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Holiness Writers

**BULLDOG CHARLIE
AND THE DEVIL**

By

Charles L. Wireman

*“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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INTRODUCTION

For almost thirty years I have known and deeply appreciated the Rev. C. L. Wireman, who was known while a Kentucky mountain outlaw as "Bulldog Charlie". All who truly know him would agree that he never could have been a greater fighter for Satan than he has been for "God and righteousness". In more than a half century of fearless gospel preaching. Many times across the years my soul has been stirred and challenged by his God-anointed, fearless ministry. Often as I have listened to his unique messages and rich personal experiences, I have thought what a great loss it would be to the cause of righteousness if such experiences were not put into print so that people in the years to come might also be helped by them. Needless to say, I was very happy when I learned that such a book was in preparation. Accordingly, it is with great pleasure that I commend this unique and inspiring book to you. So, from a ringside seat in the arena of spiritual exploits, let us behold the bouts between "Bulldog Charlie" and the devil, and be challenged to a greater degree of bulldog tenacity in our own conflicts against sin and Satan.

L. W. Barbee,
General Evangelist
Wesleyan Methodist Church

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FOREWORD

"Let us hold fast ... without wavering; for He is faithful ... and let us ... provoke unto love ... exhorting one another ..." Heb. 10:23-25

There are two persons I have met across the years with each of whom I have become well acquainted. One of these I have come to appreciate and as the friendship deepened we have enjoyed fellowship at every opportunity. The other person I recognize as a mortal enemy and personal antagonist. From my earliest recollections he has sought to destroy me; provoking, harassing and seeking my defeat. He has attacked my character and tried to rob me of grace. By suggestion and temptation he has sought to hinder my experience and to prevent fellowship with my friend and with those who love "the way of Holiness" — I refer to his satanic majesty.

For many reasons my friend has been given the nickname of "Bulldog". He has had a "bulldog determination" to hold on to the right, and stand for truth. Formerly when in the embrace of our common enemy, he was then all out for him; gratifying the desires of the flesh and spirit. Brother Charles L. Wireman — "Bulldog Charlie" was bad man of eastern Kentucky. He is now a General Evangelist residing in Intercession City, Florida.

The bulldog is characterized by a fighting nature. It is built in to him. He has a friendly disposition, but he also has a frightening and fearless nature. More than a half century ago "the bulldog" surrendered to "the Lion of Judah." Grace did not destroy the fighting spirit; it was subdued and made to bring glory to the Conqueror.

The enemy, too, has a name which characterizes his person. He is called "a roaring lion" and "goes about seeking whom he may devour." He has "roared" on a thousand battlefields; he seeks to frighten, to cajole and conquer souls. He has a vice-like grip on humanity and is determined not to let go. This is an "all out" struggle. He tears the flesh only to wound the spirit and damn the soul. He seeks the eternal damnation of both the fearful and the faithful. The struggle is to the death and until death.

The book you hold is a recital of some of the struggles between the Bulldog and the devil and will encourage you to "battle on." God grant you grace to engage the enemy, and with faith in God's almighty power you can "beard the lion in his den" and win in the conflict. Many have come to expect defeat before they enter the struggle, others have lost the will to fight. It will take more than "puppy love" to overcome. "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind" — to win. 2 Tim. 1:7. Our Lamb-Lion Savior has conquered the beast and assures us that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against us." — Matt. 16:19. Hell's bloodhounds are no match for a bulldog with determination to win, by God's power.

A bulldog met a lion, and entered into fray,
It was in mortal combat, they engaged from day to day,

They both were well determined, set out to "win alone".
Each set his will, the one to kill — and tear from limb and bone.

A Lamb came down from Heaven, and gave the Bulldog power,
To overcome the lion nor fear his mighty roar.

Though long and hard the contest, each had the will to die,
No thought to give, not e'en to live, but purpose to defy.

Soon will the strife be over; to conquer is the goal,
The will of man, by grace the plan, o'ercome and save the soul.

But it can ne'er suffice us, our lonely soul to win.
If we but yield completely, He'll save our "kith and kin".

The will we need with purpose, comes down from God above,
The grace we need for conflict, He offers with His love.

The keys to certain triumph are placed at our command,
The love and mercy needed, are held in nail-pierced hand.

There is a way determined to distinguish "dog" from "pup,"
The young ones whine and yelp around, — "The Bulldog" ne'er gives up.

As you are challenged by the experiences of this "fighter from the mountains", set your jaw,
surrender your will to God, and win by His grace.

Kenneth M. Lewis, Pastor
First Wesleyan Methodist Church
Newark, Ohio

BULLDOG CHARLIE AND THE DEVIL

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Chapter 1

In the year of 1913, at the age of 23, God put me under conviction for sin. After seeking His forgiveness for seven days and nights He wonderfully saved me, definitely giving me the assurance. I have never doubted it. Then, to my surprise, He definitely called me to preach. After doing all in my power to have God take the call away, I saw it was preach or backslide. I yielded to the call. One reason I fought the call of God was that I felt if I became a preacher I would have to be an uncompromising preacher and if I did it would be a terrific battle with old Beelzebub, the devil.

I realized that "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." My commission was to "preach the Word" and I must "reprove, rebuke and exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine." So I got into "this grace wherein we stand . . . having done all to stand" which simply meant that I must not only stand for all God's Word stands for, but I must also stand against everything God's Word stands against. I declared war on the devil and have been fighting him and his works ever since.

I have traveled up and down the country in the capacity of General Evangelist, and I am now recognized as the dean of evangelists in my own denomination, having served longer in successive years under this appointment than any other man.

I have been asked by ministers and laymen to put my experiences in print, and am endeavoring to do so.

Because of my reputation as a fighter when I lived in sin I was dubbed with the nickname "Bulldog Charlie." So the title of my book is "Bulldog Charlie and the Devil."

Less than a month after I was converted I began my first revival meeting. One of the elders of the church there was in the process of building a dance hall. He was a Congressman, and would sit on the front seat and take an active part in the services. One night God put it on my heart to "cry aloud and spare not" with reference to the evils of the modern dance. Among the things I said was: "any church member who would build a dance floor is as sure of Hell as a nickel is a gingersnap, unless he repents." That night the lady in whose home I was being entertained said, "That Congressman is the backbone of the church, and I don't know what he is going to say." I said, "Neither do I, sister, but I know what I have said and I will die before I will take it back." The next morning as I walked down the street he called me into his office. When I was seated he said, "Did you sleep well last night?" I said, "Yes, sir, did you?" "No, I did not, but at four this morning I decided you were right about the dance and I want you to announce tonight that the building will be converted into a business house." A few nights later I saw him butt the mourners' bench, repent and get saved.

In another meeting I made the statement that I had no patience with, and about as much respect for, a woman in a red-light district as I had for a dancing, card-playing church member. At the close of the service I was advised not to go outside — a man was waiting to whip me. Of course, I was in

no hurry to go out but did. A man was standing there beside a half-nude, jewel-bedecked, painted-faced, card-playing, dancing, Sunday school teaching, modern day Jezebel-wife. He said, "Hold on there." So I held on. Again he spoke, "What do you mean about dancing, card-playing church members?" I replied, "I meant exactly what I said, and what about it?" He spoke again, "I will give you to understand that my wife is a Christian, and she plays cards and dances." I said to him, "I will give you to understand that I don't believe a word of it." Whereupon he handed his painted-faced wife his coat and said, "Hold my coat." I handed my Bible to a man standing by and said, "Hold my Bible, please." He gave me the once over, took his half-nude wife by the arm and walked down the street. I breathed a sigh of relief and went to my room; the angels fanned me to sleep and I dreamed of "the New Jerusalem coming down." I got up the next morning more determined than ever before in my life to "shoot the devil every time he sticks his head above the forks."

