

A Hero of Faith and Prayer
OR
Life of Rev. Martin Wells Knapp



A. M. HILLS



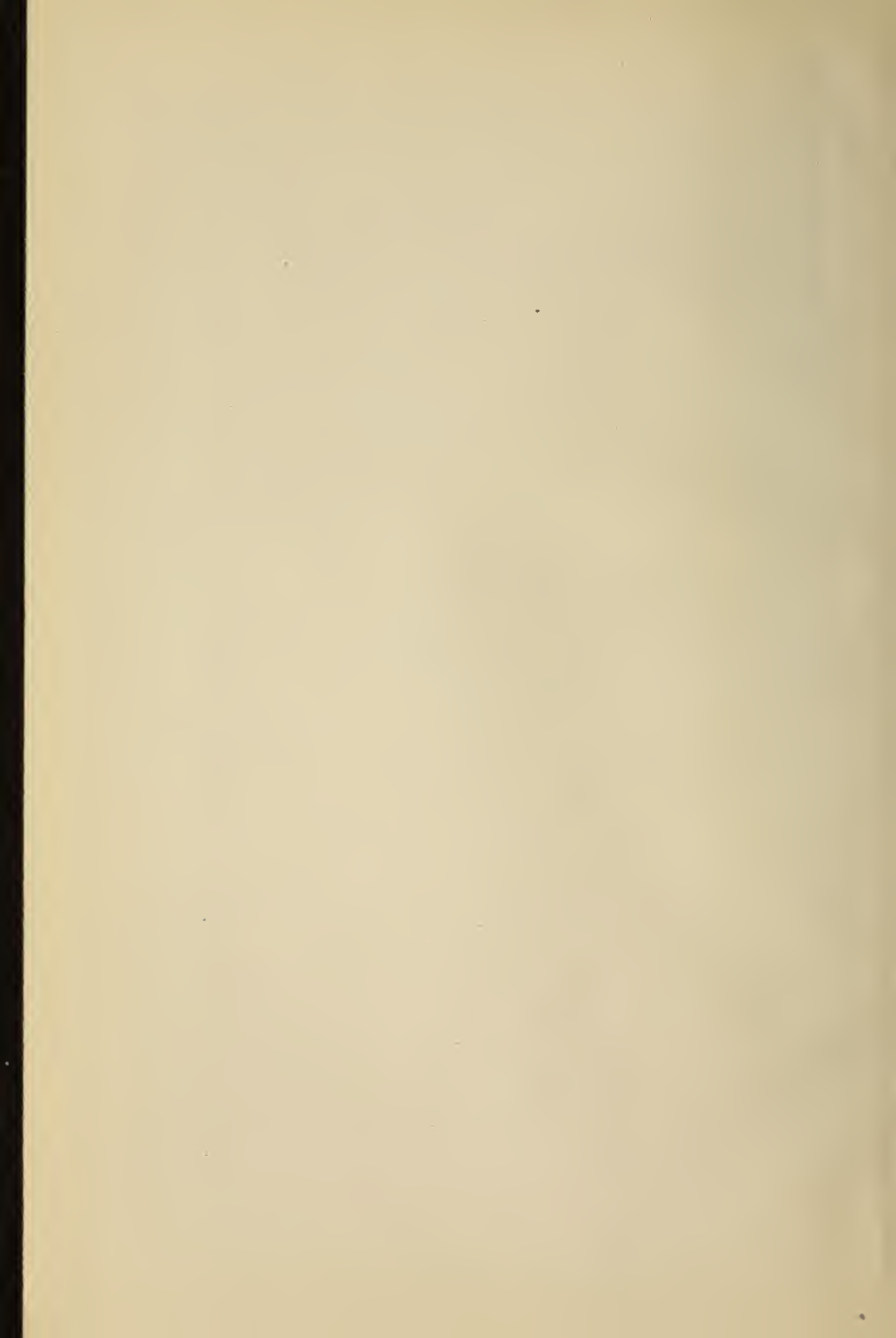


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M. W. KNAPP.

A Hero of Faith and Prayer;
OR,
Life of Rev. Martin Wells Knapp.



BY

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"LIFE AND LABORS OF MARY A. WOODBRIDGE," "HOLINESS AND POWER,"
"PENTECOSTAL LIGHT," "FOOD FOR LAMBS," "THE WHOSEVER
GOSPEL," and "LIFE OF PRESIDENT CHARLES G. FINNEY."

