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Autobiographies

THE POTTER'S VESSEL

By

Charles Allen McConnell

*“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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My Life Story as Told to My Children At Their Request

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INSIDE-FRONT-COVER TEXT

A Tribute to Dr. McConnell by his pastor. This article is taken from the October 1, 1945 issue of the Herald of Holiness.

Persons Whom I Have Met

By C. B. Strang

I saw him for the first time at one of the General Assemblies. He was making a speech in the interest of Foreign Missions. I thought he was a fine missionary himself. He impressed me as a man who was scrupulously honest. He appeared to have the light of battle in his eye and the love of God in his heart.

I never dreamed then that I would become his pastor, an honor which I have had now for several years. I have learned to know him intimately, and I have never been inclined to change my first opinion of him. I have known him in what might be called his old age. Life has not soured him; it has sweetened him more and more. He has not become old in spirit. He has not become tedious and boring. In fact, he is just the opposite.

He has been a great teacher of our young people. For many years he occupied the position as head of a theological department. He was never ordained as a minister, but he was, and is yet, a mighty preacher of the gospel.

At a time when many men would be seeking ease and comfort he is pouring his whole energy into his work. Until very recently he went out on tours and preaching missions. His strength will not permit that now; but he is kept extremely busy and he is very useful. He has the largest Sunday-school class in my church. It is no uncommon occurrence for him to have over seventy present. He takes no credit for this, but ascribes it all to the work of the members of the class.

He says his class has caught the vision, and they are doing the work. Of course we all know from whom they caught the vision and who has inspired them to work. His class is now raising sixty dollars each month for Foreign Missions.

It is inspiring to preach to him. He is one of my biggest boosters. I have never seen him asleep in church. He always sits in the front seat and urges me onward. While I know that the sermon is very often below par, he always has something nice to say about it.

More recently I met him again. He commented on the day and reminded me that spring soon would be here to be followed by summer. And then I reminded him that summer would be followed

by winter. "Not for me," he laughingly replied. "I won't be here next winter." When I protested that we wanted him for a long time yet, he said. "Why, the first thing I know you will want me to stay far the next General Assembly."

When I told him that was just exactly what I did want he informed me that he had been a delegate to every General Assembly our church had ever held. "Yes," I said. "and I want you for a delegate to the next one." It wouldn't surprise me if he would make it.

He is absolutely unafraid of death, and he looks forward to it as the greatest adventure of his life. But he is not sitting down and folding his hands while waiting for it. He is working while waiting. He is eighty-four years young. But he is in church each Sunday, and rarely misses the prayer meeting. If he is not there I know he is ill. He is an inspiration to young and old, His testimony has a ring to it which lifts the students of the college over many a hard place.

He is alert enough to be the District Treasurer of the Western Oklahoma District. The reports and funds are always in perfect order.

I am always "son" to him. and he is "Uncle Charlie" to me.

Earth has been made a brighter, better place because of his sojourn here. Many now rise up to call him "blessed." Heaven will be a more desirable place when he is finally translated.

It has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life to know Dr. Charles A. McConnell.

The Potter's Vessel

By

Charles Allen McConnell

ANCESTRY AND BIRTH

You children have asked for the story of my life. Really, it does not make much of a story. The things which might seem important to me would not interest you, and many of the happenings I would not care to recall.

One's life story does not begin with his own birth, Often the answer to the question, "What made him click?" may be found in his ancestry. I understand that one's character is not fixed by the generations which have gone before him; not even do they decide what one may do with his life. Still, it is a good thing to be "well born," if we understand what that means. When, in generation after generation, certain standards are maintained in a family, certain plans of life adhered to, it may be expected that revealing characteristics will show up in the descendants.

You are neither better nor worse for the fact that someone in your past generations has come to public notice, or achieved honor. But, I repeat, it is a good thing to be well born. When our home in Peniel was destroyed by fire, there was lost a record of one branch of our family which went back to the sixteenth century. The family of my mother's half-brother, General Robert A. Cameron, has its authenticated genealogy reaching back to the royal family of the Stuarts. However, that need cause you no alarm; none of that blood is in you. I have traced another famous ancestor who was, I think, an Armenian shipbuilder, one Noah Ben Lemalech.

My father's grandfather, Wilson McConnell, was born in County Antrim, Ireland. He came to America with Alexander Campbell in 1808. Discarding the traditions of his Scotch Covenanter ancestors, he became, after Campbell, the first preacher of the Disciples, or Christians, as they prefer to be called (profanely designated as Campbellites). My father's mother, born Eda Lee, was from the noted Virginia family which gave distinguished military leaders to the American Revolution, and later to the Civil War. Your great-great-grandfather Lee, who rode and fought with his kinsman, "Lighthorse Harry," was so stirred against Negro slavery that he determined he would get so far away from it that he would never again come in contact with it. After the war he trekked to Ohio, then to the outer edge of the United States, into the Northwest Territory, now the State of Indiana. There my grandmother, Eda Lee, was born, and also my father and your father.

My mother's father and the father of my father were alike in their dour old Scotch Presbyterianism. I well remember when Mother's father lived with us, how long Sabbaths were. We were not allowed to whistle — perish the thought! There was no period for play for those three active boys. But we did learn to repeat scripture. I think that the country might be better if our children could have a taste of those days to mix with their fun.

My mother's mother was of the wealthy, cultured Mosier family of the New York Dutch. Both my father and mother, as well as your father and mother, were what are known as educated people. The

family, as far back as I have record, has never known grinding poverty, save upon occasion through their own choice.

I know very little about the family of your mother, except that they were of French Protestant, Huguenot, stock. I did once find, in an old copy of the Atlantic Monthly, an article about your grandfather, William Gorseline. He was a pupil of the French man Daguerre, and, said the article, was the first American to use sensitized paper in taking photographs. An explosion from the chemicals with which he was experimenting, forced your grandfather to change his profession.

I realize now, nearing my eighty-sixth birthday, that I do not have a clear remembrance of events; yet, as you have requested it, I shall put down some of the particulars as I recall them.

I am told that I was born on Wednesday, June 19, 1860, at Valparaiso, Indiana. Of the home in which I was born I have almost no remembrance. I was back in that city a few years ago, but the street was not at all familiar, nor did I find anyone who remembered me. Strange! My father, who was publisher of the city newspaper, had gone to war, an officer on the staff of my uncle, General Cameron. I seem to have been for a time with my paternal grandfather, Joseph McConnell, on the farm, for I remember the huge fireplace into which were rolled great hickory logs. I recall waking up in the night in that room, frantic with fear at the sound of the wind in the chimney, which I was certain could come only from a pack of wolves ravening to eat me.

MY PART IN THE CIVIL WAR

The picture changes, and I am at the farm home of my mother's father, Ezra Reeve, with my cousins, Mollie and Jennie, daughters of General Cameron. Mollie was older, but Jennie was about my age. We had good times. I remember the ripe, yellow May-apples (mandrakes) in the early summer, and the rattling hickory nuts and the prickly chestnuts in the fall. I feel again the excitement in the home when news came of the fall of Richmond, and I watched Grandfather run up the big flag. I think it was a time shortly afterward of which I have the first memory of my father, who returned home on furlough. His officer's uniform was the most beautiful clothing I had ever seen, and he let me play with his long, red, silk sash, and his sword.

We seem to have gone back to the city soon after, for when I was four years old, Grandfather led me to school, and I carried a Second Reader, in which I was able to read. In fact, I do not remember having to learn to read-probably born with a big I. Q. We lived on College Street, near the Campbellite college, which now is known as the University of Northern Indiana. So I have been able to brag that I attended University when but four years of age. It was on the following Fourth of July that I was consciously introduced to murder. We were at dinner at Uncle Cameron's when we children were stricken with horror as one of the city police was shot to death by a drunken man in front of the house.

It was April, 1865, and my father had not yet been released from service. That morning we had received word that a cousin of my mother's had been killed in the battle of Selma, Alabama. Grandmother, taking me by the hand, had started to go to the home of our relative, when the heavier word came, "President Lincoln has been assassinated." As young as I was, it seemed as if a black pall

had fallen over all the earth. I recall only one other day like it. Years later I was in San Antonio, Texas, the day that war was declared upon Spain, and again I had the sensation of being covered with blackness.

While we were living with Grandfather in the country, I was presented with a brother. My father had named the coming son, Elmer Ellsworth, but, Father being absent, my mother named the little fellow Ezra, after her father. As he grew up, Ezra himself changed the name to Ed. It was Booth Tarkington who said that Indiana was the best state in the Union to come from — and the sooner, the better. I left early.

When he returned from the army my father purchased a book publishing business in Chicago. A disastrous fire swept that part of the city during the first year, and my father's business was wiped out. A few things are remembered of our life in Chicago. I was not allowed to attend public school, as I was not yet six years old; crossing the Chicago river on the draw bridge, and waiting for the ships to pass through; the ice piling up as high as a house on the Lake Michigan shore; my father taking me in the night to see 126 houses burn down; wading in the water near old Fort Dearborn; the birth of a second brother, Robert, who, as Robert Lee McCameron, became a world-famous portrait painter.

STRAYED — A BARREL OF SILVER

After Father's loss, we returned to Valparaiso, where we gathered up the household effects of Mother's father and mother, who, growing old, were to live with us. Grandmother, having come from a very wealthy old New York Dutch family, had an abundance of silver plat heirlooms of two hundred years. Grandfather was considerably concerned about the safety of the silver. Our goods had to be transferred en route to Wisconsin, to which state we were moving. A great snowstorm held us up — freight and all — at the junction for twenty-four hours. In order to deceive any would-be thief, father had packed all the silver into a barrel. Grandfather, growing nervous during our layover, went to the freight depot, and calling attention to the barrel, charged the men to be very careful of it, as it contained the family silver. They must have taken extra care, as none of the silver was ever seen again by the family.

My mother's brother-in-law, John Thompson, owned the Princeton Republic, which Father and Grandfather purchased. Father became one of the well-known editors of the state. I resumed public school attendance, and at eight years of age was in the fourth grade.

As that part of the state had been largely settled by Germans, Father would have me learn their language, so he put me in the Lutheran parochial school. By the end of my eighth year I was able to read readily the German script, and to speak that language after a fashion.

At Princeton we three boys were presented with our first sister, Eda Lee. She lived but a few months, being stricken with spinal meningitis. The light of that home seemed to go out with that little one. Mother never entirely recovered her health.

Father's wandering feet took him next to Southeastern Kansas, too near the Missouri line for a Yankee newspaper man. Before the family was ready to move to that far-off country, a bullet-riddled building and Mother's increasing ill health caused father to decide to move to Winneconne, in Winnebago County, Wisconsin.

I BEGIN FISHING, AND/OR FARMING

It was there that I spent what now seems to me to have been the ideal life for a boy. The city was situated on either side of the Wolf River, a waterway deep enough for ocean-going freighters, and one literally alive with fish. The river was crossed by a pontoon bridge lying flat upon the water. I have seen great sturgeon, five and six feet in length, leap from the water to land flopping upon that bridge. At a certain time each spring, the sides of the bridge would be lined with people with nets, dipping up the run of whitefish. The marshes, at the going out of the ice, would be overflowed, Here would come the long-gearred pickerel by the millions. We boys would wade in the icy water, and with three-tined spears, take all the fish we could carry home.

This recalls one of the great trials of my boyhood. Father was a member of the Wisconsin legislature, and to give Ed and me the treat of our lives, took us to Madison. You, yourself, can get the picture of two country boys for a week among the august legislators. But the connection with fishing is this: On the way home, we caught a good case of "black" measles, and were promptly quarantined for small-pox when the doctor was called. The case was not quite that bad, but the time for spearing fish had passed by when Ed and I were released from our darkened room.

While we were living in Winneconne, a second sister came to us, whom I named Maud. At this writing, she and I, and Lee, the baby of the family, are all who remain.

Father's political contacts secured him the appointment as U. S. Marshal, and also enabled him to receive the contract to cut a drainage canal to turn the waters of Iron Creek marsh and Little Necedah River into Yellow River. The project was supposed to make farming and hay land of thousands of acres of marsh. As a part of the compensation, Father received title to four thousand acres of land, which he selected for himself. While much of it was fit only for hay or pasture, there were hundreds of acres of pine and, along Yellow River, miles of hardwood timber, worth, years later, up into a million dollars.

Although Father had disposed of his newspaper, the family remained for a time in Winneconne. I think I must have had a cantankerous disposition which, with my mother's ill health, evidently urged my father, upon one of his visits home, to send me to work for a kinsman of my mother, at Neenah. Father said boys needed hardening. Never had I known farm life, nor dealing with farm animals. I got hardened, and among other things I learned the meaning of homesickness. I am quite sure my experiences at Neenah had something to do with making me decline being a farmer.

I was next sent or allowed to go and live with my father's younger brother, Wilson McConnell, who was camping in the virgin timber near Lake Superior as timber scout. You have with you the experiences of that year in my book, *Boys of the Old Sea Bed*.

