to publish it.

A few months later I met Rev. John C. Patty in a camp-meeting as my co-worker, who insisted on my publishing the book, and if my conscience would not let me write it myself he would write it for me, and take the "I" out, so I consented to let him do so, and the book was published entitled "Twenty-five Years on the Firing-line." But my friends thought I should have written it myself. Not but what Brother Patty had done justice in writing the book, but they thought it should be in my own dialect.

As time passed on I felt more and more that it was the will of the Lord that I should be the author of the book myself, and after the third edition had been published I was convinced that I must rewrite it myself.

Thirty-three years have passed away since my first beginning in this work. I have kept no diary, all I have is what I have retained in my memory, therefore, for me to go back for a third of a century and give everything in perfect detail would be impossible, but I have the substance. So you have it as it now comes from my own pen, and I dedicate it to all of God's dear saints in the world.

JOHN THOMAS HATFIELD

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

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CHAPTER 1 BOYHOOD EXPERIENCES

On the eighth day of August, 1851, in the woods, in a little frame house, near Cleveland, Ind., I was privileged to look out on this old world for the first time. I will acknowledge that my eyesight was not very good. I would not have known my mother if I had depended upon that, but my sense of smell let me know who she was, and find the place where I could get a square meal at all hours in the day or night; and I did not have to read a long bill of fare in French to find out what I wanted, and figure up the price it would cost, and then when I was done have the waiter to stand and look at me with a wishful eye for a tip. I have no recollection what my thoughts were at this time, but I am very certain that I was not bothering myself much about preaching the Gospel.

My boyhood days abounded with daring and mischievous exploits. One who would see me now would scarcely believe that I possessed such characteristics in my early life. In those days I delighted to stand upon a railroad track and laugh at the engineer of an on-coming train, as he frantically jerked the whistle cord warning me to clear the way, and this I would tantalizingly refuse to heed until the engine was almost upon me; and when the engine passed me I was sure to get all the benefit of the force pump until I would be dripping with water.

It was a luxury for me to break wild colts to ride, and young calves to the yoke. The uglier the disposition of the animal, the greater pleasure it afforded me in subduing it. One time my mother sent me up to the little village to get some jugs to put up some maple molasses. I rode one of these fiery steeds. And when I had gotten all the jugs in the town, and had both hands full, and was riding back without holding to the rein, I saw a cow in the road and spurred up the colt for a run. The crazy cow turned across the road, the horse struck the cow and knocked her down, the horse fell over the cow and threw me off and broke all my jugs! the cow bawled, the horse snorted, and I --said something! When fog and dust cleared away the cow was gone, the horse providentially was standing in the road, and I was lying on my back with one foot in the stirrup; but I was soon on the horse again and on my way home. My mother asked me why I didn't get the jugs. I told her there was not a jug in the town.

One Sunday afternoon, while out with a company of young people, some one dared me to leap from a high precipice down into the quicksand below. Instantly, regardless either of the danger of losing my life or of ruining a fine suit of clothes, away I leaped, and had it not been for the heroic efforts of the other boys in the company, the treacherous sand might have swallowed me up, and that would have been "good-bye, John." But the good Lord had His eye on me and I was spared.

At school one day a young lady fashioned a hat out of burdock burrs and presented it to me; without a second thought, I slapped that burr hat tightly down upon my head. There was only one way to remove the hat and that was with a pair of scissors, and I went home from school that day

with much less hair than I came with. I was nearly peeled on top of the head, but I still retained a fringe of long hair around the edge.

Once when I was fooling with a knife in a cutting-box, I put my fingers in just a little too far, and to this day I carry an ugly scar as a memento of the occasion.

I was a natural imitator. I spent much time in the practice of gymnastics. One time while attending a show I carefully observed and listened to all that was said and done. When I arrived at my home my brother and I were talking about the performance at the show and we declared that we could do many things that they did; so we proceeded to the back yard to put the thing to the test, as a proof of the matter and make good our boast. Sure enough, we succeeded in many things, but there was one thing that remained that was an unsolvable mystery to us both, and that was to touch off a steel trap with your nose. I declared I could do it, and my brother dared me to try it. This was all that was necessary to start me in search of a steel trap, which I soon found, and, after practicing awhile with a stick then with my finger, I felt confident that there would be no risk in making the venture, and declared my readiness to touch it off with my nose. Alas the day! I touched it off, and it touched me off, and I was instantly reminded that that trap was rewarded with a vision of a thousand stars, the Milky Way turned to crimson, and the revolving of old Mother Earth upon her axis at a greater rate than I had ever been led to believe from my study of geography. Diagnosis revealed that my face was skinned from my cheek bone, and my nose had been mashed between the jaws of the trap. In my agony I danced around as if I were in the midst of a yellow jacket's nest, crying out between my screams to my brother, "Take it off, take it off, take it off !" By this time my brother was almost frantic with laughter. He stood upon his head, walked upon his hands, turned handsprings and somersaults, and laughed until he cried at last.

When my brother's hilarity had somewhat abated, he undertook to relieve me from the trap, but he was so full of laughter he could not grip the spring, and I was so full of pain I was helpless to do the same, so I found it necessary for me to stand on my head while my brother put his foot on the trap. It lacked a little of coming to the ground, and when he pressed his foot upon the trap I thought in my soul my nose was coming off, but thank God! I felt the jaws release and I pulled my bloody nose out. I looked at my brother with tears streaming from my eyes, and blood from the end of my nose, and said, "I did it," but I have never had any desire from that day until this to repeat it. In that case, the first blessing was enough for me.

From 1858 to 1862, my father was the treasurer of the county and we lived in the city of Greenfield, Ind. During the times of vacation, when there was no school, my mother would often send me to the country to stay with my aunt, that I might be kept out of mischief; but it was in me, and it would crop out in the country as well as in town.

I remember how my aunt used to break water in a big iron kettle to wash with. She would put in a bucket of ashes, then fill the kettle with water, and when it would clear up she would dip off the water and use it on the clothes. One washday I saw her fix the kettle and pour the water in, then go into the house to let it settle. There was a thought that struck my brain; just about that time it got settled I slipped from behind the old granary and jumped into it with my bare feet and "riled" it up. My aunt took after me, but I ran for the orchard and she could not catch me. I did this several times;

by and by my aunt got "riled"; she warned me each time of a good "licking," but I could always beat her over the fence to the orchard. But at last she had a big gad and laid for me, and just about the time I was in the midst of my mischief she was on me with that gad. I thought she would cut me in two every step I took, and as I went over the fence into the orchard, from the way she pulled that switch over me I thought sure I would drop on both sides of the fence; but I escaped the division and went out under an apple-tree and tried to choke myself to death to make her feel bad; but I survived the effort and was on deck and ready for something else the next day.

I saw a man once go up in a balloon and come down in a parachute. That was a new proposition to me, but I soon made up my mind that if I could only get up I had a way of coming down; so I made up my mind I would give it a trial. I stole the old umbrella out from the wardrobe and slipped around and climbed upon the back part of the house, and, finding the highest place, I spread the umbrella, gripped the handle tight, and then made a leap. Instantly my parachute turned inside out, and I went to the ground like a chunk of lead; but God had His hand upon me and He let me down in a soft place, and I escaped with but little injury.

James Whitcomb Riley and myself were boys together. We were in the same class at school, and at the same "swimming hole," since made famous in one of Mr. Riley's poems. During the Civil War we marched the streets together with tin pans for drums and broomsticks for guns. Little did passers-by imagine, as they cast indifferent glances at us little dust begrimed urchins out in the road playing soldier, that, in the coming years, little Johnnie Hatfield would bless his country as John T. Hatfield, "The Hoosier Evangelist," and little Jim Riley would be known the world over as James Whitcomb Riley, "The Hoosier Poet."

My parents were unsaved members of the M. E. Church. They knew nothing, experimentally, of belonging to the glorious Church "without spot or wrinkle." Our home was the stopping-place for Methodist preachers, and yet no minister ever deliberately thrust arrows of convicting truth into their hearts sufficiently straight and true to awaken them out of their long sleep in carnal security. There were three reasons why I liked for these ministers to come to my father's house. First, I was quite sure they would not talk to me about my soul's salvation; second, I was very sure I would hear many tales of daring adventure; third, I knew my mother would put forth special effort to prepare appetizing dishes to appeal to the ministerial palate.

My father, in those days, frequently kept a bottle of "Old Kentucky Rye" in the cupboard, and its contents were offered to both children and guests. This custom of the home had something to do in kindling to great intensity my appetite for strong drink, and at the age of twenty years I was frequenting saloons and seeking companionship among the vile, soul-destroying influence of saloon life. Like a meteor in the night I was fast going down, and nothing less powerful than the mighty attraction of heavenly gravitation could reverse my hellward course and draw me to the heights of noble Christian manhood. Thank God, the Holy Spirit interposed, the blood of Christ was supplied, and my young life was transformed from a disgraceful career of drunken profligacy to one of eminent usefulness in the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 2 CONVERSION

It was the night of December 14, 1872. Many days and nights have come and gone and long since been forgotten, but this night is one that lingers in my memory as one of the greatest nights of all my past experience, because of the eternal issues that I settled on my knees in that little upper room over my father's store. At this time I was living at Knightstown, Ind., and was clerking in a dry-goods store for my father.

For quite awhile it had been my custom to spend the evenings out with the town boys, enjoying with them the pleasures of sin, but on the night of December 14, for what cause God only knows, I remained at the store and retired at an early hour. After retiring I quickly fell asleep, only to be soon awakened by the heavy pressure of God's hand upon my breast. I found myself awakened for the transaction of the most important business project of my life, and the Holy Spirit, God's agent in the deal, put a religious question in my mind that made me so intensely conscious of my lost state that I felt that I must do something toward the salvation of my soul, and do it quickly. Hoping to receive salvation without any one else knowing it, I began praying in a quiet way, but the sound of my voice plunged me into a paroxysm of excitement. I sprang out of bed screaming "Murder! Murder! Murder! I'm dying! I'm dying! I'm dying!" My uncle, who was sleeping with me, thinking I was having a fearful dream, sprang from the bed and took hold of me, but I informed him that I was not asleep, but I was dying, and could see Hell and every sin I ever committed pass before me like a dark, fearful panorama.

I wanted salvation, but was almost sure I would die ere I obtained it. I wanted the doctor, and I wanted the preacher, and I could not determine which I wanted first. I was afraid to send for the doctor first for fear I would die without the preacher, and I was afraid to send for the preacher for fear I would die without the doctor. At last I thought of a doctor who was a local preacher, and sent for him and got the two in one. When my uncle left me alone, as he hurried for the doctor, I became almost wild with fear; I imagined I saw Hell-fire beneath me all the sins of my life before me, and the devil after me right at my heels. My breast felt as though it would burst. My heart throbbed and beat like a drum, the sweat stood on my forehead in great drops and my hands were as cold as ice. I wandered into a back room where the carpets were kept; it was dark. Many of the rolls were lying on the floor, as it had been a busy day and they were left lying. I stumbled over some of these rolls and I imagined myself falling into Hell.

When my uncle and the doctor arrived, they found me in a corner of the room with my head against the wall, the tears streaming from my eyes, my body wet with perspiration and my breast heaving. As soon as the doctor saw me he soon had my case diagnosed; the symptoms were so marked that it did not take him long to locate the trouble, and he apprised me of the fact that my suffering was caused from a very malignant form of sin-sickness, and prescribed prayer and confession for my sins and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He had no trouble in getting me to follow the

prescription and take my medicine. There was nothing that savored of hope that was too hard for me to do. I was glad to confess all, to make restitution, to say "yes" to any field of labor. I spent about six hours on my knees, and they were hours of as great anxiety as I ever spent on this earth, and they are fresh in my memory today, and when I get to Heaven I look down and sing that old song:

"There is a spot to me more dear Than native vale
or mountain; A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain. 'Tis not
where kindred souls abound, Tho' that is almost
Heaven, But where I first my Savior found, And
felt my sins forgiven.

"Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the waves' commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error.

"Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
I cried, 'Oh, save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me,'
Then quick as though I felt Him mine,
My Savior stood before me,
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted 'Glory! Glory!'

"Oh, sacred hour! Oh, hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me:
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee.
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in Heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven."

While I was gasping and choking for breath, I thought I had thrown up my heart, and I opened my eyes and looked at the floor to see if it could be possible. I fully expected to fall to the floor, a dead man, and drop directly into Hell and be utterly lost forever. I was unconsciously clinging to life and was not aware of it, and nothing but physical exhaustion could solve the difficulty; and when I reached the point of human weakness my head dropped upon my heaving breast, my voice ceased to give utterance to the cries of my soul. I reached the place of complete surrender, the struggling

ceased, and I said, "Live or die, I am the Lord's," then looked up, and, by simple faith, I claimed the promise, and the light of Heaven flashed instantly in upon my soul, the burden rolled away, new life sprang up within, angels struck their golden harps and broke forth with rejoicing. The heavenly melodies burst upon my soul, and I was as light and free and happy as a bird in springtime. I sprang to my feet fairly submerged in the billows of glory that swept over my newborn soul.

The next morning, when I reached the store, I found my uncle telling the clerks the circumstances of the past night, and although he was a well-known but unconverted member of the Methodist Church, he did not take well to such a radical experience of salvation. He had gotten into a very close place during the past night, in having to perform the laborious task of praying for a poor lost soul, and when a cold professor is not accustomed to such herculean tasks, it makes it quite uncomfortable for old carnality.

I passed down the aisle to the front of the store where a lady was entering to purchase some goods. She also was a Methodist, and so deaf that she could not hear it thunder if it would strike the house. I was so happy I could scarcely hold myself to the floor. It seemed to me that gravitation was reversed, it was pulling me up instead of down. While measuring some dress goods the lady was purchasing, I was busy telling her my experience and talking very loud, when suddenly a wave of glory swept over me like a hot wind in Kansas, and with an old-fashioned shout I threw the yardstick and goods to one side and took down the aisle clapping my hands and shouting for dear life. This was more than my Methodist uncle could endure. He soon had a buggy at the front door with a driver in it to escort me to the farm where my father lived, and if I wanted to shout I could stay out there and shout in the woods with the birds. Nothing could have suited me better. I wanted room and liberty, and from the way I was feeling, that store was entirely too small to contain all God had put in my soul. Away I went, shouting every step of the way.

Immediately I went to work for Christ in the Methodist Episcopal Church. I organized a Sunday-school, began to teach music, a thing I had never done before in my life, there was no music in me, but God put a new song in my mouth, and I began to try to sing at once. I was soon appointed class-leader of the church, and in this capacity I served the church for a number of years, and God was with me. I lived what they called a very consistent justified life and was faithful in attendance upon all the means of grace. I often lost control of my temper and gave way to the spirit of impatience, and therefore brought darkness upon my soul; but I always persisted in storming the throne of grace until God forgave me and sent the fresh anointings upon my soul and thus dispelled the gloom. I might say that before my conversion I tried to reform myself by joining the "Good Templars," but it was a failure. My appetite was too strong and my will was too weak.

At another time, during a big revival in the Methodist Church in 1869, I went forward with others, and for two nights I worked as hard as one to get saved. At last some one asked me if I believed. I told them I did. Then they said, "Get up, you are saved." I was sincere, so I accepted their teaching and stood up, but I felt no particular change, as my head hung down and I felt ashamed; but I took their word for it, supposing it to be all right. But, oh, what a mistake! and that same mistake is being made with thousands today. The country is full of what we called backsliders that never had anything to backslide from, and this deception has made their last state worse than the first.

I was taken into the Church and baptized, but it did me no good. I was worse than ever, and for three years I lived a very wicked life. But thank God! on the 14th day of December, 1872, God Almighty got hold of me, and this time He was the teacher, and He showed me a thing or two, and like Jacob of old, He nearly used me up, but I got something as lasting as the stars, and which will stand when the world is on fire. No human being has ever told me to get up since that load of sin rolled away, and the fire of God struck my soul. You might as well have tried to stop old Vesuvius with corncobs as to have tried to hold me down then; there was something internal in me that was bringing me up, and my head was not hung, and I was not bashful about it. Glory to God! That has been over forty years ago and the fire still burns hot. Hallelujah!

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

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By Himself

CHAPTER 3 SANCTIFICATION

For eight years I battled along against that subtle enemy of the human heart, known as inward sin. During these years I heard not a word on the possibility of deliverance from this inward foe. One day my pastor, Rev. James Leonard, attended a Holiness camp-meeting at Hartford City, Ind., conducted by the National Holiness Association, and in this meeting he professed to have obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. When he returned he was not the same preacher, and his sermons were not the same. He had something new, and there was fire in it, and you could feel it burn. His theme was holiness as a second definite cleansing work of God's grace, and it made me feel very uncomfortable to sit there and listen to him. He soon had me on the fence, and he had me guessing, but still I was interested. I knew I needed something, and he seemed to have the thing my poor, hungry, heart was craving. At last I became very deeply convicted for it, and told my wife that I was going to have that experience or die seeking it. Immediately I began to seek the blessing, and often in my prayers I would become so fervent and intense that I would receive great spiritual enduements, and at times I often wondered if I had truly been sanctified wholly; but when I came to dealing with things about the farm, I would become impatient and lose my temper, and this was a clear evidence to me that I did not have it. I spent much time in prayer seeking this blessing. In the woods, in the field, at the barn, at family prayer, in church, at Sunday-school, in the class meeting and in prayer-meetings I could pray down fire and wonderful blessings upon my soul, but nothing that would remove inbred sin.

I was walking in all the light I had, I was not under condemnation, but I had an intense hungering and thirsting for a clean heart; yet the secret of how to obtain it had never been revealed to me. I was persistent and held on like a dog at a root, but I would have my spells of fits and starts. I remember once of hearing Bro. C. W. Ruth say, "Forty fits to one start," but that did not apply to me, for I never allowed but one fit until I took a start. I always took my pain-killer (repentance) after I had my fit.

Before I received this "second blessing," one evening my wife and I went out to set a hen; we had to move the hen from her nest to a more desirable location. My wife placed the eggs in the nest while I held the hen, which, when all was ready, I very gently placed upon the eggs, then quietly withdrew my hand and up came the hen. I gently placed her back again, and again she arose, so I put her back again (only not quite so gently as before), and again she arose to her feet. I set her down this time with more authority, and the way I stuck my fingers into her old back and ribs was enough to give her to understand that there was something going to happen, but the end was not yet. By this time my wife as getting a little anxious, for she knew the fellow that was handling the hen. We had already broken some eggs, but the hen still, with all past experiences, refused to set, and I was determined that she should, and so we had it, and before we got through that hen was well-nigh picked, and feathers and broken eggs were the fragments that covered that battlefield; but that poor old hen, where! oh, where! was she? "Ask of the moon." This was very clear that I did not have the second blessing, and I was very much in need of another dose of pain-killer.

At another time my wife and I went out to the barn to teach a young calf to drink out of a bucket. We went into the stall where the young calf was and I caught the calf and was very gentle with it; I put my fingers in its mouth and tried to coax it to put its nose in the bucket, but instead it would stick its nose in the air. With much effort I succeeded in getting its nose in the bucket, and giving it a taste of the milk; this made it frantic, it went wild, it pranced and jumped around, and stood on both hind legs. Presently I began to talk pretty loud to my wife, telling her first to hold the bucket up and then hold it down. At last, every other expedient unavailing, I leaped a-straddle of that calf, grabbed it by both ears and downed its head in milk up to its eyes. It suddenly gave one big lurch which upset my wife, spilled the milk, threw me over its head, and we all went in one pile together. I never thought to help my wife up, I was busy in helping that calf out of that stall with my foot, threatening to kill it, but it survived the treatment and was ready for its milk at the next meal. This was again very clear that I had not received the second blessing and the calf had gotten the first

I often said that it took my wife too long to get ready for church on Sunday morning. Invariably I found it necessary to wait for her, until at last, one Sunday morning, while she was pressing me to bring on the buggy that she would be ready to go, I said, "I will have the team here, but if you are not ready when I drive to the door, I will drive off and leave you," and sure enough she still had the old failing; she had to go back in the house after something, but when she came out I was gone, and was soon at the church. I took my usual place in the front seat, and presently my wife came in and took a seat by my side. You would never have known anything happened by looking at her, for she was as calm as a May morning and as patient as jug of molasses under a kitchen table; but to have seen me you would have seen a different picture. I had a guilty conscience, the sermon didn't do me much good, I was bothered with other reflections.

After the sermon (fortunately the pastor did not call on me to pray), my wife and I got in the buggy and started for home; I felt guilty, mean, little and wretched. I could endure it no longer, so I said, "Amanda, that was a mean trick in me this morning to make you walk to church; I want you to forgive me." She knew my weakness and it was willingly done; she very well knew that I could no more keep the "old man" down than I could keep down a sick stomach. I just felt that for that one act I would like to have her take me in the parlor and pull every hair out of my head, but that would not be like her; she had a different disposition. Her even Christian life was a source of conviction to me for years. I never saw her excited, impatient, scared or lose her temper in all our thirty-eight years of married life, and she did not profess to be sanctified wholly. She possessed the characteristics before she was converted, and I still displayed mine, after I was converted. I needed the second blessing, and that was what I was seeking.

The night before I received this sanctifying work of grace in my heart, while working in a revival in my home church, I received such a wonderful blessing that I ran all about the church shouting and praising the Lord, and yet, when I went to milk my cow, because she did not stand to suit me, we got into a scrap, and I lost my temper, as well as a bucket of milk. I got the milk all over me and the cow got the bucket all over her; the "old man" within, and the devil without; so, as a case of necessity, I was compelled to take another dose of pain-killer, but by the time for the service that night I had gotten relief, and was ready for another meeting. The Lord was good to me, He greatly blessed me in my soul, and gave me great liberty in working in the congregation and leading sinners to the altar to seek the Lord.

I never felt the need of a clean heart, and deliverance from an evil temper so much in my life as during this night's service. It was intense. My pastor called on me to lead in prayer. The altar was full of weeping sinners. I began to pray for them, but soon my prayers were turned to praying for myself. How often had I prayed for a clean heart, and how often had I been blessed in praying for it, but the "old man" still remained; but this time, by the aid of the Spirit, I was given the key to the situation. Heretofore I had been praying myself up into blessings without exercising any faith, but when I reached the place where I said, "Lord, I do believe," instantly the fire fell, and I knew the work was done. The "old man" was killed, and I have never seen him since, and that has been more than thirty years ago.

I had passed through six months of desperate struggle amidst many a cheering hope and many a blasting fear, but, thank God! I knew I had the blessing this time. From my knees I looked across at my pastor and said, "Brother, I've got it," and he said, "Got what?" I said, "I have been sanctified wholly." Some of our people in the church were very anxious for me to get the blessing, for they said they were getting, tired of hearing me pray for it. No doubt they were, it was putting conviction on them. I did not have it many hours until they were wishing that I had not gotten it.

It was not long until I had a splendid chance to tell whether or not I had the blessing. I considered my cow a bad one to milk, and I suppose the cow considered me a bad one to milk her. It was sometimes hard to tell which was worst, me or the cow, for while the cow threw hoofs and horns and milk and bucket, I was not slow in keeping myself busy playing the milk-stool to her back and my boots to her ribs. Everything went well in the cow stable that morning until the milking was done and I arose to leave the stall; I was so filled with the joy of my experience that I never thought of the cow, but she had not forgotten me, for just as I arose from my milking, evidently fearing that I intended striking her with the stool, she gave a sudden kick which struck the bucket and spilled the milk all over me, but now, instead of jumping at her and trying to pull all the hair out of her back, I stepped to the front of the stall, put my hand entirely upon her back and began to make my confession and tell her my experience. I said, "Lill, I have been mean to you; I have kicked you and cuffed you and beat you with milk-stools and buckets; I have pulled hair out of your back, but now I want you to understand I am sanctified; I've got the blessing and the kick is out of me; you can kick if you want to, but I'm done. I love you, Lill; you are a good old cow. It has been my fault, but you will find me a different man from now on, for I am here to tell you that I am sanctified."

The old cow seemed to understand my testimony. I convinced her that there was something in holiness, even though nine-tenths of the preachers in the country considered it fanaticism. At once she relaxed every muscle, put her head in the manger and began to eat, and I walked out a victor over the world, the flesh, the devil, the cow and myself. I did not need any pain-killer this time; I had taken a dose the night before that had killed the "old man," and that put an end to the use of pain-killers. Next to the cow, my wife was the first to understand that I had the blessing. When she saw me coming up the path that morning from the barn, my clothes be-spattered with milk and my face covered with a smile, this was enough for her, she was satisfied that I had the blessing.

Over thirty years have passed away since that morning and God's grace has kept me through all the trying scenes of a busy life. I have worked balky horses, milked kicking cows, been kicked clear out of the stall, taught calves to drink out of a bucket, set stubborn hens, put up stove pipes, helped

my wife clean house, sat in the carriage and waited for her to come and get in, been set down on, criticised by preachers, have faced more than a thousand backslidden holiness fighters, have had unnumbered lies told on me, preached while four and five babies were squalling at their best; but through it all I have been able to maintain my experience, and, to my best knowledge, I have never made a break in all these years. Now, let all the people say, yes, let everybody say, Amen!

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 4 WHAT MY CONSECRATION INVOLVED

I can not frame a definition that more clearly expresses what full consecration involves than, in figurative language, saying that it means to sign one's name to the bottom of a great blank sheet as long as the span of life, and from henceforth assenting, without argument or debate, to everything that the Holy Spirit dictates to be written there. Contrastively speaking, this consecration includes the pains as well as the pleasures, the sorrows as well as the joys, the losses as well as the gains, the subtractions as well as the additions and multiplications of life, the crosses as well as the crowns, the fiery furnaces as well as the king's palaces, obscurity as well as notoriety, abasement as well as exaltation death as well as life.

The name of John T. Hatfield was placed at the end of just such a contract and the witnesses were God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

My consecration included all God then required and all God ever should require throughout time and eternity. I took God the Father to be my God. I took God the Son to be my Savior. I took God the Holy Ghost to be my Sanctifier. I took God's Word to be my rule. I took God's people to be my people. So likewise I dedicated my whole self to the Lord, and I did this deliberately, sincerely, freely and forever.

One of the first things in the catalogue that condemned me was my tobacco habit. I had used it for a number of years, both smoked and chewed. I made a vow to my wife a few days after we were married that I would quit it if she desired me to, and to be sure it was her wish, any decent woman would not consent to a thing like that. I kept that vow for three years, and if she had held me to it, I would have been keeping it yet, even if I had never had any convictions from God. My appetite never left me, and it had not been a week until I was sorry I had ever made such a contract, and for three years I teased that woman to break that vow. At last one day, wearied with my continual prevailing upon her to give her consent, she said, "If you can't stand it any longer, go ahead." That was enough for me, and you should have seen me go! I was soon on the road with a fast horse making a beeline for town, and I was not long finding the place where it was kept, and for fear I might run short before I could get to town again, I purchased five pounds of chewing tobacco and a box of cigars, and I returned home with joy. How joyfully could I have sung that old song:

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
And now I've got my liberty."

It was not long after my newfound experience until God began to turn in light and make revelation to me in regard to this filthy habit. I saw that it impaired digestion, poisoned the blood, depressed the vital powers and weakened the heart. I saw that it did no good. It furnished no food. It afforded

no strength. I saw how inharmonious it was for a Christian, who professed to follow the meek and lowly Jesus, to indulge in such a filthy habit. I never saw a clean person who used tobacco. The person who uses it has three fashionable accomplishments, viz.: they look nasty, act nasty and smell nasty. The chewer has a sallow skin, lank, gloomy features, irritable disposition, and this is all very unlike what I imagined the real Christlife should be. So one day, while plowing in the field, I shook hands with the devil for the last time and buried the stuff in a furrow in the field and said good-by forever, and from that day until this I have never had one single desire for it; the dear Lord gave me perfect victory over the appetite. Praise His name!

Then came the lodge, so foreign from a deep spiritual service. It was not long until the Holy Spirit showed me what God meant when He said, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and, "Christ was given to us for an example, that we should follow in His steps, and have nothing to do with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." I asked the Lord for a final evidence of His will to be given at the coming Grand Lodge, to which I was a delegate. I never will forget this, my first and last experience at a Grand Lodge. About six or eight hundred were in the room and among them Methodist and Universalist preachers, skeptics and also ministers of other denominations; all worshipping at the same shrine and swearing allegiance to the same principles. When I first stepped into the room, it was so close I thought I would lose my breath because of the stench of whisky and tobacco. I was soon convinced that this was not the crowd with whom I should associate. I got under great conviction, became very nervous, and a heavy, sinking sensation came over me. Just then a man in another part of the room had a fit. He turned his face to the ceiling, gave an unearthly yell that sounded to me like the wail of a lost soul, then began to kick and froth at the mouth, while some men carried him out. This only intensified my awful feelings, it seemed to me that all the pores of my skin just opened their mouths and poured out sweat until I could feel it running in streams down my back. I felt sure I was going to have one of those spells myself. I tried to feel my pulse, but I was so excited I could not detect a pulsation. I thought I was dying and I could feel myself sinking. I wondered if it could be possible that I could get to Heaven from such a place as that. I was not long making up my mind that I would get out of there, and I will assure you that I was not long finding the door and I tarried not on the way of my going, and as I started down the stairs, I said, "Lord, if it is Thy will for me to quit the lodge, let me know by giving me a blessing as soon as my feet touch the pavement below," and scarcely had I reached the last step when a burst of light broke over my head, and a flood of joy rushed into my soul, and I took down the street shouting, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" That was the end, the curtain dropped, and I have never had any use for secret orders since.

The next thing was my political party. I felt that nine-tenths of this country's political machinery was lubricated with rum. I saw that the old parties depended upon the whisky interest for their victories, and my experience would not permit me to arise from the communion table, as many professing Christians do, and lock arms with a red-nosed, blear-eyed, fat-necked, home-destroying whisky dealer, and march off to the ballot-box together, voting the same ticket sworn to protect the same interest, and thus saying to God and man, "Here I, by casting this ballot, use my influence towards the continuance of this soul-and-body destroying business." So I just bade farewell to all politics not radical for "GOD and home and native land."

I also received light on wearing jewelry. A Christian lady once asked me what I was wearing the devil's trinkets for. I was ashamed of any answer or argument that could be given for doing it, for I could think of but one reason why any one wore useless jewelry, and that was to gratify pride, which God declares to be an abomination to Him. My contract with God included the laying aside of useless ornamentation, so away went the jewelry.

Then came my call to the ministry. From the hour God sanctified me wholly I was deeply conscious of a call to do the work of an evangelist. Before I launched out into the work I had engaged in business, and when the time came when God pressed me to the fulfillment of His contract to go, to do, to be anything, any time, anywhere that God desired, I found it very difficult to get away from my personal business interests, but finally sold out, at a great financial sacrifice, and determined to trust God henceforth for all.

For a number of years I did the work of an evangelist without license or ordination. In so doing, I followed the advice of my presiding elder. Later on, under the administration of another elder more churchy, during a quarterly conference, I was rebuked for preaching from texts without license. So at this Conference I was licensed as a local preacher. I then had a desire to go through the entire course, which I did, and was first ordained a deacon, then an elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church by Bishop Fitzgerald, a relationship I have maintained in the church to this day.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 5 THREE MARVELOUS ANOINTINGS

In a very exceptional manner God has favored me with some great spiritual manifestations. At one time, in a great camp-meeting, and on the last Sabbath of the camp, there were about ten thousand people present. The services began at an early hour in the morning and closed in a blaze of pentecostal glory at five o'clock in the evening. People who witnessed the scenes of that day declared that they saw flashes of Divine light appear over the congregation as wave after wave of heavenly power descended on the assembly of thousands. After the rod had departed, I tarried to transact some closing business. The place was so sacred, the atmosphere so filled with the presence of Jesus, that I was loth to leave the place. The benign influence was as real as the afterglow of a summer sunset. Finally I was driven to a Christian home of a well-to-do farmer, where I was to spend the night. Being exceedingly weary with the labors of the day, I early retired to bed. I lay down in the bed upon my back, threw out my arms over the bed and fell asleep. Without either dreaming or awaking I lay there until five o'clock the next morning, when I was awakened by the toll of the bell calling the farmhands to arise.