MRS. M. W. KNAPP,
MOUNT OF BLESSINGS, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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To the large and ever-growing Revivalist family, who sadly mourn the loss of their late teacher, "the Hero of Faith and Prayer;" and to the world-wide circle of "holiness people," from whose ranks has fallen a great leader and prince in Israel, this work is lovingly dedicated by their Friend and Brother,

THE AUTHOR.

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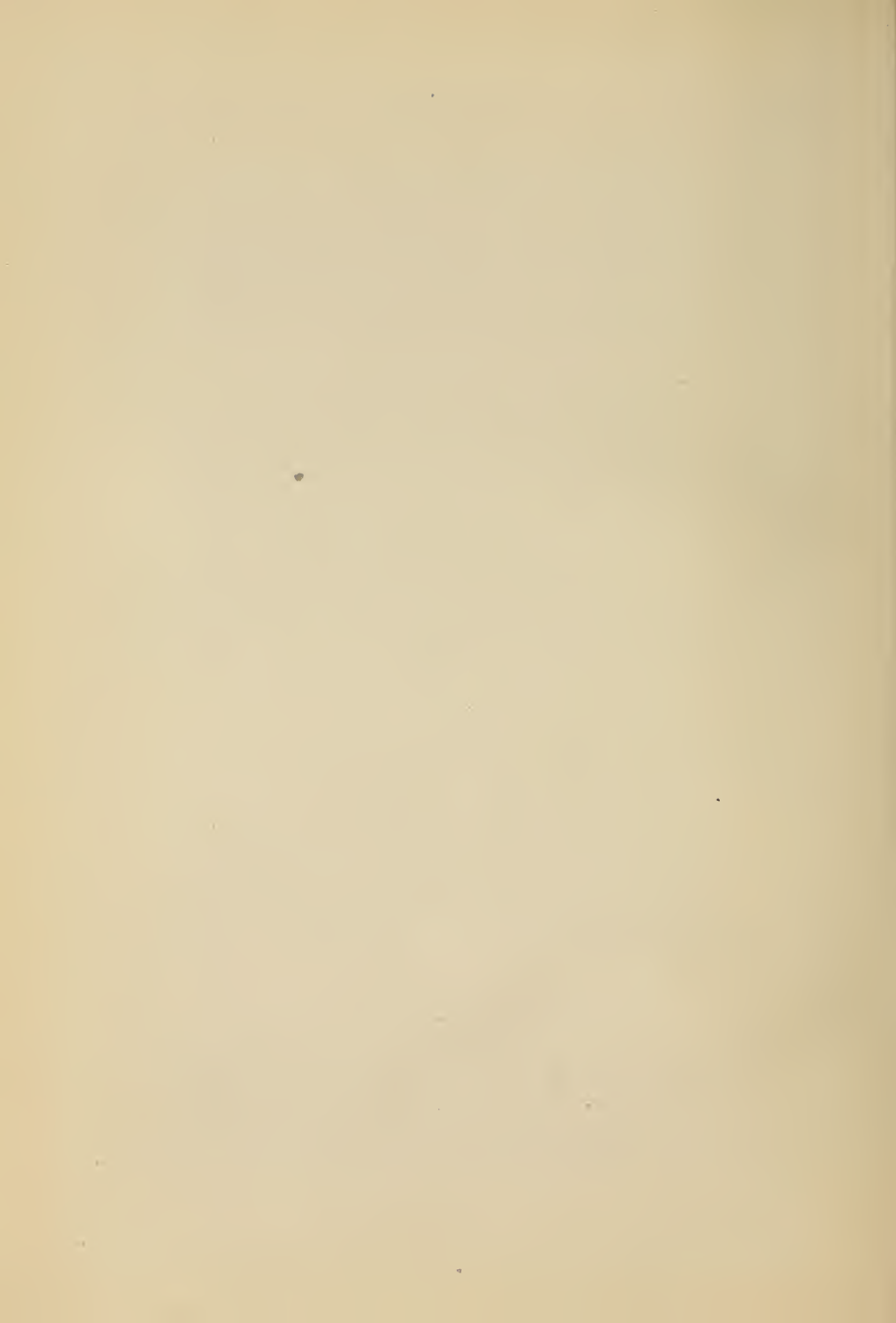
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INTRODUCTION.