A REAL INDIAN WAR DANCE

During the winter that I was camping with my young uncle in the Big Woods, there was a large band of Winnebago Sioux living upon a tract of some two hundred acres, in a bend of the river, which formed almost an island. At least a portion of this band had participated in the New Ulm (Minn.) Massacre of 1861. The white ancestry of several of the children was unmistakably revealed in their faces, though I never heard one of these captives speak a word of English. Boylike, I frequently visited this Indian encampment, and "Touching Cloud," son of the chief, became quite friendly with the white boy. I was invited to eat with them in their teepees, and was permitted to attend their ceremonial dances, their occasions of worship. My being a witness to the last genuine war dance east of the Mississippi River came about in this wise: The big lumber companies spread the report that serious timber fires were caused by the carelessness of the Indians camping in the Big Woods, and secured an order for their removal to the Indian Territory. The charge was false, for the life-long safety of the Indian depended upon the care he gave to his fire. His fire was always small, and always extinguished before he left it. No fires were set by Indians, accidentally or otherwise. But the excuse worked. A company of regular soldiers was set to superintend the Indians' removal. While my uncle and I knew nothing of what was happening, the Indians did. Long powwows were held, and finally the decision was that they would go on the war path, and resist with their lives the injustice of the whites.

I was returning to our camp about dark, one evening, when I heard a great commotion over at the Indian Camp. As I neared, the dogs came out to attack, but scenting one whom they had known as a friend, retreated. What I saw caused me to drop upon my face, and hope for invisibility. The squaws and children were squatted around the outer circle, beating upon tom-toms, and singing in shrill, high voices, "Hi-yi-yi! Hi-yi-yi!" while the men, stripped to breach cloths, and with painted bodies, were going around an inner circle, dancing and leaping and singing in perfect rhythm with the women, but going through all the motions of pursuing and killing. What caused the hair upon my neck to pull hard was that I saw in the very center of the circle a pole upon which were displayed unmistakably human scalps. I crawled backward out from the firelight until I was covered by the darkness. Then I ran. The band was tracked down, surrounded by the soldiers, and taken to the Indian Territory. Twelve years later I am sure I met, in Minnesota, my boyhood Indian friend, "Touching Cloud," though he refused to talk with me.

TRACES OF A PREHISTORIC RACE

Upon the land along the Yellow River which came into the possession of my father, I found trace of a people known as the Mound Builders, whose origin and end are shrouded in mystery. Hunting some stray cattle, I crossed to the east side of the Yellow River, onto what was known as the Scrub Pine Barrens. Riding my pony to the top of a mound about ten feet in height and probably fifty feet in diameter, what was my surprise to find that I was not upon an isolated mound, but upon the central structure of a mound city. To the north and south, to east and west, in regularly laid-out streets, were similar though smaller mounds. Later we boys dug into the center mound and found nothing but ashes and a few charred bones. It is argued by some that the mounds are sepulchral, but the evidence seems greater that they were residential. At another time, when hunting, I came upon evidences of warfare, about two miles up the river from the mound city. Upon the bank, in the bend of a long-ago

river bed, there were well-defined breast-works, following the curve of the river — evidently a defense from upstream or downstream intruders. About in the center, back from the breastworks, was a large mound. Who was making war against whom?

But to me the most surprising find of all was upstream a few miles from the breastworks, You will read in my book, *Boys of the Old Sea Bed*, of the peculiar natural formations of this region. At Pet-en-well and Necedah the upthrust through the earth, rising from the ancient sea bed, is of granite. The North and South Bluffs are of sandstone. It is of a small bluff of the latter formation I now write. I found the north, east, and west sides precipitous; but on the one side, over the detritus, I was able to reach the top. Somebody, the mound-builders or their enemies, had been there. Near the top, the side of the cliff had been hewn down, to from below what would be a credit to modern fortification. What utensils did they use to cut down the side of the cliff? Who were fighting for their lives? Who were victors? Was there any connection between the fortified bluff and the breastworks on the river bank, or between them and the mound city? They left no trace in writing, weapons or pottery. Was their disappearance as sudden and total as that of the passenger pigeon, and as unexplainable? I should like to know, but there is no one to tell me. I am certain there is no connection between the mound-builders and the later Indian tribes of North America, nor, do I believe, between them and the lost civilization of the mighty builders of Central America. Farther east in Ohio there is a huge mound having the outline of an elephant. What did the mound-builders know about elephants? I know that there have been elephants, or their larger ancestors, the mammoths, on this continent. I have seen their skeletons taken from the oil pit in Los Angeles. And near Omro, Wisconsin, was dug up a tusk nine feet long. But the American elephants ceased to exist in some great cataclysm. Did the mound-builders disappear in that far-off geologic age?

THREE TIMES FACING DEATH

Several times my life has been spared almost as by a miracle. I shall relate three of them: from forest fire, from drowning, and from death in a Minnesota blizzard. As nearly as I can remember the first was during the summer of the great Chicago fire. It had been a season of fierce drought and disastrous fires. Communications were almost nil, and we knew nothing of the damage that was being wrought in the big woods. We knew that there hung over us a pall of smoke. For some reason, it was necessary that I should go to the little sawmill settlement some miles to the north. As I entered the heavy woods I noticed that the wind had risen, and that the pall of smoke was heavier. Soon there was a roar which was above that of the wind, and the smoke to the north took on a red glow. The forest was on fire! Flames appeared in the tops of the trees; limbs were falling; the very air became an inferno. In that dense forest the water from the melting snows was held in swales, which were covered with a dense growth of most veritable wet sponges. I stumbled into one of these swales, falling upon my face. This cool water and the sweet air I gulped in were like a taste of heaven. The soles of my shoes shriveled in the fierce heat, my hair was scorched; but my wool hat and clothing kept my body from destruction. I was saved.

The second time was during a winter when we left our ranch with a man hired to take care of the stock, while we would spend the time with your mother's father. He owned a flour mill at the foot of Lake Chetek, in Minnesota, the source of the Des Moines River. I was sent to investigate a stoppage in the flow of water through the canal to the mill. The ice on the lake was over a foot thick,

and I had no fear in crossing it But suddenly I felt myself breaking through, and I sank out of sight. Some people from the town had been cutting ice for summer storage, and a thin glaze had formed over the hole. Fortunately, there was no current, and the hole was large enough so that I did not drift under the thick ice. But I was clad in heavy winter clothing and boots, and try as I would I was unable to lift myself out from the freezing water, even after I had broken before me the thin ice and reached that which was solid. The thought came to me, "Take off your heavy mittens; let them freeze to the ice." I did that, and through the slight help they gave me I was able finally to spring up and roll out. I still had a two-mile walk in that almost exhausted and freezing condition, but I was saved from what had seemed to be certain death.

It was during that same winter that I came even nearer to death. I had driven a team of mules carrying a sleigh load of flour to a town some twenty miles from the mill. I was hindered in getting the return load of coal until late in the afternoon. Still, I was not much worried. The roads were good, the air was mild; I could make home by midnight. But I had not been going many hours, before I noticed the ominous, metallic sound of the snow rising from the ground. The wind whipped to the northwest, and I realized that I faced a Minnesota blizzard. For a time I ran along behind the sleigh to keep from freezing. But the mules, unwilling to face the howling fury, would leave the built-up-high snow road, and turn over the load of coal. More than once I had to get them back upon the road and reload the coal. Finally, all sense of time and direction was lost—almost the sense of existence. I could neither see nor hear my team. Colored lights appeared before my eyes; there was a not unpleasant humming in my ears. The last faint consciousness I had was what appeared to be a light — a star, or maybe a lamp, in the far distance.

Along about midnight an old Irish rancher and his wife were awakened by the strange actions of their dog. They endeavored to quiet him, but he would try to get out the door into the storm. The old man got the door open, but at first could see nothing but the swirling snow. Finally, directed by the dog, he was shocked to see a mittened hand and arm raised out from the snowdrift which had banked against the house. The old couple got me out, and finding a spark of life remaining, worked over me until morning. Freezing to death, after the first cold, is not disagreeable; but the returning consciousness is a horror. It was as though thousands of red hot needles were piercing my body. When I reached the mill the next day, I found that the mules had made their way home — minus their load of coal.

Those dear old people would take no pay for what they had done, but I saw to it that they had the biggest turkey in the market for their Christmas.

AN ADOLESCENT PARADISE

While afterwards, upon occasion, I worked for my father, or would return for a time to care for my mother — and even went into partnership with my father in some ventures — I was considered "on my own" from the age of twelve years. Those early years were not altogether filled with bitter hard work. I was a big boy, had a gun, and knew how to shoot. Probably never again will any part of America be so abundantly stocked with gam bears, lynx, wildcats, panthers, many, many deer, as well as red squirrels, gray squirrels and black. Prairie chickens, grouse, and quail were in abundance. But the unbelievable multitudes of all game were the "passenger pigeons." I have stood beneath and

behind Niagara Falls, and I can truthfully say that the sound of the passing of a flock of those birds, stretching from horizon to horizon and darkening the sun, was no less in volume than the roar of that mighty, earth-shaking cataract. And the passenger pigeon suddenly — not gradually — disappeared from the face of the earth.

COLLEGE

I was not "born with a silver spoon in my mouth," but it almost might be said that I was born with a book in my hand. All my life that I can remember, I have been an insatiable reader. In fact, I have no remembrance of learning to read. My father was a well-educated man, and there was always an abundance of the best of literature in the home. I was hungry for an education.

I have had an idea that there comes to every young man, who is conscious of his own personality, a vision of his possibilities. At fifteen I saw mine. And while I have failed to reach the heights revealed to me, I determined at that time to make the start.

Father had fenced in one hundred and sixty acres of his choicest land with a "stake and rider" rail fence (fence wire was not yet invented), had built a substantial twelve-room house, with every convenience of that age, and the family had come to occupy their new home. Father had many hired hands. I was not needed, nor were there any schools near by. The summer after I was fifteen I worked on a hay ranch, where one of the hands was a young man in his senior year at Ripon College. His interest in me fanned my desire for a college education into a flame. A trip to my father's home secured his consent to my going. I collected the money owed me, rolled my extra shirt and underclothes into a bundle, and set out to walk 125 miles to Ripon College and the sun-lit peak of my vision.

It had been necessary the fall before to send my mother to a city where she could have medical care, and father persuaded me to accompany the family to Mauston, county seat of Juneau county. There my sister Kate was born, in the school I attended that winter was a freckled-faced lad in the grades, who grew up to become the millionaire Chicago banker, "Helen Mariah," "up-side-down cob pipe smoking" Charles Dawes, Vice-president of the United States. I learned more in that Mauston High School than in any other school I ever attended, so that my "conditioning" at college was no more than that of many a freshman I have known in my own college teaching. I had a good foundation in English, History and some of the sciences, and Latin; but was sadly lacking in the "Math" required for college entrance. To this day I wonder that I was allowed to stay in my class, not yet being quite sure whether the proposition, "The square of an hypotenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides," is a quotation from Shakespeare or an excerpt from an oration of Xerxes in the Anabasis.

In some ways I am not sorry for the bitter struggle of those years at Ripon, "working my way" and trying to make decent grades in my classes. It did this: put a determination deep down in my soul that should I ever have children, I would give all there was of me to help them secure the education they desired. Today I am proud of their scholastic attainments. Four of them have been college teachers at one time.

My health broke during my last year at Ripon, and while I expected to return and secure my degree, I never went back. I taught for two years in public schools, spending vacations in easier work — digging ditches. The year I left college, my youngest brother, Lee, was born. He, too, is getting old now, but is a splendid citizen and Christian.

GROWING PAINS AND BURDENS

When I was twenty, Father put a mortgage upon his home place, investing the money in the book publishing house of Horton and Company, Indianapolis, then putting out some very popular books. The firm made me an attractive offer, and I again joined the family. It was at this time that I was able to help my younger brother, Rob, to begin his study of art.

The affairs of Horton and Company did not suit me; I scented trouble, and shortly after my twenty-first birthday returned to Wisconsin, again joining forces with my brother Ed. We put up hay, which we readily sold to the logging outfits in the big woods-clearing a neat sum of money. In the winter we got work in one of the big sawmills in Necedah. One day I had a telegram from Father telling me to meet Mother and the small children, and to look after them until he could come. Horton and Company had gone upon the rocks. Mother had become a confirmed invalid, not able to care for herself. Ed and I secured some rooms, fitted them up as well as we could, and while we worked twelve hours a day at the sawmill, did housework, and cared for Mother with the help of the children.

Later in the year Father was able to rescue enough of the fragments from his Indianapolis venture to use on the purchase of a small printing outfit, which he shipped to Necedah, and began publication of the Necedah Signal.

Father was unable to pay off the mortgage he had put upon the home place up the river, so I offered to pay off the mortgage and arrange to pay him for the place. But God had another plan for my life; Father refused my offer, and eventually lost the place. He offered me half interest in the newspaper if I would take charge of the mechanical work, and especially care for Mother, who seemed to depend more upon me than upon the others. I was very loath to accept, but for Mother's sake I yielded.