In another meeting a woman left the meeting on Saturday night to go to a 'ball to celebrate a man's birthday' (F. D. R.) and raise money for crippled children. She was back to church Sunday night, and I made another attack on the dancing devil. She piped up, saying, "Preacher, did they not dance before the Lord in olden times?" I answered, "Yes, they certainly did, but they danced a holy dance, and had on more than a pair of galluses [suspenders] when they did." Some have said, they do not dance just to be dancing with the opposite sex, but because they get a thrill out of shaking a fantastic toe, to the rhythm of the dance music. I have made this proposition to men in many places. Mr. Man, if you dance just for the thrill of shaking a fantastic toe and not for the opposite sex come over in the morning in your automobile, bring your radio and we will go out to some old deserted farm house, where no human eye can see, and no human ear can hear, and we will turn on the devilish dance music, get into each other's fond bear hug, and 'hop skip to my Lou, my darling' until you get enough of it. Strange as it may seem, I have made the proposition to as many as five thousand in one audience and have never had a man take me up on it. Why? Simply because they do not want to hug me. They go to dances to hug and be hugged. [by those of the opposite sex]

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Chapter 2

A RUN-IN WITH A MODERNISTIC JUDGE

After closing a successful union revival in Ohio, I remained over in the city for more than a week. The converts of the meeting were advised to "go to the church of their choice." A number of them joined the large church in the city. When the people of the church learned that I was to be in town over the Lord's day, they asked me to speak to a very large men's Bible Class. They had been told not to expect much, as I was from the Kentucky mountains; as much as to say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Judge Todhunter, the Bible Class teacher, had told his class that the story of Job was "just an allegory" and that "no such man ever lived in the world." When I entered the classroom I found more than two hundred men, consisting of judges, lawyers, bankers, college presidents, and men of every walk of life. I was briefly introduced by the judge. The lesson was about the rich man and Lazarus — a very hot subject for those men. I told them they knew I was from the Kentucky mountains, which was true; that I hailed from the hills of old Kentucky where flows the purest, Anglo-Saxon blood to be found on the American continent, untainted by Romanism; that it was true, I had slept on straw ticks and fought bed-bugs, but I had never turned my back on an enemy, deserted a friend, or compromised the gospel of Jesus Christ, and would not do it there. As I read and commented on "the rich man in Hell" it was just too much for the Judge. He spoke up and said, "Young man, have you forgotten that is a parable?" I replied, "Judge, please don't expose your ignorance to your class like that. There is no such thing as the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Every time Jesus spoke in parables He said so, and He said nothing about this being a parable." I have never seen the Judge since, and never expect to in time or eternity.

GOD VINDICATES HIS MESSENGER

I was conducting an independent tent revival in my home town. There were only two churches in the town at that time — the Methodist and Baptist. Both of the pastors of the churches were absenting themselves from the meetings, and were in open opposition to the services. The rear of the Methodist parsonage was toward the tent, and the Baptist parsonage fronted it. Neither was very far away and were in hearing distance. One night, while I was preaching, I said, "Right now, while I preach this Gospel that goat-riding Methodist preacher has his chin hanging over the back yard fence listening, and is too much of a coward to come to this gospel meeting. And that tobacco-squirting Baptist preacher is sitting on his front porch with his mouth full of old Kentucky swag-jaw, wearing his teeth out, chewing something he is afraid to swallow, listening to me. He, too, is too big a coward to come to the tent." When service was over that night, some of the people went to one of my relatives and said to her, "Now, don't you know he shouldn't have said what he did about those pastors. You know they were not doing what he said they were." She said, "All I know is what he said, but I don't know whether they were doing that." The next day the two pastors met in the post office and when they shook hands one of them said, "Where were you last night?" He replied, "I was exactly where Charlie said I was." The other one said, "So was I." God has a way of vindicating His message and His messenger.

GETTING GOOD ADVICE

I was conducting a one-week meeting in one of the churches in my home community. On the fourth night while the song service was in progress, the pastor leaned over and said to me, "You wouldn't object to some good advice, would you?" I said, "I always appreciate good advice!" He said, "You preached against some things the people, in general, know that I do. For instance, I use tobacco, and belong to the lodge, and I don't want you to preach about them any more." I said, "I like good advice, but that sounds like dictation, and my preaching is so sacred between myself and the God who called me, I just cannot allow anyone to dictate to me." He went on to say, "Your preaching has put me in a very embarrassing position." I told him if he would butt the altar good and hard, repent and confess his sins, he would be delivered from the pagan lodge and from the tobacco habit; that he would then love the truth and rejoice in it for "He that is free, is free indeed." He said, "I will close the meeting." I said, "No, you won't." He said, "I am pastor of this church." I told him he could close the church door, but he could not close the meeting as this was my home town and I had access to the courthouse across the street and the meeting would go on. He did not close the church, but would not come to the services. He walked the streets and opposed the meeting, while seventy-five souls were saved or sanctified in the one-week revival. He later came to one of my meetings, made an apology, then went to the altar and was wonderfully saved. It pays to be true to preachers, as well as to people.

RUNNING FROM MOTHER HUBBARD

One day while preaching in a camp at _____, Ohio, I was approached by a very modestly dressed old lady, who said she had been told I had some open time before I was to be at the Ohio Conference Camp. She said she was the head of an interdenominational campmeeting and would like for me to be their evangelist. I accepted. Her son met me in the capitol city and on our way to the camp we stopped at the church of which he was pastor. They were having a worldly shin-dig. I found out the camp which she said was interdenominational was run by her and her preacher son. About the third night I opened up my guns and shelled the woods, and shot both of them off the Christmas tree. Next morning, after breakfast, the old lady informed me I was through. She said I could pack up and move on. I do not remember ever having had anything to tickle me as that did; I had to laugh in her face, and at intervals while I packed I had to sit down and laugh. This camp was at a crossroads. There was a general store, a post office and two churches. There was no bus serving the community. Since they had not offered to take me to where I could get a bus, I went to the store and called a pastor I knew who lived about twelve miles distant. I told him what had occurred and the predicament I was in. He said he would come and get me. In the meantime the word had gotten out, and the pastor of the church about a hundred yards from the camp invited me to preach in her church that night, and I accepted. Notices were put up at the store and the phones were kept busy. I preached to the campmeeting crowd at the church that night. The pastor of the other church announced I would preach for him the next night. I spoke to the same people who, had been at the camp. The following evening I preached in a church twelve miles away to that same crowd. I rested at night, and then preached over the weekend and went on my way rejoicing. When the devil closed up one door against me, God opened up four for me. "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm."

AN EASTER-EGG WOMAN GETS SAVED

I was engaged in revival meetings in a city in Ohio. At the end of a service I was approached by one of these modern day Easter-egg women — well-painted and hard boiled. She said, "You may be surprised that I do not agree with you." When I had looked her over I said, "I would be more surprised if some people did agree with me." I had said in my preaching, "If we have repented of our sins we will remember that we one time felt we were mean, black-hearted sinners, in the sight of God." She said she had never felt that way. I reminded her I had said, "People who have repented feel like this." Then she replied, "I belong to the church." I told her I was not talking about church members but only those who had made "an end of repentance toward God." Her reply was, "I profess religion." Again I replied, "Lady, I fear you don't understand me yet." I was only talking about those persons who have repented and been born again." "I will give you to understand, sir," said she, "I am just as good as you are." I told her, "Far be it from me to argue that question with you." She went on to tell me she was not coming back to hear me preach any more. My reply was, "I will argue that with you, for you are coming back to hear me preach some more." She said, "I am not," and I said, "You are." She said, "I won't," and I said, "You will." As she walked out a preacher standing by me said, "She won't be back." I said to him, "Shut your mouth, man. I said she will be back." I knew that woman was just curious enough that she would come back to see what else I was going to say. I have heard all my life that curiosity killed a cat, and I have often wondered how many women. The very next night, as I sat by the preacher on the platform, he nudged me and said, "Look coming there." There she was, just as I had expected, and had predicted. She got closer to the front that night. When I had preached on what it meant to be convicted of sin, to repent and be saved she was the first one to the altar. The first thing she said as she fell to her knees and threw up her hands was, "I am the wickedest, meanest woman in the whole world." I said, "Amen." Needless to say she was saved, and entered the heavenly race.