The life of Rev. Martin Wells Knapp was so unique and striking and many-sided, so beautiful in its simplicity, so fruitful in noblest achievements, that it fully deserves a permanent place among the biographies of great souls, the saints of God. He was one of the few really great Christians whom my life has touched. I quite expected that his biography would be written; for I have considered him for some time the most potential leader and foremost character in the holiness movement. But I never dreamed that the sacred privilege would be conferred upon me to weave the chaplet for his brow. I did not feel myself worthy, and it did not enter my mind, until I learned from a clipping of a great city journal, which reached me by way of New York City, that I had been chosen for the work. I did not pray to be excused; I did humbly suggest to the family that either Seth C. Rees, of Chicago, or Dr. Godbey, of *Everywhere*, should write the book. During Brother Knapp's later and most fruitful years they had been more intimately associated with him than I, the field of my labor, for the most part, lying in far-away Texas. Both of them loved him with a love like that of David and Jonathan. Each of them had superior talent for such a work. I both wrote to Brother Rees,

and in person urged him to undertake it when he and his precious wife were guests in my home. But for some reason he refused. He consented only to write one chapter, as did also Dr. Godbey. I cheerfully accepted the sacred trust.

But when the material for the book was sent me, with the request that I have the manuscript in the publisher's hands in seven weeks, I confess I was startled. Teaching four college classes and delivering an expository sermon to the students at chapel daily, and writing several columns a week for the holiness papers, and tending to necessary college correspondence, it seemed impossible to do so much more. But I said, "If God wants it, by the help of His Spirit and contributing friends, it can be done." And so, with a prayer for help, I bend to the task.

I ought not to call so sweet an employment a task; it is a delight and a benediction to my own soul. As I look into the mirror of this saintly spirit, I see my own littleness and unworthiness, and it sends me to my knees with a heart hungering to be more like Christ. Such tenderness and fervor of love, such wide outlook, such unswerving loyalty and inflexible purpose and heavenly heroism and unflagging zeal as characterized him, how they shame us all! O God, help us to have a portion of his spirit!

This book will be helpful in many ways. First, it gives us an inside view of the Divine workshop in which God fashioned His precious servant, and fitted him to

be a chosen instrument for the accomplishment of great good. Here are the furnace-fires of affliction, the anvil of suffering, and the hammer of pain, the rasping and polishing tools of trial and commingled defeat and success, sorrow and joy, out of which there came this giant fitted for achievement and storm and battles.

Again, this story will inspire hope in the breasts of the obscure and humble. How few start under more unpromising skies, or end their earthly career in such radiance of sunset glory!

This biography also will illustrate the tremendous power of a truly Christian woman's influence. It rarely falls to the lot of any man to have such a prayerful, sanctified mother, and two such sanctified wives as God gave to Brother Knapp. They, and Bessie Queen and Mary Storey, all sanctified, were potent forces in the inner life of this receptive and appreciative soul. Bessie's contributions to this book will be the gems of the whole. I here acknowledge my indebtedness to her account of his last days.

Lastly, the book affords a remarkable illustration of the power of faith and prayer and the transforming influence of the sanctifying baptism with the Holy Ghost in a life. Who can account for the transformation of the timid boy depicted in these pages into such a courageous Great-heart, or explain the world-wide influence of the humble country circuit-rider, whose early death was mourned around the globe, save on the principle of the Pentecostal enduement of power from

on high and the heart-cleansing baptism with the Holy Ghost? This humble man blazed in the sky of Christian thought like a star of the first magnitude. Leave out the permanent factor of an abiding and indwelling Christ and the overshadowing influence of the Holy Ghost upon him, and an explanation of his remarkable career is impossible. No one would be so quick as he to give God all the glory. He shall have it all. Live on, beloved brother; though dead, thou dost yet speak to all our hearts, pointing to the Pentecostal chamber as the real birthplace of Christian power and abiding usefulness, and to the closet of prayer as the place where the soul clothes itself with strength and puts on the armor of heaven!

May his God be ours, and a portion of his spirit rest upon each of us! May the perusal of these pages prove a blessing to many hearts!



A. M. HILLS.

A Hero of Faith and Prayer; or, Life of Rev. M. W. Knapp.

CHAPTER I.

ONE OF GOD'S SURPRISES.

“For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.”—SHAKESPEARE.

“The mill streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places.”—HELPS.