Father still had a small but very fine tract of pine up near Lake Superior, and a friend of the family, whom we had long known, a man experienced in logging, suggested to Father that this was a time to make a small fortune. Father had the timber, Ed and I had enough money to outfit the camp, Cross would superintend the work, with a power of attorney from Father. Ed would go along to see that everything was run right. Of the proceeds, after expenses were paid, Ed and I would take half and Father the other half.

Nearing spring Ed sent word to Father that it would be well for him to look into matters at the camp. Father sent back word for Ed to handle the matter. Later Ed got word out for Father to come at once. Father started, but turned back because of the bitter cold. Nothing more was heard from Ed until weeks later, when he came in with nothing but the clothes he wore. Cross, acting under Father's power of attorney, had not only sold the entire winter's cut of timber, but the whole logging outfit, cattle and all—and decamped. Nothing has been heard of him since.

I FALL IN LOVE

The doctor advised Mother to go farther west, so Father went to Dakota Territory to look over the Indian lands opened, and about to be opened, to settlement. He expected to start a string of newspapers in newly established towns, where the printing of land notices would give a good income. One day a man walked into the Necedah office and showed me a paper that revealed Father had sold everything to him, not mentioning any interest I might have. He took possession of the paper, and I took care of Mother and the little ones.

Mother received a letter from Father saying, "Have Charlie move the family to Houston, Minnesota. I have rented a house, and am shipping equipment for a printing office." Father did not expect to stay in Minnesota, but proposed to exchange my half interest in the Necedah Signal (which he had sold) to a half interest in the proposed newspaper. I was to have full charge and look after the family, while he would hire a printer to help in the work there.

Again I had no choice, but today I can say as Joseph said about his brethren, "The Lord was in it." Across the street from my office lived a family of Huguenot French ancestry, of distinguished family connections, that until recently had known wealth. The mother of the home was a cousin of Roswell Flower, Governor of New York, at one time candidate for President of the United States. My uncle, Gen. Cameron, late in life, married another cousin of this same family. The young station agent, Charlie Croninger, and I had become warm friends through our hunting trips, and he was very much interested in Anna, the eldest of the Gorseline girls across the street. When Carrie, the youngest of the three girls, came home, having graduated at St. Paul, Croninger insisted that I go with him to call upon the girls. It was a pleasant, cultured family, and as Carrie was an accomplished musician, the evening proved delightful to a lonely young newspaper man. I guess I must have hung around the Gorseline home like some stray dog, but the family was always kind. During the second year a former neighbor, Gerry Lowe, came from Nebraska and married Emma, the second daughter, and soon after Croninger and Anna were married. As I was nearing twenty-four years of age, and the current seemed to be going strong that way, Carrie and I decided that married life together might not be a bad thing, and we were engaged. She was a beautiful girl, dark hair and eyes, with a complexion only described in advertisements. If this were a love story, I might fill several pages here. But looking back over threescore years, I see a young woman faithful to every duty of wifehood, the wise mother of six children, with high courage facing the difficulties and privations of the frontier and the later vicissitudes of life. She has long ago forgiven me for my blunders and failures, and I shall rejoice to meet her again in a few days.

ON THE FRONTIER

Father sent us word that the Indian lands would soon be thrown open to settlement, and suggested that I make a trip to the Territory and pick me out a homestead claim. I relayed the word to Ed, back in Wisconsin, and we went and selected tracts side by side. They were eighteen miles from the Great Sioux Reservation, 150 miles west and north of Huron, which city would be the beginning point of our trek into the unknown the following spring. In my book, *The Lost Frontier*, I relate many of the incidents of that early day.

Carrie and I were married in February, 1884, and we began to plan for our life in the far West. I sold my half of the printing office to the printer, Shonlau, to whom Father had already sold his share, and leaving my newly married wife, in the early fall, started out to spy the land. At Pipestone the train ran into a snow-filled cut, where we were held for forty-eight hours. There were some hungry people on the train before we were shoveled out. I had a like experience nearly two years later, when our first boy, Will, was six weeks old. We had started East to spend the winter with Carrie's parents, when a heavy snowstorm caught us before we had gone half of the thirty-two miles we were to travel to take a train. Fortunately, before night we reached the house of a settler, where we had shelter until next day. The storm was still raging, but the stage driver would push on. We finally made the sixteen miles, late that day, but in time for the eastbound train. However, our troubles were not over. Here again a snow-filled cut stalled the train until it was completely covered with the heavy white blanket. Fortunately for us, and for several children in our coach, Carrie had a basket well-filled with good things to eat — enough to last through our twenty-four hours of prison.

Father had selected, as a place for one of his three printing offices, a town that had as yet but a named Carthage, a depot, one other house, and a barn. He rented a part of the barn in which he set up his printing office, getting in ahead of the expected boom. And the boom came.

I stopped off at Carthage to look over Father's situation. He was putting up a building that would house the printing office as well as supply cramped quarters for Mother and children. As he pointed out, this was about the outer edge of civilization, and would be a good place to outfit and start on the 150-mile trek to our claims in the spring. He would pay me living wages, and furnish me a 10x12 room in which to set up housekeeping. I would have full charge of the paper during the winter.

AN "ABOUT" FACE"

It was during that winter that an event occurred which radically changed at least one phase of my life. I had come from college not only an opposer of the Bible, but an avowed antagonist of Christianity. It was not strange, then, that I was a strong advocate of the "personal liberty" demanded by the liquor interest. Carthage grew rapidly. Already it boasted of a bank, a hotel, general store, and a saloon and gambling house. The owner of the latter place of business was "religious," and for a time acted as superintendent of the Sunday school. The bracing climate seemed to have helped Mother, and she was able to go out upon the streets occasionally. A high board walk, above the mud and slush, connected the business part of town with the railroad station. One day I noticed two decently dressed ladies approaching three men who were walking, or rather weaving from side to side, arm in arm. Instead of giving room to the ladies, they rudely pushed them headlong into the mud. At the distance, I did not immediately recognize any one of the five, but later discovered that one of the ladies was my mother. I boiled at what I saw. But at once something seemed to say to me, "Charlie, that's your crowd. That is what you stand for. That is your 'personal liberty.'" With all the force of my being I replied, "Not any more! Never again!" I made my way to the Territorial peace officer, and demanded the arrest of the three men. I was laughed at! "Why," said the officer, "they are the three most prominent citizens, the banker, the merchant, and the saloon keeper. They just got a little too much. That is all."

But they got more in the next issue of the paper. I was mobbed in Dakota later, narrowly escaped assassination in Texas, and had my printing office set on fire by the saloon crowd. And I fought them like the devil, with the spirit of the devil, madly. My crusade attracted the attention of the other papers of the Territory, and when a convention of the temperance people was called to consider the attitude of the soon-coming new state toward the liquor traffic, I was made a member of the committee to draft the bill for a prohibition law for the new state.

I will state here that the next year I was nominated for the Territorial Legislature, in a district which comprised five counties, but I had not as yet "arrived" and was defeated by less than a dozen votes. Later, I was nominated a member of the Convention to draft the Constitution for South Dakota, when the Territory should be divided, and the southern half be admitted to the sisterhood of States. I had another plan for my political future which the acceptance of that position might militate against, and refused the place. But I succeeded in having nominated and elected a personal friend, who later would be useful.

EIGHTEEN MILES FROM OLD SITTING BULL

In my book, *The Lost Frontier*, I tell of the outfitting and the 150-mile trek, without road or trail, out into the last American frontier. There is, of course, much discussion as to the meaning of the word "necessary" when one would have to build some kind of shelter, and not be in reach of a store for at least months. It is remarkable into what small compass that word may be pressed-by a man.

I would not choose again to go through those six years of life in Dakota. Our first home was made of sod, using for the back wall the side of the small bluff, on the bank of the Okobojo. The roof was a few boards covered with tar paper, which a hail storm tore to shreds late in the summer. It is hardly conceivable how Carrie, reared as she had been in a home of wealth, could have kept her sanity and come through those years of privation and discomfort with high courage. I know little about farming and made many costly errors. And more, nature itself seemed to be against me. One season a fine crop of flax was destroyed by an early frost; at another time, a scorching south wind ruined a hundred acres of wheat, just in the milk; and again, a fire destroyed six stacks of wheat before the thresher reached me. Several times I had to leave the work on the farm to Ed while I went out to civilization and earned money to keep things going.

The country settled up; a railroad came into the county fourteen miles to the north of us. Our first "frame" building was what was later to be the granary. In it was born my first son. The doctor for whom we had arranged to attend Carrie, had a sudden call back East; but when her time came, I was able to find a young woman medical student homesteading a few miles away. I do not want to think about that time, alone with the untrained student, much less write about it. When the child was born, the young woman pronounced it dead and gave her attention to saving the mother. I refused to believe that there was no life in that little body, and in a near frenzy went to work over it. God was good to me, for finally there was a gasp, then the sweetest sound in the world-an infant's first cry.

THE GREAT BLIZZARD

By the time my first little girl, Eda, arrived we had a better home. Although it could boast of but three rooms, it was the best house in that half of the county. One experience of those years stands out vividly; the Great Blizzard of January 12, 1888, which took a toll of hundreds of lives in its sweep across the State. The day broke with a mild Chinook wind blowing from the northwest. Before an hour we could hear the metallic "zing" of snow rising from the ground-the beginning of a real blizzard. Contrary to the general thought, a blizzard is an electric storm, and its blinding snow rises from the ground-does not fall from the sky. Recognizing the warning, I hastily dressed and gathered in a roomful of flax straw, which we used for fuel, from a stack near the house. By noon the roar of the storm was like that of a railroad train over the roof of the house. The gale rose to eighty miles an hour, and the thermometer showed forty degrees below zero. I covered all the bedding in the house over the mother and little ones, but the moisture of their breath froze in a solid cake of ice on their covers. For three days the fury of the blizzard was unabated. I used up all the fuel flax, and seeking to replenish it, found that the stack had entirely disappeared. Then I started burning the expendable furniture, in order to keep life in the little family. On the second day I sought to go to the barn to see how the stock was faring, but the gale whipped me off my feet, crashing me to the ground. My eyes were frozen shut, and my breath almost shut off by the driving snow dust, as fine as flour and as sharp as needles. In crawling about, for I could not stand, I came to where the force of the wind seemed not quite so strong, and realized that I might be in the lee of the house. Creeping on, I stumbled against the house, and was pulled in. The snow had driven through my heavy overcoat and coat and had formed a breastplate of ice over my vest. Thirteen of my neighbors died in that storm. Further south in the state, where the storm reached later on the first day, the loss of life among school children was appalling.

IN POLITICS

According to the plan of the temperance people, I received the nomination as representative from my district to the first Legislature of the state of South Dakota. Of course I expected the hearty opposition of the liquor forces, and I was not disappointed. I had not been mild in my denunciation of the iniquitous "3% loan sharks," and they, and even the bankers, joined up with the saloon keepers against me. But a more formidable opposition appeared shortly before election. The Farmers Union, a cooperative organization, had been of great benefit to the settlers in the purchase and marketing of commodities. The national president, H. L. Loucks, determined to make it into a political party, starting in Dakota where the Union was strong. I attended the convention and gave my best to defeat the proposition. Mr. Loucks returned the favor by touring my district against my election.

Then the impossible happened, to turn the tide. The Catholics, for one time at least in America, went into politics. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, was an ardent prohibitionist. How he ever heard about me, I do not know; but I do know that the Catholics of my district received the word, "Vote for McConnell." I was the only one of the ticket of my party elected.

While I was editing the paper at Carthage, I had been able to give what they considered valuable political help to two leading citizens of Sioux Falls; one the Superintendent of Schools, Prof. Young, the other a well-known politician, Pettigrew. When it became certain that Prof. Young would be

elected Speaker of the House, he sent for me to have a conference with him. The result was that I was put on the best committees, and given the permission to name one of the seven major clerks of the Legislature. Mr. Pettigrew was elected U. S. Senator, and to my surprise (and gratification) all applicants for Federal position in my half of the state were told, "Get McConnell's endorsement." It all made for the building of good strong "political fences" for me. However, I think the most astonishing thing of my two sessions of legislative experience was that at a state meeting of the Farmers Union my work in the legislature was commended. I was on my way up the ladder.

A second baby girl, Effie, came to bless our home in July before the second session of the Legislature.

A "TEMPORARY" (PERMANENT) TRIP SOUTH

My Father had been stricken with tuberculosis; and my uncle, Gen. Cameron, then Commissioner of Emigration for the Southern Pacific Railroad, urged the family to send Father to West Texas. The change to a milder climate seemed to help Father, but no hope was held for his recovery. As I would be at the capital for the winter months, with no convenient railroad connection, Carrie suggested that she accept Mother's plea to bring the three children to Texas while I should be away from home. Before the session closed, Carrie wrote me that Father could live but a short time, and that she considered it my duty to come to Texas for awhile, as Father was pleading to see me once more.