REPRESENTATIVE FROM KENTUCKY IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

During World War I, I was conducting meetings in Washington, D. C. I was standing with others, waiting to find seating in a restaurant. There were three nice-looking men seated at a table that could accommodate four. One of the men motioned me to join them. Upon being seated one of them asked me if I was in business in Washington. I told him I was a representative from Kentucky. They asked me many questions about Kentucky, and pawed and scraped, as it were, so happy to get acquainted with a representative from that fair state. I was very popular with them until I finally told them that I represented the saving Gospel of Jesus Christ. Needless to say, I lost all my popularity with them.

BULLDOG MEETS THE MAYOR

I was engaged in a union tent meeting in a small town in Ohio for the Evangelicals and the Mennonite Brethren in Christ. The meeting took on such proportions that a tent show five miles away had to close down, and a saloon that had been open for thirty-five years was forced to close its doors. The devil and carnality was stirred for miles. One day the door bell at the Evangelical parsonage, where I was being entertained, rang. When the pastor went to the door he was confronted by the mayor of the town. He asked to see me, outside. I went out and there stood a man smoking a big cigar and wearing certain tinware on the lapel of his coat. I could tell by his expression and his

voice that he was mad. He said, "I am the mayor of this town." "Stop kidding me," I said, "You are surely not the mayor." He then asked, "What makes you say that?" I said, "Surely this town isn't that near out of mayor timber that they had to make one out of you!" Said he, "I came here to tell you that you have to quit preaching in the tent." I replied, "Little fellow, you run along now and peddle your papers, and I will peddle mine." He sneaked away looking something like a sheep-killing dog and I continued to preach in the mayor's town.

A STILL IN OLD KENTUCKY

At a campmeeting in the Kentucky mountains two brothers who were moonshiners and bootleggers, put up a stand by the road, just inside the campground. It was against the law in Kentucky to put up a temporary stand or a business within a mile of a campmeeting. These men were bad, and were well known. The campground officer asked them to move off the ground which they refused to do. My singer, Brother Bruce Fulks, who was from my home town, told the officer, if they would authorize me, I would put them off. When I had the authority, I asked them to move and they refused. I leaped over the counter and grabbed a large box of twist tobacco. I threw it out on the pike and told them if they didn't want the rest moved like the tobacco was, they had better move it in an orderly manner. They moved it away. Brother Fulks spent the night hunting the still and when they left it he tore it up and brought the worm into the camp. We called the revenue men. They came and took the men to jail. The campmeeting continued with great victory. God can make "the wrath of men to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath (He) will restrain."

WHEN I REFUSED TO GIVE THE TRAIN CONDUCTOR MY TICKET

It was during World War II, I boarded a midnight train at Albany, N. Y. People were smoking in every coach. A woman and a little girl became very sick because of the smoke. I went into the coach ahead and met the conductor. I told him I was glad he was coming so he could stop their smoking. He said in a very ugly mood, "I can't stop them." I said, "Do you not have a smoker where they are supposed to go when they smoke?" He told me since women began to smoke, they smoked everywhere. I went back to my seat in the other car. When he came by, collecting tickets, I refused to give him mine. I said I had paid for a decent ride from Albany, N. Y. to Louisville, Ky. and wasn't getting it. I repeated, "You will not get my ticket until you stop the smoking in the coach." He asked, "Do you have a ticket?" I showed my ticket and put it back in my pocket. He went down the coach but came back later and asked if I was ready to give him my ticket. I said, "Are you going to stop this smoking?" He said, "I can stop the train and put you off." I replied, "You certainly can. All you have to do is stop the train and order me off and I will get off, but I already have the names and addresses of some of these people who will make good witnesses in court." He was very angry as he went away, but without the ticket. I do not know whether he consulted someone or not. He was gone but a few minutes when he entered the coach, stopping at every smoker and telling them they could not smoke in the coach; saying if they smoked they would have to go to the smoker. Then he came and asked me for the ticket. I gave it to him and said, "You would never have gotten it if you had not stopped the smoking." I hoped he lived happily ever after.

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Chapter 3

SOME AMUSING INCIDENTS HERE AND THERE

In a service I conducted in a gospel mission I used the scripture, "The bed was too short to stretch himself on and the cover too narrow for him to cover with." On the platform was a short seat and my overcoat hung over a chair at the end of the seat. I tried to illustrate what I was saying by lying down and stretching my legs over the end of that short seat, with my feet stretched over the end of the seat. The bed was too short. I reached for my overcoat to illustrate "the cover was too narrow" when the seat turned over, throwing me out in the middle of the platform. I had to roll over like a big mule until I could get up on my feet. Of course, meeting was over. That has been many years ago, but it was the last time I ever used the illustration. "What fools we mortals be."

A SERVICE GETS OUT OF HAND

I was engaged in a meeting in a country church. For some reason the pastor and song leader could not get to the service that night. They notified me they would not be present and asked me to get someone to lead the singing. When I arrived at the church some of the good brethren approached me. They informed me of the presence of a young man who was visiting friends. If desired, he would lead the singing. I said, "That will be fine." When he was introduced he took over the singing and the other part of the devotions. He was really a good singer. After the congregation had sung three or four songs, he called on the relative he was visiting to lead in prayer. Then he led in two more songs and commented at great length. Then, he took the offering, and began to pick his guitar, meanwhile talking. He said that the Holy Ghost had been burning a song on his heart all day long. He knew when God put a song on his heart, He would give him opportunity to sing and so he had brought his instrument. When he began to sing the song the Holy Ghost burned on his heart it was "That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine." Adding insult to injury, when he came to the chorus, he out-yodeled any cowboy I ever heard. Then he took ten or fifteen minutes to introduce me to people I had been preaching to for more than a week. By now it was time to go home and we went "away sorrowfully."

THE OFFER TO BRIDLE A MULE

I had just bought a new car, and was conducting a meeting in the grand old State of Kentucky. One day I received a note unsigned, saying I was not a humble man or I would not be driving that nice new car. The letter stated that Jesus, when He was on earth rode on an ass. I commented on this and told the people that if the person who wrote the letter would come to the tent meeting the next night, properly saddled and bridled, I would prove to them I, too, could ride an ass. He never appeared with saddle and bridle so I never had opportunity to prove it.

WINNING MY CASE WITH A LAWYER

It was the first night of another campmeeting. A man came, shook my hand, told me his name, introduced me to his wife, and went on to say, "I am a lawyer, and your preaching interests me, because you preach in an argumentative manner. My wife will tell you that you are the first preacher she ever heard me compliment. I have never gone the second time to hear an evangelist. I am coming back tomorrow night." The next night he came, accompanied by his wife, and asked if I would come to his house a certain day for dinner. I told him I would if not providentially hindered. During the preaching the next evening, I knocked him off the Christmas tree. I saw he was not going to speak to me and I went to him. I shook hands with him. It was like shaking hands with a cold pump handle on a frosty morning. I said, "Well, tomorrow is the day I am coming to your house for dinner." Speaking sharply he said, "You do not need to come." I turned to his wife and said, "Didn't I promise to come to your home for dinner tomorrow?" "Yes, sir," said she, "you did." He spoke again, and said, "I told you, you did not need to come." I said, "Sir, I promised and I will be there." He took off without even saying good night. The next day about 11:00 A.M. I rang the door bell. His good, Christian wife came to the door and I saw she had been weeping. She invited me in, and when seated she said to me, "My husband is very angry. I don't know what he is going to say when he comes home." She asked to be excused and went about preparing dinner. When he came in, I said, "Good morning." He muttered a good morning, sat down and buried his face in a newspaper until she announced that dinner was ready. He arose and started for the dining room. I got up and took after him. He sat down, and so did I. He made a boarding-house reach for the biscuit plate. His wife said, "Rev. Wireman, will you ask the blessing?" He sat there like a pouting child while I prayed. He helped himself to the biscuits and put them back where they were. It was now my time to make a boarding-house reach, and that I did. He would pick up a dish, help himself and put it back. I would pick up a dish, push it under his nose and brag on his wife's cooking. His appetite seemed to fail and he left the table without even saying "Excuse me." I lingered at the table, eating with a coming appetite. I cannot remember when I enjoyed a meal like I enjoyed that one. I went into the room where he was sitting, his face buried in a newspaper: On the wall were two large old-fashioned pictures, one of an old lady and the other of an old man. I said, "Whose pictures are those?" He mumbled out, "My father and mother." I replied, "Your father is certainly a venerable looking old gentleman, and your mother has such a sweet face. Are they yet living?" He said, "No." "Your mother must have been a good Christian, she has such a saintly appearance," said I. "She was a Christian, wasn't she?" He said, "Yes." "She must have prayed much for you," I offered. "By all means, you should get right with God and meet her in Heaven." He suddenly leaped to his feet, ran over to me, and threw his arms around my neck. Weeping, he asked me to pray for him. He fell to his knees and began to pray. His good wife, who had prayed long for him, joined us, and throwing her arms around him, together we bombarded Heaven until God saved the wicked lawyer. It pays to be a man of your word.