Nothing is more remarkable than the surprising places in which God finds great men. It has been so through all ages. When God wanted to find the greatest king that ever sat on Israel's throne, the world's poet laureate, he passed by the city palaces and the families of the titled and the great, and all the stately elder brothers, and went out into the sheep pasture of a Bethlehem farmer. His mother was so unknown as never to have perpetuated her name. Even the prophetic vision of Samuel would have missed him. His own brothers saw nothing whatever of hope or promise in him, and rebuked him sharply for leaving his few sheep in the wilderness to visit the army at all. Not a soul dimly conjectured that the immortal giant-killer, the teacher of psalmody to our race, and the kingliest spirit his nation ever would produce, stood before them.

When the chosen people of God had touched the darkest midnight hour of national backsliding, and king and queen and courtiers and pomp and power had all forsaken the Lord, and none would speak for Him because of terror, it was then that God, hunting for a real hero to lift Jehovah's standard, and dare to rebuke crowned iniquity, and brave the wrath of the monster Jezebel, passed all the schools of the prophets, all the robed priests and Levites, and all the princes of the people, and found his man "in the obscurity of a mountain village" east of the Jordan—"Elijah the Tishbite." Here was the man who was to lock up and unlock the skies, slay the false prophets, and be the mouthpiece to a guilty nation of the God that answered by fire.

And when this majestic character was approaching his translation, and must select a successor, nobody but God would have told him to pass by all the sons of greatness and the men of renown, and select, as the great miracle-worker, the counselor of kings, and the guide of a nation's destiny, Elisha the plowman.

This same wonder-working God, whose ways are as much above ours as the heavens are above the earth, and who never sees as man sees, passed by all the strong and the great and the promising, and elected to a delicate and difficult mission "Amos, the herdman of Tekoa, and the gatherer of sycamore fruit."

Who but God would have ignored the claims of the titled and noble born, the kings and dukes and princes of modern Europe, and passed unnoticed all the seats of learning and the heirs of power and wealth and culture, and would have gone to the miner's hut of a German peasant to find the boy who should throw all Europe into ferment, and make popes tremble, and

launch upon the world a new civilization, a renewed Christianity, and all the tremendous forces of the Reformation? Modern progress, civil and religious liberty, and the teeming impulses of the foremost nations of all history came from that peasant hut where God found Martin Luther.

If the wisest and most far-seeing men in all America had been put to the work of discovering the birth-place of the child who should become the future President of the greatest Republic of earth, the greatest genius and most unique character of all the Presidents, and the only one who would be the companion and peer of Washington in the enduring esteem of mankind, no one would have thought of the comfortless log-hut, with its dirt-floor and its shiftless, ignorant father, in the hills of Southwestern Kentucky—the hut in which Abraham Lincoln was born. All these cases that I have mentioned, and thousands more that might be named, are God's surprises in history. He loves to laugh at human pomp and pride, and set at naught our calculations, and bring the unexpected to pass.

When He chose a Jewish maiden to be the mother of the incarnate Son of God, he passed by all ranks and titles and exalted stations, and chose Mary, the peasant girl in the extreme of poverty, so that the baby wail of the newborn Lord of earth was first heard, not in a palace chamber, but in a stable by the beasts of the stall. And this God-child became a Galilean Carpenter.

This is not unusual; indeed, it is almost the customary method of God in finding His most distinguished servants. "The strongest trees are not found in sheltered nooks, but in the most exposed places, where sweeps the full fury of the storm; the hardest

flowers grow, not in hothouses, but on the mountain-side, in close proximity to the glacier and the snow; and God's grandest heroes are taken, for the most part, not from the lap of luxury or the home of affluence, but from the dwelling of penury and the abode of obscurity. Their very struggles have developed strength, and the difficulties which they have been forced to encounter have quickened inventiveness and inspired resolution."

Brother Knapp was one of these Divine surprises. If the astutest committee Methodism could have produced had been sent out to find in Southern Michigan the home in which would be born and from which would go forth the most prolific author, and the most successful publisher, and the most potent editor in the holiness movement of our time, not a member of it would have thought of inspecting that one-roomed log-house in Clarendon, Calhoun County, as the possible place. They would all have said that out of such cramped and meager conditions nothing great could come. They would all have passed by, looking at everything else within the bounds of the horizon but the humble yet sacred place where "the hero of faith and prayer was born. "Ye behold your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God chose the foolish things of the world, that He might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that He might put to shame the things that are strong; and the base things of the world and the things that are despised did God choose, yea, and the things that are not, that He might bring to nought the things that are: that no flesh should

glory before God." (1 Cor. i, 26-29.) "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

God seems to like to do such things to magnify himself, and to exalt the humble and the meek of the earth, while "He scattereth the proud in the imagination of their heart." "He hath put down the princes from their thrones, and hath exalted them of low degree."