I was selfish, proud, ambitious, stubborn, and as far from being a follower of Jesus Christ as a man could be. Yet the Lord had His eye upon me, even as He had upon Saul of Tarsus. But I needed grinding to powder before He could begin to use me. I went to Texas, and never saw Dakota again. My father lingered on, expecting death every day, and I could not leave him. Spring came; Ed could not alone farm all the land. I walked the floor nights, almost crazy. I came down with typhoid fever, confined to bed for weeks. No one came to see us — we were "Yankees." Our money finally ran out, and Carrie got a place in Stripling's store, so that we might be kept alive. Regaining some of my strength I got a job as printer in the office which, a few years later, I was able to purchase.

I MIX WITH THE LIQUOR GANG

The town and county were under the domination of the liquor interests. The use of intoxicants was well-nigh universal, even among those who called themselves Christians. Shooting up the town was a regular Saturday night sport of the young men. No restriction was made against drinking and gambling by minors. It was indeed the "wild and woolly West." I had brought with me from Dakota my anger against the iniquities of the liquor traffic, and I waded in; publishing names and dates of law infractions. In my book, Caleb of the Hill Count, I relate how my office was set on fire, and how narrowly I escaped assassination, more than once. I think that now I might have more wisdom, though possibly less zeal. But I did live to see my county, and later the whole state of Texas, vote for prohibition.

I had not been publishing my paper long before I received a call from the pastor of the church which stood near my home. He urged that I become a member, saying that no one in the South could do business unless he were a member of some denomination. I insisted that I did not believe in his

God, his Bible, or his church, and would not play the hypocrite for business reasons. He said that he had members in the same unfortunate lack of belief, but the only condition for membership was "a desire to flee from the wrath to come." As the pastor crowded me, I admitted I would want to flee from the wrath to come, if there was any wrath to come, and my name was put upon the church roll. I lived ten years in that town, but never heard of anyone's finding God in that church.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY

Carrie had been reared as a High Church Episcopalian, and I was a confirmed atheist. We lived respectable, so-called moral lives, enjoying the pleasures of the world, having no contact with God. My nearly fourscore and ten years have dimmed my memory, and, too, the days about which I shall write were so filled with dark confusion, that possibly I may "fin in" to complete the story; but the essential truth will be told.

I do not remember, if ever I knew, how Carrie became a Christian; but that high courage she showed during our pioneer days was hers as she faced her atheist husband and confessed that she had become a follower of Jesus. Then she said, "Charlie, do you want your children to grow up to be atheists like you and your old father?" I had not been thinking of my children in relation to religion, and something struck me. "No," I replied, "There is no joy in atheism, no hope. I wish there were something else, but there is nothing else true." She said, "I want my children to become Christians." That was a blow to my attitude of years, but I managed to say, "Well, if that is what you want, I'll not put anything in your way." But Carrie had won only the first skirmish. "If the children are to become Christians, they must have a Christian home." "What do you mean," I replied, "by a Christian home?" "A Christian home has a family altar," she replied. That was the first time I had ever heard that expression. "I mean," she continued "the family gathers together everyday to read the Bible and pray." My anger (and perhaps fear) was stirred. "I don't believe in your Bible, and as far as what you call praying-talking up into the air to someone who isn't there that's all bunk." "You can read, can't you?" "Sure I can read." "Then you read, and I'll pray." She put the little ones on their chairs and brought me the Book, opened at the chapter I should read. Somehow that was the most difficult reading I had ever done. Then the mother had the little ones kneel at her side, with closed eyes, while she prayed-for the first time, so far as I had ever known. She prayed that the children might become real Christians, and she prayed for her husband-not at him; there is a difference. By the time the children were on their feet, I had grabbed my hat and was out of the house. That was that! She had her family altar, and her children were Christians. No more bother for me! But the next day there was the same procedure, and the next day and the next. I got sick, though the doctor could find nothing the matter with me. I know now what was the trouble. I know what David meant when he said, "The sorrows of hell gat hold upon me." The Holy Spirit was striving to break through the granite hardness of my wicked heart. I do not know the number of days, or weeks, I struggled in that horrible darkness. But one day I said to myself, "This thing has got to end. If there be a God, and the Bible is His book, it will reveal itself as true. I will search through it honestly and come to my own conclusion."

A NEW CREATURE

I believe that no one who will study the Book as faithfully as I did at that time will fail, finally, to acknowledge as I did, "There is a God. He created me. I am responsible to Him, and I am a rebel against His holy law. I can in no wise free myself; but a Saviour is revealed in Jesus of Nazareth, who made ample proof of himself, as not only the Son of Man, but also as the Son of God." My reason was convinced, but I knew not the way of salvation. Finally, I said that I would take the Bible as my guide, and do everything a Christian should do, even if I should never find salvation. Of course it was not long before the light broke through, and I knew myself accepted with God.

Oh, what a change! I was indeed a new creature. I think I hardly can say that I was always a happy Christian, I was so afraid of falling back into the abyss of atheism. I had not as yet found that rest promised to the people of God. But I "walked so straight I leaned over backward." I induced some of the businessmen of the town to join me in a prayer meeting in my office, and sought by personal contact to lead my associates into the new life which I had found.

I must have been a sore trial at this time to my unbelieving father, who had recovered a degree of strength; but there was for him an even sorer disappointment in me, to come.

I had never heard a sermon on holiness, and was ignorant of the meaning of the scripture, "Jesus, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate." The newspapers had told of a group of "Yankees" who called themselves "holiness" that preached against marriage, and professed to be able to raise the dead. In the general thinking "holiness" connoted the rankest fanaticism, if not insanity. I could not connect the reputed practices of "the holiness" with the Christ I had found. I would have none of them.

"OLD MAN" CARNALITY SHOWS HIMSELF

I think, if one told me during my first two and a half years of Christian life that I had, hidden in my heart, a principle of evil-which the Bible calls "the carnal mind" (*sarx*), something "not subject to the law of God," which, indeed, is the source of all sinful activity-I would have vigorously denied it. I walked with God. But then, it seems that God, for a moment, withdrew His protecting hand; that I might know myself in order to have the provided healing applied, and I be saved from a more serious disaster.

I was in the local courtroom, when it developed, in the hearing of a case, that a man in whom I had placed implicit confidence, was planning to defraud me of an hundred dollars. My sudden anger burst forth. I sprang to my feet and cursed the false friend before the court. In the next moment the enormity of what I had done crushed down upon me. My heart broke. I did not know that such a foul passion remained in me. No one ever again would credit my profession of Christianity. Even the merciful God could not forgive such a failure. But He did! fully, freely, and I knew again the joy of the Lord. And now, after 48 years, I think I can truthfully say that not for one hour since that day have I wickedly broken with my Lord.

BAPTIZED WITH THE SPIRIT — SANCTIFIED

I realized that, while I was a truly regenerated Christian, there was in my nature a dangerous foe. My very dear friend, the Baptist pastor, explained that this was the condition of all believers-this was the "Christian warfare." I was not satisfied. I argued that if God could change an utterly hardened infidel into a lover of His Christ, He could fix up a Christian so that he would be a Christian all the time. I had no one to teach me, to show me the way, but I began, definitely and earnestly, to pray that God would give me a clean heart-take out of me that thing which had exploded-to my shame, in the courtroom.

On the night of June 18, 1897, my wife being away from home nursing a neighbor's sick baby, I determined to put God to the test. I knew nothing of the doctrine or terminology of sanctification, but I was facing the cleansing baptism with the Spirit-or a relapse into my old atheism. How wonderfully God led me as I prayed throughout the long night, even as the enemy contested every inch of the way!

The enemy: "Does not your Bible warn against being too religious? Don't be a fanatic. You will lose what you have."

The seeker: "I want more of God. I want to be like Him all the time."

The enemy: "Your friends will all despise you and leave you."

The seeker: "If God will only give me the desire of my heart, I'll be willing to walk alone."

(One time the devil told the truth. It came to pass later, as my sister came home from the University, she cried, "Charlie has disgraced the family forever." My artist brother wrote me from France, "Never write me again;" and for sixteen years he cut me off. But just before his death he wrote me, "Charlie, you chose the better way. I have received the highest recognition that can be accorded an American painter, but it is as dead sea apples in my mouth." My father declared publicly that his son had gone insane. The county paper gave my case a whole column, saying that this editor had gone crazy over a fad called holiness, and was on the way to the state asylum. My pastor turned me out of the church without trial.)

The enemy: "You are ambitious. Your feet are on the ladder. You have every opportunity for political honor. Do you want to lose all that, and never be known outside the county?"

The seeker: "Oh God, I am willing to be nothing, if only you will make me like yourself all the time."

In college I had found it so difficult to earn all my expenses while carrying a full classical course, that I had vowed if I should ever have children I would do my part in helping them to get an education.

The enemy: "If you go this way, your children will never have an education. Are you willing for that? How about your wife? Her deprivations on the frontier will be as nothing compared with what she will find."

One may accept any degree of privation or suffering for himself, but it is another thing to condemn one's wife and children to martyrdom.

The seeker, finally: "Even that, even that, O God, if you'll give me a clean heart."

The long night of struggle was over. I was stripped of every plan, every ambition, choosing only the full will of God. Then, He came in! His coming was not in a flood of ecstasy (I have known that experience since), but in a peace that passeth understanding, and a sense of utter cleanness. As I looked out upon the rising sun, it seemed that God had created the world afresh.

In my books, *Caleb of the Hill Country* and *Happy Day* I have written the fictionalized history of the beginning of the Holiness Movement in the Southwest; that movement which was to unify in the organization of the Church of the Nazarene at Pilot Point, Texas, in the fall of 1908.

EARLY HOLINESS MOVEMENT

The first preachers who brought to our country the scriptural doctrine of sanctification through the Pentecostal baptism with the Holy Ghost were R. L. Averill, the Hudson Band, Lonnie and Dennis Rogers, and the Roberts brothers. My brother Ed and another young man, Edgar Burkhart, attended the services of this group elsewhere, received the experience, and made arrangement for them to hold a meeting in our town. It took but a few sermons to enable me to locate myself spiritually, and to claim the blessed experience of sanctification.

The complaint was made, "These preachers are getting the best people in our churches." And that indeed was as it should be. Among these best people were Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Harvey, who became towers of strength in the new movement. As I remember, there were more than thirty members of the different denominations who professed to having received the experience of sanctification. All were deprived of their church affiliation, many of them without the formality of a trial. I demanded from my pastor a written statement of the reason for my expulsion. I am still keeping that document as a curiosity. The statement I received was that I no longer accepted the doctrines of the church, and did not attend prayer meeting or Sunday school. Every charge was untrue. I was a firm believer in all the doctrines of the church, was teaching a class in Sunday school and taking my turn in leading the weekly prayer meeting-which the pastor seldom attended.

But there was a legal charge for our dismissal, which might have been urged, but was not. There was a rule of the church that no member should hold or attend religious services except those services which were endorsed by the pastor. In organizing and continuing to hold a holiness prayer meeting, we had disobeyed that rule, and might have been legally tried for so doing. Twice I saw that law invoked; once obeyed, and once defied, each time by a nationally known evangelist. At a camp meeting at Denton, Texas, the Presiding Elder came and called the attention of the evangelist to the

rule, and ordered him to leave, which the loyal churchman did, without preaching a sermon, but being careful first to collect his full stipend.

The other occasion was at the same city, Dr. H. C. Morrison being the preacher this time. Again the Presiding Elder came and forbade the meeting. Unlike the former evangelist, Henry Morrison replied, "God sent me to hold this camp meeting. My allegiance is to God first, then to my church."

The Presiding Elder replied, "Well Brother Morrison, you know the penalty."

Morrison answered, "I know," and went ahead with the meeting. I heard that he took his letter out of the church, for a time; but his cousin, the bishop, made peace for him, and Henry was not again molested.

Dr. Morrison had been having a good deal to say about us Put-out-ers, calling us Come-outers, which we were not. I was standing by him when the Presiding Elder came, and when the official left, I grasped Bro. Morrison's hand and welcomed him into the royal ranks of Come-outers. His grin was rather dry.

I recall an occasion where fellowship was withdrawn from a family on the same day — from the father for getting disgracefully drunk, from the mother for getting sanctified.

While, in the first days, the ousted ones were true to the propagation of the blessed doctrine and experience of holiness, the most of us kept on in our support of the churches-our holiness services being held so as not to conflict with the services of the churches.

The fire spread. In scores of communities God added to the Put-out-ones hundreds of men and women, filled with the Holy Ghost.

As the message of Jesus and His apostles was "to the Jew first," so at first our message was to the churches. There was no thought, in the early Holiness Movement, that God was calling out a new church. It was only as it became evident that the denominations were to be actively hostile to the doctrine and experience of sanctification, that the church idea gained place. Even among many of the outstanding holiness leaders there were strong protests against "organized holiness."

THAT THEY MAY BE ONE

However, God's plan moved on unhindered. In His prayer, recorded in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, Jesus prayed not only that His followers be sanctified, but that they, through that experience, might be one. There is no oneness so complete as that which exists among the truly sanctified. That is the only sure prescription for church (denominational) unity.