DISTURBANCE BY RUNNING IN AND OUT OF MEETING STOPPED

At a meeting in Ohio the people, young and old alike, had a habit of running in and out during service. I spoke to the pastor about it and he said it had always been done and that there was nothing could be done about it. One night when I got up to preach I said, "If there is anyone here who thinks you cannot stay until I am through preaching, I would appreciate it if you will go now. I am going

to wait a minute or so and give you a chance to leave. If you do not go now and you start out while I am preaching, I will make you wish you hadn't." I had been preaching but a few minutes when three middle-aged women near the front got up and started toward the door. I said, "Everybody look at those three women. I don't know whether it is a new dress or a new hat they are wearing, but they evidently want to be seen."

Two of them rushed out; the other one stopped in the doorway and looked dangerously at me. I said, "There is one who evidently thinks every body hasn't seen her yet. Look at her." She went out, and when the service was over, as I stepped out on the walk, they came rushing toward me. The one who had stopped at the door spoke excitedly and said, "We went down the street and reported to a cop the way you talked to us. He told us to come up here and tell you to apologize. I told them to run down there and tell the policeman I wasn't going to do it. One of them said, "I will have you to understand I am a married lady." I said, "I am surprised, you are fortunate indeed if you are married." She said, "I will just let you talk to my husband." I replied, "I wish you would for I had rather talk to him than you." The storm was over and they walked away. I wonder whose wife she shall be in the judgment? Thus ended the running in and out of the church.

BULLDOG AND THE TWO PUPS

After having preached for a few days in a certain place, I realized the gospel gun had shot the pastor and some others off the Christmas tree. I heard the pastor one morning on the phone. He said, "Yes, I will tell him!" He came in my room and said, "We want to see you down at the church in a little while." I went down and found the "we" who wanted to see me consisted of the pastor and an old tobacco-squirting church boss. There was a time when I didn't know which I had rather meet — a church boss or the devil himself. I have long since made up my mind. I had rather meet the devil at any time or place, for I read, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." But my experience has been resist a church boss and he will jump on you. These men at the church proceeded to tell me they had decided that my preaching was destructive rather than constructive. I said, "It has about destroyed both of you fellows, has it not?" They replied, "You have your choice, either change your way or close the meeting." I said to them in Southern parlance, "The meetin' is dun closed." They went on to say, "We don't want the meeting closed. We just want you to change your way of preaching." I said, "I am not going to do it." They told me, "You haven't got an offering yet." I told them I was not for sale, for I had sold out long ago — lock, stock and barrel to God Almighty. I inquired when the next train would leave for Kentucky and when they told me I replied, "I will be taking it." They accompanied me to the train. While I was purchasing my ticket, one of them said, "If Brother Wireman just will go, I feel alright about it." The other man replied, "So do I." Turning to me they asked, "How do you feel about it?" I said, "I imagine about like a great big brindle bulldog would feel with two little Chihuahuas barking at him."

BULLDOG CHARLIE AND THE DEVIL

by

Charles Little Wireman

Chapter 4 IN PERILS OFT

I was engaged in revival in the Arlington Avenue Free Methodist Church in New Castle, Penna. One night while preaching, a mob of about three hundred surrounded the church. When service was over one of the mob entered. He was a young lawyer and came to see me. He said it had been reported that I had made certain statements, which I had not made. I told him I had made no such statements and the pastor and others who had been present at every service also said no such statements had been made. He asked if I would go to the door and tell the men outside I had not said the things I had been accused of. I agreed. I stepped outside, but the mob would not listen to me and began screaming, "Get him," and breathing out threatenings. They began pushing toward me while others tried to hold them back. In the meantime someone went to a phone and called the police. Several police cars came rushing up, pushing the mob back with their sticks. Some of the police grabbed me and hurried me to a car. They rushed me away to safety. It is said that every place the apostle Paul preached he either had a revival or a riot. On one occasion he went over a wall in a basket. I was told that in less than three months after the event, eight of the men who had been present in the mob met with awful tragedy. "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm."

AGAIN ACCUSED, BUT DELIVERED BY THE POWER OF GOD

It was during World War I that I was laboring with the Mennonite Brethren in Christ and the Salvation Army, in a tent meeting in Greenville, Ohio. One day I walked down the main street and saw a crowd gathering on the other side which seemed to be excited greatly. One man left the crowd, walked to the other side and asked what all the excitement was about. He was told that a notice had been put up on a light post stating that the tent evangelist was pro-German; that the mob was getting ready to string him up. God gave me holy boldness and I said, "I am the man they are looking for, so I will go over and see what they want." As I approached the crowd, an old retired Methodist preacher, who had been in every service, was telling them I had made no such remarks. He spoke up, "Here he is now" and asked that I speak to them. But they refused to listen, rushed me, and yelled, "String him up." The sheriff appeared and with other men took me across to the courthouse steps and then he spoke to them. The old preacher, meantime, learned that the man who had placed the notice had never been to the meetings. He had been told the story by his common-law wife. I had to then plead with the mob, not to hang that man. The headlines in the paper that afternoon were: "A Tempest In a Teapot."

BULLDOG CHARLIE AND THE LAW

I was in a certain Kentucky town, and it was the first night of a tent revival. I said, "This town is as corrupt as Hell, and the officers are not fit to carry slop to the hogs." People turned around and looked toward two men in the rear of the tent; their faces were red. (Earlier that day I had looked out of the hotel window and had seen men gambling in a nearby building.) When service closed these

men approached me and asked that I repeat what I had said about the town and its officers. When I did, they told me they were the officers. Then I replied, "You are the birds I was talking about." They said, "What is so bad about this town?" I replied, "You are the officers. You ought to know." The next day the town paper had on its front page: "This town corrupt as hell, roars evangelist." It reported they thought it was the business of an evangelist to steer the people away from hell, but if some people thought that hell was no worse than this town, they would want to go there. I took their paper to the platform the next service and read it to the congregation. I said that it was the best good-night paper I ever saw. You could read everything in it and go to sleep without anything on your mind. Next day the paper took another rap at me. Due to the free newspaper advertising, the crowd at the services had doubled. That evening the officers were back again and I said, "For the benefit of those who were not here the first night of the meeting, I want to repeat what I said. This town is as corrupt as hell, and the officers of the town are not fit to slop the hogs. Again, at the close, the officers proceeded to ask questions, and the people gathered round to listen. They insisted that I tell them what was going on in the town that was so bad. I said, "Gambling." They replied there was no gambling they knew of. If there was, they did not know it. I told them this was strange they could not locate such as it was the duty of officers to find such things. I told them I had found a gambling den in a few minutes after I arrived in the town. As the people listened, I asked if they would go with me. I took them to the hotel, and went to the second floor, and asked that no one light a match or turn on a light. When I had opened the door and we had stepped in, there in plain view, just across the alley, they saw men gambling with money and chips on the table. One of the officers said, "We didn't know that this was going on." Said I, "You know it now." The other one said, "We will look into this tomorrow." I spoke up, "You will do nothing of the kind. You will raid that place right now." Turning to the people, I said, "Gentlemen, demand your officers do their sworn duty." They agreed, and I went with the officers to raid the den and arrest the gamblers. The next day the paper's headlines were: "Evangelist leads officers to Gambling Den." The revival took on momentum and the newspaper boosted the meetings for us.