After this awakening I again closed my eyes and there appeared before me a vision. I saw a silver horn lined with gold, the large end resting upon my breast. It appeared to be many feet in length from the large end to the mouthpiece, which appeared to be quite small. I looked up from the large end, and had never beheld anything so indescribably beautiful. Suddenly the opening at the small end was darkened and there appeared a halo of light, which seemed to envelop a fast-approaching figure. As nearer and nearer the lovely vision approached, I soon recognized the central figure as that of Jesus and the beautiful halo proved to be a band of bright, shining angels. All the angels were singing and such exquisite tones can not be described, neither can they be compared to any earthly melodies. In a short time Jesus stood close beside me, and looked down upon me with an expression that, in clearer tones than words, spoke of tenderest love, then He disappeared. At the same time I felt a sensation in my throat as though I was swallowing something. Then the horn passed away, the angels disappeared and the music ceased. I opened my eyes and then closed them again, hoping that the vision would appear once more, but I waited and listened in vain.

Suddenly my attention was called to myself by feeling a strange sensation as of some one walking by my side. Simultaneously with this strange sensation, the following portions of Scripture were forcibly presented to my mind: "I in you, and you in Me." "Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost." Presently that peculiar sensation ceased and I began to shake like one with the ague. Try as I would, I could not control the violent shaking of my body. At last the shaking stopped of itself and then hot tears poured forth from my eyes so copiously that again and again I wrung them out of my saturated handkerchief, and all the time billow after billow of heavenly sweetness and love and blessing swept over my soul.

I arose, dressed and descended the stairs to the rooms below. The anointing continued, only in ever-increasing power. I lay down upon a divan and it seemed to me that I had been laid upon a bed of roses and was being submerged in the fragrance of Heaven. In a few hours I was invited to take a ride in a carriage. I lay in the back seat, and it appeared as if the world was bespangled with all the colors of the rainbow. This blessing continued for several days, and in thought and feeling I lived in another world. The good Book says that we are to "sit in heavenly places," and truly this was one of them.

On another occasion I was assisting a Methodist pastor in a series of meetings and was encountering much opposition from the backslidden members of the church. They were desperately fighting the doctrine of holiness, which I was preaching. The opposition made the battle exceedingly hard upon me, for I labored under great agony and burden of soul. I slept but little, giving most of the night over to prayer. The battle became hotter and hotter, but there was but little visible result except the ever-increasing crowds that packed the church from night to night. On the night of the seventh day, at the close of the service, I was so weakened by the long, hard strain upon me that I felt that I could not do better than give up the conflict against the dogged opposition I was encountering, but "man's extremity is God's opportunity." "In our weakness then are we strong." I lifted my hand to pronounce the benediction and just as I raised it up a stream of heavenly fire fell upon me. I jumped into the air about three feet, then bounded across the church and leaped into the window, crying at the top of my voice; then I ran to the opposite side of the room and leaped into another window. I gave another mighty warwhoop and a leap from the window and made for the center aisle as if to run down it. The people became frightened and rushed toward the door, but the crowd was so large they could not get out, as the door opened in and they were jammed against it, and they were compelled to face the fire. At the same moment the fire fell upon the pastor, and he, too, began to race about and praise the Lord. Next a local preacher got a blessing and he joined the jubilee. Then the principal of the high school (now a pastor of the Methodist Church), who was occupying a front seat, caught his portion of the falling fire and he started down the aisle exhorting with all his might. The people were broken down in tears, the power of Hell was defeated, and a great revival of religion broke forth upon the community which resulted in scores of souls being saved.

I was so under the power of the Spirit that I could not stand alone, and fell three times before they got me out of the house. Such wonderful blessings swept over my soul and such mighty power of God vibrated through my body that I could feel the heavenly currents leaking from my fingers and toes. The crushing burden rolled away and I soon felt as light as a feather and I fell asleep praising the Lord. I rested that night seemingly on the very bosom of the Savior.

The third marvelous enduement occurred in a small country church while I was helping another Methodist preacher. We were having a very powerful meeting and it was a very harmonious one. The people were united and worked together in perfect unity. The Spirit of the Lord was present and doing effective work within the hearts of the people. One night while the altar was crowded with seekers, I was instructing a seeker in the way of faith, but she was so full of unbelief that I could not accomplish much in her behalf. Finally I broke forth in earnest prayer asking God to give me the blessing if the woman did not accept it herself. God answered my prayer, the power fell upon me, and until the midnight hour I was in an unconscious state. When the pastor asked if we had better

not close the meeting, it waked me. I arose at once, and when I reached my feet the Holy-Ghost power fell upon me. It was very evident to all that the fire of God was burning in my soul and unsaved men and women in front of me threw up their hands and began to scream. I reached forth my hand and touched one woman and immediately she was saved. The people seeing that God had given me a power of impartation, rushed upon me I managed to lay hands upon four persons and they were all instantly saved. The last one that I touched was an unsaved man and as placed my hands upon him the power left me and knocked the man down. I felt it stream off of my fingers like hot lightning. The man soon arose, shouting victory. I was made to realize that passage of Scripture where the woman touched Jesus, and He said He perceived virtue had gone out of Him. I was very weak after this experience, but unspeakably happy. The converts went on unto perfection and obtained a pure heart and became splendid Christian characters and effective Gospel workers.

Now, if I had been in some Tongues meeting, or in some third-blessing, fire-baptized meeting, how easily it would have been for me to claim such an experience and start out upon a new line of teaching. I have had many such similar experiences as these three already mentioned, but I have never yet side-tracked to run after some new experience and make it conditional. I have stuck to my Methodist doctrine along these lines without a waver. There is but one Holy Ghost, but many anointings. There is but one Mississippi River, but many tributaries, and some very large ones. A person can be in Minnesota and be on the Mississippi River, but what does he know of what is below him? Unless he cuts loose and goes down he will never see the river much larger; but as you go down the river grows larger, and you are striking new streams all the time. But we must stay on the Mississippi and keep going down if we want to see more streams and receive enlargement; but if we take up a Missouri, or an Ohio, our stream will get less all the time, until by and by we'll come out at the little end of nothing. But if we stay in the old Mississippi, our stream will get larger and larger all the time. We will be passing Missouris, and Ohios, and Reds, Arkansas, and hundreds of others of smaller dimension, then shoot out into a gulf, and then a sea, and then the broad ocean. From here we set sail and explore the deep. Such is the sanctified life. The saint who lives in secret with God and spends much of his time in communicating with the Spirit will receive these Divine anointings, and that quite frequently, until by and by he will strike an ocean without a shore.

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CHAPTER 6 USING AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY

In my early experience in the sanctified life, while I was still engaged in business, and before I had launched out into the evangelistic field, I had a very interesting experience and victory over my pastor, who was conducting services in my home church. The pastor was a good man, quite spiritual, of a lovable disposition, and was an excellent shepherd of the flock. He had one serious fault: he had no backbone, he lacked courage to preach his convictions on the doctrine of holiness. He believed in holiness, and even professed to have the experience, but he was so afraid he would split the church and cause division and trouble among the members that he remained quiet. I told him if holiness would split the church, the sooner the better, and that would show what was in it. I was then young in my experience and full of zeal. Everywhere I went I talked scarcely anything else but sanctification. I was then class-leader in the church and greatly burdened for the members of the class. The subject was giving great concern to many people both in the church and out. The "old man" was stirred in many carnal hearts. "The fight was on," "but the end was not yet." The pastor was frightened and compromising with the holiness-fighting element. He had his hand on the throttle, but the engine was off the track. He could ring the bell and blow the whistle, but the thing, would not go.

He ran the meeting two weeks without opening a service for testimony, or volunteer prayer, or praise, for fear I would take the floor and precipitate a crisis. There was much conviction on the people, and the pastor declared he wanted a revival, but, then, upon one hand he had a crowd of holiness fighters, and on the other a "holiness crank," as they called me, but I was one that pastor could not turn. I was the elephant upon his hands. The fighters were telling him not to allow me to have a thing to do with meeting or they would not attend, and I was telling him to put the meeting on full salvation lines and preach the doctrines of our own church whatever the cost might be.

The pastor wished to be considerate of my desire because I was selling him all his groceries and dry goods at cost, was one of the most liberal members in the church, and was furnishing about all the wood and kerosene for the meeting. I was in great agony of soul and continually praying for the outpouring of God's Spirit upon the meeting. I went into the homes and would tell them I came in there to pray; it was a cold reception I received. Some would tell me they did not want me to pray, and I would get down on my knees and pray regardless of what they said. The dear Lord was helping me to make it hot for them. They censured me and condemned me upon every hand, and said I spoiled the meeting.

One weekday morning, after the meeting had been in progress for over two weeks without a break, I had been detained at the store and was a few minutes late in reaching the church. While I was passing down the street the Lord asked me if I would take the service this morning if the way opened. I said, "Yes, Lord, if it be Thy will." When I reached the church the congregation was engaged in prayer, so I slipped quietly into the house and kneeled behind a rear seat. After the

congregation arose, I still remained on my knees behind the bench. The pastor surveyed the congregation and, to his great satisfaction, observed, as he thought, that I was not present. He then said to the congregation, "We have had no service since this meeting began in which the people have had an opportunity to take an active part. Now I am going to throw the meeting open, and I want every one present to feel perfectly at home and free to do as the Lord may lead you. I want you to pray, sing, shout or exhort, for the meeting is yours." I was still behind the bench, and was now shaking from head to foot with Holy-Ghost power. The pastor sat down and then looked up to again survey the congregation, and, to his consternation, whom did he behold but that troubler in Israel, John T. Hatfield, walking down the aisle with glowing face and flaming eyes. What should I do? There was but one thing for me to do; I had now crossed the long-dreaded Rubicon and must take the consequences. It was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. The preacher turned pale, dropped his head, and wiggled and squirmed about in his seat; the people's heads went down, while there were a few who put on a brazen look and stared at me hatefully with a face that would have made a good sign for a vinegar factory; but none of these things moved me. I was in the order of God, and I knew it; so I entered the pulpit, expressed my appreciation of the privilege the pastor had kindly offered them, and then I broke forth with a red-hot exhortation, which I followed with an altar call.

For some time not a person responded, then I began to call various ones out by name. I called a man who refused to come; I called him the second time, and the third, then finding that this would not bring him, I sprang from the rostrum and started down the aisle after him. The old sinner immediately leaped to his feet and cried, "I'm coming! I'm coming! I'm coming!" He rushed to the altar and began to scream for mercy. I returned to the pulpit and continued to call them out by name. "Mary, you are a backslider; come and get reclaimed. Elizabeth, you need to be sanctified; come along. John, you are an old sinner; come and let God save you." Every person who was called responded, and soon the altar and the space around the front was filled with weeping sinners and needy believers.

A large number who sought the Lord that morning prayed through to great victory, and we closed up in a blaze of glory. The tide was turned; those who were my worst enemies were now my best friends. The poor pastor fell under great condemnation because of his attitude towards me, and from that service he went directly to his study and there confessed to the Lord that I was right, and asked the Lord to give him the same liberty; the fire struck him and it was not long until he was hunting me to tell the glad news, and when he found me he said, "Brother Hatfield, from this day you are a free man on my work. God is with you, and I have learned a lesson in this to keep my hands off of God's anointed."

The following week there were scores of conversions and thirty-four sanctified wholly. That year I labored with this pastor several months in revival work. Our labors together resulted in several hundred conversions and a great number of sanctifications and a large increase of membership to the church. "Let everybody say, Amen! Let all the people say, Yes!"

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CHAPTER 7 AN UNWELCOME GUEST

The following incident, which transpired during my early days of Christian work, is characteristic of myself and displays that fearless nature I possess which has successfully carried me through many a daring exploit, where many other timid ones would have suffered defeat.

I was invited to assist my pastor in a revival meeting on his work. We arrived at the church and were greeted with the approving nods and smiles of many members of the church. The service was opened with the usual form, after which I read my text and began my sermon. While I was making some introductory remarks, the people looked pleasant and nodded their approval, but by and by, as I advanced with the sermon, when the chips began to fly and things began to get warm, I could see some heads going sideways, their cheeks began to get red and their lips to turn white and their noses to look blue. As Bud Robinson says, they were fighting under the American flag, the red, white and blue; but this only encouraged me, for I loved a fight, and I gave them the truth all the hotter; but ere I reached the conclusion, the most of their heads had gone down and their faces were hid from view, and I was shooting them in the back of the head.

At the close of the service an aged brother and sister, greatly enraged and the woman with a cracker on the end of her tongue and eyes snapping fire, sharply said, "We want you to understand that we are not half so bad as you think we are. We want you to know we have been in the way for forty years." "Do you mean to say that you have been in the way for forty years?" I asked. "Yes, sir, we have," replied the woman. "Well!" said I, "for Jesus' sake get out of the way and give a poor sinner a chance." As I passed down the aisle another aged sister attacked me. She had a face on her like a cranberry marsh and a disposition like a bee that had gone out of business at one end and gone into business at the other end. She said, "You talk as if we had no religion up here, but I want you to know that we are not backslidden as you think we are. We have been standing at our post for many years." "So you have been standing at your post these many years, have you?" I replied. "Yes, we have," was the answer. "Well, then, sister," said I, "don't you think it time to unhitch and get a move on you and bring something to pass?" After the crowd had dispersed the pastor approached me with a graveyard expression on his face, and said, "Brother Hatfield, I don't know what to do." "Why don't you know what to do?" I asked. "Well, you have preached so straight here this morning that the people are all mad at you, and have told me to not bring you to their homes." "Well, bless the Lord," I replied, "you understand we can't carry on the meeting without something to eat, and if we stay these people must feed us. Now, brother, this is the test of our faith. The Lord has promised to supply all our needs and I need something to eat. Which is the maddest family in the church?" "Well, Brother and Sister W-- are furious," said the pastor. "Now," said I, "come, get into the buggy; we'll take dinner with Brother and Sister W--."

Away we drove down the country road, every step against the protest of the pastor. Finally we reached a beautiful country residence. Mr. W-- was out in the barnyard putting up his horse. The

pastor, at sight of him, became very nervous and begged me to drive on without stopping. "No," said I, "I need something to eat, and the Lord has promised to supply my needs, and right here is the place He calculates to do it." "Well," said the pastor, "you let me put away the horse, I want to speak to the old gentleman." I knew the pastor wanted to make apologies and lay all the blame on me. I shouted glory and sprang from the buggy and marched up the walk with the air of a conqueror, and when I reached the house I found the front door unlocked; I turned the knob and walked in. It was their parlor, so I seated myself in a big, heavily cushioned rocker and made myself at home. As I sat there I could look through the window and see the pastor and old Brother W-- in the barnyard in earnest conversation, and by the way the old gentleman was gesticulating, he reminded me of a cat standing on its hind legs, or a cat with a rainbow spine. His anger had gotten his back up sure enough, but, thank God! I was as happy as a baldheaded bumblebee in a ten-acre clover patch. I was just sucking honey from the blossoms. The Lord told me I could have my dinner and I knew I was going to get it, if I would obey Him.

At last the pastor entered the room with a face on him that looked like a ghost. He was as pale as a sheet and frightened almost to death. He said, "Brother Hatfield, you have made the greatest blunder of your life. I would not be surprised if Brother W-- would come in here and kick you out for your impudence. He is the maddest man I ever saw." "Well, my brother," I replied, "you have invited me to help you in this meeting, and you certainly understand that we can not carry on this revival without something to eat. Now we have done our best and we will just trust the Lord to see us safely through. The Lord has said He would set a table before us in the presence of our enemies, and if He ever had a chance to do so, it surely is now."

Ere long Mrs. W--stepped to the door and invited the pastor out to dinner. At once I arose, as though I was the one invited, and as innocently as though not a thing had gone amiss led the way to the dining-room. There were three chairs at the table. No provision had been made for the unwelcome guest, but nothing daunted, I smiled and sat own in one of them, and after grace by the pastor I began to help myself to the good things before me. Ever and anon, I praised the Lord and complimented the cook. After eating most heartily, in spite of the ominous storm that threatened to precipitate itself upon me, I again retired to the parlor. After an interval of nearly an hour, Mr. and Mrs. W-- all loaded up and ready to fire without further provocation, entered the room. Immediately upon their entrance, I called them to prayer. I fell upon my knees and began to storm the throne of grace for Heaven's blessing upon the people. I prayed with all my soul for the old brother and sister who had "so kindly entertained God's unworthy servants," and the fire began to fall. The pastor got to shouting and soon the old couple began to pray and confess and cry for mercy, and ere long they joined in the rejoicing. Presently they rushed over to me with extended hands and weeping eyes, saying, "Brother Hatfield, we were mad enough to kill you, but now we love you. God has shown us that we were wrong. We declared we would not allow such a crank as you to come into our house, but now you can have the best room in the house, and we request the privilege of entertaining you during the entire meeting."

That night Brother and Sister W-- were so filled with the Spirit that they took the meeting into their own hands. They told the congregation all about the experiences of the day, including the great blessing they had received at home, and they urged the people to seek the Lord as I had advised; they said I had preached the truth and they had better confess their sins and seek the Lord. We had no

preaching that night, the testimony of Brother and Sister W-- was sufficient; the altar was filled and a great revival broke out and scores of souls were saved.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 8 FIRST REVIVAL AND FIRST CAMP MEETING

To me, the idea that God had called me to preach seemed almost incredible, but, Gideon like, I put out my fleece to make a thorough test of the case. With the thought of preaching the Gospel came the desire to join the Conference, be a pastor, have a comfortable parsonage, draw a good salary, have a good library and learn to preach. But these "castles in the air" were all demolished when God made it clear to me that my call was to the hardships and the vicissitudes of the evangelistic life.

I decided to conduct my first meeting in the old church where my father and mother retained their membership, and where I had often attended, in their company, during my boyhood days. It was a small country church located in a beech and sugar grove. The place had run down until it had been abandoned and was now without preaching and with a very few members. I thought if God would give me a great revival there, under the unpromising circumstances, that it would be satisfactory evidence of my call to the ministry. The day was set for the opening of the revival and the community duly notified. From the start the attendance was very encouraging, and in less than a week the old church was filled. I was not doing what the schools called preaching, I did not pretend to arrange any homiletical discourses, but I read most of my messages out of God's Word and filled in the remainder of my time with singing and shouting. At last I shouted myself hoarse and my voice nearly failed me entirely. My desire and burden for the salvation of sinners was so great that I lost all appetite for food and spent my time weeping out my heart's desire before the Lord. Seekers had kneeled at the altar and a few had professed conversion, but the results were not such as would satisfy my call to the ministry.

At last I felt that I must have help and I prayed all night and a day for God to send me a preacher. On my way to the service one night, as I was passing through a heavy strip of timber, I kneeled down and once more urged the Lord to send me a preacher. I fell back among the leaves and looking towards the heavens the glory of God seemed to stream from every star into my soul. A silent, but distinct, voice said, "Arise, and go, I will send you a preacher." I arose, and looked at my watch, and it was just seven o'clock. I started on to church with the assurance that help would come, but every step of the way until I reached that church the devil walked behind me and said, "You know that is not so; there will be no preacher there," but I kept saying, "It's a lie, it's a lie; God has promised me a preacher and he will be there." On my arrival at the church the devil left me at the entrance, which was on the west side of the building. I approached the church from the north, and a Quaker preacher from the south, and we met at the church door. I said, "Glory to God, thou art the man; the Lord wants you to preach tonight." The Quaker replied that he had come for that purpose. I asked him if he had heard of the meeting, and the Quaker said he had not until that evening at the supper-table while the clock was striking seven, when a voice said, "Arise and go to Gilboa Church, and I will give thee a message for the people" This was certainly a remarkable answer to prayer and God did indeed have a message for the Quaker to deliver to the people that night. It was an extraordinary service. There were moments when it seemed that about a foot of the paper, and without ever once

raising his eyes he slowly, lowly, solemnly and deliberately read every word of it. Fortunately it was only about an hour and a half long, but that was too much for me, and while he was grinding his mill I sat there and planned the arrangement of the campground, and looked forward for more hopeful things to come. I also promised the Lord that, if I ever did read any sermon in all my life, I would never read one on "Faith," and I have kept that vow until this present day.

It was campaign year, and while the preachers were sitting around quarreling over politics and fighting holiness, I was leading hungry souls away to the woods and getting them saved, and then returning to the camp jumping and shouting with some happy newborn souls, and these preachers would look as sheepish as a guilty dog.

It was the custom before each service for the elder to call upon one of the brethren to deliver the message. One day he called upon Brother L-- to take charge, and he had just spent a couple of hours in a heated discussion upon politics, so he told the elder he had no message, but the elder insisted that he should take charge of the meeting. Finally Brother L-- opened his satchel and drew out a handful of manuscripts. (It was to be hoped that he would not find anything on the subject of "Faith"!), looked them over, occasionally uttering the words, "Lord, help us." Finding nothing that he could preach upon, he threw them back into his satchel and said, "I haven't got a thing, ask Brother Hatfield to deliver the message." The elder was not very much disposed to do so; at last, however, I was chosen to deliver the message. I made no pretensions of being a preacher, I had no sermons I did not so much as make an effort to preach. I simply stepped before the people, prayed up and full of the Holy Ghost, and fired away, said anything that came to my mind, and let the truth strike whoever it may.

I compared those preachers upon the platform to every homely illustration I could think of. I compared them to one of these big, fine Brahma hens that would be set on a nest of nice eggs, but every time she would leave her nest and return she would break an egg or two, and at hatching-time she would come strutting off with one weakly little chicken and a lot of rotten eggs and shells sticking to her feathers, and strut around as if she had done wonders, and, when feed would be thrown out, she would gobble it all herself and leave her little chick to starve. Then I contrasted them to a common little banty hen, that would make her nest away in the brush, hatch every egg, and come out with a great brood of lively chicks and scratch and forage and keep her eyes open for hawks and raise every chicken. Then the following application: "You preachers remind me of the Brahma hen. You have your dried-up, written sermons, but have no power to produce conviction. You open the doors of the church, take in anything hit or miss, good or bad. Perhaps you do get one little sickly convert, but the stench from those rotten, unsaved ones will kill it. You walk up to Conference with your silk plug hat, broadcloth suit, gold-headed cane and big Masonic watch-charm and strut around over your big report of rotten eggs."

Again, I compared them to an old sow with a dozen pigs: the old sow would be so poor you could sun bees through her and the pigs trotting behind her squealing for something to eat and: the poor old sow had nothing for them. "Just like some of you," I said, "who have big congregations that are starving for the pure milk from the Word of God, and you up in the pulpit with an empty bottle fiddling with a corkscrew trying to get the stopper out. Professing to preach on holiness, and at the same time fighting it. Who could ever understand or get any food out of a sermon of that kind?" It

reminds me of an evangelist once sitting in his house in a big city. A man came riding along in a junk wagon and at the same time he was crying out with a loud voice, "Rah, Bah, Sah! Rah, Bah, Sah!" The evangelist said, "What is that man saying?" He went to the door and called to the man, asking what it was he had for sale. He said, "I have nothing to sell; I am buying rags, bottles and old sacks," and down the street he went crying, "Rah, Bah, Sah! Rah, Bah, Sah! Rah, Bah, Sah!" These holiness-fighting preachers, who have nothing, and yet pretend to preach: on holiness, remind me of this junk peddler. They put on their glasses and read their little rose-water essays with their eyes looking on the paper, occasionally looking up over their glasses at the congregation, and the people do not know any more about what they are talking about than that evangelist knew what that peddler was saying. Imagine a preacher bobbing his head up and down looking over his glasses at the people and saying, "Rah, Bah, Sah! Rah, Bah, Sah! Rah, Bah, Sah!" Now, who on earth could ever get sanctified under such preaching as that?

Well, some of the preachers rebuked me severely, but I took it sweetly. They would say, "What did you say that for?" I could only tell them I was trusting God for the message and I had to say things as they came to me, that I did not feel like standing there and saying nothing, so I just let it go.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 9

FORCING MY WAY--PREDICAMENT OF A HOLINESS FIGHTER-- A SUDDEN DEATH

In a certain little country church in the State of Indiana, not far from where I now live, after much prayer and deliberation, I was very much impressed by the Holy Spirit to conduct a revival service in this church. It was a very cold, dead, backslidden Methodist Church, whose pastor and officials were much opposed to my radical preaching and the means and measures I employed in conducting revivals. It was very clear to me that if I got into that church I would be compelled to take the bull by the horns and push my way in without invitation or permission and turn the Gospel gun upon the devil's host, trusting the God of battles to see me through. In most instances such course would be entirely out of order and reason, but in this case the Spirit of God was leading, consequently the daring undertaking proved to be right. How lustily some people sing that little song, "I'm going through, Jesus," but when it comes to bearding the old lion in his den, they never get there. Like Lot's wife, they back out and crystallize into a pillar of salt. Well, God wants His people to be the salt of the earth, but He does not want it put up that way.

It was on one Sabbath evening, when the pastor was at another point on his circuit and a service was being conducted by a layman of the church, I stepped in, made my way to the pulpit, and took charge of the meeting. After singing and prayer I read a text and then proceeded to pour forth a searching, soul-stirring message under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Sitting there under the light of the truth that night, many got a view of their wicked hearts and became greatly aroused. A large portion of the congregation became very angry and declared they would not attend another service, but the next night found them all there on their roost with an expression on their faces that would sour Jersey milk, and a disposition like a crosscut saw, all on the warpath, with paint on their cheeks and feathers in their hats and tommy-hatchet in hand. They were not an inspiring crowd to preach to, but I had seen the like before and was quite used to such conditions, and with much liberty I again proceeded to shake up the old "dry bones."

The meeting was held in the month of July, right in the midst of wheat harvest. I spent the most of the days in the woods upon my knees praying for a revival and fighting mosquitoes. Every night I would enter the pulpit with God's power running through me like electric currents. This was more than the official board could endure, so one night they laid hands upon me, led me to the door, and out behind the church, and ordered me to leave the premises. There was a great crowd present. The house and the yard were filled with people, and I was at a loss to know just the course to pursue. Finally I determined that, since God had sent me there, I would remain until God told me to leave, and they could just go on with their rat-killing if they wanted to. Just then a big double-fisted sinner approached me in the dark and whispered into my ear that he was my friend and there were a lot of others that would stand by me, so I walked back into that church and there were three old sisters on their knees engaged in earnest prayer for me. I said, "Bless God! when the Lord is with me, and the sinners are going to stand by me, and three old sisters on their knees praying for me, the battle is

ours." My soul was all aflame and with a mighty determination to push the battle through to the very gates of Hell, I marched down the aisle, sprang into the pulpit, and for about forty minutes I poured forth volley after volley of Sinai truth that burned into the hearts of both hypocrites and open sinners.

At the conclusion of the message, I declared I would never invite sinners to come to an altar over the heads of a lot of those dried-up, holiness-fighting professors in the "Amen Corner," whose testimony rattled like dry beans in an empty gourd. I cleared the aisle and put the mourner's bench down there, and then exhorted sinners to seek God at once. They fell in from the right and left, weeping and crying for mercy, and we closed up with great victory and many were saved and some were sanctified.

The following afternoon I called at the home of one of the men who was one of the party that led me out of the church. The man was very angry and said he had forbidden his wife to ever say the word "sanctification" upon his premises, and that he would not allow anybody else to speak the word in his presence. He was so enraged that I thought it best to quietly withdraw and leave him and the Lord and the devil to fight it out. The Lord had a hook in his jaw, and the devil was trying to take it out. As I passed out of the door he made a few threats, but did me no personal violence. The next day he was out in his field cutting wheat. He was still on the warpath, fighting holiness; old carnality was stirred, the reaper was talking to him at every turn of the wheel, the sickle was saying, "Sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy." this put him under deeper conviction and so greatly enraged him that he refused to run the reaper any longer. He was going to stop the reaper from testifying to sanctification, but as soon as the reaper stopped all nature began to testify. The frogs began croaking, "Sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy," and then the grasshoppers took up the glad refrain, and began chirping, "Sanc-ti-fy, sanc-ti-fy." On arriving at the barn the old rooster hopped upon the fence, flopped his wings a few times, and then seemed to take a deep breath and with all his might crowed out, "Sanctify, sanctify, sanctifica-a-a-tion!!" It was an old rooster that waked Peter up and opened his eyes to his backslidden situation, and this old backslider was getting his last call. He was so enraged he did not realize what he was doing.

The following morning before daybreak he was out riding, one of his horses in from the pasture, and clinching his fist together he said, "I'll fight this thing until I die." Immediately upon giving utterance to these words, God smote him and he fell to the ground unconscious. After a long search, his family found him, about the middle of the forenoon, lying where he had fallen. They carried him into the house and after some effort they succeeded in bringing him to consciousness. The first words he uttered were, "I've been in Hell and am now done fighting holiness. Wife, you can talk sanctification all you want to, and I want the experience myself." His wife said, "Don't you think your tobacco will be in your way?" He rolled a big cud out of his mouth and threw it away, then said, "Can you think of anything else, wife? I am willing to quit anything, that I might obtain this blessing." It would not be necessary to say that man got the blessing. It was only a short while until he was in the full enjoyment of it, and that man from that day until this has been one of my best friends.

There was another incident of this meeting well worthy of space upon these pages. I was entertained one night in the home of a young married couple, who were my friends in this meeting. Both husband and wife were under great conviction, but the Lord strongly impressed me that the

wife should be saved at any cost very soon. The next morning, while engaged in prayer, I began to pray for her salvation. I insisted that she should pray for herself, and I began to instruct her, and until the noon hour I continued singing and praying over her. When dinnertime came around, she said she thought she had better prepare something to eat, but I said, "I am willing to do without dinner if you are willing to seek on." She consented and we wrestled until five o'clock, when she said she must stop and get supper. We were both about worn out, as we had been on our knees about ten hours. I felt that I had exhausted every resource and could think of nothing further that I could suggest to encourage her to press on to victory. All in an instant the Spirit suggested one more thing, and, characteristically, I obeyed at once. I requested the seeking woman to stop praying and look up into the corner of the room and there she would see a light. The young woman did so, and immediately she cried out, "I see it! I see it! It's coming toward me," and she sprang to her feet with a clear evidence of a bright experience. It was not many days after that until she died.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 10

DRAGGED THROUGH THE SNOW BY A INFIDEL ANOTHER UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCE

During a great meeting, in which over three hundred sinners were converted, and a great number of believers were sanctified wholly, I encountered some so-called infidels. They attacked the services and always wore a critical cap. They were ever hungering and thirsting after an argument. Argument was their "pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night;" their meat and drink. They sought me for this purpose, but I told them that I had no time to waste upon them. I knew that argument, on religious subjects especially, rarely convinces either of the parties participating. Rev. M. W. Knapp strongly impressed this upon his students, often telling them, in those early days of the Cincinnati Bible School, that "God never called us to argue the Gospel, but He commanded us to go into all the world and preach it." The mode of water baptism has been argued and debated by the different denominations, for generations, and all the time, God thought so little of the mode that He did not take the trouble to mention it in the Bible. If the same time and zeal had been spent in the declaration of essential Bible truths, with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, pressing sinners to immediate repentance, how many souls, in Hell today, might have been walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem! When the devil sidetracks a man of God from the main line of preaching the Gospel to any of the numerous sidelines of debate and argument and controversy, he has the victory and all Hell rejoices over it. Infidelity is ready to meet argument with argument, contention with contention, ridicule with ridicule, caricature with caricature, Greek roots with Greek roots, and historical references with historical references; but bring before them a man full of the Holy Ghost, with a clear knowledge of personal salvation, and happy and Christlike, and then you have an argument it cannot answer; a puzzle it cannot solve. This was the method I had in dealing with such.