This unity found expression in the yearly campmeetings, but more intimately in the organization of holiness bands, which functioned in very truth as churches, after the early Christian order. I remember how one of the bands (the first) received its pastor. John Stanfield, the godly pastor of a near-by Cumberland Presbyterian Church, came to a band meeting out of curiosity. He would hear

for himself what "the holiness" taught and how they acted. The Holy Spirit gripped him, and the close of the service found him lying at the altar crying, "Oh, my church." But when John finally made his full consecration, the glory struck him. While it closed one door to him, it opened the door to him to become the first pastor of a distinctively holiness congregation in the Southwest.

Sponsored by Dr. J. W. Harvey, Edgar Burkhart, John Hull, and my brother Ed (all of whom have now passed to their reward), and others, there was organized the West Texas Holiness Association. We drew up a statement of doctrine and a set of rules, defining the nature of the fellowship of the Bands, and provided for an annual convention to plan for the spread of the doctrine and experience.

When, later, the conviction that God was moving to establish a new denomination for the conservation of holiness so possessed Rev. C. B. Jernigan, he issued a call for the unchurched holiness people of the Southwest to meet in the new, unfinished college building at Peniel, in the fall of 1899, to consider the formation of a new Church. The convention was attended in force by those leaders who strenuously opposed what they called "organized holiness," and they had their way. C. B. Jernigan was later publicly humiliated for his presumption, by even such leaders of the Holiness Movement as the beloved H. C. Morrison. But Bro. Jernigan asked all who would to come to his home that night after adjournment. Seven of us attended. I was asked to explain the plan of the Northwest Texas Holiness Association, which found favor, as the plan seemed to be the best offering for fellowship in service, possible at the time. E. C. DeJernett and C. B. Jernigan, ministers, and I, a layman, were chosen to incorporate the Texas Holiness Association under the state laws. The charter granted by the state gave to the association every function of a church, even to the ordaining of elders and licensing of preachers. Recognition was thus accorded by the railroad bureaus.

THE TEACHING SPIRIT

In the early days of the Holiness Movement we rightly stressed the crisis of sanctification. But there is "much land ahead to be possessed," as I found in learning to live the life of holiness.

As a member of the Southern Methodist Church I was assessed for the support of the church the same amount as that to be paid by the wealthiest member. Of course I took satisfaction in my liberality. Then, in the coming in of the Spirit, the promise, "The Holy Ghost, whom the Father shall send in my name, he shall teach you," began to be fulfilled. Along with the doctrine of the Second Coming of our Lord, I was directed to the doctrine of the tithe "The tithe is the Lord's." I faced the question, "Do you know that you have not been robbing God?" I said, "I'll make sure," and I purchased a little book in which I entered every dollar I took in. Then I entered all that I gave to God's cause through the church. I soon found that I had no place for a spirit of boasting. I had been robbing God.

From that day to this we have religiously kept books with God. We have seldom, if ever, failed under two tithes, and in many years God has helped us to give the third tithe.

And now, well along in my eighty-sixth year, I am glad to give testimony that as we have kept faith with God, He has kept faith with us.

As I entered the life of holiness I was all untaught as to my duty or privilege in the fellowship of organizations and societies. I well remember the first time I entered the lodge room after the Lord had sanctified me. Something was different. Something was radically different. I did not belong. Now, I have no brief against lodges. I had received material benefit through my lodge membership. I had gone as high in lodgery as I could go in my state. I had assisted in initiating into its fellowship a governor and a U. S. Senator. That fellowship was not to be despised. It is about the best thing the world has to offer. But as I read, "They are not of this world, even as I am not of the world," I knew that I must make a choice in fellowship. I may, in my decision, have ruled out some associations which would not have brought harm to me, but my choice was to avoid association in fellowship with all organizations which I did not know to have Jesus Christ for their center. I judge no man. I myself am satisfied with my choice of fellowships.

As I was endeavoring to instruct a seeker at an altar, I received the meaning of the scripture, "if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." "Walk in the light to keep sanctified." Some time before I was sanctified I had had trouble with a teacher of the public school where we were living. I had sold him a stove, for which he refused to pay. I owed him for some tuition, and I refused to pay him until he paid me. I left that town and forgot the matter until that night at the altar.

The Spirit whispered, "Remember that tuition you owe the teacher?"

"But," I returned, "he owes me for the stove."

The Spirit, "I did not mention a stove. Did you owe for that tuition?"

"Yes, I did."

"What will you do about it?"

Finally, "Well, I'll pay it." But I found out that the teacher had died, and when I tried to trace the widow I failed. I must have peace, so I doubled the amount I had owed the teacher, put it into the Lord's treasury, and asked Him to do what I could not do-find the widow, and pay her the money. He must have found her, for I have never been troubled since by the matter.

I suppose it may not always be carnal, but merely natural, for one to think first of himself. It is a good thing, though, to learn that God can make of one a channel of blessing. I received a letter from a subscriber to my paper, living in South Texas. She said she did not know my condition, whether or not I was in any special need, but she did know my name, and was strongly impressed to send me some money. I rejoiced. For some time I had been covering the holes in the soles of my shoes with cardboard. "Here comes my new pair of shoes." But before I could go to a store, there came a whisper from the Spirit, "How about your neighbor with the sick child?" "Why, of course," I replied, that is what the money is for. I am asked to be the channel of blessing."

Sometime later that neighbor preacher told me that the money given through me furnished the only food in that home of sickness for more than a week. I was glad that I still wore the shoes with holes.

I would not be so foolish as to declare that those who use tobacco are due to be eternally damned. The great London pastor, Spurgeon, and other saintly men, have been addicted to the habit. Otterbein, founder of the United Brethren denomination, was a user and a distiller of liquor. Still, my sober judgment is that, today, liquor and tobacco, together with lust, form the great triumvirate of evil, which dominates America. Each of these evils lends itself to a slavery degrading to human personality, and inimical to the closest fellowship with our Christ.

So far as I have learned, our ancestors were clean people, not addicted to the use of tobacco nor to indulgence in intoxicants. I was the exception, the "black sheep." I never was under the influence of liquor, but at the age of twenty-one I became a slave to tobacco. There were times when I was so disgusted with myself that I would throw my pipe as far as I could out into the grass and weeds, only to crawl out in the dark upon hands and knees, among the "chiggers," hunting the vile thing, before I could sleep.

Remember, at that time I knew nothing of holiness, and had had little contact with vital Christianity.

Then, I was sanctified. With all my heart I had sought Christlikeness, but for a time my use of tobacco was not one of the things to which the Holy Spirit called attention. One day, in my printing office, I was humming the song, "O to be like Thee," and, as if a voice spoke, the thought struck me, "You really mean that, don't you?"

The response was quick and sincere, "Tis the greatest desire of my life. I do want to be like Thee, Master."

"Would you like to see me smoking that old pipe?"

Shocked, I cried, "No, Master, no!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

I went over my office collecting my tobacco, pipes, and cigars — even the precious meerschaum — and dumped the whole outfit into the stove. Then, I prayed.

"Lord, I have tried to break this habit, but I am a slave. I'll die before I will touch the stuff again, but you must heal me."

The Lion of the tribe of Judah, who breaks every bond, answered. In an instant my tobacco-shattered nerves were as calm as those of a babe. I was, and to this day am, free.

One Sunday in a Sunday-school class taught by the Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Indiana, when I had given this testimony, the teacher exclaimed, "Do you realize that such an instantaneous physical change could come only through a physical miracle?"

I replied, "Then a miracle was wrought upon me. One instant I was a slave, and the next instant I was free."

OLD PENIEL

Rev. E. C. DeJernett, whom I have mentioned, had been pastor of the M. E. Church, South, at another nearby county seat. Living now in Greenville, Texas, he was tried and expelled from the church, along with C. B. Jernigan — at that time a fine young layman-for professing holiness. DeJernett and Jernigan formed an evangelistic team which God signally honored in the spread of the doctrine and experience of holiness. Realizing the scarcity of trained exponents of the doctrine, it entered the heart of Rev. DeJernett to found a school where young holiness preachers might be fitted for the work. The result was Peniel College. I was one of the seven men called to become fathers of the new venture. Dr. A. M. Hills, a graduate of Oberlin and Yale Universities, a strong exponent of the scriptural doctrine of sanctification, was called as President. It was no less than a miracle that he was able to gather to himself a strong faculty. But those were days of miracles. It took much prayer and discussion before Rev. DeJernett's plan for just a Bible School could be extended to include a full college curriculum. The proposition that high scholastic attainment is compatible with deep spirituality has been definitely proved. During its twenty years of service Peniel sent out men to become General and District Superintendents, outstanding pastors and evangelists, college presidents, college and university teachers, missionaries, and leaders in the professions.

PUBLISHING HOLINESS

In 1898, Rev. C. M. Keith, one of the Put-out-ers from the M. E. Church, South, started a little monthly paper which he called the Texas Holiness Advocate. He had no printing machinery, and was under a great financial burden to get out even his small sheet. Charlie Jernigan came to see me. He had a vision of a great publishing house sending out thousands of books and tracts, as well as a weekly paper. I had the Blessing; I had the training; I had the printing machinery. Would I let God have all three to go to Greenville, the city near Peniel, and join Rev. Keith in the work? It was like the opening of a door, but, in accord with my nature, I was cautious — perhaps weak in faith-though I was willing for God to have His full way with me. Black-eyed Mary, another son, Alan, and the last baby girl, Eileen, had come into the home. I now had not only a wife and six children to care for, but my invalid father and mother. The Lord and I finally came to the conclusion that if a buyer should come to purchase my home, and the big press, which I would not need to use in Greenville, I would go.

Not long after, I had a visit from one of the saloon keepers. He said, "I have a man who wants to start a paper here, but he needs a big press like yours. I will buy it for him, not to favor you, but to get rid of you." He named a price, which was fair, and I agreed to sell if I should find a purchaser for my home. But I thought it strange that the Lord should use the devil to forward His work. I was really surprised when a little later I was approached with an offer for my home, at a price I myself

had set. I was convinced that it was ordered of the Lord, and closed both deals. I purchased a lot on the Peniel campus, and arranged for the erection of a modest home.

BLOOD MIXED IN THE MORTAR

In November, 1900, my household goods and my family arrived in Peniel, and my printing outfit at Greenville, where Keith and McConnell began the publication of the Pentecostal Advocate. Rev. Keith was to be the editor, and have charge of the book business, while I would do all the mechanical work on the paper, toiling many nights until midnight. I was allowed to draw ten dollars a week from the business for my support.

Those early days of building were days of growth in the Lord, and the ripening of experience, even though days of "blood mixed in the mortar." The heaviest of the burden fell, of course, upon Carrie, the mother of that large household, with only nine dollars a week to cover all expenses. Years before she had taken her beautiful riding habit to make for me the pair of trousers I wore during my first session in the Legislature, but now there were no more riding habits to cut up. Had it not been for the cast-off clothing which her wealthy relatives ties, sent her to refashion into clothing for the children, I do not know how the family would have been clad. Yet we were all respectably dressed.

I can understand now that Carrie had won her final victory for her children. The moral conditions of our public schools at that time in the Southwest were such that she had declared to me, "For the sake of our children, I would be glad if you would take us to the holiness school just started in Kentucky, even if we have to live in a dry goods box." Here, not only were her children in a good moral atmosphere under holiness teachers, but all, save four-year-old Baby Eileen, had in the first years of the school found the salvation of our Lord.

Christmas Eve, while Carrie was resting in my arms, a chariot came from the upper world. She heard the words, "Well done!" and left us to enter into her exceeding great reward.

Friends were sympathetic and kind, but no one was able to get near me, save a neighbor who had recently passed over that same way. He pressed my hand, but said no word. It was enough.

I do not need to review the days and weeks and months which followed. The Comforter was near, and time itself finally heals the deepest wounds.

Labor troubles forced the removal of the printing plant from the two-story brick building in Greenville to the college town of Peniel. Bud Robinson and a few others of us formed a company with sufficient capital to erect a large building equipped with up-to-date machinery, capable of manufacturing books as well as the publication of the Pentecostal Advocate, which, before its removal to Kansas City, reached a weekly issue of 9000, a larger number than there were families in the Church of the Nazarene at the time. We were publishers of Bud Robinson's first books.

TWO LESSONS

I would recall two lessons that the Holy Spirit taught me in Peniel. One was at the beginning of that fierce fanaticism which found fruitage in the "fire baptized" movement, to be followed by the "unknown tongues." The Second Blessing was to be characterized by fire; the third by dynamite; the fourth by lydite; the fifth by T. N. T., and so on. It was power, power, power, that should be sought, power that would be manifested in outlandish demonstrations. Before our printing office had been moved from Greenville I walked daily back and forth the two miles, on the Katy railroad track. One morning, as I approached the city ice plant, across the tracks from the station, men were running toward the plant. I followed, and there upon the cinders saw two men lying dead. One man's hand was grasping a live electric wire. The cause of his death was evident. But the second man, was not holding the wire — just grasping a hand of the first man. Both were dead. The Holy Spirit taught me, through that incident, that the power I should have upon lives would depend upon my being hitched up to the dynamo above. Power lay not in me but through me.