BULLDOG CHARLIE AND THE DEVIL

by

Charles Little Wireman

Chapter 5

A HANGING WHERE "THE WORM DIETH NOT"

I was preaching in Kentucky in a tobacco-raising community and was told it was possible to hang a tobacco worm and it would live three days, hung by the neck. I hung a live one on a tree; went back three days later, tickled him with a straw, where his ribs ought to be, and found he was very much alive. But I have hung many an old tobacco worm with the gospel rope for ten days to two weeks and have left town while he was still squirming. I also learned that at times an insect would buzz around a tobacco worm's head until the worm would get so disturbed he would crawl off the tobacco plant, get in the dust, go through a change there and then fasten himself in a sort of cocoon, there go through another change, and come out a beautiful fly, similar to the butterfly. Then, instead of returning to the tobacco patch, he will fly to a beautiful garden to eat honey from the flowers. Were you to ask the worm in the tobacco field why he used the stuff he would say, "Because I like it." But if, when he got into the flower garden, you were to ask why he did not go back to his tobacco, he would say, "I don't like it anymore." The honey of Canaan is much better. I, like the insect, have been used [of God] to bother many an old tobacco worm until they left the tobacco, went down in the dust of repentance, and then got the cocoon experience (second benefit) to spend the rest of their lives in "the land of milk and honey." I knew of a preacher who when talking to an old woman about using her snuff said she admitted she knew it was wrong. Said the preacher, "Don't you know the Lord can deliver you from that stuff?" "Yas, suh," she replied, "ah knows He can, but I jes' laks it so good I never is axed Him." Others too would say the same if they were as honest as the old colored woman.

A SKUNK OUTSMARTED

I was in the midst of a tent meeting in the State of Tennessee. After preaching on the sin of using tobacco, an old woman approached me, her lower lip stuck out and snuff running from the corners of her mouth. She spoke, "You were pretty hard on some of us today, but I want you to know I have the love of God in my heart." I said, "Well, if you do, you sure have the devil in your mouth."

Two gentlemen and a man who used tobacco were out walking together, when they came on a skunk den. They made a wager as to which could stay longest in the skunk's den. One of the gentlemen went in and stayed about two minutes and came out. The other gentleman went in and stayed two minutes also and he came out. Then the fellow who used tobacco went in and after one minute the skunk came out. I have never blamed the skunk, for I had much rather smell the odor of a skunk than the breath of a tobacco user.

BETTER THAN DELIVERANCE FROM TOBACCO

During a testimony meeting in a campmeeting in the State of Georgia two or three men testified that God had delivered them from the use of tobacco. A brother Gunby spoke and said he didn't

know anything about being delivered in such manner as he was too much of a gentleman to use the filthy stuff before he became a Christian. I say good for him.

BULLDOG CHARLIE AND THE DEVIL

by

Charles Little Wireman

Chapter 6

I was a pastor in a certain denomination which has gone far from its original righteousness and doctrine. I had been preaching old-fashioned truths and Bible standards and holding the feet of the members to the fire. The district superintendent came and held a week-end meeting for us. He took advantage of the situation and tried to undo all that I had done. He had the audacity to ask what I thought of his preaching — a question I never asked anyone in all the fifty-two years of ministry. I, in conscience, told him I did not think his preaching would stir the down on a goslin's bill, and then he gave me a piece of his carnal mind.

I requested permission to do evangelistic work. A call came from a prayer band to hold service in a courthouse. The pastor there in the town, a free mason, objected to my coming. He wrote a letter to me calling attention to a disciplinary law that forbade a preacher from going on the territory of another minister without his consent, and warned me not to come. He said he had written the Bishop and my district superintendent and that I would, no doubt, hear from them both.

In a few days I received a joint letter from the Bishop and the superintendent telling me not to hold the courthouse meeting. The pastor was a free-mason; the district superintendent had just been tried on a morals charge, and the Bishop was a cigar-sucker.

I answered the letter, telling them I had "the fleece out" concerning the matter and would have to mind God. I told them also that according to this, I supposed if John Wesley were living he would have to say, "The world is my parish," providing some goat-riding pastors, or district superintendents of questionable moral character, or cigar-smoking Bishops did not oppose it.

I went to hold the meeting and God gave a great revival. They called for my credentials, received them and while I have "lived happily ever after" the pastor soon died, and so did the Bishop. The district Superintendent shot a boy, which paralyzed him for life, but still keeps his credentials.

"Them that honor Me will I honor, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."

ROTTEN EGGED IN OHIO

Under the auspices of the holiness mission, I was in a tent meeting in southern Ohio. The nominal church members and members of secret societies became enraged while I was preaching. One night they suddenly undertook to break up the meeting by pelting me with eggs with a bad odor, for old Speck had not laid them the day before. They burst on my face, my head, and over the top part of my body. Brick-bats and rocks were flying, breaking the light bulbs in the tent. There was real excitement among the people.

Now, if you have never been rotten-egged for 'Jesus sake' you really don't know what you have missed, for it is a grand and glorious feeling. The next morning some of the good people of the town asked the mayor and the marshal to protect me. They both said they hoped they ran me out of town and sent me word they were going to be at service every night; that if I preached again as I had been, they would put me in jail.

The jail house was only about 75 yards from the tent. The people came and told me what they had said and I had a religious spell, prancing around and rejoicing. When they asked why, I told them the Bible said at such a time to "rejoice and be exceeding glad." Ever since I had entered the ministry I had wanted to go to jail at least once for Jesus' sake. It looked like I was finally going to make it. I could hardly wait until time for service to preach myself into jail.

The service opened and the mayor and marshal stationed themselves about 25 feet apart in front of the tent. Both were wearing much tinware on their lapels, advertising log-chains, carpenter tools, arm and hammer soda, and Indian herb pills. I hit everything that was hit-able in the way of sin and worldliness, from Dan to Beersheba, thinking every minute they would come and get me. After I had preached myself almost to death and they had not come, I thought, I must not miss this chance to get put into jail.

I do not know why I did it. God knows I had no intention of hurting anyone, but I picked up a folding chair, put it across my shoulder, marched down the aisle and outside the tent, and there made a side pass at the mayor. He backed away and I made a similar pass at the marshal and he backed off. He looked over at the marshal and said, "We might as well let the old fool alone. He wants to go to jail."

My heart sank within me, — so near and yet so far. I was so disappointed, because if they had put me into jail I believe God would have given us an old-time revival of full salvation, and I am in for anything that will bring old-time revival in these days of compromising ministry and a vacillating church.

Someone may say it is a disgrace to go to jail. I do not believe that John the Baptist, or Madam Guyon, or Paul and Silas were a disgrace and they went to jail. They put Bro. Shelhamer in jail in Lakeland, Florida. I was there in a meeting not long after this and asked what he was put in jail for. They told me for preaching the gospel in the park.

I took my Bible, went straight to the park and began to preach, hoping to get to jail for Jesus sake. I suppose it was because I was such [a] small fry. The cops would pass me, swing their sticks and look the other way. So there I missed what I thought was another chance of going to jail for the gospel, but maybe I will manage to get there yet. Who knows?

REBUKING THE JUDGE IN MY HOME TOWN

It was in my home town and I was preaching in the Baptist Church. It was but a short time after I entered the call to the ministry. A Judge of single bliss, somewhere in his forties, was very popular with the fair sex. He came to the meetings and engaged in conversation with his girl friend while I

was preaching. I asked that everybody please let me do the talking for a while. He ignored this and continued talking to the girl. I stopped long enough to say, "Judge, I am talking to you. If you say one more word, I will come back there, take you by the back of the neck and the seat of your trousers and stand you on your head outside the door." That was the last of the talking by the honorable Judge.

The wife of another judge was present. She went home and told her husband about what had happened. Next day the two judges met in the post office in the presence of others. The old judge said to the man who had disturbed the meeting, "Judge, I hear you had a run-in with Bulldog Charlie last night." He said, "I sure did." The other judge said, "Why didn't you ignore him the second time like you did the first?" He answered by saying, "You know Bulldog Charlie as well as I do. He meant what he said. I was embarrassed enough for once in my life. I knew he would do that very thing."