During one of the services, a leader among them, while standing in his seat and beholding the wonderful outpourings of God's Spirit upon the seekers and workers about the altar (we had just had a concert prayer, the saints were at a high pitch in their spiritual enjoyment), declared there was nothing in it, that it was all of the devil. The very instant he said the words he turned pale and felt a strange sensation pass over him, but he braced himself up as best he could, wondering what was troubling him so strangely. The next moment he was stricken down between the seats, and then, springing forth like a wild man, rushed to the altar. In a few minutes the altar was filled with sinners and infidels, who were prostrated before God, weeping, groaning, screaming and pleading for mercy. Finally I approached the infidel who had led the way to the altar, and I found him in an awful condition. He was badly frightened and the perspiration was dripping from his contorted face. He was running his fingers through his hair and into his face and ears. I placed my hand on the man's head, and said, "Look to Jesus, my brother." He turned on his knees and looked at me like a maniac, he then sprang upon his feet, threw one arm around my neck and grabbed my other hand in his and made for the door. The snow was deep and the day was very cold, but without a pause, out through the door he went, bounding along through the snow. After running a square, I managed to get the man stopped, telling him that this was all unnecessary, that he could get saved anywhere.

Immediately he dropped upon his knees saying, "All right, we'll seek salvation right here." "Very well," said I, "but we must do business quick, we are in a frosty atmosphere, and when a fellow has no overshoes, overcoat, hat or mittens and the mercury fourteen degrees below zero, we cannot spend much time here." No sooner had I spoken these words than the infidel grabbed me again and started on the run. We finally reached the Methodist parsonage here I managed to get my man on the inside. Almost every step from the time we left the church the infidel was repeating the words, "It's the power of God, it's the power of God." When we reached the inside of the house, I again intreated him to look to Jesus, but said he, "Don't talk to me about looking to Jesus I have been an infidel for so long. I must settle this question of the existence of a God first. Yes, I will have to die, for the same power that knocked me down between the seats is still hanging over me like a dark cloud ready to fall upon me and crush out my life. Every joint within me is now aching from the awful stroke I received. Brother Hatfield, you had better go back to the meeting; you will be needed there; I'll stay here and fight this out alone with God. If you come back here and find me dead, it will be because of my unbelief. Have the Christians to pray that God may spare my life and that I may believe and be saved."

I returned to the church where I found the power of God manifested in a remarkable way. Scores of sinners had swept into the kingdom and among them a number of infidels. It was after the noon hour, and I happened to raise my eyes toward the entrance of the church, and, to my delight, who should I see walking in but the infidel. He had left the parsonage, but oh, what a change! He had a new face and it was covered with smiles. He came rushing down the aisle shouting, "Glory! Glory! Glory!" His presence with his experience broke up the meeting and they all joined in a grand jubilee of shouting and praising God until late in the afternoon.

Twenty-five years or more have passed since that day, and that man has been a true, faithful Christian ever since. He has helped us in meetings, often leaving his business and traveling a hundred miles or more to assist me in my work. I have always regarded this man as one of the most effective altar workers for a layman that I ever knew.

During this revival I tried for five nights in succession to preach from the first Psalm. Each night I would open my Bible to this Psalm, fully expecting to preach on it, but before the time would arrive and I could read my text the sermon would vanish, leaving my mind a blank as far as preaching on the Psalm was concerned. Twice I preached from hymns, once from God's Word, and at another time exhorted. At last, on the last night of the meeting, the Lord gave me great liberty on this Psalm. I had started in this last week for another hundred souls. Up to this closing night ninety had been saved. After an earnest exhortation nine more came to the altar and were saved. For some considerable time both evangelist and people labored hard to get that other soul, but all in vain. At last I announced we would have another meeting early the next morning before I left for my next meeting, and we would look for that remaining soul. Morning came and when the people had assembled the house was full, and I arose and announced that we would sing,

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the shepherd's fold."

Just as the congregation began the song, a man by the name of Lamb came running down the aisle shouting, "I'm that lamb! I'm that lamb! I was saved this morning at five o'clock. All night long I could hear nothing but the words of the first Psalm ringing through my ears, and especially the words, 'Standing in the way of sinners and sitting in the seat of the scornful.' This was the first time I had attended the meeting, and it seemed that every word the preacher said was for me, and I wondered who had been telling him so much about me, but it put me under such conviction I could not sleep, until in the after part of the night I got up and had my wife get up and pray for me, then sent for some of the neighbors, and at five o'clock I prayed through and Jesus saved me." Hence the importance of obeying the leadings of the Spirit in our preaching. If I had preached that sermon any other time, I never would have gotten that man, but God knew when he was going to be there, and when he did come He wanted this sermon for him, and he got it.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

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By Himself

CHAPTER 11

IRATE CLASS-LEADER SUBDUED BY A DRUNKARD

I entered a certain town late one evening in response to an invitation to conduct a meeting. Both pastor and people were absolute strangers to me. Upon arrival I was taken at once to the church where the meeting was to be conducted, and, in due time, I read my text and began to preach. During my sermon, in an inimitable manner, I pictured the cold, formal manner of many church members, and prayed a very ridiculous solemn mock prayer. All unknown to me, there was present an old class-leader, who tallied almost identically with the word picture I had drawn. In fact, after the service, a number of people told me I could not have imitated the class-leader more accurately had known him well. There was also present a local preacher of the same type. The class-leader had his own old dry prayer that he had been repeating "nigh on ter forty years," and the local preacher had an old dry sermon that he had been preaching, from different texts, for about the same length of time. These two officials were not long getting on their habiliments of warfare, and preparing for fight. They gave every evidence that the "old man" was not dead. They reminded me of a horse with his ears laid back or a mule with his heels in the air. They declared that the pastor had informed me and there was no need of denying it. With all their feeble power they were opposing the meeting. Their opposition was about as effective as a little dog barking at the moon.

Each service I was drawing the lines tighter and tighter, and bearing down harder and closer. Shoes got to fitting so closely and pinching so hard by the end of the week, that the class-leader could contain himself no longer, so, early one morning, he ventured into the parsonage to tell the preacher "just what he thought of him." I was sleeping in an adjoining room when the class-leader entered. At once the preacher detected that the man was enraged.

The class-leader opened up the subject in a mild way to the pastor. As soon as possible I dressed and entered the room. I tried to reason with the man, but he became so furious that this was altogether out of the question. I did my utmost to pacify him, but in return got nothing but abuse. Just at this juncture in the unpleasant situation, there sounded a knock at the door and the pastor's wife admitted a staggering drunkard. The man fell into chair and began to relate a very sad story regarding his miserable life. He said he had called to see me, that he had been a drunkard all his life and had not drawn a sober breath for twenty years. He said he had a good wife and four nice children, but that they had little to wear and nothing to eat and were then at home hungry. He drew his wages the night before and had spent every cent at the saloon. He had been at the church the previous evening and heard the preacher say that salvation was better for a drunkard than the Keely Cure, and he had come to inquire about the matter. All the time the poor fellow as telling his pathetic story he wept bitterly. The touching tale got hold of the old class-leader's very heartstrings and he, too, began to weep. Then he began to exhort the man to give his heart to God. He said, "Jack, I've been praying for you for over twenty years, and I want to see you saved." The drunkard abruptly turned upon the class-leader and told him to shut his mouth. He said, "You have no more influence with me than a yellow dog, and I don't want to hear anything out of you. You know you lie when you say you have been praying

for me for over twenty years. You have never in all of these years said a word to me about my soul. You've been fighting this meeting and doing all you can to injure this man, who is doing his best to get people saved. You have been so mad that you haven't prayed a prayer for a week, and right now you have more hatred in your heart than I have whiskey in my stomach. You are as much on your way to Hell as I am, even though you are a Methodist class-leader, and I don't want to hear you talk to me unless you are willing to confess your sins like any other sinner, and go to the altar and get saved."

This rebuke came upon the class-leader like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It staggered the old man momentarily, but he soon regained enough composure and sufficient magnanimity, to take the drunkard by the hand and say, "Jack, you are right and I am wrong. I promise you right here that if you will go to the altar tonight, I'll go with you and we will both get right with God." The two men agreed. I think I narrowly escaped a licking, and, true to their promise, each was at the altar. Their influence upon the congregation caused a wave of conviction to strike many hearts, hitherto only awakened, and the opposition melted away like the morning dew. Over 150 souls were brightly converted, and a goodly number obtained the blessing of entire sanctification.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 12 A NOISY SERVICE

One of the nominal church's most oft-repeated criticisms against the Holiness people is that they are too noisy. One of the things that the Holiness people depreciate about the nominal church is that she is generally too dead to make a joyful noise unto the Lord. "Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound," is the song they sometimes appropriately sing.

The writer was holding a meeting once in a United Brethren church. He was also engaged to hold a meeting for an Evangelical preacher just four miles up the road from the U. B. church. We were having a great time. The Saturday night before we closed on Sunday, the Evangelical preacher came down to the meeting. It was something unusual for him; it was more than he had contracted for, but he had us on his hands and there was no getting rid of me. In order to prepare his people for my coming, the next Sabbath morning he took for his text, "The still small voice." The next Monday night I was on hand to assist the Evangelical preacher. The following Wednesday he was at the altar. God so marvelously filled him with the Holy Ghost that he yelled and jumped for a quarter of an hour, and then grabbed up his hat and ran down the aisle and downstairs and down the street for two squares yelling at the top of his voice. This was fuel to the fire, and in a few days the whole church was aflame and the result was over three hundred conversions and many sanctified wholly.

The arguments of the opposers of spiritual joy are no arguments at all. They are without foundation in either reason or revelation. The objectors ignorantly affirm that "still water runs deep." Now the truth is, still water does not run at all--and neither do they. Still water breeds tadpoles, toads, mosquitoes, malaria and death, and these people breed the spiritual dearth and death of which these things are a type.

There was one old Quaker brother who was greatly stirred over an enthusiastic meeting, and after it had quieted down somewhat, arose and, in a very solemn way, said, "Brethren, I believe in being full, but I do object to this overrunning. For forty years I have been a member of this church and my tank has always been full, but I have never allowed it to run over.' A little boy sitting by his mother's side on the front seat jumped to his feet and, in an excited way, said, "Uncle, if your tank has not run over in forty years, I'll bet you it's got wiggle-tails in it."

In one of my meetings all the talk seemed to be, "Too much noise! too much noise!" The fact was, nobody was making any noise except myself and I was making comparatively little for me. There was but one man in the church who would pray, and he was as dry as the Kansas plains. He prayed so low and slow that we hardly knew when he started or when he ended. I would wait until I thought the brother had gone long enough and then say "Amen" for him, and arise and begin singing. The attendance was large and the interest good, but nobody was getting saved; however, conviction was settling upon the people. Many of the people became more and more severe in their criticism upon

the noise, so I concluded that if they did not like a little of a good thing I would give them an extra supply.

One Sunday night I made up my mind that the time had come when something heroic had to be done, and noise seemed to be the bone of contention that was in the way of the meeting. I delivered my message and offered the altar, but no one responded. I sang a few songs and then by very persistent effort, I succeeded in getting four church members out to the front for a season of prayer. They would not kneel at the altar, but fell down beside a front seat. I turned to the congregation and said,- "Now, sinners, watch closely, for we are going on our knees for victory and we will remain here until morning if we don't get it before, and I want you to keep your eyes upon these church members and the one that gets up first you spot him as a hypocrite." I made a long and noisy prayer and then gave an exhortation and asked someone else to lead in prayer. Nobody prayed. I then made another prayer and followed it up with another exhortation. I kept this up, alternating between prayer and exhortation, until eleven o'clock. Finally, the old, slow brother began to quickly pray. I kept crying out all the time, "Victory is coming! Victory is coming!"

Just then, to my great satisfaction, I observed two Spirit-filled converts of a former meeting entering the church. They had attended their home prayer meeting in an adjoining town and had been led to drive to the meeting afterward. They were very noisy fellows. I motioned for them to come to the front and they readily responded.

When they reached the altar, I said, in a low tone, "Boys, I'm glad to see you. God has sent you here to make a noise. Noise is the thing that is needed here now, and I want you to make all of that you can. Holler, clap your hands, stamp your feet and pound the mourner's bench and I'll join you." At once the racket began. It took the people by surprise. It startled the congregation and especially the old brother engaged in prayer. He pitched his prayer about three times as loud and began to wax warm. I leaped from the altar into the rostrum and found the pastor behind the pulpit trembling from head to foot with fear as if the world was coming to an end. I said, "Brother S--, this is the chance of our life for this meeting. Get out here quick and help us make a noise." The preacher joined in and the congregation looked still more astonished. By this time the old brother had reached a high pitch. He was beating the air and frothing at the mouth and was praying loud enough to be heard a block away.

Presently a man was observed standing in the aisle weeping. He was invited to the altar, and he did not require any coaxing. He fell on his knees and began praying at the top of his voice, and was soon converted. He sprang to his feet and rushed down the aisle and soon brought another person to the altar who was also quickly converted. In about thirty minutes from that time there were seventeen at the altar and all gave evidence of having received a definite experience of conversion.

Among the converts was a small boy about eight years old. This lad had a drunken father who had often abused him in a shameful manner and the man was present at the service. As soon as the boy was saved he rushed back to tell his father and ask him to come to Jesus and get saved. The father resented the lad's advances and entreaties and shoved him away several times, but the boy was persistent in his efforts and continued pressing his claims that his father must give his heart to God. At last the boy got his arms around his father's neck and wept over him until he broke the old

drunkard's heart; and he came to the altar with the child still clinging to him, weeping and praying with all his might. He would climb upon his father's back and pray with all his strength for God to save papa. The Lord answered the boy's prayer and soon the father rose to his feet, with the child still clinging to his neck, wonderfully saved. As he left the church that night, I heard the people saying, "This reminds us of old times. This is the way our fathers and mothers used to do." This service settled the criticism of "Too much noise." There were over one hundred saved in this meeting and many of the critics were saved and sanctified and united with the church.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 13 DRASTIC MEASURES

One time in the city of Chicago, I was one of a large corps of evangelists laboring in a big Holiness convention. As many as a thousand people or more often crowded into the large auditorium, and at times there would be in attendance over two hundred Holiness preachers. Among the hundreds of seeking sinners who bowed at the altar, there was a certain woman who had been seeking the experience of entire sanctification. When she attended the services the preachers knew there would be at least one response to the altar call. The Holy Spirit revealed to them that pride was the barrier between the woman and victory. She would kneel at the altar just so; pat her bangs, arrange her clothes, cross her hands, bow her head, and she was there to stay. Nobody could induce her to lift her head or offer a prayer aloud, and yet, she seemed very hungry for the experience.

During the closing moments of one of the services, while the congregation was standing and singing and the woman was still kneeling at the altar, I was engaged in earnest prayer for her sanctification. At once the Spirit of God fell upon me and I grasped the woman by the arm and began to shake her violently. I shook the flowers out of her hat, and her hat off of her head and her shawl from her shoulders, her hair came down, and the hairpins flew out, and the poor woman was exceedingly humiliated to be thus shaken in the presence of one thousand eye-gazers. She showed her humiliation in her face, but had lost her handkerchief and was unable to control it. Her husband was present and, being unable to endure seeing his wife so roughly handled, he leaped from his seat, and in his rage, made for me. His eyes were flashing angrily and it was very evident that he purposed to dust the carpet with me. Just as the irate husband was about to pounce upon me, the pentecostal wave struck the woman; she leaped into the air about two feet, and with extended arms and a scream similar to that of a Comanche Indian, she made for her husband. The place suddenly got too hot for him and he turned on his heel and ran down the aisle and out of the door, while his wife took the rostrum and walked back and forth with her face all radiant with glory, shouting and praising God, and thanking the preacher for shaking the devil of pride out of her and getting her loosened up from her stiffness, so that she could be enabled to lay hold on God for victory.

At another time I was conducting a tent meeting in the suburbs of a large city. As many as a thousand or fifteen hundred people attended the services. The people stubbornly refused to act upon any proposition and I was in a great dilemma. Saturday night I had another preacher deliver the message, after which I followed with an exhortation. I made several propositions without effect, and then I fell upon my knees in the straw and offered a strong, earnest prayer to God, that He might break things up some way. I arose and exhorted the people again, but with no better effect. Again I kneeled in prayer and arose and exhorted the people, but all in vain. At last I told the Lord I could do no more, that man's extremity was God's opportunity, and unless He helped me nothing could ever be done, and I was now fully depending upon Him, and I would gladly pursue any course He ordered. Immediately the Spirit said, "Arise, and drive all the church members out of the tent." I sprang to my feet and asked all the church members of every denomination to stand upon their feet.

About four hundred arose. "Now," said I, "the Lord wants you out of this tent and you must get out at once." After some considerable effort (and it certainly did take nerve), at last I succeeded in driving them out. I reminded them of the fact that the tent belonged to me, and the lot upon which it was pitched was mine for ten days, and I had the authority to say who should stay there and who should not.

After I had cleared the tent of church member I turned to the preachers and asked them to take a position at the rear of the platform, then I stepped upon the altar and said, "Now if there is anyone that wants to see a real break in this meeting and you desire to be saved tonight come at once and give me your hand." Responsive to the call, there was a rush of sinners to the front and soon all of the altar space was crowded with penitent souls. The Spirit of the Lord fell upon the Christians who had been driven out, and they came rushing back into the tent shouting God's praises. Some of the preachers shouted so as to be heard nearly a mile away. Some of the "immovables" on their way home heard the shouting and came back on the run, but were too late to get in the way of the meeting, but just in time to see the fire work. When the Holy Spirit can have His way something is going to happen. Sometimes it seems a daring adventure to obey Him, but I have always found Him a present help in time of need.

During another meeting, while I was working out among the congregation, I approached a young lady who was a beautiful singer. She was holding her head proudly and singing with all her might. I asked her several questions, but she continued to sing without making any reply. I observed a cunning smile playing over her features and detected that her seeming indifference to all my questions was all a bluff. At last I pointed my finger at her, looked her squarely in the face and said, "Go on if you want to, sing your soul into Hell and be damned, for you are doing that very thing." After taking a few steps down the aisle, I turned to see how the young woman was taking my sharp rebuke, and, there she was making a beeline for the altar. She was soon converted and within a few weeks sought and obtained the experience of entire sanctification. She received a call to preach the Gospel and soon entered the evangelistic field, and became a very successful winner of souls. She was a marvel to the people who knew her, so mighty was she in preaching the Word of God. She afterward told me that it was my sharp words that awakened her; that she was hardhearted and wicked and had no thought of ever becoming a Christian, but those words, coming so sharp and keen, went to her heart like a knife and it frightened her. Instantly conviction seized her and she said, "If ever I'm saved, it must be now," and at once surrendered her will and started to the altar where God, in great mercy, pardoned her sins.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 14 HUMOROUS HAPPENINGS

Intermingled with pathetic and almost heartbreaking scenes, in an evangelistic experience, are many of a very humorous character. This is more or less true of all evangelists. Were it not for the eternal issues involved and the consummation of many incidents transpiring through my busy life, this book could be easily changed into a series of exceedingly humorous sketches.

I have conducted several revival meetings in which people have gone into trances; especially, in a certain neighborhood where I labored a considerable time, where there were a great number thus affected. Some would fall to the floor and lie perfectly rigid, some would roll about as though in great agony, some would see visions and great things to relate, some would walk about the church, others would stand erect in one place for hours, some would sing, others would laugh, and yet others would engage in conversation. In this neighborhood I conducted three meetings covering a period of seven weeks and I saw about six hundred converted and a large number sanctified. On account of the peculiar and unusual deportment of those falling, under the power of God, I was accused of being a hypnotist and a mesmerist. Some said it was the power of the devil, and others declared it was of God. Some would refuse to shake hands with me through fear of this power. In a great spiritual glee one day I grabbed an old sinner by the hand to shake hands with him, instantly he jerked his hand away and said, "You keep your hands off of me, don't you touch me again." Others would run when they saw me approaching. Some refused to come to town and even did without their much desired tobacco, for fear of the "trance man." There were others who wanted a trance and would stand around me hoping to fall under the power.

The second- day during the third meeting in the neighborhood there was a young lady driving down the road toward town. She had never seen me nor attended any of the meetings, but had heard many things about me and my reputed marvelous power. As she was driving along she met her uncle, who was a doctor and a very mischievous fellow, always ready, at any sacrifice of truth, to play a prank. The young woman said, "Uncle, has that man come yet?" "Oh, yes," said the doctor, "he came last night and held his first service." "Now, uncle," said the young woman, "I want you to tell me the truth; is that man what the people say he is?" "Oh," replied the doctor, "the half has never been told, he is the most remarkable person I have ever seen. He has no equal. He possesses the power of God, everything bows and moves at his will. He had the people under such power last night that they could not move from their seats. He placed his hand on the pulpit and it spun around like a top. He spoke to the bell and it began to ring. He walked down the aisle and all the seats in the house began to rock back and forth. He approached the stove and thrust both hands over it and it began to waltz around over the house. He glanced up toward the chandelier and simply blew his breath against it, and it began to move up and down."

"Oh, hush, Uncle," said the frightened girl, with her eyes bulging out like two buckeyes in a bowl of clabber milk. "That's mesmerism and I won't go another step; I shall turn around and drive right back home."

After great effort and much persuasion the physician finally succeeded in getting her to drive on to his house. When she arrived she found me there. I was introduced to her, she was quite nervous. After a short call she went away and told her folks that she could see nothing very extraordinary about that evangelist, that he was nothing but a man, and he seemed to be a very ordinary one at that.

On another occasion, and during another revival meeting, there attended the service an elderly woman who always occupied the front seat. She sat there under the straight Gospel preaching that I was dealing out from the platform, with an expression of disdain and devil-possessed contempt. She had disturbed the meeting and had interrupted me until I thought she had exceeded the limit, so I made up my mind to "fire her out." The next night she was back on her roost at her old tricks. I was preaching, but stopped, and with a sharp look and a commanding voice I said, "Old sister, you pick up your lantern, and take your old bonnet, and walk your dead carcass out of this house, and move at once." She very quickly obeyed orders, but first went to her husband and asked him to go home with her, but he refused, then she went to her children, but they also refused to accompany her, so she started out alone. When she reached home, just as she opened the door and stepped within the house, a gust of wind banged the door shut and extinguished her light. She was a great coward and at once became weak with fright. In this terrified state she could neither find a match to light her lantern nor the door through which to escape from the house. She next conceived the idea that the devil was in the room and after her. She became frantic and began to scream and cry. Then, there being no other refuge, in her distress she began to pray with all her strength. She told God she would never again oppose the preacher and confessed her sins and at last was reclaimed. Just about the time the Spirit fell upon her, the husband and children arrived from the church. It was like walking into a cyclone. The woman had been so wonderfully saved and blessed that she was running around the room shouting God's praises. Her joyful experience was too much for the husband and children; they, too, began to pray and all got blessed. The next night when they made their appearance at the service, they set the meeting on fire, and from that hour the meeting swept on with victory in every service. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," so He used on "old dead" church member, who was "fired out" of church for her misbehavior, "fighting holiness," to precipitate a revival in that community.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 15

EXPERIENCES BOTH HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC

It was a very common thing for persons seeking the Lord to desire and seek an experience similar to that of somebody else. There was a man who wanted a shouting experience. Every service he would kneel at the altar and pray with all his might for God to give him such a blessing as would cause him to shout. The Lord was blessing him right along. He would get very happy and shake hands all over the congregation, and he was instrumental in leading many souls to the altar, and yet, the first invitation given at the next service, he would kneel with the penitents and pray for God to give him a yelling blessing. One day I said to him, "Brother B--, does not God satisfy your soul?" He answered that God had greatly blessed him, but he wanted to be blessed until he "just must yell." I replied, "Brother B--, you may get more of that some of these days than you want." One day I heard a scream that made the church ring, and looking out upon the congregation, I beheld the man who wanted to yell. He had received what he wanted. He screamed, and screamed, and screamed; he yelled, and yelled, and yelled. For a time the brother's cries sounded very laughable, and we all joined him and enjoyed it, but, ere long, the poor fellow's condition became serious. He screamed until he became very weak with the strain. He tried very hard to stop, but was powerless to do so. Finally he took a cramp in his side which caused him great agony. He was laid out upon the seat and friends did their utmost to stop his cries, but utterly failed. The man's condition became so serious that at length the people went to prayer and asked God to stay His hand, and the Lord answered prayer and the man was relieved, and from that day until this he has never felt like asking the Lord to repeat the experience.

This man's experience should teach us a great lesson. We should never tempt God by insisting upon His gratifying our whims. God has promised to supply all of our needs, but He has never said He would our notions, and if we do insist upon God's supplying our whims and notions, we do so at our peril.

Another very peculiar incident occurred in another revival meeting. An aged German lady had attended the services very faithfully and one day was brightly converted. She was very happy over the newfound treasure. She went home and related her wonderful experience to her husband, who had not attended any of the services. When the old German heard his wife tell what the Lord had done for her, he became hungry for an experience that would make him happy too. On a certain day the old lady was seen coming to church leading her husband by the hand. She directed him to the front seat where he listened most attentively while the Word was preached. At the close of the sermon when the altar call was made the old lady took her husband's hand and led him to the altar, where he kneeled and buried his face in his hands. The old lady stepped back and looked very critically at her husband, and his exact position at the altar, then she said, brokenly, "Shust about nine inches to the north, Shames." The old gentleman immediately removed the required distance and the old lady said, "Dat will do, Shames." The old man at once arose and said, "I haf got Him! I haf got im! Shesus saves me. Praise the Lort!" Undoubtedly the old lady had acquainted her husband with

the minutest details of her conversion and she had instructed him to kneel in the identical position and location where she had received the blessing. In simple, childlike faith, the old gentleman followed directions, and, sure enough, God blessed his soul.

At another time while I was conducting services in southern Indiana, some boys found a drunken man, and for the mischief of it, they brought him to the church and threw him in at the door. Some of the brethren hurried back to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. After they had probed the drunkard to learn his feelings upon the subject of religion, they concluded to take him to the altar. With much difficulty they succeeded in getting the man forward and, after much prayer and personal dealing he was able to lay hold on the promises and trust God for salvation. As soon as he was saved he was sobered up instantly. He sprang to his feet and began to shake hands, saying in broken English, "I vas saved, I vas saved." The following day while giving in his experience, while the pastor was leading the service, he said, "I vas con, con, con, con, con, Brother Shones, vat vas dat?" "You were converted," replied the pastor. "Oh, yes, I vas converted. I takes Shesus und Shesus takes me. Ven a Dutchman starts he never turns back. I goes on." This man was a faithful Christian during the entire meeting. A letter was received some time later from the pastor stating that the man was still faithful, and that he had fallen heir to a large estate in the old country, which he expected to use for the cause of Christ. After the meeting closed I was leaving for the train, the German approached me saying, "Brother Hatfield, I wants to tank you for saving my soul, but I tanks Shesus mour."

While I was engaged in a meeting in northern Illinois, I had a very interesting experience with an irate father and mother. Neither of these people would weigh a hundred pounds. They were both dried-up, mean and miserly. They had an only daughter of tremendous proportions. She tipped the scales at 365 pounds. One day at a morning service, this corpulent daughter presented herself at the altar as a candidate for salvation. There had been trouble between the young woman and her parents and after she had sought a long time without obtaining the victory, a young man, familiar with the family and the circumstances of the estrangement concluded that he would go down to her father's; store and have him come up to the church for possible reconciliation. As soon as the young man made known his mission to the father, the old man flew into a rage and swore he would go up to the church and shoot the brains out of the preacher conducting the meeting. The man ran into his house after his revolver and ordered his wife to come along, and they started for the church. I was on my knees, instructing the seekers, when suddenly the door was thrown open and the man and woman came down the aisle talking loudly and using indecent language. They rushed upon the daughter and laid hold upon each of her ponderous arms and said, "My lady, we will take you home." They tried to lift the girl, but she, with her 365 pounds avoirdupois, was as limp as a rag, and yank, and pull, and jerk, as they would, they could not move her. Nothing less than a derrick could have accomplished that feat against her will. At last the mother stepped back and with her foot kicked the girl in the back, said some very sharp words, then turned on her heels and rushed out of the house. Then the father stepped back put his hand to his hip-pocket as if to draw a pistol, and said, "I'll put a stop to this meeting."

I was suddenly awakened to the fact that this thing had gone far enough? so I looked the man squarely in the eye and said, "Sir, do you know that you have violated the laws of this state by interrupting a religious meeting and you are now subject to a heavy fine?" The old man was so stingy and miserly that the very suggestion of his conduct costing him anything struck like a thunder crash

on a winter day. He immediately dropped his head, lowered his voice, and said he guessed he had made a mistake and was very sorry he had done so. I told him he needed salvation to take the wickedness out of him. A young convert stepped forward and asked him to make things right with his daughter. The father humbly replied that he was willing to do so. It was not long until the daughter got victory in her soul and 365 pounds of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost arose to her feet and it was not at all difficult to get the father to his knees, but he got no more than he was working for and that was to escape from the clutches of the law. He promised to return to the services, but he never did. He saw his mistake, and in order to escape the fine, being so stingy, he was willing to submit to almost any measures. Had the daughter been a small woman the probability is they would have carried her out, but her tremendous weight upset all their pernicious plans and thus the girl found her Savior and went away rejoicing in His love.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 16

SIMPLE, TRUSTING FAITH AND ITS FRUITS

There lived in one of the leading cities of Indiana a young lady about eighteen years of age, who had experienced many hardships during her life. Her mother had died when she was a child, the home was broken up and she was placed in the home of another family. The girl resented the unkindness shown her in this new home and soon she left the place. She was driven from place to place and at last her father refused to help her longer, and she was thrown upon the mercies of an indifferent world. In the course of time, with a broken and discouraged heart; she appealed to her father to keep house again and allow her to do the housekeeping. The father and the son finally agreed to this plan and they were soon comfortably settled in their new home. I was conducting revival meetings in the city where this family lived, when one day the young lady made her way to the altar. After a few moments spent in prayer she voluntarily arose, faced the congregation and said, "Jesus saves me."

She attended the service the following day and listened attentively as the preacher gave a Bible lesson on the subject of entire sanctification as a second work of grace. Again when the altar call was made, she went forward and kneeled in prayer. I asked her if she was not converted the day before, and she said, "Oh, yes, I was clearly converted. I never was so happy in my life, but you told us today that there was a second experience that will take all wrong temper out of our hearts. I found out yesterday what you said about the first experience was true and if there is anything better in the second experience, I want it." I instructed her in the way of consecration and faith, and in a short time the young lady arose, turned to the congregation and with a modest, happy face said, "Jesus sanctifies me wholly."

At the next service the girl again presented herself at the altar, and again I asked her what he desired of the Lord. She replied, "Jesus saves and sanctifies me, but you said today that every Christian should return thanks at the table and I am here for that blessing." After a short time she arose and turned to the congregation and declared that she had obtained the blessing to say grace at the table. She went home from this service and prepared the meal and called her father and brother to the table. The brother immediately helped himself to a biscuit, and the father had started to turn his plate when the daughter said, "We must thank God for this meal before we eat." The father grumbled, the brother cursed, but they could neither of them go any further with the meal. The father still held his plate and the brother his biscuit. "When you get quiet," said the girl, "I will return thanks and God will not let you eat until I do." And neither could they; for God was with the girl. At last the father roughly said, "Well, say your blessing, and be quick about it, we want to get to eating some time." A blessing was asked and a victory won.