The second lesson was that, when God offers an opportunity, that is His time. In my former days of unbelief I had an acquaintance who also professed himself an atheist. We would occasionally meet to "comfort one another." It was late in the day, and I was exerting all my energy to get the forms of the paper ready for the night run. A messenger came from one of the hotels with the word that an old friend of mine, naming him, was mighty sick there, and wanted to see me. I explained my situation, and asked if it would not do for me to come the first thing in the morning. He replied he "reckoned so." When I called in the morning I was told that he had gone out in the night. Gone out, cursing me and my God.

Joseph told Pharaoh that his dream was doubled to show its certainty of fulfillment. I had been so slow of understanding that God had to repeat the experience. Again, I was desperately busy when a man from a near-by city came into the office. He had been reading my paper, and while he didn't fully understand, he wanted the experience of holiness. Would I help him? I assured him I should be glad to do so, but could I make an appointment for the following day, when I could set aside an hour or more for him? He assured me his acceptance of the arrangement, and went away. I never saw him again. I shall carry a sorrow for those two men as long as I shall live.

SOME BLESSINGS

But God gave me some blessings as well as rebukes. I had written an editorial on the doctrine and experience of holiness, and sent it out in the Pentecostal Advocate with a prayer. A trucker on the Staked Plains was disturbed by a large piece of paper which the wind kept following and scaring his team. Finally, he jumped down and secured the scrap. He read upon it a part of the editorial I had written, was interested, and sent for a whole copy. The Holy Spirit finished the work. He was sanctified, and became a faithful holiness preacher.

God blessed the Peniel College with frequent outpourings of the Spirit, and it reached an enrollment of 410 students. Roy T. Williams, later to become president of the college, and still later General Superintendent, was a member of the first graduating class, in 1905. Then, following Roy's steps, came "Jimmie" Chapman, who, after graduation, also served as president and later as General

Superintendent. My eldest son, Will, now, as you know, a noted surgeon of Louisville, and head of a department of the university of that city, was a classmate of Roy Williams; but losing a year by having to support the family while I was down with tuberculosis, did not graduate until the following year.

Many changes of those years throng my memory. Rev. Keith had left the Advocate to go into the publishing business in Ohio. God had healed my wasted lungs, and I was back at work. Dr. A. M. Mills resigned as president to go to a new holiness school. Dr. Edgar Ellyson, of Iowa, was our new president, and it was 1906.

CHURCH HOME — NEW

Revs. Jernigan, Neely, Chapman and others, who were leaders in the Holiness Association, which had spread its work into adjoining states, became sure that it was God's time for a new holiness church. They joined with the holiness work of Mary Lee Cagle at Rising Star, and the new church was born, with its supporting school and paper. The Pentecostal Advocate, of which I was now sole editor, and the Peniel College remained with the Holiness Association.

But even I was longing for a church home. So I arranged to have Dr. P. F. Bresee, of Los Angeles-whose work was attracting nation-wide attention-to come to Peniel and hold a meeting. At the close of that meeting he organized a local Church of the Nazarene, with Rev. M. Emily Ellyson as pastor. This body was made a part of the Southern California District, and gave to the South its first Nazarene church and pastor.

My family and the family of Dr. Ellyson were charter members. This antedated the Union at Pilot Point by more than a year. As was to be expected, few, if any of the leaders of the Rising Star Holiness Church joined the Peniel Church of the Nazarene at its beginning.

At the meeting with Dr. Bresee, the trustees of the College made an offer to put that institution under the then existing Church of the Nazarene. Dr. Bresee accepted the offer, but advised that the matter not be made public at that time.

MARGARET PRICE McCONNELL

It is not good for a man to be alone. I needed the companionship of a good woman. I found such an one in Margaret Price, the niece of Mrs. Bud Robinson. Maggie was a member of one of the most prominent of Texas families. One aunt was a teacher in the Southern Methodist University, another the head of a college in Old Mexico; a cousin was one of the wealthiest bankers in Texas, mayor of San Antonio, member of Congress, and is at the present time a prominent Federal official. Another cousin was the U. S. representative of the Hague Peace Court. Maggie was well educated, had taught in the college in Old Mexico, and had real talent as a writer. One of her books was adopted by the State Board of Education for supplementary reading in the State schools. She was a faithful wife and home mother for more than twenty-five years. Her great interest in life was in Foreign Missions; and for years, until her death in 1930, she was a member of the General W.F.M.S. Council.

BIRTH OF THE CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

In 1907 Revs. Jernigan, Chapman and Neely, the Roberts Brothers and others, representing the Holiness Church, met at Chicago, with the Pentecostal Association of Churches of the East, and the Church of the Nazarene of the West, which bodies were seeking a union. These brethren found that the same visitation of the Holy Spirit which had swept the Southwest, had also moved mightily upon the East and upon the West. In essentials we were one. Dr. Bresee was strongly moved for an organic union of the South with that which had been perfected between East and West. He exclaimed with deep feeling, "Brethren, they are our folks."

An assembly was called to meet at Pilot Point, Texas, in the fall of 1908, to discuss, and if possible accomplish, the union. That was a task more difficult than it would be now. The Baptism with the Holy Spirit does not eradicate memories; it does not at once heal all human frailties; it does not always bring a full knowledge of motives nor explanation of activities. The scars of the Civil War had not been entirely healed. And, too, in both East and West no rules or regulations had been made as to activities of life which might distinguish one professing holiness from one who was of the world. On the other hand, in the South the profession of holiness meant abstaining from intoxicating liquors and tobacco, dancing, card playing, and other worldly amusements, and membership in lodges. Acceptance of these conditions was necessary to membership in the holiness bodies of the South. Under the leadership of Jernigan, Neely and Chapman, the South would not enter into the Union stripped of its "Rules." The debate was strenuous. I remember the stentorian voice of a leader from the Northwest bellowing, "Let 'em go! Let 'em go!" I remember the persistent admonition of John Norberry, a man from the East, "Keep on believing!" I remember the calm words of Dr. Bresee, "Brethren, we shall not let them go. They are our own folks." So it was that the Union of the West and East and South was consummated, and the Church of the Nazarene became a national, a world-wide organization. And it came in with the Rules.

As this was considered a union of ecclesiastical bodies of churches — the Holiness Association was not recognized, yet it brought to the new denomination its largest body of people. The scores of organized holiness bands became, with their pastors, churches of the Nazarene.

Dr. E. P. Ellyson, President of the Peniel College, was elected General Superintendent, with Dr. Bresee and Dr. H. F. Reynolds the other two. Prof. L. B. Williams became acting president of Peniel, to be followed in later years by R. T. Williams, J. B. Chapman, A. K. Bracken and N. W. Sanford.

THE JOSHUA OF HOLINESS

At the close of the Pilot Point union, I was standing by the side of Dr. Bresee, when he called to him Charlie Jernigan. Pointing toward the north, he said, "There is your District, Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska. Go in and establish churches." There was no money to put behind Jernigan — no promise of salary or expenses. He had a family to care for, and he had a camera. He had faith, he had the consciousness that God was with him. He tackled' the job. There were giants in those days! Before his mansion was ready for him in the celestial city, Charlie Jernigan had organized the Church of the Nazarene in six states.

A MOMENTOUS ASSEMBLY

Rev. J. O. McClurkan had established a strong holiness work in Nashville, Tenn. They had the training school, which was to become Trevecca College. They had a publishing plant which put out a weekly paper and song books. And greater than all, they had a foreign mission work with more than a score of missionaries laboring in India and South America. I was one of a committee sent to arrange, if possible, the coming of the McClurkan work into the Church of the Nazarene. Two of the leaders, John T. Benson and Tim Moore, were favorable. McClurkan withheld judgment, but expressed his willingness for the union to be made, if his people so desired. He asked that the General Assembly of the church be held with his people at Nashville in 1911, as his guests. This was arranged.

It was a momentous gathering for the new church. Near the close of the sessions Brother McClurkan came to me privately and said that while the most of his people and his missionaries would join the Church of the Nazarene, he himself did not feel clear to do so. At the assembly Dr. E. F. Walker, who had recently come to us from the Presbyterians, preached for a whole week in the big Sam Jones tabernacle, on one text, "Be ye holy." A mighty intellect, with a knowledge of the Word! He was elected as the fourth General Superintendent. I recall the occasion of his introducing the resolution pledging the church that it should never adopt an episcopal form of government. The acceptance of Peniel as a college of the church was made public. Dr. Bresee's paper, The Nazarene Messenger and the Pentecostal Advocate, of Peniel, were declared to be official organs of the church. A Board of Publication, with C. J. Kinne as Manager, and Will T. McConnell as Secretary, was elected, with authority to select a site for a Publishing House and Church Headquarters, and to arrange for editors of the various necessary publications.

A temporary location on Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri, was found, and in the spring of 1912, with my family and all there was of the Pentecostal Advocate Publishing House, I came to begin work at the new headquarters. Dr. B. F. Haynes was Editor-in-chief. Among other duties, I served as Office Editor, Editor of the Sunday-school paper, The Youth's Comrade, the missionary paper, The Other Sheep, filling in idle time as proofreader for all the publications; finally to serve as Managing Editor.

THE SPIRIT'S CHECK

As I remember, it was in connection with the visit to Nashville mentioned above that I received my most definite experience of the check of the Holy Spirit. Rev. Joseph Speakes, then living at Jonesboro, Arkansas, had written asking me to join him in opening a holiness work at Sheridan. I had a good foreman of my publishing plant, Dennis Rogers, and a dependable force of printers, and for my soul's sake needed the shock of the battle's front, so agreed to the meeting. I was to meet the other members of the committee, Edgar P. Ellyson and Roy T. Williams, at Little Rock, after the Sheridan meeting. A holiness work was established at that Arkansas county seat, but we took away from there much less money than we had brought. When I got to Little Rock at the hour of meeting, no Ellyson and no Williams got off the train; and I had depended upon borrowing enough money from them to continue our trip to Nashville. I had enough to take me back home, and went to the ticket window to make the arrangement, when I was as definitely stopped as though an audible voice

had spoken. I turned, but had scarcely resumed my seat when one of our leading evangelists came in. After greeting, he said, "Brother McConnell, I owe you a bill for song books. Could I pay you? I agreed to take the money, which was more than sufficient for my trip to Nashville. Again I went to the window to buy a ticket-this time to Nashville. Again I was definitely stopped by the Spirit. As I sat praying for guidance, a belated train rolled in, and Ellyson and Williams got off. Almost the first words they said were, "Have you any money? We are broke. Been held up by a train wreck." I did have sufficient money to meet all of our immediate needs, and I thanked God for the two checks of His Spirit.

DARK DAYS — AND LIGHT

It seems to be God's plan to mix the blood of willing sacrifice with the mortar of His worth-while building. It was so in the establishment of the Publishing House. Haynes is gone, Kinne is gone, Kinder is gone. But what a magnificent structure God has reared, under the wise direction of M. Lunn, and his brother, P. H. Lunn, upon the foundation of those early years.

Time passed. Will was studying medicine in Louisville, Eda and Effie were teaching at our Pasadena College, Mary in a Texas public school. Alan and Eileen were in school in Kansas City. Then Mary married Stephen White, and with him taught in our Eastern College. My health breaking, Maggie took me down to the sea coast at Corpus Christi, Texas, where once before the Lord had visited me with healing.

I do not like to think of those days. God was leading me to the door of a new life of richer service, but how dark the road and bitter the tears He gave me to drink! Ill, without money, and apparently without friends, my faith was tried as by fire.

In South Texas I was given work by a farmer, work I was not able to do, and a Mexican took my place. Kind relatives fed us for a while. One day I had a letter from my kinsman, Bud Robinson, enclosing a check for \$100.00 which he offered to lend me. He said I could use that to take Maggie and me to California, where I could get work in the lemon packing house. The hundred dollars lacked ten of being enough for the tickets. We told no one but the Lord. The next morning the father of Fletcher Galloway came to where we were staying. Said he, "As I was praying this morning the Lord said to me, 'Go take ten dollars to Brother McConnell,' I don't know what you need ten dollars for, but here it is." I told him my need, thanked him and the Lord, and left for California.

Dr. Ellyson wrote me that he was going to head the Nazarene school in Donalsonville, Georgia, and offered me a place to teach with A. K. and Mrs. Bracken. The one bright spot in that experience, was the honor I had in becoming the English teacher of Fred Floyd, now of Bethany-Peniel College. Seth C. Rees wrote me that he was starting a Bible school, and offered me a place. As the outlook for the Donalsonville school was hopeless more teachers than pupils, and no money in sight for the teachers, I relieved the situation somewhat by resigning and returning to California. I was treated with the utmost kindness, but resigned when it came under the control of the Pilgrim Holiness Church. Among my pupils were the now noted Dr. Paul Rees; the late vice-president of Olivet, Dr. Laurence Howe; and Rev. Jesse Brown, a well-known Nazarene pastor.