A MAN IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS WHO GOT THE SHAKES

A pastor of an isolated country church in the mountains called me to conduct a revival. He had rebuked some young men for disturbing his services and when he went out of the building one man attacked him, beating him severely. This had occurred about the middle of the conference year. The pastor wrote me, telling me what had happened and saying he was not going back, but that if I was not afraid, I should go and hold the revival. I took my family, my wife and two boys, with me. The church was near the top of the mountain and we could not drive nearer than half a mile. We had to walk to church. The man who had whipped the preacher had just been released from jail and was back in the community. It was summertime and services began before dark.

One evening as I came near the church, a number had gathered outside and were engaged in conversation. I saw this man and two others pass the church and walk toward me. Just as they were beside me, the preacher-whipping man let out a yell, using vile language. He swore he was the worst man in the State of Kentucky and that he would have no more preaching in that church. To his surprise and humiliation, I grabbed him by the collar, shook him like a bulldog would shake a rat, and told him if he did not apologize at once I would take him right back to jail. Under Kentucky law, a preacher has as much right to make arrests for disturbance as the sheriff. His two friends advised him to make the apology, which he did, and promised he would behave.

There was a back door at the end of the platform on the church, and while I was preaching someone threw a cat in the door and it hit me on the arm. There was a magistrate in the service, but I had learned he was afraid of the rough element. If they were brought before him he would fine them one cent and cost, give them the cost and turn them loose. He sat in the service that night. I said, "If you citizens are any good, you will go out and catch that fellow and we will take him to jail. Don't depend on the old magistrate sitting there for he isn't fit to slop the hogs."

My wife spoke and said, "Some of you men should go out and catch the culprit." Then I said, "If you don't, I don't care if they burn your houses and barns, so no one gets hurt."

There was a great big mountaineer, looking about like Ichabod Crane who raised up from his seat and when he motioned to other men they went out. Wife was fearful there would be a shooting and she fell on her knees and began to pray.

The big man who went out found a boy who had seen the preacher-whipper throw the cat in and he held him until I, having the authority to make the arrest, got out there. We placed him under arrest, took him to the county seat, and awakened the judge. He ordered us to put him in jail. I contacted the sheriff and asked him to make the tall man a deputy and he complied.

The next day we went and raided a moonshine still which was run by the man's uncle, and took him to jail also. God set His seal to all we did. We saw many souls saved and sanctified in that meeting. Eight months later a letter from the man where we had been entertained told that the tall man, the deputy, had put the "quietus" on the bad element and that they now had a law-abiding community.

THE HANGMAN'S K(NOT)

It was while I was holding a series of services in a brush arbor in the vine clad hills of old Kentucky that I had cried out against the evils of a certain society in no uncertain tones. The devil was stirred in the carnal hearts of the members of the society and when I opened the outside door of my room one morning I found a large bundle of hickory switches attached to the knob. There was a note warning me that if I preached anymore along that line I would be horsewhipped.

I took the bundle of switches with me to the pulpit that night, and told the large congregation that was assembled how Paul the apostle had been beaten with "forty stripes save one"; how wonderful it must have been for him to bear the "marks of the Lord Jesus" on his body. Again I preached against the Christ-rejecting secret society, and the next morning I found a hangman's rope attached to the doorknob and another note of warning. It was a last warning that if I said one more word along that line I would be hanged higher than Haman.

That night I took the hangman's rope to the pulpit. When I got up I hung it around my neck and preached on Martyrdom. I spoke of how wonderful it would be to wear a martyr's crown. The anointing came graciously upon me and I told the people that if God was looking for a martyr for His truth, I had in a bid for the job.

An awful solemnity came on the people. The women and children began weeping and crying aloud; — stalwart men rushed to the altar, throwing away their lodge pins and crying to God for mercy. A wave of salvation swept over the community and during the coming days many were swept into the Kingdom of God, among whom were three fine young men, who later became preachers; another young man became a nationally known gospel singer and missionary.

BULLDOG CHARLIE AND THE DEVIL

by

Charles Little Wireman

Chapter 7

Back in the days of the depression, brother Harris, President of South Georgia conference wrote me about coming to his conference for some meetings. We had been advised by the doctors in Kentucky to take our oldest boy to a warmer climate for his health. It was suggested that we take him to Florida. I wrote the good brother about our plans and told him I could stop in Georgia and give them two meetings.

We started south, having heard from him to come to his house; that he would arrange for these meetings. We held the first meeting in his home church. He had received a letter from one of his pastors asking to have an evangelist. That church desired a meeting as soon as possible. He sent us, wife and boys — Frank and Charles, with a letter of introduction to the lay leader of this church. The president had said the man was a wealthy farmer and merchant, having a large house, and would be glad to entertain us. He ran a large country store. We were pulling a small trailer in which were some cots, bed-clothing and utensils for cooking.

When we arrived at the store there were three men sitting on the counter and a woman standing behind it. I asked if either of the men was Mr. ____? One man spoke up and said, "I am Mr. ____." I explained who I was, that the pastor desired an evangelist and handed him the letter of introduction from Bro. Harris. The pastor who lived in another town was not there.

As the man read the letter I looked around and discovered all kinds of tobaccos, cigars and cigarettes. He said to me, "Let us step outside." Outside he said, "I don't think we can have the meeting." His excuses were that the grass and weeds had grown up around the church; that the singing school was in progress at the church during the day and that he could not entertain us.

He said he would send us to his sister-in-law. He said, "Tell her I sent you; she will take care of you for the night." He promised he would come over in the morning and tell me what he decided about the meeting. We went to the sister-in-law's home and found that he was not speaking to her. He had been mad at her for sometime. She was very poor, but shared with us what little she had and made us feel welcome.

That night, when we retired, I said to wife, "I have met the No. One Hypocrite in the Wesleyan Connection." She said, "Be careful what you say." I replied, "Just wait and see." Due to living at a distance, the pastor could not be there for a few days. On the morrow the man did not show up to tell us of his decision.

We left the boys to help the old lady about the house, and wife and I drove over to the store. The man was not there. His wife told us he had taken a load of cattle and would not return until late that night, but that he had decided not to have a meeting. I started up the country road and when wife asked where I was going, I said, "To find a place to live while we hold this meeting."

In the meantime I learned the man kept his store open every Sunday and sold everything from chewing gum to mule harness. I found a man chopping wood in front of his house and asked if he knew where I could rent a place for two weeks. He said, "I have a small house, near here, you could have, but it is only partly furnished."

We found a stove, some beds, and with what we had we were soon set up for housekeeping. I went back by the church and had the singing master announce that revival meetings would begin there that night. When No. One returned that night the revival was in progress. The second night he was in the service. He said an amen when I was preaching.

I walked off the platform and pointing my finger in his face, said, "I don't want to hear another grunt out of you; you are too crooked to get your old socks off with a pipe wrench — running your store wide open on Sunday and selling all kinds of tobacco — I am certain no man or woman in the community has an ounce of confidence in you, yet you pose as a leader in the church."

These were days during the depression. Even small coins were scarce, but men and women, many of them making no profession, came forward and put nickels, dimes and quarters, not a few, into my hands. The people came from far and near, and I witnessed one of the greatest revivals of my entire ministry. One man, a drunkard, but who was a good farmer, refused to allow his wife to bring food to us as others were. His wife was wonderfully saved and sanctified in the services.

To get an early start the next morning for Florida we broke up housekeeping Sunday and went to spend the night with a fine family. After the service, as we sat on the porch, a very large lady came driving up in a small truck and told us the man was drunk and abusing his wife and little boy. He was mad because his wife had been saved. She had tried to reason with him; she had told him if he did not behave she would come after me. He said, "I wish you would bring that preacher over here so I could give him a good beating."

She said she felt the Lord wanted her to come and get me. The man where we were staying would not go along, and advised me not to go because he was a dangerous man. We got in the seat with the large lady. My wife and the other man's wife got in the back, and we took off. As we neared the house we could hear the man raving. The lady who was with us suggested that the two women enter first, but wife said, "No, let him enter first."