The next day the young woman was at the altar again. I merely asked her, "What next?" "Well," said she, "you said every Christian should have family prayer and I am here for that blessing." After several minutes had passed she arose and told the congregation that she had come to the altar for God

to give her grace to hold family prayers and she said, "God has done it." That night when she got home she selected the Scripture and when she saw that her father and brother were preparing to retire she said, "We will read the Bible and have prayer before we retire." The brother had just removed one shoe and this he threw at her with an oath. The father flew into a rage and threatened to drive her out of the house. At length he arose and marched out himself. The girl was quietly holding her Bible in her hand. Her brother, try as he would, could not remove the other shoe, neither could the father remain long without, but soon entered the house again and, after stepping around and upsetting chairs and talking loudly and angrily, he finally said, "Have your prayers, if you must, we want to get to bed some time tonight." Whereupon the girl read a chapter, offered prayer, and won another victory.

The next day the young lady again bowed at the altar. She prayed God to bring her brother out to service that night and she soon announced to the congregation that God had promised her that her brother would attend the service that night. Sure enough, that night, side by side, the brother and sister walked into church and found a seat near the front. When I again called seekers to the altar the young lady again stepped forward. She began to pray to God to save her brother. The answer did not come as quickly as had the others. She prayed on and on until after midnight. The congregation had long been dismissed, only a few having tarried to witness the outcome of the young woman's prayer. Some advised her to go home and return the next day, but she told them they might go if they desired, but that she would pray on until God answered. She soon became more intense in her cries, and then she threw up her hands and with face all radiant, she arose and ran to her waiting brother, saying, "I have it! I have it! God has answered my prayer; you will be saved tonight." The few remaining Christians rallied around the young man and did all they could to persuade him to get upon his knees, but in vain. He was stubborn and sullen and would not move. The sister was upon her knees with extended arms and eyes fastened apparently upon some faraway object and she said not a word. She was apparently lost to everything and every one except the Lord. At last, weary and sleepy, when all looked so hopeless and defeat seemed so certain, her friends again advised her to give up for the present. "No," she said, "you may all go if you wish, but God has promised to save my brother tonight and he must do it. If He fails me I will never believe Him again." With this, she broke forth in prayer and said, "Lord, you promised me tonight that you would save my brother. I took you at your word and I still believe you, and in Jesus' name I ask you to save him instantly." Immediately the boy fell upon his knees and began to cry for mercy and in a very short time he came through with a clear testimony that Jesus saved. And soon, arm in arm, the happy pair were homeward bound and both were shouting the praise of the One who had verified His promise, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them "

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 17

A DANGEROUS WOMAN ANOTHER HARD CASE

During an outdoor meeting in a beautiful sugar grove in central Indiana, God blessed my labors in the salvation of a great number of precious souls. There were services in which both sides of a sixty-five-foot altar were crowded with anxious seekers. This meeting furnished several interesting incidents; two were as follow.

In the course of the meeting, Sabbath day had come around and great crowds were thronging the grounds. The altar was crowded, and still the unsaved were making their way to the front. I was looking out upon the great multitude and exhorting the people to turn to God and seek salvation. As I was surveying the congregation, I observed a woman standing near the main aisle, and she was weeping. At once the Spirit impressed me to bring the woman forward to the altar. I ran down the aisle and stepped up to the woman and asked her if she wanted to be saved. She replied that she did and then she turned to a woman at the end of the seat, as if to say, "I will go if you will." I told her to pay no attention to anybody else, that salvation was a personal matter and added, "If you will go, possibly this sister will follow." I observed the woman at the end of the seat looking at me fiercely and hatefully, for she was a desperate character and it was no trouble to read devilry in her eye. The woman had burned property, whipped her husband, and had been in a number of neighborhood fights and was a terror to everybody that knew her. Again I asked the first woman I approached if she would not come and go with me to the altar, but she replied that she would not go without the woman beside her. I then turned to the woman of bad reputation and said, "Sister, you go with this woman." The woman gave me another fierce look and said, "You attend to your business and I'll attend to my business." I turned to the other woman and said, "Do you mean it? Will you come if the other woman does?" The woman assured me that she would. "Well," said I, "come along, for this woman is going to the altar." Thereupon I grasped the savage woman on the end of the seat by both arms and jerked her out into the aisle and started toward the altar with her. It was a desperate struggle. The woman's strength was marvelous and she exerted all of it in resisting me. We tore up the sawdust along the aisle like two wild beasts. The congregation was terrified. The singing had stopped and the people were looking on breathlessly. When we got within about ten feet of the altar the woman broke away from me and instead of leaping upon me, as everybody expected, to the surprise of all, she ran past me and fell screaming at the altar. She cried for mercy and in less than five minutes heavenly fire struck her, and also upon the congregation at the same time, and words can scarcely describe the scene that followed. Wave after wave of Divine glory swept over all and God vindicated my action before all the people.

There was in attendance at this meeting a very influential gentleman who had long declared himself a seeker after God. He had bowed at the altar, service after service, but could never be induced to pray. During this meeting the men had retreated to the west side of the grove continually, between regular services, for prayer, and the ladies had gone to the east side for the same purpose. One day the brethren decided among themselves that they would put forth a desperate effort to get

this man through to God, so they made an arrangement whereby they could get him over to prayer meeting. On a certain day the men went over the hill and, as usual, went to prayer for God's Spirit upon the meeting. They had withdrawn their coats and formed a large ring and were laboring with all their strength for victory. By pre-arrangement, and all unknown to the aforementioned seeker, the man was led over the hill and, ere he knew what it all meant, he found himself surrounded by about thirty shirt-sleeved, desperate, determined, praying men. the man started to run, but they laid hold of him and carried him inside of the circle and told him to remove his hat and coat and go to praying at once, or they would wear him out right there. The man made the best of the situation and went to praying as he had never been heard to do before. He lifted up his head, his hands, his heart, and prayed with all his strength. While all this was going on, to add interest to the scene, there was a large man running around the circle on the outside crying at the top of his voice, "Keep off, devil! Keep off, devil! Keep off, devil!" The noise had attracted the people from all quarters and all the surrounding trees sheltered the onlookers who were afraid to approach too near the praying band. At last the seeking man in the center of the group became so desperate that he leaped from the ring and made through the woods as fast as he could go. The praying men, finding their seeker gone, started after him in hot pursuit. The shirt-sleeved runners so frightened the curiosity seekers that they broke forth through the woods in all directions. My only brother, who was one of the praying band, and very nimble of foot, finally overtook the man on the edge of an old rotten brushheap, grasped him firmly, and the man was then and there converted in his arms. Soon all the praying band were upon the scene and in their delight over the victory, they shouted and tramped upon the brushheap until it was ground into fragments.

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Life of John T. Hatfield

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CHAPTER 18 NARROW ESCAPE FROM A TRASHING

While conducting a revival in a brick schoolhouse at a certain place, I encountered very bitter opposition. When it was noised abroad that the evangelist was coming, many tried to induce the trustees to close the schoolhouse against me, and finding this impossible, the opposition circulated threatening reports. One woman was anxious to furnish the eggs if she could find some one mean enough to throw them at the evangelist. A certain Methodist class leader, a Christian (?) gentleman (?), announced himself ready to thrash the evangelist if he could lure him to his home. A few people suddenly got such a religious spell as to call the people together for special prayer that God would prevent the preacher from coming. For some reason God failed to answer their prayer, and upon the appointed day, I arrived and opened fire, and without respect of persons they got their portion, sinners, backsliders, hypocrites or cold professors. From the very first the God of battles was with me, the heavenly fire came down, the altar was filled and many sinners were converted. The news of the great meeting spread, the interest increased, the crowds packed the house, the fighters became more and more angry, conviction deepened, and the devil worked industriously enough to keep everything interesting. It was a great meeting. A few times the meeting ran all night until the next morning. I promised a man to go home and stay all night with him and as we stepped out of the house the sun was coming up in the east. Such meetings are what a man of my temperament and experience is sure to enjoy.

All along, the class leader who had threatened to thrash me, was endeavoring to get me to his house. Two of this man's children had been at the altar and a son had been brightly converted. At last, one evening after the service, and it was a late hour, I, entirely ignorant of the man's wicked intentions, consented to go home with him and spend the night. I was invited to a seat in an old dilapidated spring wagon drawn by a team of poorly fed horses. After driving some distance we stopped and layed down a pair of bars and drove into a thickly dense wood, and, after bumping over roots and the heavy underbrush, every little bit I would holler out, "Glory to God!" But the old gentleman did not have much to say, he was as mum as an oyster. Finally he drove up to a small log cabin where I was to spend the night. It was after midnight, and I was very tired. I asked to be allowed to retire at once, and was taken into a shed-room which served the triple purpose of bedroom, dining room and kitchen. I was wet with perspiration, had no change of clothes, so I just jumped into the old untidy bed, said a very short prayer and was soon fast asleep, but within an hour I was awakened by a terrific wind storm which blew the door in, and the window out, and gave the old log cabin a general shaking up.

After the storm had passed over, the room was soon flooded with mosquitoes, and then, as another addition to the discomfort of the guest, a great dog entered the room through the open doorway and spent the remainder of the night scratching fleas and scraping his toenails on the floor and snapping at mosquitoes. I endeavored to keep off the mosquitoes and deaden the noise of the dog by covering my head with the bed quilt, but the long unused company bed was so musty that I could not endure

the stench. Along about daybreak I went to sleep and procured a little rest. At last I heard a voice calling me to breakfast. I opened my eyes and before me stood the mother and daughter. I waited some time for them to leave the room, and they remained and waited for me to get out of bed, so at last, finding they evidently had no intention of leaving, I decided it must be their custom in that house for guests to arrange their toilet before the entire family, so "to be in Rome I'll do as Rome does," so I rolled out and prepared for breakfast. I ate (or rather undertook to eat) alone. Before me were placed the following dainty (?) dishes: one dish of melted butter (melted by atmospheric heat), three small, tough, leathery biscuits, one dish of black steed dried apples, one dish of floating island. I will give the recipe of the last-named dish only. Take a good-sized piece of exceedingly salty fat side meat without lean streaks (be very particular to not allow any lean streaks); from this cut as many thick slices as desired (be sure to have the slices thick). Now if you have any grease or hog fryings in the house, place a spider and drop these in the fat. Before the meat is half done, quickly remove it for fear it might be cooked and thus spoil it (?). Now pour the entire contents of the spider and serve either hot, cold or lukewarm. Salt to taste. The very sight of this meal took my appetite, and I was not long tarrying at that table. I arose, gathered up my coat, vest, socks and handkerchief and went to the yard to hang them in the sun to dry, they still being wet with perspiration from the efforts of the past night.

As I was hanging out my clothes, I looked across the yard and saw the man of the house making toward me. I could readily see that he was on the warpath, fully rigged out in his fighting harness. The angry old backslider opened up the conversation by saying, "I'm not feeling good this morning." "Well," said I, "backsliders never do feel good." "You don't mean to call me a backslider?" yelled the man. "Certainly," said I, "from all appearances you are a good one." Instantly the frenzied man made for me. I had my Bible in my hand, I threw it up and quoted some Scripture to him, then I dodged around a cherry tree. Just then the man's wife, a little black-eyed, pinched faced, sharp-nosed and chinned woman, ran out of the house with her tongue evidently loose at both ends. What she was saying cannot be repeated--it was too fast for shorthand. The woman joined her husband in his effort to get hold of me, but I evaded their clutches. It was a lively scene and looked as if a crisis must be reached soon. Up under a cherry tree, in a distant part of the yard, the only daughter of the house was standing, busily engaged in churning. She had witnessed the scene from the beginning, and now, just as it looked like her father would certainly lay hold of me, she suddenly dropped the churn-dasher, threw her arms over her head and came rushing toward the struggling group with her face all aglow, shouting, "Glory! Glory! Glory! The Lord saves me!" The parents looked at their daughter, then at each other, and then at me. Tears suddenly filled the father's eyes and he, with the greatest possible magnanimity, put out his hand and said, "Brother Hatfield, forgive me, you are right and I am wrong, I am a backslider. I have been mad enough to kill you. I brought you home to thrash you, but the conversion of my daughter has convinced me. I believe you are a man of God. You may look for me at the mourner's bench tonight. I am going to get right with God." At the service that night, true to his word, this man was very penitent and labored hard and at last was rewarded by obtaining a clear, bright conversion. He became a great shouter, and shouting was one of the features of the meeting that had angered him most.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 19

THREE WONDERFUL CASES OF DIVINE HEALING

For thirty-three years, and including the entire time up to the present of my ministerial life, I have been a constant sufferer with nervous gastric dyspepsia. One not thus afflicted can never realize the great disadvantage to which such a trouble exposes an evangelist. Rapid, loud, intense outdoor speaking, singing and praying, is a violent strain upon the abdominal functions. Then such a condition requires certain foods daintily and wholesomely prepared. An evangelist is called to labor more or less, in nearly, if not every, state in the Union. He comes in touch with, and labors among, all classes of people. He eats at a thousand tables, served in as many different ways. Although, as a rule, the entertainment is all that one could reasonably desire, the inexperienced would hardly comprehend how often an evangelist is forced to sit at a table laden with unwholesome, carelessly prepared, untidily served, almost indigestible foods. The menu of the morning meal given in the preceding chapter is one that many evangelists can testify to having partaken of, and that, too, not infrequently. The best relief for acetic dyspepsia is a full stomach; the solid food thus crowding out the unpleasant acids. Now imagine a person thus afflicted being compelled, much of his life, to force into his stomach foods entirely unfitted to his need! When the reader has gone through the following long list of sure cures" that I have tried in order to find permanent relief, he will probably conclude that it is an amazing wonder that I am alive today. I have tried liquids, pills, plasters, electric belts, mussel shells, egg shells, chicken gizzards, charcoal, hot water, cold water, mineral water, soda water, lime water, sulphur water, hard water, soft water, Hot Springs mineral water, cold baths, hot baths, shower baths, sanitarium treatment, alleopath, homeopath, electropath, osteopath, Chinese doctors, faith cure, Christian Alliance, I have been prayed for, prayed over and prayed with for thirty-three years in almost every state in the Union, and I have failed to ever obtain a permanent cure from this gastric dyspepsia malady; however, through the prayer of faith, I have been instantly healed of other diseases, and through the same means, I have often been temporarily relieved of my long standing "thorn in the flesh." I declare that it has been through the grace of God and the prayers of God's people that I have been sustained throughout the hard labors of my ministry. It matters not how much I have suffered at other times there have been but very few times that God has ever permitted me to suffer in the pulpit or during the hours of service.

I have worked with nearly all the leading evangelists and some of them are very healthy and strong, yet I have never met the person that has been able to work me down. I can stand more hours of hard work and do on less hours of sleep than any person I have ever met. I am now in my sixty-second year, and I am about as active, and as full of zeal and push and holy fire as in any time in my past life. I have quit taking medicine for any permanent cure, I am taking Christ for my physician, and while I am not healed, I am at present in better condition bodily than I have been for years. I am depending upon Him for my daily strength to push the battle until I hear the glad message, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord. Sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in Heaven."

Although I have never been fully healed myself, several remarkable cases of Divine healing have occurred under my ministry.

In a certain town there lived a very excellent woman who suffered the misfortune of breaking her wrist while escaping from a burning hospital. This wrist had grown together as hard and stiff as bone can be and for years this woman suffered this most inconvenient affliction. I was one time invited to the town in which this lady lived, to conduct revival services. The meeting was one of unusual power and interest. One night I preached upon the subject of "fire," and God blessed me so greatly that I walked up and down the aisles laughing, shouting and weeping. The congregation was very obstinate that night, and after laboring for some time to induce them to seek God, and failing to move them, I dismissed them for the night. The message, however, weighed heavily upon the hearts of the people. Some slept but little, they could think of nothing but "fire." Others dreamed of "fire," and it was "fire," "fire," with the most of them all night.

The next day at the morning service the house was full. I addressed the people a few moments, then offered the altar, and every person in the house except one person started for the mourner's bench. I saw that they could not all get to the altar so I cried out with a loud voice, "everybody to your knees just where you are, the altar is crowded." The aisles and in between the seats, everything got quiet, everybody seemed to be praying, but in a whisper. Then I made another brief talk, after which I added, "If there is a person in this house who can say that he or she holy, stand on your feet." A woman in the "Amen Corner" arose, put up her hand in a humble manner and said, "Holy." As she spoke, I felt the power of God coming upon the people. I repeated the proposition and another person arose, and said, "Holy." By this time still greater power was resting upon the people. Once again I made the same proposition and another person arose, and said, "Holy." Last, but not least, the same proposition was again repeated and the lady with the stiff wrist, kneeling just in front of the pulpit, said, "Lord, if my wrist could be made limber, I could say 'Holy,' soul and body, and I believe it is Thy will to heal it." Instantly the woman felt a sharp pain go through her wrist joint; she sprang to her feet and began to wave her afflicted hand back and forth and said, "Oh, look here! Oh, look here!" The people present were all familiar with her case, and when they observed the miraculous cure, they sprang to their feet in wonderment and broke forth into loud and long praises unto God. The woman had children, brothers, sisters and other relations present and many of them were there and then saved and sanctified. They had mourner's benches all over the house and somebody was getting saved or sanctified every little bit. It was a busy crowd, crying, praying, working, shouting, laughing, jumping and singing, and I received such a blessing myself, was so filled that I thought I would lose my breath, such an incoming of the Spirit of God.

The healed woman's brother was saved and sanctified and the divine anointing was so great that in his reckless ecstasy he leaped upon the rostrum and struck me a terrific blow in the back, and then, like a wild man, sprang down the aisle giving vent to the fullness of his soul in some very amusing ways. Eternity alone can tell the results of this marvelous outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

At another time, I was laboring in a community where lived a woman in the last stages of consumption. Her throat was so raw that every time they swept the house it was necessary to bandage her mouth and nose to prevent the dust from making her cough violently. She sent word for me to call upon her. When I arrived at the home, I found the pale, thin, helpless woman sitting in a rocking

chair where she had been placed temporarily from the bed to which she was confined. Being unable to talk aloud she told me in a whisper that she had been praying to the Lord about healing and that she had been impressed to send for me. I told the woman that I believed in Divine healing, but did not possess the gift of healing, and did not have at any time, any special leadings in her case, but would be glad to read passages of Scripture bearing upon the subject and also to pray for her. I then read the Word and bowed in prayer. I had scarcely entered into my prayer when the Holy Spirit suggested to me, "If you believe, all things are possible," and I said, "Lord, I do believe," and at once received the gift of faith for the woman's healing. I arose, placed my hands upon the woman's head and said, "Sister, God has inspired faith within me, and His Word says where two on earth agree as touching anything, it shall be done. Will you agree with me and believe that He heals you now?" With a radiant and a shining face, she looked up and said, "Yes, it's done, He heals me now." No sooner had she declared her faith than she sprang to her feet and ran across the room shouting aloud the praises of the Great Physician. She tore the flannel bandages from her throat and in a clear voice sang several hymns. She then made her bed, swept the room and walked a good distance to her brother's house to tell him the good news of her healing. She came to church that night in her brother's carriage and throughout the revival proved herself one of the most enthusiastic workers. Her infidel doctor, who examined her very carefully a few days later, marveled at the wonderful cure and advised her to retain the Physician who had accomplished it.

On another occasion a paralytic woman got the impression through the Spirit that she could be healed. This lady arranged one morning to be brought to the service which was in charge of myself. As a test of her faith the Holy Spirit asked her if she would go into each of the two saloons that disgraced the town and there tell the story, if God would heal her. Sitting there in the chair while the service was progressing, the paralyzed woman had quite a struggle to obtain the consent of her mind to enter those vile saloons. At last she settled the question in the affirmative, and then, to the utter amazement of all her friends, like the lame man healed at the Beautiful Gate, she sprang to her feet and ran down the aisle, leaping and praising God. True to her word, the timid woman that afternoon entered each of the two saloons, and in the power of God declared the wonders of the cross.

These are only a few of the many marvelous cases of Divine healing that God has permitted me to witness. I could not take the space to describe all the wonderful cases of Divine cures.

When Israel in the wilderness
Did murmur and rebel,
God's judgments then in fearful might
Upon the people fell.
God raised a serpent on a pole,
And healed them by the way;
And He who healed in Edom's land,
Will heal the same today.

When Hezekiah, sick to death,
Was told he could not live,
He strongly pleaded with the Lord,
New lease on life to give.
God listened to his prayer of faith,
And healed him right away,
And the God who heard and answered prayer,
Is just the same today.

When out to preach the living Word,
The Apostles forth were sent,
Then healing power from the skies
To each of them was lent.
The might Divine from Heaven above,
Through Jesus did display,
And the God who blessed and sent them out
Will heal the same today.

When John and Peter, Spirit filled,
Went to the place of prayer;
And as they neared the temple gate,
Beheld the lame man there,
They spake the healing word to him,
As helpless there he lay,
And Christ who healed the lame man then
Will heal the same today.

Then come to Jesus, burdened one,
And test is healing power.
He waits to save and cleanse and heal,
He will this very hour.
Yield all to Him, His promise trust
And look from self away,
For He who healed in olden times,
Will heal the same today.

--M. W. Knapp.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

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CHAPTER 20 EXPOSING SATAN'S SUBTLE SNARES

The devil is undoubtedly the most aggressive and indefatigable worker in the universe. He uses all the subtlety of his masterly mind to devise snares into which to entrap the very elect. If he would only come at us with horns, and hoofs, and red, glaring eyes, and say, "I am the devil," then the tempted could be prepared to resist him, but he comes to us in disguise in a thousand forms, and we think he is not within a hundred miles from us, when he is right at our very dooryard knocking for admittance.

We are told in the Holy Scriptures, to "give no place to the devil," and to "put on the whole armor of God" that we might be able to stand against the "wiles" of the devil. "Wiles," in the Greek, means methods, so do you see, the devil is a Methodist, and it takes a Methodist to fight him. The present day affords ample demonstration of his ability to capture the most useful Christian men and women. He is not frequenting the saloons to tempt people, but he is hunting up the Holiness camp-meetings, Holiness churches, Holiness missions, and the little Holiness bands, and driving men and women, much beloved and very useful in the cause of Christ, into harsh, censorious, wholesale denunciation of every one and everything that does not dance to their "fiddle," and who have not convictions and conceptions in harmony with theirs. If I was to dance to every Holiness fiddle that I hear, I would soon be lame in both legs. While the experience of entire sanctification causes one to assume an attitude aggressive and uncompromising toward all that is sinful, this experience also will enable one to maintain a kind, charitable, forbearing attitude toward all not actually sinful, whether "of the sheepfold" or not.

Jesus said, "Other sheep have I, not of this fold." How deplorable the state of a man when he can only see perfection and purity of motive among his own immediate following! They carry a spyglass and in every meeting they go to, not of their own, they sit back and look for something to criticise, and then go out and find fault with the meeting, the leader, and the way he runs it. Such conduct is nothing more than a clear case of backbiting, and one might as well go out and commit murder or fornication, for they are all classed in the same catalogue together. (Rom. 1: 29-31.)

There is the question of water baptism. Ever and anon, for generations, the devil has had Christians quarreling and backbiting over the mode. As if, had the all-wise God considered the mode essential, He would have so failed to reveal absolutely the proper one to His children as to leave them in confusion and bewilderment concerning it. On both sides of the water baptism controversy there are men of equal honesty, wisdom and piety, and they can all prove their mode by the Bible to their own satisfaction.

The "Gift of Tongues," the "Third Blessing," and "Baptism of Fire," are other movements that have swept over this country and have wrought great havoc among the Holiness people. They have brought on divisions and criticisms, and sitting in judgment against each other. Saints who were once

filled with the Spirit and "on fire for God," and had love and charity for all, are now filled with a sharp, cutting, censorious spirit. These are subtle snares of the enemy that Satan is using to divide the Holiness people, to get them at variance with each other, cause them to lose their experience and influence and land thousands of them into a fearful state of backsliding. Oh! if the Holiness people could be agreed with one mind, and one accord, and stand solidly for God, and against sin and the devil, we might hope to see the Millennium not far distant.

In order to show more clearly how Satan diverts and divides the Christian mind, I will devote the remaining pages of this chapter to two experiences in my life. While neither appears to be sinful or wrong, still, it is clear that a man, called of God to the great work of the salvation of men, should avoid any digression that would hinder him in most effectually prosecuting that work. The responsibilities upon us, as "workers together with God" and "ambassadors of Jesus Christ," are incalculably great, and in order to discharge these responsibilities to His satisfaction, it requires our purest and completest preparation, determination and devotion.

I was in charge of a camp-meeting in a very beautiful region in northwestern Indiana. Our meeting was held in a fine grove of valuable timber. In past years I had dealt in timber and consequently had gained some knowledge of the business. I have always been a great admirer of fine timber and I noticed, during this camp-meeting, as often as I went into the woods to pray, that there were a great many fine trees that would make valuable lumber. We were having an excellent meeting. God was blessing and saving souls, but every time I went into the woods for prayer I would have my eye on that timber.

One day I entered into conversation with the owner of the land and asked him his price for the place. He made me an offer that put me to thinking at once. I told him that I would like to own a piece of land and might buy it if I could get the money. The gentleman was very anxious to sell the place and offered me good time if I would purchase it. I told him I would consider the proposition and let him know in a few days. The next morning I was up at daybreak and walked those woods over and counted every tree of any value. I measured each tree, made my calculations, and found out about how many feet of lumber the woods contained. I then wrote to a mill man at Indianapolis asking him what he would pay for a certain class of timber standing in the wood. He replied at once sending me his prices, and I saw that I could sell the timber without touching it myself, clear and pasture the land, which was worth about fifty dollars per acre, and have money left. I confess that while I had that camp-meeting upon my hands and was preaching two or three times a day, I also had a lot of saw logs on my hands that were giving me greater concern than the meeting. I concluded to close the deal. The last day of the meeting had come and I invited the pastor, a Methodist preacher, to accompany me to the woods for a season of prayer. We went out and knelt down and prayed first with a great deal of fervency, then the pastor prayed, and while he was praying I looked up and, behold! just in front of me was a fine large tree. I looked up and down the tree and then said to myself, "That tree will make about three cuts." Just then the Holy Spirit said, "Did I call you to transact business or to preach the Gospel?" I replied, "Lord, to preach Thy Word, and I am done with this trade right now." The trade would have been honorable and legitimate, but if I had made it I might have become worldly minded and anxious for other bargains and thus lost my experience.

I remember one time when I was closing up a great revival meeting. It was the last night and as I was going to church in the evening I prayed all along the way for a suitable message for the evening, and by time to preach, the Lord had given me a text. I had unusual liberty in preaching and when the altar call was made, to the surprise of all, the altar was filled with seeking sinners. I at once began to instruct the seekers, was much in the Spirit; we were having a good time and souls were getting saved. At last a doctor, who was sitting upon the front seat, kept pulling at my coat while I was working with those at the altar. I turned and enquired what he wanted, and he said, "Nothing much, only I wanted to say that was the biggest sermon I ever heard from a one-horse preacher." I made no reply to the flattery, but turned to instruct the remaining seekers. Immediately the devil said to me, "That was a pretty good sermon." At once I seemed to pass under a cloud and I found I had lost my liberty in instructing the seekers. I went up into the pulpit and prayed to be delivered from the temptation, and, supposing it was gone, I went back to the seekers only to find that it was still with me. I went to the pulpit and prayed the second time for deliverance, got a blessing, and again returned to the altar, but the same temptation was still before me. Again I returned to my place of prayer and, in desperation, I told God if He did not deliver me I would close the meeting if every seeker went to Hell. That settled the devil on that scene. I obtained the victory, and have never been troubled on that line since. It is vitally important, after one has done the best he knows and has been blessed with seekers, to truly and sincerely say, "Lord, notwithstanding all this, I am an unprofitable servant."

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 21

HOW AN ENTIRE FAMILY OF SEVEN WERE SAVED. A FAITHFUL, ELDER'S REWARD

Among the many seekers who presented themselves at the altar in this particular meeting was a young lady who was very much concerned about her soul. At times she agonized with great intensity, but failed of obtaining the victory and blessing she sought. I was anxious to help her through, but I was satisfied in my own mind there was something in the way. After questioning her pretty closely in order to learn the difficulty, I found that the young lady and her father were not on the best of terms. They had in times past disputed over some matters concerning her courtship, which resulted in her leaving home. I asked her if she was willing to forgive her father and become reconciled to him. She said she was not. I asked the father if he was willing to forgive his daughter and become reconciled to her and help her in her efforts to live a Christian life. The father declared his willingness to do what was right in the matter, and was ready to forgive his daughter the moment she requested it.

As service after service came around, the young woman always presented herself at the altar. One day I told her she would never find mercy as long as she cherished a hateful and unforgiving spirit; that she had already cried enough to save a dozen souls and if she was determined to cherish that unforgiving spirit, that I wanted her to leave the altar, and stop her crying, and never come back again till she was willing to pay the price. At this the young lady, in a very angry mood, left the altar and took her seat in the back part of the house, and during all of the remaining service she sat there and pouted, but her stubborn heart was being powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit. The meeting closed, she felt that her time had come, and to let the night pass without getting right with her father, and with God, would seal her doom. She started for her father's house two miles away in the country and on the run, and the further the faster. The night was dark and the road was lonely, she was frightened, but she was so determined to find peace with God at all cost, that she plunged on and on until at last she bounded into her father's house and straightway begged forgiveness. No sooner was her request granted than she fell upon the floor and cried to God for mercy and in a few minutes she was wonderfully saved. So marvelous and powerful was her conversion, that her father fell upon the floor and began to confess; he was soon reclaimed and shouting the praises of Jesus.

The mother, who had been witnessing the soul-stirring scene, felt that she needed something as well, and she, too, sought and found the Lord in saving power. While the happy three were rejoicing over their victory, a couple of the daughters of the household, who had been awakened from their sleep in an upper room, appeared upon the scene and they were invited to the same mourner's bench where father, mother and sister had obtained the blessing. They needed no second invitation, but to their knees they went, and soon they were in the glad jubilee. Suddenly down the stairs came two boys of the family, their faces were aglow and their hearts attune to the excellent praising of the five, both announcing that, while the shouting was going on below, they had been praying above and got blessed and had come down to enjoy the feast with the balance of them.

The next morning, as I was approaching the church, I looked down the road and I saw a mule team coming at full speed, drawing a wagon load of people. When they reached the church the laughing, crying, shouting family all hailed me with delight and the father said, "Brother Hatfield, the whole of us were saved last night!" There was no preaching that morning, the meeting was thrown open and the time was spent in testimony, old-fashioned shouts, and hallelujahs, and a fruitful altar service.

A number of years ago the presiding elders in my Conference combined against evangelists. They agreed not to procure their services, but they would assist each other. There were five of these elders who entered into this agreement. One elder, however, who happened to be my own elder, refused to commit himself to this plan. This elder had a clear head and a burdened heart. He immediately conferred with me, divulged the plan of the other elders, and then proposed, if I would stay in his district, he would furnish me work for every day in the year. We agreed, and I went to work and this was one among the most fruitful years of my life in soul saving. The next year at Conference the five elders who entered into this agreement reported a total of about two thousand three hundred conversions in their districts, while my elder reported over three thousand five hundred conversions upon his district alone. How God will honor and vindicate men who will stand for the right! The opposition was all on the doctrine of holiness, but that settled the question, and the bars have been down ever since, and I have been running at large. "Glory to God!" I say, "Amen!"

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 22

HOW A BACKSLIDDEN LOCAL PREACHER WAS MOVED TO PRAY. A MONKEY SERVICE

I was once helping a Methodist preacher who was very timid about straight Gospel preaching. He was one of those compromising fellows who catered to the whims of the people, and he was so afraid that somebody's feelings might be hurt, he carried a sugar tit, and spent the most of his time sweetening it up to suit their taste. He had a congregation as dead as a knit. They reminded me of Ezekiel's valley of "dry bones." Nothing short of fire and lightning could ever make them get a move on them. What they needed was a red-hot, fire-baptized, Holy Ghost preacher to use the Gospel clapboard on them and give them a good spanking.

We had been running the meeting about a week. I was convinced by their inactivity and stubbornness, and their fearful backslidden condition, that they needed something heroic. The pastor insisted upon preaching to sinners continually and that in a very mild form. I insisted that we should open up fire upon the dead church members, and rattle their "dry bones." I told him that if we had a revival and got sinners saved in the presence of that dead church it would necessitate the protracting of the meeting longer than I could possibly stay in the town.