OFFER FROM THE MOVIES

It was while I was working in the lemon house, in my lowest financial straits, that I was surprised by a visit from one of the Hollywood movie men. Some of my friends had sent him a copy of one of my books, with my Pasadena address. He said the company wanted to put on a movie with a good moral content. My book had that, and seemed to have enough drama to carry it. He would purchase the movie rights and made an offer that looked to me like an introduction to the golden streets. I knew the Church of the Nazarene had ruled against the movies, and was aware of their iniquitous influence. But here was a chance to do good with a "good" movie. And the money! I confess I was weak enough to temporize. I would give my answer later. Then the Spirit came: "You know that the influence of the movie is bad, and the Church of the Nazarene is against them. Would not some young people, knowing you to have been the author, be induced to attend? What is your influence worth?" I have never regretted that none of my books have been put upon the screen.

After his school was transferred to the Pilgrim Holiness Church, Brother Rees came to me offering to make me the head of the school, with salary doubled. I told him I could not take the place as I was a Nazarene and had no intention of changing. He urged that he would not let that make any difference. Still, I could not accept, and went to work in the lemon house.

SOME FISHING STORIES — "TRUE"

I think no record of my life would be thought complete by my children if I did not include some fish stories. As a boy in Wisconsin, I became owner of a small canoe. I paddled and fished from Lake Poygan, through Lake Winneconne, down Wolf River in the Fox, and out into Lake Butte des Morts. Once while fishing on Lake Winneconne, a squall turned over my canoe and I had a big swim, but I did not drown! Later I fished from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I am an old man now, and some things have changed from the time of my youth, but when I was younger, the best fishing grounds in America, after the small lakes in Wisconsin, I found at Bird Rock, Catalina Island, 22 miles off the California shore, and, before the great storm, in Corpus Christi Bay, Texas. The very poorest fishing was, and I am still convinced is, in the Atlantic.

I am glad I shall not see the expression upon the faces of some who may read these true fish stories. At one time setting on a pier at Corpus, Maggie, who was fishing with two hooks on her line, gave me no time to even get my line wet, pulling in sand trout two at a time, until we had all we could carry home. All I did was to take off the fish and put on fresh baits. At another time, on the same pier, a little Mexican boy fell off into the deep water. I kept my eye on him, but secured the fish I had just hooked, then got to the lad before he went down the third time. Cold-blooded? No! good timing. I was a fisherman.

At another time, wife and I were fishing in Corpus Christi Bay where it joins the Gulf. We were out in a small boat quite a way from the land, when a rain squall came up. Wife let her line and pole drag in the water while she hunched over to get out of the rain as much as she could. There came a jerk that nearly caused her to lose her pole, but she lifted out the biggest trout of the sixty-three we caught that day. It had snagged itself on the bare hook.

I had caught small sharks, both the hammer-heads and the regular straight-nose kind, but had never seen a real man-eater. One day while out on the Pacific with my girls, a shark kept bothering our lines, especially when we would make a strike. The captain said, "We'll fix him," and got out a strong line and hook which he baited with a big mackerel. The shark got it, and we got the shark, a nine-foot man-eater. The girls were allowed to pull in the big fish, but they, and all of us, were so scared of those fearful rows of snapping teeth, that even after the shark was over in the boat it was allowed to flop itself back into the sea.

I tell this last fish story where I am well known, but even there with some trembling: A storm had driven our fishing boat into the lee of Catalina Island near Bird Rock. One of us, an old-maid schoolteacher, who had been everywhere, and knew everything, was the first to cast out. Her line, with its five baited hooks, had hardly time to sink into the water, when she yelled, "I've got a strike!" As she pulled, it looked like she was trying to lift the floor of the ocean. But with the help of the catam she landed the five fish, one on each of the hooks, and not one less than eighteen inches in length. That is the story. Take it or leave it.

CALLED TO TEACH AT PENIEL

To my surprise, in the summer of 1918, I received a telegram offering me the position as head of the Department of Theology at Old Peniel, the school of which I had been one of the early fathers. I accepted with fear and trembling, being keenly aware of my inadequacy. But it proved to be the door God was opening to the fullest, richest years of my life in the service of my Master. For twenty-one years I taught in that institution. Four of my pupils of my two years in Peniel were to become well known to the Church: Dr. George Frederick Owen, the Palestinian traveler and cartographer; Rev. E. E. Hale, prominent pastor, and chaplain in World War II; Leona Bellew, missionary to Africa and lecturer; and, as I remember, Dr. Lewis Corlett, president of Nampa College, spent a few hours in my classes, when a student at Peniel.

There is one experience during my teaching at Peniel, that I am glad to recall. The teachers had received no pay for more than two months. The one store in Peniel could not afford to give credit. Nor would the electric company furnish light for nothing. Groceries were cut off, and light was cut off—at least from this teacher. Now, ever since I have been a Christian, I have held a belief that God was not an absentee God, a God afar off, but One who is interested in the affairs of His children — One who would be glad to speak to them occasionally, if they were not too busy to listen. This is a case in point. We had not told a soul of our dilemma—and it came to pass that there was not a morsel of food in the house. We talked to God, and reminded Him that we had been faithful in paying His tithes, and, I am afraid, suggested that now would be a fine time for a "poured out" blessing. A knock at the door, and a neighbor woman came in with a bucket of fresh milk. Said she, "As I was milking, God said to me, 'Take that bucket of milk over to the McConnells!' I thought, that's just a foolish notion that has popped into my head. But again the Lord said, 'Go!' Here it is. Here's your milk." We thanked the woman and thanked the Lord.

It was just a little while until another neighbor knocked at the door, "I had such good luck," said she, "with my baking this morning, that I thought you might like some of it. Here are a couple of

loaves." We thanked the neighbor, and again thanked the Lord. We confided to no person our need, but God supplied us until we were again able to buy.

CONSOLIDATION OF SCHOOLS

The very success of Peniel College in its early days was perhaps one of the factors which led to its closing. It seemed that every sizable community of holiness people was moved to start a holiness school (which in many cases was christened a university). The result could have been foreseen. Indebtedness, and lack of teaching force and equipment adequate for college, or even high school work, threatened not only to defeat any educational program for the church, but also to bring the shame of bankruptcy upon us all. Consolidation was clearly demanded. But that called for a greater sacrifice than it had to begin to build. It is a proof of the genuineness of our profession, that the miracle of the union of all these schools was finally wrought, without the creation of lasting bitterness. Peniel led the way, followed by Vilonia, Hamlin and Hutchinson, making one with Bethany, under the name of Bethany-Peniel.

I had been engaged to teach for the third year at Peniel, and was spending the vacation with my boys in Louisville, when I received a telegram from President A. K. Bracken asking me if I would go with him to teach in the school at Bethany, Oklahoma. That was the first intimation I had that the school at Peniel was to be closed. I wired back that I would go anywhere to teach with Kay Bracken. Arrangements had been completed through B. F. Neely to merge Peniel with Bethany. So in time for the opening of school in the fall of 1920, Old Peniel, with its records, its former president and faculty, and most of its students, arrived in Oklahoma to carry on the pattern showed to its fathers in the mount of its beginning.

Kay Bracken, with the backing of his splendid wife, was a college builder. The staggering debt left upon the Oklahoma College was lifted; the confidence of the churches of the zone was restored; the unfinished Administration building completed; and state recognition finally secured. Bethany-Peniel swung into the pace of a worth-while college. With the addition to Bethany-Peniel of Bresee College of Hutchinson, Kansas, adding its fine faculty members and students, our school attained its majority.

IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME

Time brings many changes in a family. Will and Alan are married and living in Louisville. Eda took her nurses' training in Los Angeles, married one of her patients and became the mother of two stalwart boys. Effie is married to a Methodist preacher, rearing a remarkable family. Mary is the wife of Dr. Stephen White, of the Nazarene Seminary. Baby Eileen takes her R. N. degree in Pasadena, later moving to Ohio to practice her profession. Marrying, she becomes the mother of a son who serves with honor in the navy in World War II.

When Eda became a widow, she brought her little family to Bethany to our home. She took her second degree at Oklahoma City University, then became a teacher in Bethany public schools. As I write this, Eda and Eileen, now also a widow, are living again in California.

LABORS AND HONORS

I want to leave with you, my children, this: I have never once, since the Lord sanctified me in 1897, sought place or honor, or set a price upon my labor. While I have not sought honor, I have been honored beyond my deserts. I was made head of the Department of Theology; I was given the degree of Doctor of Theology. At the close of my classroom work, I was elected Dean Emeritus of the School of Religion; my name was recorded in Who's Who in American Education, and I was elected to membership in a Greek letter society at the University of Iowa. In the General Church I have been elected a member of every General Assembly; I was for many years, before the Assembly of 1940, chairman of the Department of Foreign Missions; for a longer time I was staff editor of the Sunday-school literature.

I once heard Dr. Haynes say, "I want my personality to be so impressed upon the Herald of Holiness that when, fifty years from now, anyone sees a copy of that paper he shall think of B. F. Haynes." I do not know that such immortality was achieved by that great man. But I have believed that if one would succeed in a venture he must so identify himself with it, that, in his own thinking, the venture would seem to be his very own self. I confess it has been that way with me in my interest in and affection for the college I helped to father at Peniel. During my years of teaching I received advantageous offers to join each of our five Nazarene schools.

I remember another attractive offer, which I received earlier. I had been teaching but a short while at Bethany, and was attending a General Assembly. At that time the editors at the Publishing House were elected by the Board of Education. The Secretary of the Board, John T. Benson, came to me with the notification that I had been elected, with Dr. Haynes, co-editor of the Herald of Holiness. Dr. Haynes was in bad health, and would soon retire-then I would have sole control. It was like being taken up into a high mountain and being promised the kingdoms of the earth. I was a trained newspaperman; I was familiar with the doctrines of the church, and had not only served in a like capacity when the Pentecostal Advocate was an official organ of the church, but during weeks of Dr. Haynes' illness, I had written the editorials for the Herald of Holiness. Without loss of humility I felt that with God's help, I might be able to do the work. That night God spoke. He seemed to say, "How about the door I have opened for you in teaching? Did I make a mistake in permitting you to be separated from the Publishing House?" Before morning I was able to say, "If that is your will, I'll give up that which I am trained for, and take that for which I have little training. But You will have to help me."

He has. He has enabled me to pour myself, my knowledge of God and holiness, into the lives of hundreds of young men and young women, to go forth as preachers, as superintendents, as missionaries, in business and the professions, strong, glowing, clean-living representatives of Jesus the Christ. I think I can truly say that in the twenty-one years that I taught in this institution, there was not one semester during which at least one pupil did not find God in my classroom.

SEEKING AND FINDING GOD'S WILL

It was a sore trial to my wife when, at Nampa, I was offered the place vacated by Dr. Winchester, with a larger salary. At a prayer meeting called for the camp to pray that the Lord would stop me

from returning to Bethany, the president announced, "We are not going to take his refusal as final." But it was final. The only excuse I could plead was that my cemetery lot at Bethany was paid for, and the lot could not be moved.

PENTECOST-FOUND, AND Poured OUT

I shall relate two incidents: A young woman of fine intelligence and splendid character had long been seeking the Pentecostal experience, seeming not able to take the last step of faith. One day in class, as she was sitting upon a front seat, I noticed her dejected, almost hopeless expression. The Spirit whispered to me, "Now!" I stopped class work, and standing before her, crowded her into a decision. She made it, and sprang up with shining face, praising God. She has been for several years a successful Nazarene pastor.

The second, was the only time when our District Superintendent, Rev. Ray Hance, who was present, says he ever saw the Day of Pentecost reproduced. There had been no premeditated preparation for what came to pass. We were proceeding with the morning class much as usual, but there was, a not-unusual anointing, a tenderness of God, to be sensed. Then, suddenly the Holy Spirit was poured out upon us. "The place where they were sitting was shaken as by a mighty rushing wind." I do not know who was the first to give manifestation. It seemed to be a "one accord" affair. Pupils dropped to their knees all over the room, praying aloud, seeking pardon or sanctification. Soon the din of shouted praises put an end to classwork in the other rooms of the building, and those students crowded in, to add to the seeking or the shouting. Folks came running from the town. Dinner hour came after two hours, but there was more shouting than eating. Then glory rolled for twenty-four hours, until exhaustion called for rest. Bethany had seen Pentecost.