When I entered the door he was lying on the bed. He said, "You are here." I said, "Yes, you sent for me, did you not?" He replied, "Yes, and the first thing I want to tell you is that my wife is a big hypocrite." I turned to him and replied, "No, she is a good woman, but you have the devil in you as big as a mule." He cursed and I said, "You cut that out. I am not going to listen to that kind of talk. These are ladies and I am a gentleman."

I spied a bottle of whiskey on the table. Picking it up I went to the door and did a Carrie Nation act [broke the bottle]. I turned around, fell on my knees at the side of the bed, and began to pray. He began to weep, confessing his sins and apologized to his wife and son. He did not get the victory that night, but promised he would continue to seek God until he found Christ.

When we were ready to leave he said to his wife, "Go to the smokehouse and get the biggest ham for him to take home." Instead of returning home all beat up as people had expected, I brought home the bacon. Later I had word that this drunkard really got saved and became a highly respected citizen of the community.

BULLDOG CHARLIE AND THE GANG LEADER

We were at King's Mountain in North Carolina. F. D. Roosevelt was President, just after he and the others who were in harmony with the devil brought liquor back to our country, and I had been having somewhat to say about it in the pulpit. A gang-leader who had voted for the man, who brought whiskey back, heard about what was said through his good wife who was attending the revival.

He was infuriated. He had a child, a little girl, whom he almost worshipped. He came to the parsonage and began to abuse me. He let the little girl out of the car and came up on the porch where the song evangelist and I were sitting. Angrily he inquired which one of us was the evangelist. When I told him I was, he began his tirade of rough language toward me, telling me that a certain man was the greatest man in the world. He said I ought to be horse-whipped for saying what I did about him, and he threatened to whip me.

He was a strong man, about thirty-five years of age and a gang leader in the town. He said he would crawl on his hands and knees all the way to Washington, D. C. for the privilege of voting for the man again. When he finally paused, I said, "Now, I have listened to you, and if you are any bit of a gentleman, you will listen to me. There is your sweet little girl out there playing. Suppose someone drunk on legalized whiskey should drive over her and kill her. What would you do?"

He replied, "I would kill him." Then, I asked, "Would you kill yourself? I mean that you, and everyone who voted for that man who brought whiskey back, would have a part in the killing of her and all others killed by those driving under the influence of legalized whiskey." "Your loud talk and threats do not scare me in the least, so you have wasted your time and breath."

I wanted to present him some statistics about whiskey. My pencil was broken and I asked for a knife. He said, "Preacher, don't you have a knife?" And, when I replied in the negative, he said to me, "If you will get in my car and go home with me, I will give you a knife." The song evangelist, pale and frightened, shook his head for me not to go.

I went home with him and he asked his wife where the knife was. She found it and gave it to him. After he gave me the knife he said to his wife, "Go down in the basement and get a nice basket of jellies and preserves for this preacher to take home with him when he leaves."

It was Saturday afternoon and the meeting was to close the next day. I got his promise to come to service and Sunday night he came, bringing two of his tough pals with him. The people were greatly surprised to see three bad men in church. The time came for altar call and he went across the aisle and taking one of his friends by the arm said, "Come on. Let's go to the altar."

When the friend pulled loose, he stepped up to the other one and said, "Let's go." Arm in arm the two outlaws came down the aisle weeping like children. The third man came as did many others. We continued the meeting over Monday and Tuesday nights and over two hundred were saved, reclaimed or sanctified in the three services. It pays to uncompromisingly fight sin and the devil.

"HORSE-SENSE" RELIGION

During the early part of my ministry while I was pastor in Ohio, a man named Smith was saved. He lived out in the country a few miles. Formerly, he was a pool player and would drive a nice horse in to town and hitch in front of the pool-room. He and his wife were now faithful members of the church.

Each Sunday, while his wife got the children ready for Sunday School, he would go to the barn, harness and hitch the horse to the surrey, drive to the front of the house and let the horse stand until wife and the children were ready. One Sunday they were late starting, when the horse, which had been converted from a pool-room bum to a faithful church goer, evidently thinking they were in, and believing in being on time, went off without the family. His master discovered the horse had gone and went down the road hoping to overtake him.

He met his neighbor and asked if he had seen the horse. "Yes," he said, "I met him on the covered bridge and thought you folks were in the surrey." The horse had gone all the distance and was found, not at the pool-room, but at his hitching place at church.

HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE

I was conducting a tent meeting at Ray's Brook, Pa., near Olean, N. Y. I was informed concerning a very prominent citizen who lived across the road from the church who was bitterly opposed to it. He had no time for preachers and would hardly speak peaceably to one. He was a farmer, and besides other interests, he was a horse dealer. He sold horses on Sunday and even in front of the church while services were being conducted. Thus, he despised the church and its people.

One day as I sat on the steps of the church across the road from this man's house, he came out on the porch. There were nice horses grazing in the pasture field nearby, and being an ardent horse fancier, I was attracted to them. I said, "Good morning" to the man. He said a cool good morning to me.

Upon this I said, "Are those your horses?" "Yes, sir," said he. And I replied, "You certainly have some nice horses." He retorted, "I have some nicer horses down at the barn." "Sir," I replied, "if you have any nicer horses, I would certainly like to see them." In a kinder voice now he said, "Come over, and I will show them to you." When we were in the barn I expressed appreciation for the privilege of seeing and admiring those fine horses.

When I returned to the parsonage, I told the pastor and his wife what had happened and they could hardly believe it. We went to prayer and asked God's blessing on the dear man and his fine wife. At

noon the same day I walked down the road, passing the man's house as I went to catch a bus for Olean. He saw me, hailed me and asked if I was out for a walk and I explained my mission.

He said, "I will take you." And I replied I was afraid it would be an imposition. Said he, "Not at all." We got in his car and drove to the highway where I expected to take the bus. At the road we stopped just long enough to observe the sign and turned onto the highway.

"This is where I catch the bus," I said. He replied, "I am going to take you to Olean." When I got out of the car in town he asked, "Shall I wait for you and take you back?" "I want to do a little shopping and will catch the bus," I told him. He handed me a \$5.00 bill and said, "You may need a little change in town." Again, when I arrived at the parsonage, I told what had happened and there was rejoicing. One said, "God is going to save that man and woman."

The following morning the man's wife came over weeping. She said, "Husband and I have hardly slept all night. In fact, for two nights." "Praise the Lord," I replied, and then we prayed with her. During that meeting they were both beautifully saved and joined the church they had so despised.

OLD DAN QUIT IT TOO!

This Brother Ned had a favorite horse he had raised from a colt, and, though he was a dealer in horses, he would not part with this one. Before the man was saved he used tobacco, but, of course, when he got converted that settled that question, as it always does. He had also taught old Dan to use tobacco. It seemed the neighbors got a thrill out of seeing the horse chew the obnoxious weed. When they were around Dan they would take out their scrap and offer him a chew. When it was not offered, he would nudge them with his nose as if to beg for his favorite.

One day, about a week after his master was converted and had quit the nasty, filthy, stinking stuff some men were in the barn. One man standing near the horse took out his tobacco, expecting Dan to beg for some as he was accustomed to do. Old Dan did not seem interested. Then, as if to tease the horse, he took some scrap in his hand and held it under the horse's nose. He turned away and refused it and was never known to touch it after this though he was offered it over and over. Oh, that some people had horse sense! I have recently been told that Old Dan has gone home to heaven, and may he rest in peace.

HAMILTON, OHIO, WHERE THE DEVIL WAS STIRRED AND SETTLED

The steel boom was in full swing. Some good folks from Kentucky had moved to where there was work. The City of Hamilton was very wicked and these people were led to open a mission in a very tough section of the city. They rented an old saloon building. Some of the rough necks attended service at times.

While one man was preaching, the bully of the crowd grabbed the preacher and threw him out, landing him in the canal nearby. At another time two preachers were conducting services and a man was fatally stabbed in a fight in the mission. This gang leader went to the front of the hall and

attacked the men. They knelt to pray and he took each of them by the hair of the head bouncing them together and bruising them seriously. They feared to continue the meeting.