It was Sunday night and the house was crowded. All the week long no visible good had been accomplished. The pastor again advised only preaching to sinners. The pastor and I were doing all the work and never a smile, or encouraging nod of the head, or prayer, or an "Amen" could be gotten out of any of them. And there they sat, like tombstones in a graveyard in the "Amen Corner," and upon the front seats. This night, not having any clear leading of the Spirit, and desiring, until I should receive divine orders to the contrary, to cooperate peacefully with the pastor, I again endeavored to preach to sinners. Although God blessed me with liberty, the message seemed to produce little if any effect upon the impenitent. While the pastor was leading the singing for the altar call, I went down the aisle and spoke to several concerning their soul's salvation and the response was invariably, "When you get this dead church right, then we will come." By the time I had reached the rear of the church, the Lord gave me a message direct to professing Christians, and immediately I turned and walked back into the pulpit, and for thirty minutes turned loose upon that crowd a tornado of Sinai thunder and lightning and devastating floods of truth--truth calculated to destroy every pharisaical foundation. Even the pastor hung his head in evident disapproval of the sudden change in the dignified order of things. I was alone, I stood there like Elijah of old among the prophets of Baal. After delivering this God sent message, I made a second altar call, but this time to the church. I said, "Now don't sit there like a lot of turkey-buzzards winking and blinking at each other, but walk your dead carcasses right out here and to business, or I'll do something the devil has never done, I'll shake the dust from my feet and leave this place and never return." The people really desired a revival and did not want the meeting to close, and seeing that I meant what I said, they began to move out to the altar.

The pastor was at last able to remove his head from between his knees and look up. He saw the people approaching the altar, said, "A-a-a-men!" That was the first word of encouragement from his lips, for he trembled with fear, he thought I had ruined everything and spoiled the meeting by telling the truth to that dead church.

"Now," said I, "get to praying, pray out loud, pray in concert, call upon God." No one responded. I then put my hand upon the shinning bald head of an old local preacher who had been backslidden for years, and said, "You pray." The man turned his head and looked up at me as if to say, "I don't have to." I put my hand back on his head and shook it a little and said, "I mean YOU, pray." He looked up again, as good as to say, "Pray yourself, if you want any praying." I raised my hand and brought it down so vigorously upon his old bald head that the smack was heard all over the house, and again said, "You lead in prayer." This time the old brother was not long in getting interested in a prayer. Whether he prayed to save his soul, or his head from another resounding smack, nobody knew, but he prayed, and he prayed like a boy fighting yellow jackets. I went to the opposite end of the altar and put my hand upon a sister in the church, and, after shaking her quite a good deal, I succeeded in starting her in hot pursuit of the baldheaded preacher at the other end of the altar. Presently all began to pray, and shortly the heavenly fire descended and many were reclaimed, and saved, and Spirit filled. This resulted in a great meeting, scores of souls were swept into the kingdom through the power and influence of this meeting. The crowds were so great that hundreds were surging at the doors at the night services for admittance who could not get in.

An amusing incident occurred after this Sunday night service. On the way home, I, all unknown to them, walked up on a large company of little boys. They were all down on their knees, while one boy imitating me, was hurrying about, shaking and slapping their heads, and crying out, "Pray, pray, pray, pray; get at it, get at it, get at it; pray out loud, pray out loud, pray out loud." When they discovered my presence, they all cried, "There he is, there he is!" and away they scampered like a lot of frightened mice. Ere the meeting closed many of these same boys got an introduction to a genuine mourners' bench, and some of them, thank God! found peace and pardon.

I had assisted a Methodist preacher in revival work who had a little boy, probably five years old, who frequently played church. One time this pastor had labored hard with his people in one of his appointments for a revival meeting. He felt that a break was imminent and also felt that alone he could not precipitate it. On a Sabbath morning he frankly told the congregation his conviction and added that he believed if Brother Hatfield could be procured they would most likely have a revival. The little boy had listened attentively as the father spoke and when the father finished his remarks the boy arose and walked back and forth in front of the pulpit, imitating some of my manners, clapping and rubbing his hands together, saying over and over, "I'm Johnnie Hatfield, I'm Johnnie Hatfield, I'm Johnnie Hatfield." The boy's singular actions melted up the congregation and the people burst out into tears, and the Spirit fell upon them and they shouted and praised the Lord. To the wonderment of all, the revival broke then and there and ran on for many days, and resulted in great victory, and many souls being saved.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 23 OBEYING PROVIDENTIAL IMPRESSIONS

The experiences related in this chapter interestingly illustrate the intimate acquaintance of God's saints with the voice of the Holy Spirit, and the alacrity with which they obey that voice, and also they are a wonderful fulfillment of the scriptural promises, "Commit thy way unto the Lord and He will direct thy paths," and, "He putteth forth His own sheep...and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice, and a stranger they will not follow,...for they know not the voice of strangers."

While conducting a revival meeting in the town of Andrews, Ind., during an evening service a drunken man sent me a note in which he requested prayer for his salvation. As I was passing out of the church that night, the man met me in the aisle and asked if I had prayed for him. I replied that it was my purpose as soon as I reached my room at the parsonage. The man begged me not to fail to do so. I assured him that I would not, and started for my room. Just as I reached the door, a sudden impression came to me that I must pray for the man at once. I returned to the man in the aisle and told him that I must pray for him then and there. The man protested and urged me to carry out my original intention and pray for him when I got to my room, but I informed him that I must pray for him now or not at all. After considerable persuasion, I got the man upon his knees. After much praying, urging the man to pray, I succeeded in getting him to pray, and in a short while he was converted.

The man proved to be a brakeman on the railroad. At two o'clock the next morning he was called out to make up his train, and while at his work he missed his footing and fell under the car wheels and his limbs were severed from his body. The suffering man's fellow workmen rushed to his assistance, but were helpless in doing him much good. As they stood around him watching his life ebb away by the loss of blood that was spurting from the arteries, he was shouting and praising God, and said, "Oh, how glad I am that I settled it last night!"

I arrived at the town of Ellis, Kan., one very dark stormy night. The wind was blowing a gale, and boxes and barrels and tree limbs were being hurled about the streets as I stepped from the train. I made a dash for the nearest hotel from the depot and just as I reached the corner of the depot a voice spoke to me as clearly as the crack and crash of the thunder over my head, "Stop! Go the other way." To obey the voice required me to go some considerable distance farther by a circuitous route and the big drops of a drenching rain were already falling, but I wheeled about and made a dash in the opposite direction and at last reached the hotel. As I wheeled about to change my course, I passed a gentleman going in the same direction I had intended taking. Upon reaching the hotel drenched with rain on account of my long distance I had to make, I discovered that the gentleman whom I had passed when the voice bade me stop had been hold up by highwaymen and robbed within a few feet of where I retraced my steps.

On another occasion I was in the town of Red Oaks, Ia. My next engagement was in Indiana and I planned to make the journey east over the Rock Island Railroad. I had also arranged to stop over a few days at Buffalo Rock, near Ottawa, Ill., where a number of my friends were conducting a camp-meeting. On Sunday evening, the night before I was to leave Red Oaks, a strong impression not to take the Rock Island train came upon me. I thought this was very strange indeed and tried to shake off the impression, every argument of reason was in favor of the Rock Island route, but the impression remained so clear that, at considerable sacrifice of my best wishes in the matter, I determined to abandon my original plans and go home by the Burlington route and thus forego the pleasure of a few days at the Illinois camp-meeting. The Burlington route was thirty miles across the country from Red Oaks and the next morning I drove those thirty weary miles away from one of the finest trains in the world to the Burlington station, where I boarded an eastbound for Chicago. The mystery of this strange proceeding remained impenetrable until, upon reaching the Union Depot in Chicago, I purchased a morning paper and read the awful description of the wreck upon the Rock Island road of the very train I had originally planned to occupy upon my journey. The train had pitched down an embankment, taken fire and many lives had been lost.

While I was en route from San Francisco, Cal., to Los Angeles some years ago, I prayed God to make me instrumental that day in the salvation of some soul. A young woman was occupying a seat just ahead of me, and the Holy Spirit impressed me that here was the precious soul to be saved. All day long travelers were entering and leaving the car, and several occupied the seat with me. I tried to interest them in religion, but without success. One woman especially, I asked her if she was a member of church; she said, "Have you ever been in California before?" I again asked her if she was a Christian; she said, "You will find this one of the most beautiful states in the Union." But I still persisted with my inquiry, "Have you ever made any pretensions to the Christian religion?" She said, "This is a land of flowers, the air is laden with sweet odors, and eucalyptus and pepper trees are ever green the year around. You will be delighted." Unwilling to take her bluff, I again put the question; "This is certainly a beautiful country, but, it is not Heaven; have you made any preparations for that place?" She said, "When you get further south, you will come to the fruit ranches, the oranges, lemons, olives, and the fruitful vineyards." Just then the train whistled for a station, the woman arose and started from the car, saying, "I am glad to have met you."

Later on in the evening the train stopped for lunch, and when the passengers returned to their car, some one had taken the young woman's seat that sat in front of me. Seeing this to be my opportunity, I invited the young lady to a seat with me. In a very few moments after she was seated, I addressed her upon the subject of religion. She admitted that she was very desirous of becoming a Christian. I at once began to urge her to seek the experience and make a full surrender to Jesus just now. I gave her some instructions along the line of faith, quoting some promises. She was a hungry soul, and was willing to pay the price. I asked her to raise both hands and eyes and, in simple, trusting faith, believe that Jesus saved, while I sang the little song,

"I can, I will, I do believe That Jesus saves me now."

The passengers were by this time greatly interested in these novel proceedings and were gazing at us with considerable interest, but nothing daunted the young woman, she prayed through and gave clear evidence that she was saved. She was so grateful for the interest I had taken in the salvation of

her soul, she was full of praises to God for the newfound blessing, and said this was one trip she would never forget.

A notoriously wicked cowboy attended one of my meetings in the western part of the state of Kansas. The people told me if I could get that man converted it would be the best thing that ever struck that part of the country. The cowboy had a mania for hunting coyotes. When I learned this I began to arrange my net to catch this wild, wary fish. Accordingly, one night during the after service I went down into the congregation where the man was standing and, instead of extending him the expected invitation to come to Jesus, I asked him if he was a coyote hunter. He said he was. Then I asked him for the pleasure of going with him on a hunt. He seemed to be well pleased with this proposal and gave his consent, that he was ready to go at any time I would suggest, and we arranged for the hunt the following day.

On the morrow when we closed our forenoon service, as I stepped from the church door I met my man. He was ready for me; he had a pony all saddled and ready to ride and some big greyhounds trotting around in the yard. I mounted my pony and away we went. I found before I went very far that when game was chased up you could no more hold that pony than you could hold a steam engine. It had been trained to go when the hounds went, and it was not slow in trying to keep up with the procession, and I made myself busy in trying to stick to the pony. We must have traveled over thirty miles that afternoon. There were some things that I enjoyed in that evening's ride and there were some things not so pleasant. The next day I was so sore that I could not cross my legs, but I rejoiced over the fact that I had completely won the cowboy's confidence.

That night the cowboy's heart was wide open to the message of the preacher and the Holy Spirit sent deep conviction into his soul. On the following night a wonderful thing happened. Just as the blinding light fell upon Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus, it fell upon this wicked cowboy and for twenty-four hours he was perfectly blinded and was lead about by the hand. He said that he was enveloped in a white cloud that he could not see through. The next day when the cloud was lifted and his sight returned there was a holy demonstration from that cowboy that one seldom ever sees in a revival. He surely did take the meeting and he set things on fire and we had a time.

One night when the young disturbers were unusually troublesome, upon seeing one of them start out, I cried out in a loud voice, "There goes Rag," and then proceeded with my sermon until I observed another nervous individual making for the door, and again I cried out, "There goes Tag," and then I added, "I want everybody to watch closely, for the next one who goes out will be 'Bobtail.'" But "Bobtail" didn't leave his seat that night and the jumping up and running out and in was stopped for that service.

At another time we were having the same difficulty; young girls as well as boys were constantly trotting in and out of the house and making much disturbance. Finally one night I said to the pastor; who was sitting in the pulpit at the time I was preaching, "Brother A--, you may not know what is the matter with these folks that makes them so restless, and uneasy, but I believe that I have solved the problem; these people have caught an awful disease, they have got the itch, and they don't want to act ill-mannerly here in the house and they are just going out to scratch. Now any of you folks here

who have the itch, and who want to go out to scratch, we will excuse you. For the remaining part of the service we had it quiet, no one was disposed to leave the room.

While engaged in personal work in a congregation one time, I approached a woman who showed clearly that she was not in sympathy with the meeting; she had a face on her like a thunder cloud, and showed a disposition as though she was anxious to let the grounds of her antagonism be known. I courteously asked her if she was saved, she turned up her nose and very curtly replied in a sarcastic way, "I am if the eunuch was." I asked her if she was in possession of an experience like that of the eunuch. She answered in the affirmative. Then I said, "Let us compare your experiences and see if they are parallel. First, the Bible says the eunuch went down into the water. Thus far your experiences are parallel. Second, the Bible says that the eunuch came up out of the water; again your experiences parallel. Third, the Bible says the eunuch went on his way rejoicing, but here your experience crosses with the eunuch's, because you are going on your way disputing, faultfinding, and arguing, so, you see, you lack the most essential point in the eunuch's experience."

On another occasion I was accosted by a Presbyterian lady who took issue with the preaching by declaring it was impossible for any one to live without committing sins, and to substantiate her claims she referred to the third chapter of Romans and quoted, "There is none good, no not one." I asked the good woman if she was willing for me to read that awful alignment against the wicked, human race substituting the word Presbyterians for all of the pronouns I found. The woman gave her consent and I proceeded to paraphrase the Scripture as follows: "There are no righteous Presbyterians, no not one. There are no Presbyterians that seeketh after God. The Presbyterians' throats are open sepulchres, their tongues have used deceit, the poison of asps is under their lips. The Presbyterians' mouths are full of cursing and bitterness. Destruction and misery are in their way. The way of peace the Presbyterians have not known. There is no fear of God before a Presbyterian's eyes." The woman by this time clearly evinced her chagrin as I read those awful, scathing denunciations of her beloved sect. At last, unable to longer retain her emotions, she cried, "Stop, man, stop!" I closed the Book, but I had already read enough to effectually stop her argument.

I had a cousin who ran a men's furnishing store. There were a couple of infidels who would loaf around the store and pour out their infidelity and ridicule of the churches and professors of religion. My cousin told them one day that he had a cousin who was a preacher and if he ever got hold of them he would shut them up. One day I happened to step into the store and the infidels were there and were pouring out their poisonous doctrine upon the crowd that was sitting around the stove. My cousin called to me from the back part of the house where they were all sitting to come back there and take some of the conceit out of those infidels. At once the Lord showed me what to do with that crowd, and, to their surprise, instead of my paying any attention to their old threadbare arguments, I began to shout and praise God and holler "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!" and "Bless the Lord!" and in less than five minutes I was monarch of all I surveyed. The field was vacated, the enemy vanquished. The infidels and the others as well had slipped away to parts unknown and soon my cousin had suddenly become very busy tapping on a windowpane in the front part of the room. Bless God! "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth."

One time I was invited to take charge of a Holiness convention in a city in the State of Illinois. The meeting was to be held in an opera-house. There were quite a number of Holiness professors

in and about the city. If one could judge by their outward appearance, their manner of dress, etc., they were all right, but inwardly they were spiritually dead, and knew not that the Spirit had departed from them. I arrived in the afternoon. I had been there but a few minutes when a brother preacher, with a long-tailed coat buttoned clear up to the chin, asked me why I wore a white necktie. I told him for the same reason he wore a long-tailed coat, I wanted to appear somewhat clerical.

They all had their testimony, if they had lost their experience, "Saved and sanctified and kept by the power of God." Their testimonies reminded me of an old tavern sign that stood by the roadside, on it were these words, "Entertainment for man and beast." The old tavern and stable had been burned for over twenty years, but the old sign stuck to it that there was "entertainment for man and beast." The wind had rocked it, the rain had wet it, the hail had beat it, the snow had, covered it, the birds had roosted on it, but it still kept saying all the time to every passerby, "Entertainment for man and beast."

Oh, how those words "Saved and sanctified" are rung in the ears of the people in these latter days, when the life of their experience has been gone for years!

At the appointed hour on the first night I entered the opera-house alone. I expected to see a large congregation, but, to my surprise, there were but two persons present. A half hour passed and two others entered the room. I was on the stage, I stepped to the front and asked my congregation if they thought this would be all of the crowd for the evening. One of them said they thought that was all of the crowd for that night. I said this would be a good crowd for a blind man to speak to, but before I speak I guess that I had better ring the bell. At once I began to yell at the top of my voice, then I grabbed the large sceneries and began to shake them vigorously and make all the noise I could, then I began to pound on the windows, then I jumped from the stage and ran all over the auditorium yelling and pitching the chairs around, then back to the stage, upsetting some benches. Soon I heard a number of footsteps coming upstairs, but I kept up my gymnastics until I had attracted quite a good-sized crowd, and then I opened up on them with a red-hot exhortation. At the close of the service I announced that this was the first act, and that there would be services the next night, and all those who wanted to see the fireworks should come early. It was amusing to see the first original four who never took their eyes off of me during the whole time I was working up my congregation. They looked like a lot of owls in a haw bush, they did not know whether to go or stay, they batted their eyes like toads in a rain-storm. It would not be necessary to say that we had a crowd the next night, they were all there, "long-tailed coat," "no necktie," "first blessing," "second blessing," "third blessing," and no blessing at all, in and on their roost. After the services some one asked if we could use the church for the day services on account of some aged people who were not able to climb the heavy stairs in the opera-house. The elder of the church arose and said they had never refused their church for any religious work, but he did not think it would be best on this occasion, as he had some fears of fanaticism (he had, of course, heard about my unique method of raising a congregation). I looked that elder squarely in the face and said, "My brother, you need not be afraid of fanaticism in your church: you are too dead to produce a fanatic; it takes something that has life in it to produce a fanatic." I had many difficulties to encounter in this meeting, but the Lord was good to us and we had some blessed victories.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 24

DRAWING THE BOW AT A VENTURE, BUT HITTING THE MARK EACH TIME

I was in western Iowa conducting a Holiness camp-meeting. The Spirit of the Lord was upon the meeting and was searching many hearts, the altar was filled with seekers at almost every service. Along with these seekers was a well-to-do farmer, a stock man; he was one among the first seekers in the meeting, and continued to keep it up until near the close of the meeting. He was at every altar service, he carried a heavy burden and had a very sad look. He ate and slept but little, his wife said he lost ten pounds during that meeting. During all this time I was studying the man, and finally arrived at the conclusion that there was something wrong in his past life which had to be straightened up before God would give him peace in his soul. I told him a number of times that there was something in his way, or he would get through, but he denied having anything in his way. One day toward the close of the camp-meeting he was lying on his breast with face in the straw, groaning. I said, "Brother, you need not tell me that you haven't got anything in your way, for I believe you have." He shook his head and denied the charge. "Now," said I, "my brother, you can shake your head if you want to, but I dare you to get upon your knees and look me squarely in the face, and I will tell you what it is." Instantly the man sprung to his knees, turned his face towards me and looked at me with a piercing eye. Everything was hushed in silence, there were a thousand onlookers, he on one side of the altar and I on the other, both staring each other in the face. Suddenly I raised my hand and stuck my finger at him, and said, "My brother, I can see a big red steer down your throat that will weigh about fourteen hundred pounds." The man dropped his head for a moment, then raised it again, and with faltering voice confessed that I was right. Some years previous, a neighbor's red steer, about the weight I described, had broken out upon the public highway and this man, as the steer was passing his home, turned him in the lot with his own cattle, and in a few days shipped him off to market. When his sin was uncovered he was as penitent as David, when Nathan said, "Thou art the man." He confessed the sin, made the monetary restitution, and got right with God.

Some time after this incident I was conducting a revival meeting for a Methodist preacher in northern Indiana. In this meeting there was a class leader seeking a pure heart. He was having a terrible struggle without any signs of victory. He was regarded by the community as the best man in the church and no one ever questioned his piety. For several days he was at the altar, and was having a struggle to get through. I was satisfied that there was something in his way, so I was impressed to relate to him the above incident regarding the red steer. I watched him closely as I related the story. I saw his face flush guiltily and I was convinced that I was on the right trail, and by a little perseverance along the route I would jump up a steer, or hog, or sheep somewhere between that man and victory. I was being entertained at his home at this time. We were at the dinner-table. I impressed him that I was a mind reader, he lost his appetite, he never took another bite, he arose from the table with a pale face and with quivering lips asked me to kneel with him in prayer. I gladly turned from the table and kneeled in front of him at a chair. We were there for some time. I prayed and labored with him for two hours. At last he arose and declared that he had the blessing, he walked

the room and clapped his hands and praised the Lord and tried to smile, but he had the bell by the clapper and it wouldn't ring. I said, "My brother, you don't look right out of your eyes, there is something sheepish about them. You will have to let God shear you if you get right with Him. You have wool He don't want you to have." He again dropped upon his knees and sobbed and prayed. Finally he looked up at me and said, "Brother Hatfield, I believe you are a mind reader." "Yes," I said, 'there are a lot of things I know that you don't think I know.'" "Well," said he, "I might as well tell you, for I am satisfied that you know what it is, but it seems like it will pull my heartstrings out to confess it, but one day one of my neighbor's sheep got into my pasture with my sheep and I never told him. I sold the sheep and kept the money." When the old man was willing to make restitution with his neighbor, and confess his sins to God, he soon found peace, and was then a proper candidate for the blessing of a pure heart.

On another occasion, a young lady was having a hard struggle in her endeavor to pray through to victory. She presented herself at the altar many times. After very earnest prayer she frequently would arise with a very happy countenance, then she would sling her hand up and down, then with a look of despair she would drive the joyful expression away, and then drop on her knees and weep and cry and plead with God to save her soul. One day she sprang to her feet and, with a testimony of victory, she went around shaking the hands of her friends, but there was not that clear evidence about it that made it satisfactory with me. I was convinced that there was something in the young woman's life that had not been fully adjusted, and I kindly said, "My young sister, don't make a mistake in this matter, it is too important. You are on the road to victory, but you must pay the full price." The young woman declared that there was nothing in the way, and then her mother also declared that she knew there was nothing in her daughter's life to interfere with her salvation, for she had always been a good girl and had never, to her knowledge, told a falsehood in her life. I replied that I had never known a person who had much difficulty in getting a clear experience who had told the whole truth over an altar and that I was satisfied there was still something uncovered in the girl's life. I again related the "red steer" incident, and then asked her what made her flap her hands. She looked at me as if she knew that I was discerning the hidden mystery, and then confessed that one day while she was riding along the road in a buggy with her sister she threw a rock at a drove of turkeys and hit one on the head and killed it, and when she would pray, just about the time she was about to be blessed that turkey would appear flapping its wings. But she fixed up the turkey bill and then the Lord saved her, and she surely did get a great experience, her face fairly shone with glory.

One afternoon in a tent meeting, during an altar service there was an elderly woman seeking power. I told her she needed something more vital than power--she needed to go down to the very rock bottom and obtain an experience that would root and ground her in Christ Jesus. The woman insisted that there was nothing the matter with her except a lack of power, and for this she continued to pray. Sometimes she would arise and walk the aisles and shout and act as though she was confident that her prayer was answered, but there was something about it that did not appeal to me that she was in the possession of a real victory, and, sure enough, in a few days she would be down at the altar again praying for power. Again and again I admonished her to seek an experience and get saved and sanctified wholly and then the Holy Ghost would come into her life, and that would give her power, and she would have something then that would be as lasting as the stars, and that would stand when the world is on fire. But she was obstinate and kept on in her own way for about two weeks. I had been studying her more or less during this time. Finally, by the aid of the Spirit, I was

enabled to discern the real trouble with the woman. Then I requested her to hold up her head and look at me, which she did; then I told her that it wasn't power that she needed, but that there was something wrong in her life that she needed to make right, and when she did that, then there would be some possibility of her receiving the much desired power. This was quite an offense to the old sister, and she replied in a very firm way that I was very much mistaken in my conclusions in regard to her case, that the only thing in her way was unbelief. I responded that no doubt unbelief was in her way, but behind her unbelief there was a cause and when this cause was removed her unbelief would vanish away. Then I asked her if she really wished to know the cause of her unbelief, that I had discerned it, and could give it to her. After some hesitancy she replied in the affirmative. Then I said, "My sister, the trouble with you is your tongue; it's too long, and you use it too freely in talking about your neighbors." Her eyes flashed fire, she declared that I had misrepresented her, I had no business making such charges against her in the presence of the congregation. I replied that I had spoken the truth and could prove it by her neighbors, and I was not conscious that her neighbors knew. But she quickly responded, "I dare you to do it." "Very well," I replied, "everybody in this congregation that believes that this woman talks too much about her neighbors hold up your hands." Nearly everybody present held up their hands. "Now," I said, "look around and see what your neighbors think about it." As the woman gazed about her, in her bewilderment she looked as though she would like to vanish from the earth and after a few moments, when she had regained sufficient self-control to speak, she ejaculated, "It's no use for me to stay here any longer." I replied, "No, unless you are willing to make full confessions." The woman was disobedient to the heavenly vision, and remained so until her death.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 25

HOW THE DEVIL HATES A HOLINESS MEETING

Once I was called to the city of Washington, D. C., to hold a Holiness Convention in a big opera-house. I was in company with my wife as well as my two singers, Arthur and Flora Phillips, and other evangelists. We had a good time and a great victory, but a very hard battle. We had some very close preaching on radical lines that was more than the devil could stand, and he sought every device to break up the meeting. He threw rocks through the windows, and, in more ways than one, sought our personal injury, but the more they opposed, the hotter the messages would come. Finally, one evening while holding a street meeting in front of the opera-house with a thousand people, more or less, in attendance, we were informed by those who were in a position to know that "the devil would be to pay" that night, and sure enough, just about the time we were in the midst of our service, there was a runaway horse hitched to a buggy with two men in it, plunged into our crowd, before we were aware of it, cutting a swath through the crowd as wide as the buggy and throwing people in every direction. He jumped with his feet in the little Bilhorn organ and smashed it up and bruised and injured many persons. My wife was one among the wounded and suffered much in many ways, her nose was broken flat on her face, there was a great gash cut in her forehead, four of her ribs were fractured, her neck was nearly broken and many other bruises on her body. When I found her it seemed as if there was no hope for her life. If ever I prayed, it was then. I had but little money and but few friends, but in a few moments we were hurried to a free hospital in an ambulance. Thank God for a free hospital that was one time that I needed it, and appreciated it. They did excellent work, and in a few days we were able to leave for our next meeting.

We were told that this was a scheme to break up our tent meeting, but it was more serious than they anticipated, for the men in the buggy were thrown out as the horse turned the corner a few square below and nearly killed. They had lost control of their horse, they couldn't manage him, and he got away with them, and they got the worst of it after all.

At another time, I was conducting a revival meeting in Cambridge, Mass., in an Evangelical Church not many squares from Harvard University. We were having an excellent meeting, the Spirit of the Lord was manifested in great power, the altar was crowded and many were praying through to victory. The interest was intense, the crowds were large, the devil was stirred, the opposers sought the authorities to put a stop to the meeting. They waited on the chief of police, but they were informed that there was no way in which they could order the meeting closed, that it was church property and they were in their own building and they had a perfect right to worship as they pleased. Finding that they were defeated in this attempt, they were determined to not be thwarted in their purposes; if it could not be done in a legal way, they would have it done in an illegal way. So, one Sunday night while I was preaching to a crowded house, and the Spirit of the Lord was upon the meeting, I was in the midst of my sermon, describing a scene of the martyrs. There were a score or more of rowdies in the room, who were there to disturb the meeting. Suddenly a young man pushed from the aisle along the wall where quite a number were standing. I saw the devil was in him, he had

his hat on, he walked in front of the pulpit while I was preaching. It was a sign for the others to begin, they all sprang to their feet and the row began. They first attacked the sexton, striking him over the eye with a pair of brass knucks and knocking him down, but thank God! we had a few sanctified brethren that knew how to handle their fists as well as they, and they went after them. It was a very exciting moment, the women and children and some timid men ran to the basement, the rocks and gravel were coming through the doors from those outside, they knocked each other like mules kicking. One sanctified brother knocked five down in one pile in the door. I stopped preaching and sang two verses of "Jesus Lover of My Soul" before they cleared the house. The policeman arrived on the scene to make a few arrests, while the others scampered away, but they carried with them some remembrances that will cause them to never forget that Holiness meeting.

While some of the brethren were in the adjoining room getting their wounds dressed, we restored order and went on and I finished my sermon and we had a good meeting in spite of the devil.

It seemed as if they had it in for me. On the following Wednesday night a very desperate character rushed into the church and down the aisle with a revolver in one hand and a "black jack" in the other. It was about eleven o'clock. I was on my knees instructing an altar full of seekers, but we had a policeman in the house and he saw him just in time to catch him before he got to me. Bless the Lord! "our God is a present help in time of need," and again I was enabled to make another narrow escape, and I am still on the "warpath," fighting the devil, but I am getting much older now.

As I travel through the country they call me all kinds of names. "Look out, dad, or you will get run over with these trucks." "Say! old man, your train is ready." "Look out, uncle, there is a train coming there." "Now, father, come down the steps careful, don't fall." "Now, grandpa, if you will come and go with me, I'll put you on your train."

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 26 GETTING IN THE BRUSH

I don't know that every preacher has had such experiences or not, but if they have not, it is not an experience to be coveted. Of all the times in the history of a man's life when he feels the least, when he would like to find a hiding place and shut himself up from the face of all men never to be seen again, it is when he strikes the brush patch while standing in the pulpit trying to preach the Word of God. That is one time he doesn't need a hot stew for a perspiration to sweat out a cold. No one in that congregation dare say that they had cold preaching from their pastor on an occasion like that; they could all very clearly say that, from the way he handled his handkerchief and mopped his face and neck, he was warming up.

I remember a young preacher one time that was called to preach a funeral. The deceased had been a very wicked person and had ended his life by committing suicide. The young preacher very much dreaded the undertaking, the subject not being a good one it made it embarrassing for him. The hour for service arrived, the congregation had assembled and everything was in readiness. An hour passed and still he was not there. Finally he made his appearance. He rushed down the aisle and into the pulpit and hastily laid aside his wraps and preceded with the service. It was a very cold day, mercury several degrees below zero. The young preacher when he first entered the pulpit looked very cold, and shivered, but he had not been preaching only a few minutes until he was wiping the perspiration from his face. A few moments more when he unbuttoned his coat, then his vest, and later on he took his collar off, and before he closed up he had the windows all down and his congregation nearly freezing. I have often wondered what that dear young man was trying to say, but I never could tell, and I don't think any one in that church knew, neither himself. He was to be pitied. I know how it goes myself. I have been there a few times, I have had everything to turn dark all around me, when I would forget everything I ever knew and could not think of one thing to say. Now when a fellow strikes a place like that, it will open up the pores of his skin and it won't be long until he will feel the perspiration running down his body in streams. It is a fine prescription for the big head. If there is anything in the world that will take the conceit out of a preacher that is trying to flatter himself that he is one of those that can preach, this will come as near doing it as anything I know of.