AN HELPMET INDEED

In the summer of 1931, after the death of my wife, Margaret, I was married to Leona Bellew, in the home of my son, Doctor Will, at Louisville, Kentucky. Our union has been as perfect in fellowship as is possible for God to give two human beings. It may be that I have learned how to be more considerate, to bear more of the demands of the home. I am sure that I never could have reached years close up to ninety but for her watchful care and unstinted love. Leona had been in my classes at Old Peniel for two years, and was one of the pupils who followed that school in its removal to Bethany. Here she completed her college courses. I think she never made less than a grade of B in any of her subjects. In childhood she had felt a call to foreign missionary service, which her three years in Bethany-Peniel College intensified. As her teacher for five years I had had high regard for her scholarship, and admiration for her splendid character. As chairman of the Foreign Missionary Department of the General Board, I was able to render assistance in securing her appointment as missionary to Africa. If God did not give her all at once the Pentecostal "gift of tongues," He did work a real miracle in helping her to crowd the time for acquiring the Zulu tongue from years into months, so that in two she was able to testify, and in six months to preach understandingly to the Africans in their own language. An accident, an illness, and a major operation, forced her return home after three years. Then, after recovery from a second operation, she was employed by the Board of Missions in deputation work all over the United States and into Canada. She has never entirely recovered her health, and the hard labor of constant travel and speaking, after

three years on the Mission Field, made at least a long rest necessary. Only after it was certain that she could never again go back to Africa did she consent to become my wife. Later she completed her scholastic training, receiving her Master's degree from the State University. The choice of a theme for her Master's dissertation came about in a peculiar (Providential) way. One of the professors at the University remarked, "What is there about your college at Bethany that enables it to send to us so uniformly high a grade of students for their post-graduate work?" The answer was Leona's theme, "The History of Bethany, Its College and the Church of the Nazarene." For twelve years she has been a member of the General Council of the W.F.M.S. One of the missionary societies of the Bethany church bears her name.

In June, 1939, I was relieved from my classroom work. In the following February I was taken to the hospital for the first time in my life. During a major operation and ten weeks of suffering I had not only the best of surgical care, and constant kind attention of the nurses and Leona, but had the consciousness of being upborne by the prayers of our people. But for them, undoubtedly the book of my life would have been closed at that time.

FRUIT IN OLD AGE

God had another service for me to render, and blessing to receive. After my recovery, I received requests from some of my former pupils, pastors of churches in Ohio, to give their people a week of the lectures they had had in my classroom. While there, I was called to be guest speaker at the Pittsburgh District N.Y.P.S. Annual Convention. At its close I received invitations from nearly twenty of the pastors to hold week conventions in their churches. District Superintendent Benedum arranged the slate for the following year. That was the beginning of a most gracious period of my life. For two years Leona and I were kept busy, traveling from coast to coast and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

As I have never received God's call to become a preacher, I have refrained from assuming the functions of a preacher; I have never made an altar call. Yet many times at the close of the lecture the altar has been filled, and we have seen scores of seekers converted, reclaimed, or sanctified. Near the close of a tour of Northern California I was stricken with a serious attack of what became chronic bronchitis. This brought a verdict from my physician that my work along the line of public speaking was over. And I was not yet eighty-four years old!

"LITTLE FAITH" — WITH AN "A" IN FRONT

I think that any one who is conversant with my life might class me with the Lord's disciples; for did He not say to them. "O, ye of little faith?" I have been a man of "little faith." To illustrate: One day my pastor in Bethany, Dr. A. L. Parrott, asked me to come with him to consider what might be done about our little cement block chapel, which was inadequate to accommodate the church congregation. Of course I gave the matter the benefit of my mature wisdom, and advised that the rear end of the chapel be torn down, then the building extended as much as twenty feet. Dr. Parrott said

nothing, but went ahead and erected the splendid church building we now have. He was a man of great faith.

In reading more of the Master's words I believe He would be willing for me to put an "a" before the word "little." If I have been, like the apostles, of little faith, I have had, like them, "a little" faith. They had enough to seek the source of help. I hear the Master say, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove."

I never understood the real force of that saying of our Lord until I visited Sequoia Park in California and tried to take in the miracle (no less) of the great General Sherman tree—more than 100 feet in circumference; 100 feet up to the first limb, which is six feet through. I have never seen a seed of the Sequoias, I was told that the tree is not a conifer, but bears a seed so tiny that it takes 3,000 of them to weigh an ounce. If that is true, it is but in harmony with the whole miracle. Before Abraham was, the World Builder took one of these tiny seeds, and I think He may have said, "I am about to illustrate faith." He dropped that seed not in the lush valley, but on the very top of a granite mountain, and said, "Now show what a little faith can do." The rains washed the seed into a tiny crack in the rock, and the seed sprouted. When the roots needed more room, the little Sequoia pushed more of the rocks aside. Year after year, century after century, it pushed; and the mountain removed hence, until upon that granite crag there reared the biggest living thing in all the earth, that neither the shock of tempest, nor rending of earthquake has been able to overcome. "Little faith!"

There are times when it seems that the words "The End" or "Finis" might be appropriate. We have sung of the "End of the Way" and the satisfaction of arriving at the "Harbor Land," but to one who long has been accustomed to hard pulling at the oars, when finally boat and oars are taken from him, there may come a sense of lostness — a "What now?" It was difficult at first for me.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HISTORY

It was during my vacations from college, and more especially after my freedom from classwork, that I was able to enter into the richness of fellowship with my children. Great has been the abundance of hospitality and kindness that have been poured back upon me as their return for what care I was able to give to their childhood. Every summer, for some years, I have been the honored guest in the homes of my sons Will and Alan, in Louisville, Kentucky. Those were rich days when Eda and Carl took me deep sea fishing in the Pacific. I found perfect relaxation in the summer camp of daughter Eileen, near Dayton, Ohio. Effie and her wonderful family and preacher husband have been living near us for many years. They are our "family" when special days come — Thanksgivings, Christmases, and birthdays.

Beyond the sweet fellowship, I think the summer with Mary and her husband, Dr. S. S. White, and their two children, was the most wonderful. And the most positively wonderful of all that summer was after I had spoken at the Eastern Nazarene College, those Yankees grasped my hand, exclaiming, "You are one of us." Only those who know the New Englanders will get the full force of that declaration.

Stephen and Mary took us all the way up into Maine, and I lived again my American History. We saw some of the Green Mountain Boys of Vermont; saw the Old Stone Face; the Presidential Rang — but did not climb Mt. Washington; visited old Salem, where they hung witches; saw the "house of seven gables," and thought of the fly that came buzzing to the lips of the dead judge. In Boston we took time to go through Harvard-the grounds; we passed the Old Manse; followed the ghost of Washington into the Wayside Inn; crossed the Concord bridge; heard again at Lexington the shot that was heard around the world-now ringing in the Far East; saw the Alcott home; gazed with some interest at the ruins of Thoreau's hut by the side of the pond; walked on the Boston Commons; entered and felt ashamed of the present state of Independence Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty"; climbed Bunker's (Breed's) Hill — Leona climbed the monument; saw the sign still there — "Do not walk on the grass," which sign the British did not heed, to their sorrow. I looked for the tea dumped into the Boston harbor, but alas! the spot has been covered deep with dirt, and big warehouses erected over it. What a shame! We visited the graves of Longfellow and Whittier, and stood upon the marble tomb of Mary Baker Eddy, who abolished sickness, suffering, and death. She was still dead. We visited Plymouth Rock and Provincetown, the landing places of the Pilgrims, and claimed kinship with them in adventure for the pioneers of the Holiness Movement. Before we started back home in the fall, I heard the hoarse voice of the archfiend, and/or fool, Adolph Hitler, declaring war. Had there been no Hitler there might have been no atomic bomb, whose blast has loosed every gate that barred out the gospel of Jesus: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." From now on it is to be Christ or chaos. On our way to Washington we went over to Trenton on the skyline. The debunkers have debunked the story of how Washington threw a silver dollar across the river. And they have also be smirched the picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" on Christmas night to whip the Hessians. But we saw the river, and we believe the story. Both! The only memory I brought away from the city of Brotherly Love, was of a good place to eat breakfast.

We had little time to spend in Washington, and the hurried visit was primarily to see some of the canvasses painted by my younger brother, Robert. Under his professional name, Robert Lee MacCameron, he has been placed among the immortals in the big encyclopedias. In the place of honor at the National (Corcoran) Gallery we saw the painting which won for him the medal of honor, and decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. Three of the portraits of Judges of the Supreme Court were painted by Rob. Heading northwest that afternoon, I stood at Braddock's grave, by the side of the road, with my feet where George Washington stood as he read the burial service over the body of his unfortunately stubborn commander. As we passed Princeton, I remembered another stubborn man, its president. Yet I shall always love the memory of Woodrow Wilson.

After some months of rest my strength improved, and my voice cleared, in a measure. My former Sunday School class was needing a teacher, and permission, with warning, having been secured from my physician, I took on that work. This is the only regular service left me, but it is, to me, a great joy. The attendance at class has increased to 113. Through the class, two chapels on foreign fields have been erected — one in Peru and one in India-each costing \$500.00 — and there is promise of a third. The class gives regularly, through the class, \$60.00 a month for Home and Foreign Missions. Their tithes and other offerings are, of course, given through the church.

THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY APPEAR

In April, 1945, Leona was again in the hospital for the most serious operation of all that she has had. Again, through the prayers of our people, she rallied in a remarkable way, and in a few weeks was back at her work in the office of the college registrar.

Now, at nearly eighty-six years of age, I can say with Paul, "I have kept the faith, and am ready." My needs are all supplied; I have the respect, and I believe the love, of the college and the town. I am not "hungry for heaven," but I shall be glad to look into the face of my Redeemer; and I hope to hear Him say, "Well done."

A LETTER FROM J. B. CHAPMAN

To my old, true friend, Chas. A. McConnell:

At the anniversary celebration others will say things about you, and I would like to join them to enforce the meaning of all their kind words. But it seems more fitting that I should speak to you than about you.

First of all I congratulate you for having lived 86 years. But since it is in my nature to be conservative, I am not yet satisfied. It may be that you have made this record more or less by accident. I want you to repeat it just to show that you actually can do it.

And this reminds me that I met you first in the little office of the Texas Holiness Advocate at Greenville, Texas, in the early spring of 1901. Then you were young, and since you are just the same distance ahead of me now that you were then, you are still young to me. But now as then, I am not impressed with the idea of your age, but rather with your worth-your ageless worth; for all these years you have been an example of faith and good works, and the years have served only to add to your strength. I want to pass on to you and apply to you the noble words of an unknown author in verses called

FAR NOBLER

Far nobler the sword that is nicked and worn
Far fairer the flag that is grimy and torn
Than when to battle fresh they were borne.

He was tried and found true; he stood the test;
'Neath whirlwinds of doubt, when all the rest
Crouched dawn and submitted, he fought the best.

There are wounds on his breast that can never be healed,
There are gashes that bleed and may never be sealed,
But, wounded and gashed, he won the field.

And others may dream in their easy chairs,
And point their white hands to the scars he bears;
But the palm and the laurel are his — not theirs.

Your work as writer, publisher, and teacher has been of the type that must wait for time to tell its worth. But here again I find it convenient to use the words of an unknown versifier who, under the title "Builders" said:

A builder builded a temple;
He wrought with care and skill.
Pillars and groins and arches
Were fashioned to meet his will;
And men said when they saw its beauty:
"It shall never know decay.
Great is thy skill, O builder,
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple;
He wrought with skill and care,
Forming each pillar with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None saw the unceasing effort;
None knew the marvelous plan;
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple;
Crumbled into dust,
Pillar and groin and arches
Food for consuming rust;
But the temple the teacher builded
Shall endure while the ages roll;
For that beautiful, unseen temple
Was a child's immortal soul

A people's literature is at once the greatest source of that people's permanence, and the best expression of its permanence. And since you were a pioneer in this field, and an indefatigable laborer in it, there is no man living or dead to whom we as a people owe so much for what has been accomplished in the publication of both a current and permanent literature as to yourself. All these years you have kept the faith that you brought with you to the movement from the secular printer's field, and your example has been the inspiration of many, among whom I am happy to be numbered, who have, amidst many vocations and competing avocations, done what they could to "spread their brains on paper" for the encouragement of contemporaries and the interest of those who shall follow on. I am reminded that when I saw you first, not a line of mine had been printed-I do not even think my name had appeared in type. And now, by conservative estimate, twenty million words of mine

have found expression in printer's ink, and I believe you have been more instrumental in getting me started and keeping me going in this work than anyone besides. The fact is, you are the one who gave me the inspiration and channel for its expression at the time when such inspiration and such channel were indispensable. And I know there are many thousands of writers and readers who are in your debt, and these shall rise up in the Great Day to call you blessed.

And among the treasures of my life I count your personal friendship throughout the years as one of the very choicest gems. Always, I have loved and honored you, and not even a rumor has come to my ears of any thing but the most wonderful fidelity on your part. I seem to be poetic when I think on these things, and I want to apply to you another verse from an unknown author on the subject of

FAITH

Faith came singing into my room,
And other guests took flight;
Fear and anxiety, grief and gloom
Sped out into the night.
I wondered that such peace could be;
But faith said gently, "Don't you see,
They really cannot live with me."

And that is the way I have always felt when I have thought of you and your friendship, even when many miles of sea or land separated us.

And since this is a birthday anniversary, I would like to express my sentiments to you in the words of Robert Browning's translation of

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God;
See all, nor be afraid!"

Yours in Christian love and faith and
everlasting hope,

JAMES B. CHAPMAN