A preacher friend of mine from Kentucky received a call to come for service. He had heard what was going on and wrote he would come if he could bring me to assist. We began the service on Wednesday night and found things worse than we had expected.

For a few nights the services were not very well attended for the people were afraid to come. One day we had gone to a home for dinner. While sitting on the front porch some toughs came down the street. The man with us pointed out the bully who had broken up the meeting before and said, "He will break up your meeting, too." I said nothing, but doubted in my mind whether he would.

On the Saturday night it was my time to preach and there had been quite an increase in attendance. Service was about over and I was ready to give an altar call when this bully came in, took a seat on the end of the bench in the rear next to the open door. There were two steps from the sidewalk into the mission hall. This fellow began to talk loudly. The people recognized him and an uneasy feeling came over them.

I said, "Will everyone please give me their attention." He spoke, "I am talking to this boy by my side about his sick dad." I called upon a man to pray. I went down the aisle and said to the bully, "You will have to behave or get out." He said to me, "You don't know who you are talking to, do you?" I replied, "I have your number. You are the fellow who threw the preacher in the canal, and bumped the other mens' heads together and broke up the meeting. I am neither of these men and if I didn't know you, it wouldn't take us long to get acquainted. Now, behave yourself."

He said, "O.K." I turned to go back up the aisle and he called me a vile name and swore at me. I whirled around, grabbed him by the shoulder, jerked him up, intending to shove him out the door. I saw he had a pistol in a holster. In the meantime, men got to their feet and were standing by me. He jerked loose from me and struck at me and I ducked. In striking over my shoulder he hit a poor man in the eye and blacked it.

He stood between me and the open door. I raised up and took him on the chin with an upper cut and he landed on the sidewalk and I fell upon him. He put his hand on the pistol, but I grabbed his wrist and with the other hand took his throat and told him to let the pistol loose. He refused and I loosed his throat and grabbed him by his heavy hair, jerked his head up, shoving it hard against a curbstone and he was out. I pulled his big, long pistol from the holster and by now a crowd had gathered.

Doubtless some of the people did not know what had happened and thought he had been killed as they saw me with his pistol. He looked like a dead man. I said, "This man may be hurt badly. Some of his friends carry him somewhere and call a doctor." I also asked all who would to come back into the mission. I took the pistol and placed it on the pulpit.

In the meantime people were milling around trying to see the preacher who had whipped the bully. I said to the bad men, "You see what happened to your leader. We are running this meeting, not you.

If you gang members were three feet between the eyes and had horns on your head eighteen inches long, you would look like a bunch of midgets to this preacher. God gave a great revival and a good church was established which is still going for His glory.

A few months later I was passing through Hamilton on the train. A rough-looking man entered the coach and sat down facing me. He had a big moustache and a dangerous expression on his face. He looked at me and in a harsh voice said, "Are you a preacher?"

When I agreed, he spoke in a voice that sounded as though he was mad and said, "Are you the preacher that whipped the man here in Hamilton?" I agreed that I was and he continued, "That was my nephew and do you know what he thinks about you?" Thinking him to be mad I said, "I don't know and I care less."

I thought he was trying to start something and said, "I don't care what you think about me either." The man laughed and said, "You think I am mad, don't you?" I said to him, "You talk like it." "Everybody who doesn't know me thinks I talk mad," he returned. "Instead of being mad, I admire you; and my nephew told me he had more confidence and respect for you than for the preacher he threw in the canal and the other two he abused. He said if he had been in your place and someone had acted as he did, he would have done exactly what you did."

I was happy to hear that and told the man, "I am happy to know it. Give him my regards and tell him I will be praying for him and hope to meet him in Heaven." "That will please him very much and I will tell him," he said. Then he gave a clear testimony that he was a Christian. We prayed together and had blessed fellowship as we traveled toward my destination.

WITNESSING TO JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES

I was assisting my good friend, Dr. Chester Tulga, then of Tarentum, Pa. many years ago. A man came to service every night and would sit on the front seat and tried to shout, but it was like beating a rusty tin pan — a tinkling symbol if I ever heard one.

One night as we went home from service I said, "Brother Tulga, who is that consummate old hypocrite who sits near the front and tries to shout?" Said the good brother, "You have him right." I asked, "I know, but who is he?" He gave me his name and said he was a Russelite; that he was foreman over several hundred men in a factory there. He taught his false doctrine to the men. Were anyone to ask where he worshipped he would take them up to this church. "Some people believe we are no-hellites; he is doing us much harm."

I asked why he didn't get rid of him, the old reprobate. He said he would if he only knew how, but he had tried but he still held on. "Would you let me get rid of him for you," I asked, and in reply he said, "We would be glad if you can. Thank you."

I went to my room and got on my knees and asked God to load both barrels of the old gospel gun with great slugs of divine truth clear to the muzzle; to give me grace, grit, manhood, backbone,

nerve, courage and intestinal fortitude that I might stand behind the sacred desk; take aim at that old rascal, shoot him with both barrels at the same time and kill him a setting.

God loaded the gun. My subject was Hell, a hot subject for that fellow. It was not long after the death of the self-styled Pastor Charles Russell. He was said to have two discourses — The title of one: — "Millions now living will never die." He should have been preaching — millions now living are dead already — in trespasses and sins. The other of his messages was titled: — "To hell and back."

To consummate ignorance he had made the grave hell and the resurrection coming back. Among the things I said in that service was "Old Pastor Russell is in hell at last, thank God." Some one says, "Brother Wireman, God willeth the death of no man, but that all shall repent and be saved." True, but some have so stifled and seared the conscience that they will never repent. There is no hope for them.

Old Pastor Russell is in hell at last. Thank God. I would have thanked God if he had gone to hell thirty years ago, for thousands of poor souls, deceived by his doctrine will tumble into hell on top of him who might have been saved if he had gone thirty years before.

The old man raised to his feet and said, "May I say a word?" "Not a word," said I. "You have talked too much already. Keep your big mouth shut." "I will say this much. I will shake the dust off my feet and get out of here and stay out," he offered. Then, I said, "I wish you would, for I would like to see the atmosphere purified around here. I would advise you to go, for I believe in casting out devils and, if necessary, by the laying on of hands. So, I advise you to go."

When he went out, God came in, and many were reclaimed, saved or sanctified in the rest of the meeting.

ENTERTAINED IN THE HOME OF A MAD MAN

I was holding a meeting in a country church in the Kentucky mountains and was preaching on sins of which the community was guilty. I knew some of the men in the congregation were very angry because they had been uncovered by the truth. At the close of the service I said, "To show you people my heart is in the right place, if I have said anything that has offended anyone here tonight, if he will come to me after service and apologize, I will gladly and freely forgive him. For if I can find the maddest man in the house, I will go home with him and spend the night."

Upon my leaving the building a man approached me and said, "A preacher shouldn't lie." And that I had because he was the maddest man there and I certainly was not going home with him to stay for the night. "Are you sure you are the maddest man here?" I asked. "Yes, sir, I am." Then, I said, "Being a man of my word, I am obliged to go home with you."

His wife and others were getting a laugh out of what was going on. They lived about a half mile away and had been walking back and forth. He started home and I went right along with him. When

we came to his door he stopped and said, "This is my house and you are not going in." I said to him, "If you do, I will." And, when he stepped in, so did I.

Without being invited to do so, I found a chair and sat down. He then began to laugh and said he had never seen a preacher like me. I spent the night in their home, was treated like a king and soon saw that man graciously converted to Christ in that very meeting.

IN CLOSING

The fifty-two years I have spent in the ministry of His grace have soon and swiftly passed. It seems only a short time.

Not one time have I ever showed the white feather to the devil.

I have never compromised one iota. My skirts are clear; my hands are clean from the blood of all men who ever sat under my ministry.

I am about ready to be offered up and can truthfully say I have done my best to fight the good fight. I have kept the faith and have contended for the faith once delivered to the saints.

I trust these experiences will encourage you to obey God and that you will be determined to meet this old preacher in the land of endless day where we will exchange our weapons of warfare for a crown of everlasting glory.

Your little brother,
Charles Little Wireman