I remember one time on a hot summer day, on a quarterly meeting occasion, I was preaching the morning sermon. The house was crowded and it was very warm. I had on a black suit of clothes. After I had been preaching for some time, I turned and said to the pastor; "Brother H--, if I was at home I would take off my coat." He quickly said, "Make yourself at home, take it off." I slipped out of my coat and laid it on a chair, then turned to the audience. The last word I had said was "Abraham," and when I went to speak the only word I could think of was Abraham, everything turned dark around me, everything I ever knew vanished from me and there I stood in my white shirt sleeves, with nothing to say except every little bit I would say Abraham, he was the only person I could think of on this earth at that time. My body got hot, my face turned red, perspiration flowed in streams, I felt so foolish. Finally I regained some consciousness and had a prayer, during which

time I was enabled to gather my thoughts and proceed with my sermon, but it was with great effort. I had always been fortunate enough heretofore, when I got into a close place, to shout out, but this was one time I had no shout in me. It just simply took everything out of me until there was nothing left but "Abraham."

At another time, I was at a big camp-meeting and was preaching the closing sermon of the camp on Sunday night. There was an immense crowd, the tabernacle would not hold half the people that were on the grounds. On the outside there were gay, giddy young folks moving about continually; on the inside, were seated, mostly, church members that were backslidden holiness fighters. They were there for no good. I was trying to preach from the text: "When the great day of his wrath shall come who shall be able to stand?" I was having a hard time, but I was not embarrassed. Suddenly my mouth closed and I could not say another word. I walked the rostrum for ten or fifteen minutes, but at no time could I proceed with my sermon. There were a dozen or more preachers sitting back of me. I felt that they were being much tried with my conduct, but I couldn't help it, but it did one thing, it quieted that restless crowd. There was a hush that settled upon that campground until all was in profound stillness. The preachers at last began to realize the situation, when, one by one, they began to slip down on their knees and engage in prayer. Presently my mouth flew open, but not to proceed with my sermon. It was an exhortation, and for that backslidden outfit that was producing so much darkness and filling the place with devils. I told them that they were so full of evil spirits that the place a more like Hell than a campground; that the devils were so thick in the aisles that no sinner living could have the nerve to make his way to the altar, and for about twenty minutes I poured red-hot shot down on that congregation until their hides were so full of holes they would have made good sieves. While I was still burning it into them, the sinners in the back part of the tent rose up and came around and came to the altar from the back way. They kept coming until the altar was filled and not one would dare to venture down the aisles. I called their attention to it, and in spite of all the opposition that the devil and holiness fighters could bring against us, God gave us a great victory that night, and we closed up shouting the praises of Jesus.

There was one very peculiar incident happened that night. After all the seekers had been saved there remained one old sinner about seventy years old. He was under great conviction and was very penitent. We all did everything we could to pray the old man through, but somehow he could not reach a point of faith. The hour was growing late, the workers were very tired, the old sinner had seated himself on the altar, he had his head hung as if in deep meditation. An old sanctified brother, about the same age of the penitent man, walked up to him and told him to hold up his head. He looked up and the sanctified brother took both hands and smacked the old sinner on each cheek several times quite hard. The old sinner jumped to his feet and grabbed the brother and they both clinched and for a moment it looked as if it was going to result in something serious. Some of the brethren were quite uneasy, it was a sight how those old gray headed men threw and jerked each other around, and tore up straw and upset chairs. Finally they both fell in the straw and the old sinner released his grip, the Christian brother arose and ran to the opposite end of the altar and turned around and shouted victory. The old sinner was up by this time and with a big smile on his face he threw up his hands and shouted, "Glory to God, I am saved!" I took him by the hand and said, "Where did you get saved?" "Just there where we fell in the straw." That was a new fire to the meeting, and a good one, and we closed.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 27

A MYSTERIOUS SERMON BURYING AN OLD QUAKER

One of my greatest difficulties in my evangelistic work has been to know just what to preach. My ambition has not been to be a great preacher, but to know the mind of the Spirit, and give the people just what they needed. I am satisfied with a very common sermon or an exhortation if it only proves fruitful and brings good results. It has never been so difficult for me to preach a sermon as it has been for me to get the subject from which to preach. I have spent hours in prayer for God to give me a text or a subject from which to preach and I never could get settled until I would reach the place for preaching and see my congregation. But much of the time I have my text ahead of time, and a few times God has given my text and then I could think of nothing to say on it.

I remember one time when I was conducting a meeting in a Methodist church in Randolph County, Indiana. They had a large class, but very dead spiritually. You could count on the fingers of one hand all of the praying people in that church, the pastor and his wife included, and there wasn't much pray in any of them. I had spent a week with them and with but little visible result except an increase in the congregation; every available space in the house was occupied. On our way from a Sunday morning service, I was very much discouraged, everything seemed to be so dead. I told the pastor that if I could preach a sermon on Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, I certainly would do it that night. He advised me to do it, and gave me assurance that he would stand by me if I ground their bones into powder. I had no sermon on it, I had never preached from it, but I felt certain that God had laid it upon my heart, and that would be the text for the night.

After dinner I went into my room. I spent some time in reading that chapter on dry bones. I read it over several times, then I kneeled down and spent the entire afternoon in prayer, but the more I thought upon the subject the less there was in it to me. God had made it clear to me that He wanted me to preach from that subject, but it was so strange to me that I could not get a thought. As the hour for service was drawing very nigh, I could hear them coming in from every direction. They were singing religious songs. It was an anxious moment to me and I was about to give up in despair, when I cast my eyes down on the floor and there lay a small clipping from some paper. I picked it up and glanced at it and there were three points on dry bones. Instantly a sermon spread out before me. I dropped it into my Bible and prepared for church. How that clipping ever got there has always been a mystery to me. I never had anything like it and the pastor said he had not, and I am sure it wasn't on that carpet that afternoon or I would have seen it. I have always believed that it was sent of God.

When I reached the pulpit that night I was trembling under the power of God, and if ever a man preached in the Spirit, I surely did. No sooner had I made the altar call than at least one-third of that large congregation made a rush for the altar. The pastor said he believed that there were one hundred souls saved that night. That resulted in one of the greatest religious awakenings that ever struck that country.

The next day I turned to find my points on the sermon and they had disappeared just as miraculously as they had appeared. I have never seen them since and I can't remember one thing that I ever said in that sermon. That was one sermon that I never repeated. I have had a few sermons that the Lord has given me similar to that, but have not been retained for reputation.

Now in regard to the old Quaker brother. It was in a camp-meeting at Cleveland, Ind., my home camp. I had known this brother for a number of years, he was a good man, but he was continually at the altar in every meeting, seeking entire sanctification. He wanted freedom and liberty, but he would stick his head on the mourners' bench and rub his nose on it until it would almost bleed and you could not get him to hold up his head no more than you could a Billy goat; and he wouldn't pray. He was a chronic seeker, he had become a trial to us all.

One day just after our camp had gotten fairly opened up, when the first altar call was made, I looked down the aisle and here came this old Quaker. The Spirit seemed to speak to me, "If ever that man gets through, he will have to be handled without gloves, and you are the man that I want to do it." By this time he was at the altar with his face buried in his hands. I jumped down in front of him, slapped him on the back and spoke to him in a very commanding way, that he would have to get what he was seeking for or I would rear him out and kill him on the spot and bury him out of sight. "Now," said I, "get at it," and I began to shake him roughly. When I would get little too severe on him, he would look up and grin, as good as to say, "I don't have to," but I would shake him more rigorously. Finally I became so desperate and used him so roughly that he concluded that, if he ever expected to do anything, it was high time he was at it, for he was not going, to see an easy time in that service. All at once he threw up his head and hands and began to scream and pray and in less than five minutes God sent a lightning-bolt from pentecostal skies and struck the old Quaker and knocked him on the flat of his back. I gathered up several arms full of straw and covered him as much as two feet, and for nearly an hour he lay there perfectly quiet. We were then having a testimony meeting. Suddenly there was an unearthly yell down under the straw, and immediately the straw flew in every direction, and the old Quaker jumped to his feet and gave us a demonstration that set the meeting on fire and we closed in a flame of holy rapture, and from that day until this writing the old brother has had his freedom.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 28

TOBACCO SOAKED CLASS LEADERS REBUKED

Away back in my early ministry, in my own county, not far from where I now live, I was assisting my pastor in a revival meeting. We had only been running a few days. The interest was great, this was one among the greatest meetings I ever held. The influence of this meeting reached far and wide, and hundreds of souls sought and found Jesus. The class leader was the first to make the break, but he had to be handled in a rough way to bring him to a point of yielding. He was a slave to tobacco. He and I had talked it over quite a number of times. He was hungry for a clean heart; he was the best man, the most spiritual in the whole community, but he could not believe it was necessary to give up his tobacco. I asked him why he did not get the blessing, if his tobacco was not in the way. He had sought it, and prayed hard enough for it, but he refused to acknowledge that it was his tobacco. He attributed his failure more especially to his lack of faith. Sure enough, it was a lack of faith, but there was a cause for it, he loved a foul mouth in preference to a clean heart, and he wasn't willing to pay the price.

I have noticed one thing in my experience, that, after a person goes to an altar a number of times and don't get through, then I am quite certain he has something sticking in his craw that he has not swallowed, and this brother had a plug of "Star Navy" that he could not get down.

In our little talk together about the matter, I had never been harsh nor cutting, but reasoned with him in a brotherly way, that I might help him to see that it was his tobacco that was in the way, but with no success. Then the Lord laid it upon me to deal with him with authority and not to be easy about it.

It was on Sunday morning. We were having a testimony meeting, he was the first one on his feet. He looked at me with a smile and said, "Johnnie, I am going to get there, for I am getting stronger every day." "Yes," said I, "from the way you smell of tobacco, I believe what you say. Now sit down and don't you say another word until you clean up. God is not pleased to have you lisp His holy name with your foul mouth; you are nothing but a dirty, filthy, obnoxious professing class leader." He dropped into his seat and turned white with anger. He was joined by about forty others with the same habit.

When meeting was out, for awhile, it looked as if I was not going to get away from them alive. I did not have one single friend, even the pastor wanted me to go and confess my wrong to the brother, that I had made an awful mistake, and I had killed the meeting, and we would never do any more good. While I was at a neighbor's that afternoon the church people gathered in and they made it so hot for me that I had to take to the woods to get away from them. I crept into a spice-brush thicket, within a few rods of the church (the church was in the woods). I spent the evening in prayer. The pastor was to preach that night. This brother said he would never hear me again. I asked the Lord

to shut up the pastor until he could not preach and give me the message, for I knew they would all be there, as the pastor had announced that he would preach that night.

When meeting time arrived the people were coming in from every direction. I could hear them in the dark. They were giving it to me good and proper, but, thank God! I walked from my hiding place in perfect confidence that the Lord was with me. When I reached the pulpit, the pastor said, "Brother Hatfield, you will have to preach tonight; I have nothing to say." I said, "Thank God! the Lord has answered prayer." The house was packed, the Spirit of the Lord was upon me. He was in the message, and they all heard it; and some of them did not sleep well that night, especially my offended brother. God was after him. The next day he became so desperate that he threw his tobacco away, confessed his wrong and got reclaimed; came to church that night with a big smile on his face, walked up in the pulpit and asked me to forgive him, which I gladly did; turned to the congregation and made his confession and told them he was now ready for a clean heart and was going to the altar at once for the blessing, and asked all those who desired to go with him to come along. There was a wild rush for that altar that soon filled it with weeping, pleading penitents. Our brother soon got through and he was a marvel of divine grace and possessed great power. Every tobacco chewer in that house threw away his tobacco, cleaned up and got salvation, and in the next few weeks the result was hundreds of conversions, and many marvelous things of supernatural power were witnessed.

Again, I was holding a meeting in a little village in Carrol County, Indiana, called Yeoman. The interest was good, the people were coming, conviction was settling upon the people. I had rubbed them up a little about their tobacco, and many of them were considerably stirred, among them was the leader. One day I was invited to his house for a meal. We were sitting at the table, every little while he would get off some cutting remark about tobacco. I said nothing, but kept praying. As time passed on, he became more emphatic, until at last he gave me to understand that he would chew all the tobacco he wanted to and he did not have to ask me anything about it; that it was none of my business how he spent his money or what he put in his mouth. Instantly I felt the Spirit move me to rebuke him. I stuck my finger across the table in his face and said, "You dirty, filthy, chewing, slobbering, spitting, stinking polecat of a man, how dare you make such an assertion? Don't you know that God can make you so sick of that stuff that you will never want another chew while you live?" His lips quivered, and he trembled with anger. He arose from the table, went to town and purchased a pound of fine-cut; came back to the house and, in my presence, unfolded it and took a great big chew, but in a few moments he had to retire from the house, it was making him so sick he could not keep it in his mouth any longer. He returned, and repeated the effort the second time, but with the same sickening effect, and again the third time, but this time he could not put it in his mouth, the sight and smell of it made it nauseous to him. This was sufficient evidence to him that God was taking his case in hand and that he and tobacco would have to part, so he walked to the stove, raised the lid and threw his tobacco in. He was rewarded with a great blessing and went to the church that night with the fire burning in his soul.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 29 STRANGE LANDINGS AND IMPRESSIONS

While attending a national camp-meeting at Decatur, Ill., William McDonald was in charge. The Spirit of the Lord was upon the meeting. One day while Mrs. Belle Leonard was preaching on the subject of consecration, I was sitting on the front seat. I was intensely interested, so much so that I was lost to all surroundings. She stopped in the middle of her sermon and gave a little of her experience as to her difficulties in her consecration, she felt that God was calling her into foreign fields, that she must go to India. She was willing to go, but her financial condition and home ties were such that it seemed almost impossible to entertain such an idea. Finally she arrived at a decision, when she said, "Lord, if you will open the way, I am ready to go." In a very short while the way was open. She was not long in making her arrangements for the voyage and was soon out upon the sea sailing for heathen lands. While they were crossing the Indian Ocean they were caught in a heavy storm, the ship was so damaged that, unless the storm subsided, there was no hope of reaching the port in safety; all would be lost. Sister Leonard threw her arms around a post in the ship and cried out, "My God, Thou hast called me to India, and to India I must go. Stay the winds," and in a few moments they were sailing on the still sea.

I immediately said to myself, "I haven't got that." As soon as she was through preaching I arose and went to my tent, and began to ask the Lord for that experience, and for three days and nights the devil had a lot of fun out of me, tramping me around in the brushpatch in the dark seeking for something I never could get. One morning about nine o'clock, still on my knees in prayer, tired and weary and hungry from fasting and loss of sleep, at last I looked up and said, "Lord, I must have this." "What do you want?" a voice responded. I stopped for a moment and began to think. I scratched my head and, at last, in a very feeble voice, said, "Lord, I don't know, unless it is to stop a storm on the Indian Ocean." The response came at once, "You had better wait until you get there first." I saw the joke the devil had played on me and laughed right out, but the Lord was good to me and gave me a great blessing that sent me out of that tent with my soul-full of glory, shouting the praises of Jesus, and I had a good time the remainder of the camp.

It often happens that people in seeking some other person's experience are liable to lose their own. This reminds me of an incident that once occurred in my youthful days, when I was but a very small boy. It was in the country; I was visiting my cousin for a few days. I was always a great lover of bread and butter and sugar, and I haven't lost the taste for it yet. One day I was in the kitchen when my aunt pulled from the stove a half-dozen big loaves of warm bread. My mouth began to water, I set up a plea for some bread and butter and sugar. I was denied, but I would not take no for an answer; I was too hungry to yield my point. I plead hard and finally succeeded, my desire was granted, and, to both me and my cousin was handed a large slice of bread, with butter and sugar. I was so greedy that I wanted both pieces. My cousin went to the front porch of the cabin, and I went the back way, took off a big bite of my bread and stuck the balance in a crack of the old log, smokehouse and then went around to where my cousin was sitting. He said, "Where is your bread?"

I told him I had eaten it all up. I sat down by his side and began to beg him for a bite, which he willingly gave me. After I had helped him finish his up, then to get to my bread and get to the orchard without him knowing it was the next thing to be considered. I said to him, "Would you like to have some more?" He said he would; then I told him if he would sit right there and not leave, I would go and ask aunt for more. I started for the kitchen by the way of the smokehouse, but when I got around there an old hen had found my bread and was just finishing it up, so I lost my bread by trying to get my cousin's. So many people lose their experience in trying to get others'.

I once went with a man to a livery-stable to sell a horse. The weather was cold and I was compelled to stay in the office by the fire. There were a number of rough men and boys in the room. I was not a stranger, some of them were my old schoolmates. They were very profane in their language. I don't think they did it with intention to embarrass me, but they were thoughtless from the force of habit. There were times when I thought I ought to reprove them, then again I thought I should preach to them, or pray. I was willing to do anything, but I sat there with my mouth shut and said nothing, and left without a word. I had scarcely gotten out until the devil began on me, he accused me of being cowardly, and charged me with disobedience, and tried to whip me over many things, but I felt confident that he was charging me wrongfully, that I was not wilful, but in the order of God. Later on, the Lord revealed to me, that if I had done what the devil wanted me to do, I would have been casting pearls before swine, and assured me that I was right by giving me a great blessing.

The next day I was in a big department store where the proprietor and the most of his clerks were standing in a group. They were asking me many questions about my evangelistic work. They were more concerned about the amount of money I was getting than the number of souls that were being saved. They thought I was foolish in not demanding more pay. They were all old acquaintances, and members of church, but that was all, that was the extent of their religion. I was relating some of my experience when the Lord began to pour out His blessings upon my soul; I started around that crowd shouting and praising God. The little crowd was soon dispersed and they were very busy in other parts of the store. One Quaker girl had nerve enough to stay, but she covered her face with a newspaper which I pulled away and preached Jesus to her.

As soon as I was out of that store the devil began on me about that and said I had overdone the matter, but I knew better, and stuck to it, until God rewarded me with a fresh blessing from above.

I simply relate these incidents to show the reader how the devil works in every way to discourage the child of God. In doing or not doing, how necessary to have that spiritual discernment to know the will of God.

Again, in my early experience when the Lord was giving me some convictions about church entertainments, Christmas trees, etc. I had always taken a part in these things until the Lord sanctified me wholly. This opened my eyes and I saw things as never before. A short while after I had received this blessing the Christmas tree was suggested and, for the first time in my life, I met the committee to discourage them in having a tree, but I was defeated in my purpose and they voted to have the tree. I did not turn sour and get bitter and go home criticising, but I told them if they were going to have one I hoped they would conduct it in a good religious way, that good may come from it and the Lord

be glorified, but they need not count on me for any assistance, for my convictions were such that I must not give sanction to any more church entertainments.

Everything seemed to go well until the evening for the entertainment. Our little daughter, about five years old, begged us to take her to see old Santa Claus. It was a great disappointment for her to stay at home. At last my wife and I talked it over, and we concluded that it would not hurt us, that we were not responsible for it, and it would satisfy the child, so we went. We were seated in the "Amen Corner" in the end of the house where the tree was. As soon as we were settled in our seats some one whispered to us that the committee had fallen out and gone home and there we were without a program, or a Santa Claus, and everything in confusion. It fell upon the pastor to proceed with the entertainment as best he could. We had a song and then he called upon me to make the opening prayer. It was a great surprise to me; there I was, I was in for it, but of all the prayers that ever I made that was one over which I turned blind; my brains began to whirl, every pore in my skin opened its mouth and poured out perspiration until I could feel it running in streams down my body. I could not pray for the tree, for I did not believe in it, and I could not think of anything else but the tree, and if ever there was a time when I was up a tree it was then, and the way I came down was much like Zacchaeus, I fell out, and when I struck I flattened out. I did not see Jesus, but I saw jumping-jacks, tin whistles, doll babies, French harps, picture books, popcorn, etc.

After I had been in my seat for quite awhile I was just beginning to breathe some easier over my collapse, Then a sister whispered in my ear from a back seat and asked me if I would be kind enough to write that prayer off for her that I made in the opening exercise. She said that she did not know but what some day she might be called upon to offer prayer at a Christmas entertainment, and she thought the one that I had made was so nice that she would like to learn it. That was enough for me, I was convinced, and I returned to my home a much wiser man than when I left. That was thirty years ago and that was the last time; they are still having their trees, but they are not catching me there to pray over the thing.

About one year after I was sanctified, I was still in the dry goods business. The devil said to me that I must not teach holiness to my customers. I kept my Bible behind my counter and I was preaching to everyone that came in, and the devil wanted to put a stop to it, but I was determined to let him know that I was going to run my store in the manner of the Lord, trade or no trade. Just about then one of my best customers stepped in and now was the opportunity to put it to the test. I opened up the subject to my brother, he was full of fight and on the warpath. I gave Him the Word and kept reading to him what God said about it, which was more to stir him than if I had said it myself. He could not meet the argument, it was God's Word; the only thing he could do was to get mad and show up the "old man," and he certainly did do that. He said many hateful things to me and when we parted he went out champing the bits. The devil said, "Now you have lost your best customer, you had better kept still." I said , "This business is the Lord's and we will run it in His name, and to His glory."

The next morning early he was back at the store, he was still hot under the collar. The first thing he said was, "What is my account?" I turned to the books and told him the amount, he threw out the cash and said, "Mark it off." I took the money, gave him the credit and then put my hand in the showcase and took out a pocketknife and gave him. He went back to the stove and sat down and for

two hours he sat there without a word; he was in a deep study. I was arranging some of the dress goods when he stepped to the counter and in a few moments I sold him a dress for his wife that cost over twenty dollars. He paid the cash, and left for home. That afternoon he sent his boy to town for some articles and opened up another book account. In a few weeks he was sanctified and from that day until this he and I have been the best of friends. Glory to God!

If we run our business in the name of the Lord and for His glory, He will take care of the customers. I sold tobacco, the Lord said I must quit; the devil said, "If you do, you will lose your trade," but, bless God! I obeyed the Lord, cleaned out the tobacco, defeated the devil, held my trade, and received a great blessing. It pays to walk in the light and say "Amen, Lord, Thy will be done."

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 30 ENTERTAINMENT, AND INCIDENTS

No one knows the hardships and privations that an evangelist has to endure except those who have had experience, and especially one of that class who never makes any charge for his service, or makes any arrangements for entertainment. It's a common occurrence to be placed with a family where there is no privacy, with a house full of children, ill-mannerly and dirty, no government or parental authority and all acting as if the last one of them had been born on the Fourth of July. Now to prepare a sermon under such circumstances would be a fine opportunity to grow in grace. I can't see how they ever did learn to preach, some of us haven't learned much--I speak from experience. If it was warm weather we could take to the woods, this I have done more or less all my life and I am still keeping it up. Even there we are not free from the vexing things, all kinds of crawling ants, and singing mosquitoes to keep you slapping and knocking while you are trying to think. I was entertained in a home in southern Indiana for two weeks. It was a log house twenty-four feet square. In it were two beds, one in each corner, and two trundle beds, one under each bed, a table, a cook stove, a big fireplace, and a few chairs, a man and his wife and eight children; no carpet on the floor. The bill-of-fare would be hominy for breakfast, boiled beans and fat meat for dinner, and mush and milk for supper. We would have Johnnie cake the most of the time. The big pot of hominy would last for three or four days; it would stand in the corner of the fireplace without any cover over it, and into its wide-open mouth many objectionable things were dropping, but we continued to feed from it until we finished its contents. They were all professing Christians but the baby, and they all had fine voices for singing. When we would come home at night after service we would have a great time, cracking pecans, walnuts and hickory nuts, singing and shouting until after the midnight hour, then all go to bed and sleep like babies until morning. There was only one door to the cabin and there weren't five minutes in the day it was not opened and shut. One day the wooden latch was broken off so that the door would not stay fastened. Instead of fixing the latch the father detailed one of the children an hour each to stand at the door, open and shut it as they passed in and out. This was continued for a number of days. I saw they were not going to fix the latch, so I fixed it myself and set the children free.

This is not the only instance that I have been entertained in such a way and, while it is not the most pleasant and satisfactory for one who wants to read and study and pray, yet I prefer this racket through the day with no convenience, and to have three or four children for bedfellows, if I can sleep well at night, than to have a more commodious place and have a bed full of bugs that won't let you sleep. It has been my fortune, or misfortune, to be thrown into scores of homes where these pestilent bedfellows would not allow me to sleep if I stayed in the bed and I would have to get out and dress and sit up and sleep in a chair. Sometimes I have mentioned the matter to the good housewife and she would look at me with surprise, and say, "Why, do they bother you?" One woman said, as I started for my bedroom, "Now, Brother Hatfield, if there are any bugs bother you tonight, I will give you the liberty to kill every one you find." I thought she was joking, but if I would have taken the time to kill every bug I could find in that bed I could have been at it all night. It was a very cool night

and no fire in the room. I dressed myself, put on my overcoat and overshoes, and sat up in a chair and tried to sleep. Next morning the husband came into my room and saw me sitting there. He called his wife and they laughed and said, "Do you let anything like that bother you?" I said, "No, that is the reason I took the chair instead of the bed."

I was at another place and I was given a lovely room, nicely furnished, but the nightly prowlers were so numerous and so carnivorous that I was not in the bed five minutes until a whole regiment would jump on me at once, and how they did scratch and bite! It didn't take me long to make up my mind to abandon my quarters. I slept but little that night. The next day when the lady came to my room, I kindly spoke to her about the matter, she promised immediate attention, but she never looked after it. The next night I had the same difficulty, only worse. The lady did not seem to be much disposed to believe what I had told her, so this time I took a pin and stuck it full of the big warriors and stuck the pin on the dresser. The next morning she came in, I mentioned the matter again. It stirred her, she looked cross and said, "There is not a bug in that bed. I have looked over it, and can't find a one." Then I pointed to the pin sticking in the dresser, and said, "Do you see there? I found those last night and that is only a drop in the bucket to what there is left." Her eyes flashed fire, she said, "I have always heard that preachers were hard to entertain and now I know it."

While I am on this subject I want to tell a little joke on myself. I had been working for several weeks among the coal miners, sleeping first one place and then another in their little tenement houses, and there were few of these houses that were free from these troublesome bedfellows. They had well-nigh worn me out, losing so much sleep. I have no recollections of trimming my fingernails while I was there, I think I kept them worn off scratching after bugs. One night there was a good brother came to a meeting I was holding in a schoolhouse. He lived ten miles away. I was telling him my troubles and he assured me if I would go home with him I should have one good night's rest, so I agreed to go home with him. He was in a buggy. We arrived at his place sometime after twelve o'clock. That night, from all appearances, everything looked comfortable. I was shown my room and in a very few moments I was in bed. I was so sleepy that it wasn't long until I was in slumberland, but I was awakened by a peculiar sensation like spiders crawling over me. My first impression was that it was my nerves, for I was quite nervous. I heard a nervous woman say once that she had feelings like spiders crawling over her. I said, "This is something like that woman had," so as I had some Ammonia Elyxir for my nerves, I got up and took a dose of that. I felt better, I went back to bed but in a short time I had this same feeling to return. I got up and took the second dose, I felt better at once, but when I returned to my bed the same crawling condition was repeated. Then it dawned upon me that I had surely struck another nest of bugs and sure enough, when I lit the light and looked in that bed it was alive with hundreds of little, small fellows and all full of blood. I took my finger and drew it across the sheet and I made a red mark over a foot long. I was honest in taking my medicine; I thought it was my nerves, but I was mistaken, it was something else, I had not diagnosed the case just right. That is the way it is with a lot of people in regard to religion, they are honest, they think they have got it, but they are far from it. Some people say it don't matter what they believe so they are honest, but I have found out that people can be honest and yet be wrong.

It would require a whole book to describe the hardships I have passed through in the past third of a century. Cold beds! Oh! how often I have traveled from one to ten miles in some buggy or sleigh after night, coming out of a hot church wet with perspiration and mercury ten or twenty degrees

below zero, and then been put in a bed in a cold room between sheets that had not been slept in for months, and laid there and shivered all night. When you get up in the morning after such a night you can't warm up by a fire, you have to take some kind of red-pepper stew to heat yourself up.

Not long ago I was put in a cold room, where I slept on a straw bed that had iron roofing laid on the slats to keep the bed from falling through. Every time I would turn over it would rattle like the roofs of tin or iron when the wind would blow. On Monday morning the old sister boiled up a big pot of beans, and at every meal from Monday until Friday we had those same beans, and they came up cold every time but the first meal on Monday.

Once I was sitting at a table working hard to worry down enough to keep soul and body together, then the lady of the house handed me a jar of preserves and asked me to have some. I looked in and said, "Not any just now." She said, "Brother Hatfield, I would be glad if you would taste them, I have had them made for a good while." "How long?" said I. "Sixteen years," was the reply. "And you have had them in that jar all this time?" "Yes, sir, I keep them for company, but they don't seem to care for preserves."

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 31 OBEYING THE SPIRIT, HOW I GOT THE TITLE OF "THE HOOSIER EVANGELIST"

A great many years ago, during the days of Dr. S. A. Keen, he was holding pentecostal services at one of our M. E. Conferences. I was there. Brother Keen was having pretty hard sledding, there was much opposition to his teaching at that time. He was emphasizing the baptism with the Holy Ghost as a second definite work. For several days there was not a very large attendance, but the interest as well as the crowds grew. I was so burdened for those preachers that I could not sleep at nights. I did much personal work. I was so anxious for them to hear this man of God.

One day we had quite a large congregation, I still had the travail of souls, and kneeled in the back part of the house and there I told the Lord I would do anything He would put upon me, if it would break up that meeting and give us a victory. Almost instantly I felt the fire go through me from head to foot, my flesh felt hot, I sprang to my feet and before I knew what I was doing I ran down the aisle shouting at the top of my voice, and when I landed at the rostrum there were not less than twenty or thirty preachers following me up. The glory of the Lord filled the room, the altar was filled and a great many were sanctified wholly. From that day until this that Conference has been growing more and more spiritual, until there are more preachers in it who are preaching holiness than those who are not.

At another time I was with Rev. Charles Weigele in Danville, Va. We were holding a ten days' convention in that city. I had never attended a colored church and I was very anxious that I should go to one, so one Sabbath we planned to attend a Holiness colored church. They were having an all day meeting. There were myself and Brother Weigele and three others, a man and his wife and another lady. When we entered the house they were praying; it was a fair congregation. We took our seats where the white people belonged. I wasn't there long before I began to feel something creeping up my back. By and by I began to feel hot flashes rush over me. Then they arose and began to sing, "Swing low, sweet chariot." This was too much for me, I jumped over the seat in the aisle and took for the front and Brother Weigele after me, and we certainly did have a time praising the Lord that day. Two of our Southern sisters had to get out and walk the aisle in that colored church. That blessing lasted me for three days. We left while they were still in service. I have often wondered what those colored people thought when those two white preachers were jumping up and down in the front part of their church. I was a stranger to them, I never saw one of them in my life before or since.

At another time I was in New York City. I was walking down Broadway. I was very much occupied in counting stories and reading signs and looking into the show windows. All at once there seemed to be a voice speak to me. I said something, I don't remember what, but it was the Lord who wanted to bless me right there on Broadway. I said, "Here am I." Just then the glory struck me and I jumped straight up and shouted "Glory!" and started for the Grand Central Depot. I laughed and

cried and shouted. Some would turn and look at me, but little did I care. That was the end of my counting stories and reading signs for awhile.

Ever since I have been in the evangelistic work I have gone by the name of "The Hoosier Evangelist." Rev. L. B. Kent, who is now in Glory, is responsible for it. He gave me that title and I have gone by it for these thirty years or more. In making my reports in early years I would sign "The Hoosier Evangelist," instead of my own name. When I would attend the national camp-meetings I went by the name of "Brother Hatfield," no one knew that I was an evangelist. They would ask me where I was from, I would tell them I was from Indiana and then they would ask me if I knew "The Hoosier Evangelist." I told them I did. They asked me many things about him and of course I could tell them, but little did they know that it was he they were talking to.

One day a preacher, Rev. Geo. Buck from Illinois, happened into my tent meeting. He was with me a few days. A few months from that time I happened into one of the national camp-meetings. This preacher was there, he was sitting in the pulpit. When I came in and sat down he walked down to me, pulled me out of my seat and lead me to the rostrum and turned me to the preachers and said, "Brethren, I want to introduce you to 'The Hoosier Evangelist.'" Some of them said, "That is Brother Hatfield." He said, "That may be true, but this is also 'The Hoosier Evangelist,' " so they found me out.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 32

REPORTS OF MEETINGS TO MY COUNTRY PAPER IN BOSTON AMONG THE BEAN-EATERS

I left the old Hoosier state the second day of January, and landed here on the night of the third: I had a quick ride, a fine trip, and a "hallelujah" time. We began meeting the next day in the first Evangelical Church, in Cambridge, a city of a hundred thousand, a suburb of Boston, with the Charles River as the dividing line. This river was Longfellow's favorite stream, he loved it so much that he bought all the land between his house and the river, so that no one could put an obstruction in the way and shut off his view. What a blessing to Christians, so called, if they would be so considerate as not to allow obstructions in their access to the "River of Life." Many of them have a plug of tobacco over one eye and a bottle of whisky over the other, until they could not see their nose though scorched in the glass of the sun. No wonder they complain of their eyesight and say they can't see as some do.

We visited the Longfellow homeplace and saw the home of the famous author. We stood at the spot on the bridge where he composed the poem:

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
and the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark-church tower."

I was over the road where Paul Revere made his famous ride more than a hundred years ago. I visited his tomb and the old North Church where he belonged. I climbed up the old winding stair one hundred and fifty feet to the tower where Robert Newman, the sexton, hung the lantern as a signal for Revere to make his ride and warn the people of the approaching enemy.

There are many things about this church that were of much interest to me. While it is aged, yet it is in a good state of preservation. It is an old landmark, they want to preserve it for its antiquity. They have the same old Bible presented them by King George in 1717. The old pipe organ and the clock that hangs on the wall and the chime bells that swing in the belfry are making music and keeping time with as much harmony as in days of old, more than two hundred years ago. They have been faithful in every performance of duty; they may have grown formal, but have never been known to backslide, always punctual and in their place and never failing to give their testimony. What a delightful thing it would be if a pastor could say that of his church, but it's,

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love."

Methodists call it backsliding; Baptists call it wandering; Presbyterians, a little cool; Episcopalians, a little off; Christians, overtaken in a fault; Hard-shells, out of order; Holiness people say they have lost the keen edge, but it's all the same.

If the faithful pastor, after the big meeting is over, could only hitch his members up to the post of honest dealing in business, and go back and find them at the post of brotherly love, at the post of Sabbath keeping, at the post of family prayer, at the post of prayer meeting and class meeting, it would not be a year until the angels could light on this old world or fly through its atmosphere without holding their nose in weeping transit. But the pastor will hitch them up, and then come around later; there hangs the bridle against the post, but the good Lord only knows where they are--out capering over the plains with zebras, bronchos, bucking Texas wild steers, and striped asses, saddled and subjects to be ridden by anything that can catch them.

The pews of this church are antique and of English origin, they are boxed and lined, both back and seat, and a door at the end of each one; the pulpit is primitive, very high and narrow, and a stairway leading to the top, and from it some of the greatest orators in the ministerial ranks have preached, such men as John and Charles Wesley, George Whitefield, Bishop Asbury, etc. I had a curiosity to stand there myself, so I mounted the stairway and ascended to the top. I had a fine view of the galleries and the auditorium below. It was a model church in its day.

In the back part of the room on the lower floor are two high seats where a couple of brethren sat; they were called "Beadles." They had a couple of long sticks, one of them had a fox tail fastened on the end of his stick. If he saw any of the sisters nodding or going to sleep it was his duty to slip down the aisle and tickle her nose with the fox tail. On the other side, if any of the brethren looked drowsy, it was the duty of the second beadle to slip down the aisle and wrap them on the head. This was a part of history I had never learned before, it was entirely new to me. That old custom is a thing of the past, but I notice that the same disease is still prevalent among our church members even in these days, and it is still a problem to some ministers how to avoid it. The best thing I have ever struck is to call on them to pray; as a rule that is pretty sure to wake them up.

Next are the tombs under the church. I have read of the Catacombs of Egypt, but never dreamed of such a thing in Boston. The sexton took me below, and we walked among the tombs and read epitaphs of people buried there over two hundred years ago. Some of them were very noted characters and conspicuous during the time of the Revolution. There are over seven hundred bodies that lie beneath this church. I was permitted to look into one of these tombs, it had been piled full of bodies and it was a sad picture. I refrain from the description.

There are a number of old cemeteries in the city, some of them in the very business center, surrounded by immense business blocks ten and twelve stories high. I was in one at Copps' Hill, where the English had their batteries planted during the Revolution. There were the marks of the bullets where they had struck the tombstones during the battle. There are 130 tombs around the cemetery and some of them fifteen feet underground and full of dead bodies, besides ten thousand buried in graves. Among the oldest I saw was that of Isaac White, deceased 1661.

"Stop here, my friend, and cast an eye,
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be;
Prepare for death and follow me."

Another historic place--I speak of Bunker Hill. I walked over its summit, looked at the tombs that marked the resting place where brave men fell and bit the dust for their country's cause. It made me think of my youthful days. When a boy at school, I studied this history never thinking I would ever visit this memorable spot. I stood under the elm tree where George Washington took command of the American army, July 3, 1775. I visited the army post and navy yard. What a contrast between the arms then and now, what an advancement in the equipment of warfare. They were making anchors for battleships, weighing eighteen thousand pounds apiece, at the cost of eleven cents a pound. They were making chains for the anchors, 240 links, one foot to each link and two inches and a quarter in diameter and weighing seventy pounds apiece, at a cost of \$6.50 each, and the chain must stand a test of 558,000 pounds before leaving the yards. I saw them making ropes. The size they were making while I was there was two and three quarter inches in diameter, seven hundred feet long and weighing 1750 pounds, at a cost of seventeen cents a pound. This is a medium rope to some they make.

Faneuil Hall is another place of historic interest, named for its donor, Peter Faneuil, a wealthy Boston merchant, who erected and gave it to the town in 1740 for a market and town house. Upon its rostrum have stood most of the statesmen and orators of America. Within its walls some of the most stirring scenes connected with the American Revolution were enacted Prior to the Revolution the eloquence of the sturdy old patriots did much to shape the action of the Colonies. All down the years it has been the custom for the citizens to go to Faneuil Hall to consider matters of stirring interest, as they have appeared. The Hall has been generally known as the "Cradle of Liberty." Over the rostrum is a picture, 16 x 30 feet, costing \$40,000, representing Daniel Webster replying to Robert Haynes in the United States Senate, June 26, 1830.

There are other matters of great interest, but time and space will not permit.

Cambridge is a college town, the well-known Harvard University, with its five thousand students, occupies the center of the city. It is Unitarian in its faith. They don't believe in a Hell, but some of them have enough brimstone in their hearts to start one on earth. It's a hard place to hold a meeting. The atmosphere is pregnated with unbelief and devilism. Protestant Preachers exchange pulpits with Unitarians. They try to hold protracted meetings together. They call them "ethical revivals." They are not the kind we read of in the first of Acts. It's all head religion and no heart. They get salvation like some people let the mumps, on one side, the outside. They are like pins, you can't stick them in over the head. All head and no heart. They don't know half as much about God as Balaam's ass.

That reminds me of one of these big-headed, sensational preachers, who advertised his subjects in advance from which he was to preach. They were, "Daniel," "How is the Score?" "He Held An Aceful," "How Was the Show?" "Who Is That New Girl?" "Has She Struck the City?" "Let Us Have a Game of Pool," "Are You Trying to Make a Mash?" If he had added one more title, "The Preacher Is An Ass," the list would leave nothing to be desired.

Now for our meeting. It has been nearly five weeks since I came here and we have had some hard battles. The devil has been determined that an old-fashioned, Holy Ghost revival, with holiness and Hellfire preaching can't be had in this town; he has tried every way to defeat it. For the first three weeks the meeting progressed with great power, the devil was stirred, he went to the police department to have it stopped but failed. Then to the mayor of the city, but was defeated there. Then he sent in a lot of rowdies to break up the meeting, which resulted in a great fight in the church. This greatly affected the meeting and we never reached the climax that we were all looking for. However, it was a blessed meeting, one of great power and victory. (The description of this meeting is given in a previous chapter.) I go from here to Malden, Mass., another suburb of Boston, to assist Rev. John Norberry, the pastor.

Yours in the Holy War,

JOHN THOMAS HATFIELD

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 33

FEATHERS FOR SHARP ARROWS TWO MEETINGS

--ONE IN INDIANA AND THE OTHER IN ILLINOIS

Perhaps it is about time for the readers of the "Republican" to get a few lines from my pen once more, and ascertain my whereabouts, what I am doing, and how I am getting along. Christ said, "Ye are My witnesses," and this is one way I have of testifying to a big congregation. Some people don't like my testimony. Well, that's no cross to me, I have noticed that such faultfinders usually wear their religion like some people wear a wart on the end of their nose, with great difficulty and much embarrassment, and will fly off the handle when you prescribe a remedy that will cure it.

Well, my wife and I, in company with my two singers, Rev. H. L. Phillips and wife, started for California on the first of January, expecting to hold meetings on the way and land there about the first of May, but from the number of calls we are getting, and the engagements we are making, it begins to look as if we would never get there.

Our first meeting was at Francisco, Ind. There is quite a boom in this section of country; speculators are leasing land for coal, they are also developing quite a good deal of oil and gas. The bottom land is fertile, producing from seventy-five to one hundred bushels of corn to the acre. The old yellow hills are poor and only fit for grazing, the green mistletoe grows in abundance on the elm trees, and presents a fine picture in winter. Pecans and persimmons are plentiful. We enjoyed a number of rich feasts from the fruit. The people are social, clever, and good livers, but like everywhere else, with but little religion; the almighty dollar is absorbing the time of nearly everybody. "But what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

We had a good meeting at this place, quite a number were saved, but we had a fight at the beginning. "Old Carnality" did not want to be disturbed, he wanted to rest in his little cradle of cold formality and good-for-nothing-do-littleness, and have us dope him with soothing syrup, sing him a little lullaby and rock him to sleep. But bless God! we upset the cradle and spilled the babies out; some of them had whiskers, some of them had their heads over one end of the cradle and their heels over the other. There was a great cry, but little wool, as the man said when he sheared the old sow.

One woman, with a cracker on the end of her tongue, jumped up and shook her fist, and said she had as much religion as anybody, and she sinned every day; that her mother was a good woman, and she proposed to go to Heaven on her mother's religion. That's too much like some people who are going to Heaven on a tombstone, who live a Christless life, die a Christless death, are wrapped in a Christless shroud, put in a Christless coffin, buried in a Christless grave, and have a tombstone erected with an angel on it pointing to Heaven, "Gone to rest."

Another woman jumped up and with a look on her face that would have soured Jersey milk, ran into the vestibule, stamped her feet, and heaved a few sighs that sounded like the escaping gas from a sewer pipe, and said, "If I was a man, I would slap his jaws."

By this time things were getting pretty hot, the thermometer had run up to about 100. Some of the saints were getting a little nervous, but, as Paul said, "None of these things move me." I knew that God was in it.

Another young lady was so convicted she ran out of the church and started for the train intending to leave the town, but God was after her. She ran through the street and over the yellow-clay hill for the depot throwing mud like a wild Texas steer, arriving at the station just in time to get left; she could have touched the train as it pulled out. A few days later she was saved and is now one of the happy girls of the town.

These are some of the luxuries of an evangelist's life who will dare to be true to God, regardless of consequences. The preacher that will denounce sin in these days will hear from the devil, and the person who does commit sin is not much in his way, he serves a big devil and fights a little Christ. But the Christian who is free from sin is serving a big Christ and fighting a little devil.

Our meeting closed with victory; the disturbing element cooled down, and accepted the truth, and went to work, and the result was a few diamonds in the rough were gathered.

We left for Mapleton, Ill., a few miles west of Peoria. This is a little village of two or three hundred, on the Illinois River, an old coal mining town with two enterprising stores, two flourishing dancing schools, two prosperous saloons, one post office, and one little backslidden church with about a handful of members, with a debt that has been hanging over it for twelve years. From the looks of the chinaware in the old cupboard in what should be the "Amen Corner" of the church there is a ladies' aid attachment to dish up messes to feed depravity to make the goats pay for the pasturage of the sheep. What a shame! The sisters think they are doing great work for the Lord when they are dishing out ham and eggs and oyster stews to drag through people's stomachs to get a quarter out of their pockets to keep up expenses that their stingy husbands won't do. What a church like that needs is pentecostal salvation. Imagine Mary and Martha handing up to Peter on the Day of Pentecost an announcement for an oyster supper in the basement under the Upper Room: "Everybody come and let us have a big time."

I am told there are twenty-five confirmed drunkards in this place, and there are about thirty regular daily dram drinkers and tipplers. A good place for a missionary.

The second night the Lord saved an old sinner seventy years old. He threw away his tobacco, confessed his sins and got right with God. The same night, while the Lord was convicting and convincing this old sinner, the devil was getting in his work on some backslidden church members. When people are guilty how naturally they take things to themselves. Of course we had the Gospel plow in and plowed right through some of their posy beds and turned out some big American beauties. One said I stuck my finger at him while I was preaching and he knew I meant him. A woman said I looked right at her and everybody knew it was her. Another one of the ladies said I

clapped my hands, and she did not believe in doing that in the church (except at an oyster supper) and she wasn't coming any more. There were a few sympathizers felt that they must console their brother and sister and they went out saying that it was too bad that they should have their feelings hurt in that way. How many souls are driven to the devil by a lot of grandpaps and grandmothers that go around with a bottle of soothing syrup for these souls that have been wounded by the Word of God when they should let them alone and tell them to get right with God and then they would not be getting hurt so much. I am getting sick and tired of this shilly-shally, wishey-washey, namby-pamby kind of religion; there is so much useless, fruitless stuff in these days. The Church is suffering for men and women that are full of the Holy Ghost and on fire for God. We are looking for victory, the lame and the halt are coming back and getting right. Thank God the day is breaking and victory is ours. Your Brother, **JOHN THOMAS HATFIELD**

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 34

ILLINOIS, KANSAS, AND OKLAHOMA. SINNERS, KICKERS, BUCKERS, AND GOOD PEOPLE.

In our last letter to the "Republicans" we had just arrived in Lewiston, Ill. This is a nice little city of three thousand, and the county seat of Fulton County. The soil is black, deep and fertile and ranges in price from \$100 to \$200 per acre, owing to location and improvement. Lewiston is not much overdone by much industry. It has two railroads, a number of churches and good schools, no manufacturing of any consequence and no saloons. They voted it dry about a year ago, but, from the conduct of some of its citizens on the streets, it was plain to be seen that somebody was still dealing in wet goods. But, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," for "cursed is he that hungers and thirsts after strong drink, for he shall be damned."

There are only two things in this universe that are not subject to law, one is the liquor traffic and the other is the carnal mind. When they are reduced to subjection to law they cease to exist. Getting men to use whisky and tobacco is one of the devil's ways he has of taking up a collection.

Our meeting was held in a big Methodist church with a large membership and but little love. It was split up into factions, and each faction wanted to be bell-sheep and boss, and because some of them could not get in the lead and tinkle the bell they wouldn't be sheep at all--they had turned goat and gone into the bucking business. I've noticed one thing, when a mule begins to kick, he doesn't do much pulling.

The poor pastor, I felt sorry for him. He wanted to do the right thing, but his load was more than he could carry. He had a choir made up of gum chewers, theater goers, euchre players, dancers, and holiness fighters, and what to do with them was a problem that made him scratch his head until it was nearly bald. It reminded me of a man who had a calf in his barn and a couple of Irishmen went there to steal it. The owner of the calf got word of their coming. He also had a pet bear; when night came on he took the bear to the barn, removed the calf and tied the bear in its place, and then climbed up in the barn to watch for the thieves and enjoy the surprise. Later on in the night two men appeared at the door of the barn. There was a halt and some little whispering. At last one of them was heard to say, "You go in and get the calf, and I will stay out and watch." "Very well," said the other, and he ventured in. He was gone long enough to get a dozen calves, when the outside man, getting a little nervous, ventured to the door and said in a low tone, "Faith, an' Mike, have you got the calf yet?" Mike gasped and spoke in low tones that sounded like the soft murmur of water escaping from a bathtub. "No, Jamey, me boy, the calf has got me."

Surely our preacher was in equally as bad a fix; the calf had him. Poor fellow! he was in a bad fix. He was in the hole, had a big load and a poor team to help him out. His team reminded me of a mule, a goat, a bumblebee, and a pole-cat--a kicker, a butter, a stinger and a stinker. He said to me, "Brother Hatfield, the pulpit is yours; if you can do anything, in the name of Jesus do it," and he

meant it, for he stood by me loyally. Well, bless the Lord! I could only see one way out, and that was to draw the sword of the Spirit and wade right into them and cut right and left.

For the first few days it was a hot time. There was a big lot of kicking and buzzing, but we succeeded in hobbling a few mules, breaking a few legs, knocking the horns off of a few goats, pulling the sting out of a lot of bees and driving some polecats out. It was a great time, I was in the height of my glory. I laughed and shouted until my sides were sore. However in a few days the smoke of the battle cleared away and things quieted down. They began to fall in line and we had a fine meeting; souls were saved, backsliders reclaimed, believers sanctified, and the church greatly helped. We were there three weeks and the last night we closed with nineteen at the altar.

We next came to Willis, Kan., a little town in Brown County, in the northeast corner of the state. This is regarded as the banner county of the state for rich and deep soil. I admire this part of Kansas very much. We spent two weeks at this place, had a pleasant time visiting the people and a very successful time in the church. There was unity among the members. There were good workers, and we had quite a number saved. We closed with twelve seekers at the altar. The pastor continued the meeting, as the interest was too good for closing.

Our next place was at Jefferson, Okla. Now this land here is all right for those that like it, it is increasing rapidly in value. They raise corn, oats, alfalfa, but mostly wheat. From what I can learn, this is a good wheat country. It is subject to drouth, and is now very dry. The second night we were here we were visited by a dust storm that lasted for five hours and blew at the rate of eighty miles an hour. A great many were frightened and ran into their dugouts. I didn't go--I had none to go to, good reason. That was one time in my life I wasn't sorry that I was a Christian, and glad that I wasn't a holiness fighter. The house I was in was a new cottage; it was shut up tight, but the dust came with such force that it was like a fog in the house. Every time I opened my mouth I got a taste of dust, and for five long hours I had to eat dirt and wonder what was coming next. Now if these people like this I am perfectly willing for them to have my place.

I'm glad my home's in Indiany,
And flyin' cars to take me back;
There creeks and woods have got a tongue
These lonesome prairies lack,
For there's nothing here but silence,
Except the never-ending bark
Of these pesky little prairie dogs
That keep it up from dawn till dark

Ye haint no wish for livin'
In this here windy clime,
It blows your eyes plumb full of dirt,
And puts you almost blind.
But away back there in Indiany,
Where the streams twist and turn,
There the sun has trees to shine on
And the autumn' colors burn.

There's no place to me like Indiany,
Just along that national road
Where lots of houses are built along
And people in them you knowed.
Where telephone and electric lines,
They make you feel so glad
When you get sick and almost die,
The doctor's easy had.

You'd die, I know, if you'd get sick,
In this here far-off clime,
For the doctor's sure to make it late
On a bucking broncho line.
Give me old Indiany, there's
Nothing like that Hoosier state,
For crops of every kind, and water good,
And gravel roads first rate.

Indiany's next to Heaven,
An' that's my place for a home;
If there's those that don't like it,
I'm willing they should roam.
There's just two places I know,
That I'm sure I dearly love,
One's in old Hoosier Indiany
And the other's in Heaven above.

We held a three weeks' meeting and had a great revival. Many souls were saved; they were a hungry people and loved the plain old Gospel truth. Amen!

Yours for Jesus' sake,
JOHN T. HATFIELD

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 35

IN THE SOUTH, TOBACCO, NEGROES, AND CHURCH KICKERS

Well, glory to God! Here I am way down in old North Carolina, the old pine-tar state. I haven't seen much tar, but oceans of tobacco. I promised the editor, when I left, that I'd write him a few sketches for his paper when I came to this country. There are some people who say they don't like to read these reports, yet they carry the paper in their pocket, and lend it to their neighbors to read, and then sit and chew the rag while they read it. It isn't hard to tell what denomination they belong to. They are a lot of goats that have fallen in with the Lord's sheep, that hope to get to Heaven on some other one's religion. You can always tell them for they are in the bucking business; they have a gallon of words to a spoonful of grace, especially if you should press them to a life of holy living.

Some people say they don't like John Hatfield. I'm not looking for eulogies now, I'll get them after I'm dead. I'm after poor lost souls. It takes less religion to criticise than anything else in the world. I have tried it and when a man tries and proves anything, he knows what he is talking about. I'll confess that I am not brainy or good looking, but if you don't watch out, the devil will get you.

Now for the trip. I left Indianapolis, March 30, in company with Rev. C. F. Weigele, who will be my coworker while in the South. We took a Big Four train for Cincinnati at 3 P. M.; in three hours we were in Cincinnati. At 9 P. M. we took the train called the "Fast flying Virginia," over the C. & O., to Clifton Forge. We crossed the river into Covington and went up the Kentucky side. It was certainly a beautiful sight to look across the river into Cincinnati and see the hundreds of electric lights up and down the streets and on the hillsides. But we were soon out of sight and there was nothing more to see and we ordered the porter to prepare our beds. We committed ourselves to God and the engineer, and went to sleep. When we woke up next morning and raised our blinds, we found ourselves in the mountains, winding our way up the Kanawa River. We arrived at Clifton Forge at noon, and here we turned our watches ahead an hour and changed cars for Lynchburg, twenty-five miles down the James River, where we changed again for Danville, Va., where we held our first meeting.

In our travels through Virginia we saw but little stock and a poor quantity of that. It wasn't like riding through Indiana or Illinois. This country turns out cattle like some of our colleges turn out preachers--the biggest part of them is their head. We saw but little grain, small patches of wheat and corn. The blades of corn are stripped from the stock and bound in bundles, the ear is jerked in the shuck. The field looks like it was set out in little cane fishing poles. They stack their grain around a pole and many of the stacks looked as if you could cover them with a tobacco hogshead. The farmers live principally in log cabins, and some of them have the appearance of a hundred years old. The soil is red, and a good portion of the people are black. The roads are fearful, especially in the winter and spring. The vehicles coming to town look as if they were painted red.

There is much travel over some of these roads. The country is thickly settled and the trading points not so many. People come a long way to market, many of them have two or three days' journey. They have little wagons with Carolina scoop beds. Their produce is largely tobacco. You will see some great outfits--rope lines, leather wood strings. I saw an old colored man riding down street in a cart with an old ox hitched to it. The shafts were fastened at the ends into each end of the yoke. He had about a tubful of tobacco, going to market. He had a smile on his face and was as happy as a king. Perhaps he had come thirty miles.

We went out of town twelve miles to pray with a sick person, and the roads were so bad we were a half day getting there, but we were paid for going. The neighbors had heard of our coming and they had gathered in. This is a great country for people to go to meeting. You have no trouble for crowds. This was a humble little cabin home, no carpets and but little furniture, with an old-fashioned fireplace, and a hole in the log for the cats and dogs to go in and out. I never met a class of people that appreciated the Gospel as these people do, and they have religion in the old-fashioned way. Some of these people in their cabins know more about God in five minutes than the most of people in their big fine churches know in a life time. Many of these people have no education, but they are blessed with good mother wit, and they are nobody's fool by a long way.

There is some superstition among the more ignorant class. They believe in horse shoes, buckeyes, forked sticks, brass rings, etc. But we never found a more sociable and hospitable people, they can't do enough for you, all classes rich and poor. I am much in love with these people. They are the most unselfish people I ever met, and when they get saved they are going to go straight for God if it costs them everything they have.

One man, a tobacco raiser, was saved and sanctified. He was convicted it was wrong for a Christian to chew tobacco, so he quit it. He then said if it is wrong to chew it, it is wrong to raise it, so he took his whole crop out and piled it up in a pile and burned it. The sinners laughed at him and asked him what he would do for a living. He said he would trust God, and it wasn't a week until he had a position in a big cotton factory that made him more than four times his tobacco. I say, Amen! The person that trusts God will never come to want.

While I am on the tobacco question, I will speak further. Danville, Va., has three hundred tobacco houses and I was told that 165 of that number were manufacturers of some kind of tobacco--plug, snuff, cigars, cigarettes, etc. Here is where the "Bull Dog" plug is made, and if you were to see it made you would want a dog's stomach to chew it. I visited one of the factories and they had four hundred negroes in their employ. It requires a temperature of 92 degrees to work the tobacco; this keeps the rooms very warm, and the hands who work by the piece and not by the day, work hard and fast, and the perspiration flows freely. I saw the great drops of sweat dropping from their nose and chin into the tobacco they were working. Many of these women used snuff. Imagine the yellow saliva running from their mouths down on to the end of the stick and then dropping into the tobacco. That's extra flavor thrown in! Nearly everybody down here uses it, but Christians. The real child of God has no use for it. Women dip snuff and smoke cigarettes. They have a little stick three or four inches long, they chew one end of the stick until it is soft, that answers for a brush, then they rub that brush into their snuff box and then stick it into their mouth, that's the sugar spile for the juice to drip off. Some of them don't use sticks, they pull their underlip out and pour the snuff in from the box

between their lip and teeth. You can tell that kind by the lip they carry. That's the way we can tell a holiness fighter by the way he carries his under lip. Say, how would you like to kiss a woman with that kind of a lip? I have wondered, since being down here, if ever these husbands kissed their wives. Of course it's no trouble for a woman to kiss a man with his jaw full of the stuff and the juice dripping from his lips. She has become habituated to that until she must have a stomach like a buzzard.

Some one has said there are three things that use tobacco, a worm, a goat and a man. What a procession! See them coming down the road, the worm in the lead, the goat next, and the man behind. I used to belong to that company, but I got salvation, broke ranks and left the gang. I have seen preachers use it on the sly, who thought no one knew it. One preacher said, who had been hit by the sermon, "How do you know I use tobacco?" "Well," said the leader, "I will answer you by giving you an incident of a young couple. The young lady said her lover was a mind reader for he could tell every time she had been eating onions." John Wesley, in writing to his Methodist preachers, said, "Cleanse yourselves of lice, cure yourself and family of the itch, use no tobacco." What a triplet, a worthy combine lice, itch and tobacco! The luxuries of Methodism are forbidden. What a cross!

These people live well down here. They have plenty to eat. Cornbread is the staple article. They have it for breakfast, dinner, and supper, in season and out of season and all the time, and it comes up in good shape, and in as many ways as there are kinds of religion, and you don't have to ask an interpreter to tell you what it is, it's good old cornbread. I got so mixed up in a dining-car once with French names that I didn't know "up." I lost my appetite, and excused myself on account of not feeling well, and they charged me a dollar for coming in the car. That is like some of our modern revivals. People don't know what they are getting, in fact they get nothing. Perhaps they sign a card, or hold up their hand, or join a meeting house, but that is not being born again; no change in that, that isn't from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. They still train with the old gang, get mad, chew tobacco, vote for whiskey, run to the circus, to the opera, the ball room, the card party, and the little giggling, dissipated socials. Oh! I like to see people get so under conviction that they will cry out, "Men and brethren, what must I do to be saved?" They will not come to the altar with their handkerchief over their eyes, and rub their nose on the bench until it almost bleeds, and stiffen their necks until you can't lift their heads with a pole. No, bless, you, they will throw up their heads with tears in their eyes, and weep, and pray, and groan their way to the cross and get something that will drop from the sky into their souls, that will put an end to all desire for these sinful things.

Now to the meeting. Brother Weigele and I found the church very much divided over a couple of leaders; both wanted to be "bell sheep" and lead. There seemed to be no way to adjust the matter, so we turned them all out, and reorganized and took in only those who would be willing to be governed by the church rules, and then we had a good meeting, and God blessed us and owned His Word, and gave us quite a number of souls.

Yours under the Blood,
JOHN T. HATFIELD

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 36

MORE ABOUT THE SOUTH. POLITICS, RELIGION, AND PEOPLE

As I have a little leisure time this morning, I will take this opportunity and give to the readers of the "Republican" a few incidents occurring since my last letter I wrote you a few weeks ago.

We were in Winston Salem, N. C., seventeen days. During our stay there we were entertained by an ex-Confederate captain, who had a lovely house, and a more hospitable man I never met. He was a Christian gentleman of the highest type. His father was the owner of one thousand slaves when the war closed, and the big mansion still stands and is in good repair. It is antique, but gives every appearance of much cost in by-gone years. They were members of the Southern aristocracy and no doubt entertained many royal guests. I was told George Washington visited this place at the time he was President.

The Moravians are some of the early Christians of this country and still abound in great numbers. They are the same class of people who gave John Wesley light on experimental salvation. They were on a ship at sea in a storm, singing and praising God without fear. This was a rebuke to John Wesley. Though he was a preacher and a missionary, he saw they had something he did not have, and like every honest preacher should do, he confessed his lack and in a short while found the Pearl of Great Price. This was the secret of the success of this great man's life. If we had more preachers like John Wesley, that would seek and find salvation, they would have much greater success in their lines. Too many of them are up in the sycamore tree, that don't want to come down to receive the Lord Jesus Christ. They want to spend their time with a telescope viewing for claims in Mercury and Mars, when God's Word plainly tells them of two other countries, one of which they are sure to go to. You don't see much honey on their lips. They are spending too much time with Latin verbs, Hebrew phrases, splitting Greek roots and superintending church machinery--Endeavors, Leagues, associations, aids, concerts, gymnasiums, reading circles, busy bees, broom drills, etc., and not a soul saved. Perhaps a few join church on probation, but when the time arrives for full membership, it would take a hundred class leaders and fifty local preachers to hunt them up. Don't you know if I was running a thrashing machine I would have my eye on the grain spout and if I saw nothing but dust and a lot of hulls coming out, I would sing the Doxology, pronounce the benediction and quit.

But I want to speak further about these Moravians. From what I can learn, they are not what their forefathers were. Their zeal is more for show and not for souls. They are like a good many Methodists, have lost their experience and gone back on John Wesley. These are nice people and good citizens. They have a form of godliness, but without the power, they have great respect for the dead and Easter is their greatest day in the year. Their cemetery is simple and plain in arrangement, the married people, males, are all buried in one lot to themselves the married females to themselves, the single persons male and female are buried in separate squares; no family lots; every grave the same size and nicely sodded. The graves are close together and in straight rows, no standing

monuments, all the same size, about two feet long and eighteen inches wide and laid flat on the head of the grave.

The day before Easter the cemetery is full of friends cleaning the headstones until they are as white as snow. At twelve o'clock at night they begin to parade the streets with brass bands and play on every street corner in the city. At daybreak they all assemble on the campus near their college and have a short service, then march to the cemetery, play their bands and hold another service, then decorate the graves at sunrise with all kinds of flowers. Next, all march to their different churches and spend the day in some kind of exercise prepared for the occasion.

I walked out into the cemetery that morning and it was a beautiful sight. I have never seen so many flowers since I was at Pasadena, Cal. They tell me there were from five thousand to ten thousand people at some of these sunrise decorations. They passed by my window into the cemetery and from the way they thronged the street all on foot, I concluded the above statement must be correct. This is quite an old burying place, I noticed where some had died in the seventeenth century. The tombstones were worn and the letters were nearly obliterated. This was all very nice, and it is right they should pay respect to the city of the dead, but if you had announced a sunrise prayer meeting for the salvation of souls, you could have put the whole mass of them into a tobacco hogshead and then had plenty of room for jumping and shouting.

It's amusing to me sometimes, and it is sad, to see so many church people take such great interest in everything else but the real thing which the Spirit would call them to do. They are so busy, busy, busy with their machinery, wheels, cogs, levers, bands, pulleys, etc., and souls going to Hell all around them, and they, to all appearances, perfectly oblivious to such conditions. I would be afraid that God Almighty would pronounce judgment upon me for the sin of indifference. They are like Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, too dead to rattle. They profess to have grace, but their lives prove that they have not got much.

Now a few words in regard to our meeting. It was in a big tent in the heart of the city, a town of thirty thousand. The preaching was confined largely to two subjects, Hell and Holiness. There was a great deal of Hell-fire preaching, and many souls were snatched as brands from the eternal burning. Our last day was a marvelous day of victory. The big tent was crowded to its uttermost and many standing around the edge of the tent. We had four services that day, three in the tent and one in the Methodist Colored Church. We had eighty at the altar that day in the tent as seekers for pardon or purity. Many old sinners were blessedly saved and were made happy in Jesus. I haven't time to tell you about the colored church. I was the preacher and you can guess at the balance. It was a large church and the house was full. The meeting lasted three hours and I was about done up when it closed. They would jump up and shout while I would be preaching. I won't tell you what I did, but I wasn't far behind the band wagon. Bless God! I just know if I was to hold a meeting for the darkeys I'd be sent home in a coffin before a week or translated like Elijah.

Before we closed the service one old, white headed man got up and said, "Brethrens and sisters; eber since de foundation ob dis church hab been laid, dar hab neber been a man dat has come into dis church and hab taken de liberties dat dis man hab, so I moves you dat we all come up an shake hands wid him. Now you all's know what I mean by shaking hands." And then they all rose up and

made a rush for me and began to shake hands and every one of them left a small piece of money in my hand, mostly nickels. I could not hold them in my hands. I just piled them down on the pulpit and when I got home Brother Weigele and I counted them out and I had a little over \$9.00. That is better than I get sometimes in a white church in two weeks and in a rich community.

Well, I have got some more to tell you yet. We closed up at this place and went to Marion, N. C. Here Brother Weigele left me the second day and returned to his home in Indianapolis, being suddenly called on special business. Here I was left alone to fight the battle of the Lord single-handed. If I had been one of those despondent fellows that easily get the blues, I would have failed right there, for it seemed to me we had gotten to just about the edge of nowhere, at the foot of the Big Smokey Mountains in western North Carolina where abound ignorance, superstition, moonshiners and red-eyed whiskey and people that hate holiness worse than the devil. I am so glad I don't hate holiness, I belong to a more respectable crowd. But bless God! I unsheathed my Jerusalem blade, tuned up my ram's horn, sounded the alarm of battle and waded in.

Our meeting was held in the chapel of a Bible training school and orphans' home on a mountain just outside the city. The building was built for a hotel, in modern style, and has over two hundred rooms in it. A company built it for a summer resort and it proved to be a failure. They expected a railroad to come through and it did not come. It stood idle for a long time, when at last a Christian lady felt called of the Lord to establish a Bible training school, and an orphans' home in connection with it. So she purchased the building, paid a few dollars down and gave a mortgage for the balance, and started up business, the children soon began to come in. This is her fifth year and she now has over one hundred on the roll, many of the children are from four to twelve years old, no father, no mother, no relations. Just picked up from the streets of some of our cities and sent to this woman of God to take care of. She has about twenty or thirty boys in their teens. She has purchased 190 acres of land, and is teaching the boys how to work, but they only have one horse and two cows. She is in need of good experienced leaders at the head of the different departments. She has now a good teacher for the common school and also a good teacher for the Bible school. She has some of the worst children sent her that ever were born under the sun, but it is marvelous to see how quickly she gets control of them and they are about as nice a lot of children as I ever met. She is giving them the strictest religious training. She teaches them that Christ is their all and in all. She seldom ever calls a physician when they get sick. The first thing is to pray with them and about nine times out of ten they are cured through faith in Christ. The whole work is carried on by faith. Every dollar that comes into this home comes through faith, every bite they eat comes the same way. One morning the breakfast bell was slow in ringing. I stepped to my door and enquired of one of the little boys in the hallway the cause. He replied that the Lord had not sent their breakfast in yet and they were all in the chapel praying for Him to send it in. I hastened to the prayer meeting, found them all on their knees crying and praying for the Lord to send in their breakfast. It was a touching scene to see some of those little four-year-olds, with their little hands up and the tears running over their little cheeks while they prayed. Their prayers were answered. Their breakfast came, and about ten o'clock we were all around the table praising God for answered prayer. This is a new experience to me. I have found this to be a great place to get rid of money. They never beg, or ask you for anything, but they have a way of praying that gets right down into your heart and opens your pocket book. I shall always thank God for directing me to this place. If some people that I know who are living in luxury could

only look on this scene for five minutes, they would deny themselves of some things and help these children to get an answer to their prayer. The address is Miss Mattie Perry, Marion, N. C.

In regard to our meeting. We had a grand time. I had a crowd of good workers. I wouldn't give some of these children for a whole meeting house full of some professors I know. These children have got salvation, and that is what many churches haven't got. We had good crowds at night. They would come slipping in from the pine thickets until I would wonder where on earth they came from, until I got a guide and spent a day visiting up in the mountains and I found them covered with people, both black and white. They live in little cabins with two or three acres cleared around them for a truck patch and some fruit trees. They have little, narrow paths through the bushes from house to house, no wagon roads and no wagons; they travel on foot. They usually have an old plug of a horse or a mule, and some of them have an ox to do their plowing; dogs and children abound in abundance.

Some of the cabins have no floors in them. For a bed they drive a forked stick in the ground and place a pole from the fork to a crack in the wall, then lay a few poles along on that and throw a shuck mattress on top, then crawl in and sleep as sweetly and soundly as it they were in a palace, and on beds of eiderdown.

Many of them cook out of doors when the weather is suitable. I could not tell you how palatable the food would be; I did not stop to dine with any of them, but from the looks of the big, fat, greasy children, it must have done the work. If some of our Hancock County women, who are not much disposed to work, would like to learn the art of housekeeping without much labor, I would advise them to come this way and take a few lessons.

My guide told me that further out in the mountains you would find some who never heard of Christ and who would ask you who He was and where He lived. He said not far away was a little log gristmill the owner of which thought they were doing a good business when they ground four bushels a day.

One remarkable thing of this country is the climate. The people are very healthy. I was told by two or three parties that people never die here. I thought, what a fine place for a preacher and how nice for a sinner, but that would not hold good, for I saw a graveyard. They tell a joke here about a party traveling through the mountains. They came up to a log cabin and found an old man with a head as white as snow, behind the house weeping. They asked him what he was crying about. He said his father had whipped him. they asked him for what reason, and he said for insulting his grandfather. As they went further into the mountains they met a circuit preacher on foot, leaving the country; he looked like he had not had a square meal in a month. He said, "I'm done with this country. I preached my last sermon last night. In my closing remarks I said, 'Brothers and sisters, I bid you all farewell. You don't love each other, I haven't married any of you; you don't love me, for you haven't paid me my salary. Your donations were rotten apples and dried pumpkins. "By their fruits ye shall know them." You don't die, for I haven't preached any of your funerals. I'm called to a better charge; I'm to be chaplain of a penitentiary. "Where I go ye can not come now. I go to prepare a place for you." God have mercy on your souls!"

There was another thing that impressed me very much and that was the decay of the chestnut trees. They are affected at the root. The cause is in the soil. The limbs are all dying in the top. Right here would be a good place to make a point on some of the declining churches that are losing their anchorage and looking bad in the top. It is worldly disease that is sapping their life and rendering them fruitless. But methinks I hear a voice from behind the fig tree. It's the bleat of a goat, "Now why don't John Hatfield let the Church alone and talk about the sinners?" That is just what he is doing. Poor thing! has not got salvation enough to discern the difference between a sheep and a goat, but it's give itself away, and it can't grow wool.

Now I'm not fighting churches. They are all right, what is not wrong. I believe in churches, but not in sin. I am true to my church when it is true to God. Ask my pastor, he knows me, he has my address, Beulah Heights, Canaan Land, on the corner of Hallelujah and Jumping Streets. I am in this war to fight against the devil. I have no more regard for him dressed in black behind the pulpit, or in the choir dressed in low neck and short sleeves, than I have for him in white behind the bar, or in the scarlet house with low neck and short skirt. What is the difference? Sin is sin and I say, Uncover it, pull off the mask and show up what is under it. Now some will drop their heads and point their nose at the rotten place in their heart. God made man with his face up and taught him to say, "Our Father," but he has a big job on his hands when he tries to make his face look honest when his heart says, "Now you know that is a lie." Let him get his old gizzard right and he will have no trouble with his face. That is the cause of women spending so much time in front of a looking glass, rubbing on lily-white. Their hearts condemn them and they are trying to cover it up.

There is another thing you will see in Carolina, but you can see the same in Indiana, an ox and a mule hitched up together. I said, There they go, a saloonkeeper and a sky scraping preacher. The devil has his yoke on them and is walking behind with a big gad laying it on. The mule with his heels in the air kicking and the bull with his nose on the ground bellowing, one end kicking prohibition and the other end hooking it. He is driving them to the polls to vote for whiskey.

As I called at these cabins I would give the children some pennies, and that would tickle them almost to death. How they would show their white teeth and their faces would shine, and their eyes would look like two white marbles in a bucket of tar. One penny could make any one of that crowd happy. I have seen people worth millions that never have a happy day. There are many more things, but I must stop. Yours in the Holy War, **JOHN T. HATFIELD.**

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 37 MORE ABOUT THE SOUTHLAND

It was on the afternoon of June the 19th, in company with Rev. J. C. Williamson, that we pulled out from the Union Depot at Indianapolis on a Big Four train via Cincinnati for Way Cross, Ga., to hold a camp-meeting. The trip was accompanied with scenes of interest. It was at a season when nature was at her best.

One of the interesting features of the trip was the rapid progress of the growing crops. We were four days making the trip, including the stop overs. When we left home corn was only a foot high; at Way Cross it had matured and was ready for use. Oats, at home not half grown, at Way Cross had been harvested two months. Melons, etc., were hardly up in Indiana; in southern Georgia they were ripe.

The temperature of the weather was very perceptible. We could feel the marked change as we advanced toward the South, and for the first few days at Way Cross we suffered much with the heat.

On our way through Kentucky and Tennessee we were on a very fast train, the road was crooked and dotted with tunnels, we were kept busy blinking our eyes and holding ourselves to the seats. There was some very rough country and some that was very beautiful. One man got a cinder in his eye and could not see it. That is like religion, you see the Holiness people riding along on the Gospel train, they are having a good time and everything looks beautiful to them, but an old holiness fighter says he can't see anything in it. No wonder, he has a cinder in his eye. What a blessing to get that cinder out, you can enjoy the ride so much better.

Our first stop was at Chattanooga. We arrived at six o'clock, found a good hotel, cleaned up, had a good supper, spent the evening with the Salvation Army, witnessed the saving of one soul, returned to our hotel, had a good night's rest, got up early the next morning, looked over the city, went out to Lookout Mountain, walked to the top quite a climb, a big job for a hot day, but we got there. Here we found a mammoth hotel and many very beautiful residences. It is quite a fashionable place and high toned. I don't know so much about the tone, but it is certainly high.

This is one of the historic places of the Civil War. It was one of the strong fortifications of the Confederate army. Some of the old cannons are still there yet and they are just as good as ever, but they have no explosives about them. They are not in war now. How many old church professors are like those old cannons, sitting around on the breastworks of an old battlefield telling about what they did fifty years ago, but now they are powerless, and the devil is no more afraid of their old brass cannons than a yearling bull would be of a popgun. One little sleepy devil could lay in the belfry and keep charge over a whole church full of such fellows.

In the afternoon we took a car for Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga Park, a distance of eight or ten miles. These are two well known battlefields in the history of the rebellion. Forty-two years have passed away since these battles, but they are as fresh in my memory as if it were yesterday. I could scarcely pull away, such was the interest. The Government has taken charge of the place and has beautified the grounds, made driveways, erected monuments, put up bulletins and fingerboards, giving descriptions of the lines of battle, and the commander in charge, and the number killed and wounded, missing and taken prisoners. All the timber is preserved, the marks of war are plain to be seen. The old pines and oaks are still giving witness; they bear the marks of shot and shell. This was a historic day to me. I had read of these battles in my boyhood days, at the time when the fight was on. I was not a soldier then, but I am now, I am in the war against sin and the devil and it takes more backbone, grit and grace in these days to stand straight for God and declare against sin, than to shoulder a musket and go to war. There are men living today who were in those battles and fought bravely, who are now members of church and make a profession of religion and yet they are so cowardly they are afraid to let their wives and children hear them pray.

Our next stopping place was at Atlanta. We were not there long until we found the barracks of the Salvation Army. We attended some missions and we witnessed the saving of more souls. What a difference in men! Some are hunting for the saloons and brothels, others are hunting for the missions and places of soul saving. "They that are after the things of the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, and they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit."

Atlanta is one of the beautiful Southern cities, and an up-to-date town. After spending a day and a night in the city, we continued our journey for Way Cross. On our way we passed by the monument erected in memory of Captain Andrew Rader, who made that daring exploit during the Civil War in capturing a railroad engine and running it ninety miles through the enemy's country. This same engine is now at Atlanta on exhibition, but she is a thing of the past, she is doing no work pulling no loads, making no thrilling adventures, whistling at no stations, no fire in the box, no escaping steam, not on the main line, but on a little side track and is what engineers call "dead." She's very, very quiet, is a spectacle to be looked at, not for what she is doing, but for what she was. She's a "has been." Has the reader any recollection of any old church professors that remind you of this old engine, who have quietly nestled down on a little side track with an empty boiler and a fire less furnace, no coal in the tender, and the water tank dry? The whistle is there and the bell is in the rack, but the engine is gone, the life has departed, no one holds the rope, and all that is left is the memory of a past experience, forty years ago. Just an old "has been."

"I want you to know that I am a Methodist and I've been rocked in a Methodist cradle," he says. How proud he is of his pedigree; hear him brag on his dyed-in-the-wool Methodism; that is what the Pharisees said when they were boasting about their Father Abraham. About all they have left of him is his nose, and you can find them in the back allies dealing in cheap clothing, and yet God said He would raise up better things from a stone pile.

Way Cross is a county seat, a business center, a railroad town, has a population of over ten thousand, is quite a health resort, people come here for asthma and consumption. The people are generous and social; the soil is sandy, the yards are bare, no grass to cover them; they manufacture a great deal of turpentine and rosin; the stock is very inferior, the hogs are of the old elmpealer type

and the cattle are small and about all head and very poor. If some of these little scrawny steers could look on a big pasture field of some of our fine Polangers, or short horns, as they jumped and played around in the tall blue grass, they wouldn't believe it. No, sir, they would stick their heads down and look through about the first crack of the fence at the capering short horns and say, "I'm disgusted with all such conduct, that's all put on, I never felt that way in my life." No, he never. Just like some old tobacco soaked church professors that have lived on dry pasture so long that they are so lean in their souls they reel as they walk, and when they come out to a Holiness meeting and see some of the spiritual, stall fed, sanctified Christians clapping their hands, shouting and praising God, they sit back with their heads hung down, looking through their fingers, and showing the white of their eye, then mutter out and say, "I'm perfectly disgusted with all this. I never felt that way in my life." Thank God that's one time they told the truth.

The camp meeting was not as good as some others we have attended. The location was not favorable, it was too far out of town and the weather was so hot the people could not get out. However, our labors were not in vain; we had some fruits. God was with us and souls were saved and sanctified.

Yours for Jesus' Sake,
JOHN T. HATFIELD

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 38 ACROSS THE ROCKIES

I left home on the 18th of September for, campaign across the continent; not for Bryan or McKinley, but to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He hasn't promised me an office but a mansion in the skies. Some of you Republicans that voted for McKinley and almost wore your throats out shouting for him will be disappointed in getting an office, but thank God! I am working and shouting for One who never disappoints. He has promised me a crown and a building not made with hands, "and He is faithful who has promised," and I am determined that no one shall get my crown.

For five weeks I held meetings on the eastern slopes of the Rockies, at Denver, Cheyenne, Georgetown and Colorado Springs, preaching on the streets and in the missions, and was much blessed of God in His work. Here I was permitted to witness some of the old-time pentecostal meetings that we read about in the days of our fathers. Wicked men and women fell like dead people under conviction's power, drunkards and harlots were brought to Christ and saved. Such work as this is my heaven on earth. How I do enjoy seeing these poor, miserable, wretched souls made happy in Jesus!

My first meeting was at Denver. Here we had a great time; the power of God was mightily upon the people and many souls were saved and sanctified. Our next meeting was at Cheyenne, a city in a very barren country; but little, if any, vegetation grows within fifty miles of this place. It's a railroad town and the shops are what make the place. They have a number of churches and they are much like the country, dry and useless; they don't rejoice and blossom as the rose. Our meeting here wasn't so good, but yet we were blessed with good fruits. God honored His Word and souls were saved.

Next we went to Georgetown, a city of two thousand, fifty miles west of Denver. Here is where the famous Loop is made by the Colorado Southern Railroad, a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. I was here a week holding meetings at night and exploring the mountains in the day. One day I took a ride to the top of Argentine Pass, over thirteen thousand feet high. It was covered with snow and a venturesome trip. When I got near the top the air was so light my pony could only go a few yards at a time without rest. When I reached the top it was frightfully grand; I felt curious. To look down into the canyons would almost make your head swim. All around you for hundreds of miles could be seen the peaks of these great mountains, the tops all covered with snow; it made me feel like I wanted to hold on to something that was fast. I shall never forget this trip, this was a little nearer Heaven than I had ever been before, and yet I was not out of range of the devil, he was up there, but I had the shout of victory in my soul all the time.

My next place was at Colorado Springs, a very beautiful city, many places of interest to be seen around. I was at the Seven Falls, North Canyon, Garden of the Gods. I also visited Manitou at the

foot of Pike's Peak, where the iron, soda and sulphur springs are. Spent a few days in mission and street meetings, saw a number of souls saved.

I had a pleasant trip across the mountains save for one accident at Tennessee Pass, on top of the Santo Christo Range. We were in the snow and it was blowing cold. A broken rail threw the train from the track, we had quite a smashup, my car was thrown across the track and was pretty well used up; fortunately no one was hurt very badly. In a time like that a man doesn't feel sorry to know that he is a Christian and prayed up. They were several hours clearing up the wreck, the passengers suffered much from cold, but they were good-natured and took it patiently.

We were so delayed that we could not continue our trip without riding on Sunday, so I stopped off at Salt Lake City Saturday morning. This gave me a chance to visit some of the places of interest. I went to the Salvation Army that night. I gave them a talk and one soul was saved. On Sabbath morning I attended one of the prominent orthodox churches. There were about two hundred present. The preacher read his sermon. His text was Matthew 12: 20: "A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench." It was a suitable text if he had applied it to himself. Poor fellow! If he had ever had any fire, the devil had turned his hose on it and reduced the flame to a smoking smudge. He made prominent the omnipotence of God and His almighty will; In his illustrations he used the figure of the great trip hammer, the great American cataract, the silent power of the great forest, and many other wonders we see in nature. He told us what God had done, and some things He could have done, he said God could have made a wire stem for a rose, adorned the petals with diamonds, lined the leaves with gold and hung their tips with sapphires and onyx. The poor fellow could tell us how God could clothe the flowers, but not how to clothe the poor sinner. He made prominent God's power in nature, but said nothing of His power to save from sin, not a word about the Blood, or about Jesus Himself.

In the afternoon I visited the Mormon temple. There were about eight thousand present. They did talk a little about Christ at this place. Unless these orthodox churches get a pentecostal baptism upon them, they are going to make slow progress reforming these Mormons. I was at the tomb of Brigham Young. Saw his palatial homes where some of his widows now live.

Before daylight Monday morning I was on my way Westward. It was a long, wearisome day, the scenery was monotonous, mountains, sand and sage brush. The next morning we struck the fruit land in California. I fell in company with a big cattle man, he told me many things about cattle. I listened to him for an hour or so, then I told him I wanted to talk to him about what I was doing. He listened to me with great interest as I told him my experience then he asked me how I got my living. I told him I made no charges for my services, but trusted God to supply all my needs. Just then the train whistled for Sacramento, it was about nine o'clock A. M. They stopped thirty minutes for breakfast. The old rancher said, "Come, let us go and get some breakfast; if that is the way you preach the Gospel, it's my time to help a little." He took me into a restaurant and said to the waiter, "Give this man the best things you have in the house."

On our way to San Francisco I had another chance to talk to him about his salvation. When we arrived at San Francisco he took me to the best hotel in the city. I spent a day and a night in the city; was with the Salvation Army on the street and preached for them in their barracks. The next day I

started for Riverside, 558 miles south. On my way down I was privileged to lead a young lady to Christ while riding on the train. I spent a week in Riverside, visiting friends, held some cottage prayer meetings, got a few souls saved, then went to Los Angeles. Held two meetings in the First Nazarene Church, the first meeting twelve days and the second meeting twenty-eight days. These were both great meetings, there were about five hundred seekers at the altar. This is a great church. I was blessed almost to death while I was with these people. I made over five hundred visits in the cities of Los Angeles and Pasadena, and I saw Heaven in a great many of these homes. I never was any more royally entertained in my life. I shall never forget my visit to Southern California.

When spring opened up I started back East for home, stopping along the way and holding some meetings. The day I left home my first grandson was two days old, when I returned he was walking around a chair.

Your Brother in Jesus,
JOHN T. HATFIELD

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 39 MORE ABOUT THE ROCKIES

It has been some time since the "Republican" family has read anything from me in its columns, so I will now give you a few items. Perhaps some cold church professors would prefer not to read this. I would advise them, if they do not want to see their photograph, to pass it by.

During the past summer I have worked in eleven camp meetings, in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas. Closed the last camp meeting September the 20th. We had planned a campaign for the fall and winter through Oregon, Washington, California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, but, as my wife was disappointed in getting to go, on account of my mother's feebleness in old age, myself and singers, Rev. A. L. Phillips and wife, pulled for the West to campaign Colorado during the fall and winter.

We landed in Denver September 23rd and began business at once. We spent twenty-five days in the city preaching on the streets and in missions. While we were in the city they had their annual street carnival. The parade was a mixture of Indians and cowboys, dudes, flirts, harlots, saloon bums, and church professors; such a scene of indecency is more than I can describe. I never saw as many fools in one day in my life. If it had all been of the world we could have said, "Let the children of the devil do the works of the devil," but to see church members mixed up with the ungodly thing is an evidence that they care little for the association of angels. The child of God who parts from the right is pretty sure to get left.

But Denver is not the only place where masquerade displays are given, where church members and worldly sinners participate together. I have heard of the like in central Indiana. Now if the Lord should bless a soul and he should jump up and say, "Glory to God!" these same church masquerade jumpers would brand you as a crank and a fanatic. No wonder there are so many churches not having revivals. They are so mixed up with the world, the flesh and the devil that you can't tell a sheep from a goat. The world has lost confidence in the nominal church work today, lodge bound, society bound, Hell bound. The devil has them hoodwinked and is leading them to the pit as fast as he can.

Colorado has woman's suffrage, the election is just over, but the liquor traffic goes on just the same. The women, like the men, fight prohibition and vote for whiskey.

We spent a few days in Colorado Springs preaching on the streets and in missions. Saw some very hard cases come to Christ and get saved. Here we witnessed some marvelous experiences. What a great thing this salvation is! It works such a wonderful change in a person's life. We visited many of the places of interest around the city, was on top of Pike's Peak, 14,141 feet high. That is getting up some. We visited the Garden of the Gods. You can see all kinds of imaginary animals outlined on the rocks. It reminded, me so much of how people read the Bible. While it says, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin," these sinning church members say that means to sin a little every

day. When it says, "He that commiteth sin is of the devil," they say, "I am not of the devil, but I still sin a little." Shakespeare says, "There is no sin that men commit but what some person can bless it with a text."

We left Colorado Springs for Cripple Creek. Here we witnessed some of, the most beautiful mountain scenery we ever looked at, and perhaps the highest railroad in the world. It was raining, our train passed up through the clouds, into cloudless sunshine. How beautifully this illustrates the Christian life. The Christian lives above the clouds and storms of a fretful, sinful life. Thank God for an altitude to live in where there is perpetual sunshine!

Cripple Creek is said to be the greatest gold district in the world. The mountains are full of holes where the miners have been prospecting and digging for gold. Some are made rich, and many are made poor. Not one in a hundred finds it rich, hundreds have been here for years and gotten nothing, and still they keep digging away, and they talk to you as if the next shot would develop a mine of gold. Oh! if people would seek salvation with this same earnestness, they would not be long in striking a gold bank more valuable than Stratton's which sold for \$11,000,000 after mining the best of it out, and he died and left it all behind, but thank God! the Christian can take his with him.

This city is in a high altitude, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. The air is so light that it makes it difficult about breathing when you exercise much. I got blessed one night and took a big spell of shouting and I like to have lost my breath before I knew it. They tell me a little higher up you can't cook beans or potatoes by boiling them. It snows up there about every month of the year, and at no time is it very warm. We found the churches in about the same condition, very cold. Many churches are only icehouses anyway. If it should be possible for a child to be born in one of them, it would freeze to death; its mouth would pucker up in twenty-four hours until it could not say, "Amen." Many preachers are not fire builders, they are ice crackers; they preach in a refrigerator and talk to a lot of icicles. They preserve their converts in cold storage, that's the way dead things are kept. My! what an awful change it must be for the iceman when he dies.

Such was the condition of things in Cripple Creek and we did not propose to take our fire and warm them over. We rented a big business room down in town and went to work with the Lord on our own hook. Some of the cold storage, church professing crowd said, "You'll not have any one to hear you." Well, bless God! they found out that the old fashioned, pentecostal, Holy Ghost Hell fire and brimstone would bring the crowds. Thank God! We took our little organ and went on the streets and began to sing and shout and we soon had a crowd, and we had a red-hot time and a great revival and souls got to God and got saved. Hallelujah! I say, Amen! what do you say?

After a two weeks' siege we cut loose for Hayden, Rout Co., Col., over the Denver & Rio Grand Railroad, via Royal Gorge, Leadville, and Tennessee Pass. Leaving the railroad at Wolcott, we traveled about one hundred miles by stage over hills and valleys, mountains and streams, through snow storms and deep snow. At one time we traveled eighteen miles and saw but one little log cabin where an old bachelor lived, who spent his time in trapping bears. Hayden is a small village of one hundred, in a very rich valley on Bear River. The next nearest village is Craig, eighteen miles down the river; the next village up the river is Hahn's Peak, the county seat, fifty miles.

The people are not greenhorns, they are Eastern people and the most of them in good circumstances. They raise wheat, oats, barley, mostly hay and deal principally in cattle and horses. There is a fine range in the mountains. They brand their cattle and turn them out all together. Twice a year they have a roundup; the ranchmen come together. Each man has his brand, and each cowboy has his pony and lariat, the cattle are corralled and the cowboys ride among the cattle and lasso the calves and such a time of somersaults you never saw, the calf bawling and the mother cow following it up, bellowing. The calf is dragged up to the fire, the number cried out and the hot brand applied. This is great fun for the cowboys and ranchmen, but hard on the calf.

I have been amused a great many times, in meetings, at similar performances. I have seen the noose dropped over the head of some old forty-year-old, tobacco soaked church professor, that never had the Lord's firebrand for a clean heart, and as you begin to tighten the string to pull him to the branding place, you could see his back begin to hump like a broncho, and such kicking and frothing of yellow tobacco juice, eyes looking like two buckeyes in a bowl of clabber, is a spectacle! About nine out of every ten will slip the noose and get away from you.

We are now in the midst of the rounding up season and the cowboys are having a great time. Some of them are pretty tough, they wear their high-top boots, broad-brim hats, a belt with two revolvers, and a knife in it, and a Winchester in their hands. Some of them are coming to our meeting at night. It was reported that the saloonkeeper had put them up to shoot out our lights. But thank God! I was glad to know I carried a light they could not shoot out. But they never molested us, they were in sympathy with the meeting, they liked Hell fire and holiness preaching. They said, "If there is anything in religion, it must be a holy religion." That is better than some church people are doing.

Wild game is in abundance. A man came in town one night with nine deer in his wagon. The best of it sells at five cents a pound, out in the mountains you can get it for nothing. It's a shame the way the deer are being killed, thousands of deer and elk are killed just for their hides and horns. A few more years and game will be scarce. I have seen horns piled up in door yards as big as a brush heap. Yard fences are made out of them. There is an abundance of other game. The coyotes are so numerous you can scarcely sleep at night for their yelling.

There are many peculiar things in Colorado. One thing is everything looks to be so near when it is so far. Mountains that look to be about five miles away are about fifty miles away. When you are going uphill it appears to be going downhill, water looks like it runs uphill. There are places where there are springs that are as cold as ice and in ten feet there is another spring that is boiling hot. I heard a man say you could cast a hook for a fish in a stream and when you catch it, you can turn around and dip it in a boiling spring, and cook it; then dip it in a salt spring and salt it. That is a fish story, but I have the man's word for it. But people can join church that easily these days. They can join by telephone, send up their picture to be baptized, and when they come to die, it will be like this man I read of. The parson announced on the church bulletin at the door that "Brother Jones, the deceased, had started for Heaven at 9 A. M." Some mean boys read it and wrote the following under it: "Heaven, 3 P. M. Brother Jones not arrived yet; great anxiety." I suppose when the preacher read the obituary at the funeral he would say, "The corpse joined our church more than forty years ago, and has been a quiet, restful member all these years." There are dozens of that kind of church folks that can be found anywhere, dead forty years before they are laid in their coffin.

Well, I must close. If providence wills, I will be at home for the Christmas Convention at Cleveland. Everybody come and let us expect a big time.

Yours in the Mountains for God,
JOHN T. HATFIELD

THIRTY-THREE YEARS A LIVE WIRE

Life of John T. Hatfield

By Himself

CHAPTER 40 SHORT SKETCHES OF SOME MEETINGS

Back in the old Hoosier State. Up against it again. We thought we had it hard enough at our last meeting, but we jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, not holy fire by any means. At first we thought we were going to have a great meeting, but how quickly it dropped out. We had seekers, plenty of them, but they were the old crowd, nothing new. They sought easy, got through easy, and were still easy when we left. Some that did not come to the altar said they had no need of coming, but from their looks and actions they were in cold storage. These people claimed to have a Holiness church; they had the church, but we will leave the reader to guess at the rest. You can hold up your hand and count your fingers and you have the crowd who had the appearance of life; they could pray, sing, shout, testify, exhort, jump, etc., but when the truth was preached they would soon be down at the altar again as seekers. Oh, they were sanctified, but they had just lost the victory! To get them through right is the proposition that stumps me. Oh, they get through! They sing, "I'm going through," but did you ever chase a bursted bubble and see where it went?

In years gone by this church had great power, and was on fire for God, and scores of souls were saved and sanctified. But now they are like broken-down aristocracy, living upon the faded splendors of the past, camping at little Ai and talking about their big Jericho. They remind us of the withered flowers of a last month's funeral; dry, very dry, as dry as Thompson's colt that swam the Mississippi River to get a drink.

How many can you count? That depends on what you want to know. If it is those who come to the altar, we can make a good report, but if it is those who get a real, genuine, Holy Ghost experience, then it would take a microscope to find them. We don't understand how some people study mathematics, especially the multiplication table. We have seen some places where they were counted by the hundred, and it would take a dozen class leaders and as many local preachers to muster a corporal's guard. You could skim the whole crowd and not get enough cream for one cup of coffee. They must be color blind; they couldn't tell a dove from a buzzard to save their lives. I would be afraid to be out in the woods where one of them was hunting--they would shoot me for a crow as sure as a gun is iron.

Well, we came to a sudden and an unexpected closing of the meeting. The Lord said it was enough, we pulled stakes and took cross lots through the country and struck a little country church. Started the telephones to going and by night we had the whole country invited to meeting. The first night the house was full, there was great interest from the beginning and we had a great meeting, these people were hungry, they appreciated the preaching, and the Lord greatly blessed them.

THE END