I find no description of that lowly home but one in a little New-Year's poem written by Martin to his mother in 1897, which I subjoin here:

NEW YEARS, 1897.

To Mother from Martin.

OUR CHILDHOOD DAYS.

The advent of another year
 Again is drawing very near,
 Reminding me of flight of time
 And thoughts which shape themselves in rhyme.
 Our early days and childhood home,
 Like pictures, to my memory come.
 Like Moses' rod they strike my heart,
 And from my eyes the teardrops start;
 Upon my cheeks they freely flow
 In memory of long ago.

The old log house I plainly see
 Just as of old it used to be.
 Though rough and rude 'tis sacred yet,
 A place we never can forget,
 Where first our early being proved
 A mother's care, a mother's love.
 The wooden pump, the cherry-trees,
 The grapevine and the busy bees;
 The locust-tree, and walnut too,
 Beneath whose shades we played and grew;
 The currant-bushes, green and red,
 Beneath whose shelter chickens fled;

The orchard with its golden boughs,
 And shading trees behind the house ;
 The fences, barn, and fields of grain,
 Though years have fled, I see again.
 Pet "Penny" dog, I think I hear,
 And "Prof." seems barking very near;
 And "Jack" and "Rock," with prancing feet,
 Just as of old I seem to greet.

Full may many a "Jack" I since have seen,
 But none like him to me has been.
 These scenes, and many more, arise
 And pass before my tear-dimmed eyes,
 But time has swept them all away,
 Till scarce a trace remains to-day.
 But dearer still, and far more fair,
 The forms of those who mingled there.
 There mother, kind and true to God,
 Each day exemplified His Word.

Within her heart the Spirit's power
 Beamed brightly every passing hour,
 While patient, tender, good, and true,
 She told and lived what we should do.
 Upon our mother, evermore,
 May God His richest blessings pour !
 Praise Him, she lives our lives to cheer,—
 May she remain for many a year !
 But he who toiled in want and pain
 Has vanished back to dust again.

He felled the forest, tilled the soil,
 But now is free from care and toil.
 He passed triumphantly away
 To sights and sounds of endless day.
 Our oldest sister, young and fair
 Had gone before to meet him there.
 We four remain, and God knows why,
 And who will be the first to die,
 While, sundered far upon life's sea,
 We hasten to eternity.



BIRTHPLACE OF M. W. KNAPP.

I feel a deep and pungent pain
That I so recreant had been.
O that I then had faithful proved !
More kind have been, more truly loved !
But vain regrets can not atone
For all I should have been and done.
In vain in harvest time to weep,—
I did not sow, I can not reap,
Nor present works can wash away
The evil of an early day ;
And though the past is all forgiven
By loved ones and by God in heaven,
Yet still there lives a lingering pain,
That much of life would live again,
If with the present gift of grace
I could again its steps retrace.

I trust we each again shall meet
Before Life's journey is complete,
And that in heaven we shall share
A kingdom and a mansion fair,
Which never more shall fade away,
But brighter grow through endless day.

To Him be endless thanks and praise.
Who thus hath lengthened out our days,
Atonement made for all our sin ;
His light without, His love within,
His Son to save and sanctify,
To conquer death and glorify ;
His providence on every side,
His Spirit, too, to keep and guide,
His Word to bless, His presence cheer,
His fire to banish every fear.
O may we each His name adore,
And serve and love for evermore,
His Pentecostal power prove,
And live and die in perfect love !
A happy blessed bright New-Year,
Replete with heavenly love and cheer !

CHAPTER II.

HIS PARENTS, BIRTH, AND BOYHOOD.— ANCESTORS.

“A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.”—LORD MACAULAY.

“The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.”—SIR T. OVERBURY.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us. Then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws. They send us bound
To rules of reason.”—GEORGE HERBERT.

“Home is the first and most important school of character. It is there that every human being receives his best moral training or his worst; for it is there that he imbibes those principles of conduct which endure through manhood, and cease only with life.”

God does make something of ancestry, especially of a Christian parentage. God-fearing parents who assume the solemn duty of parentage in the fear of God and for His glory may rationally hope to have children that “are an heritage of the Lord.” Brother Knapp may have had humble and obscure parents, of whom the world would scarcely expect so illustrious a son; yet he had just the kind of pious parents that the loving Father watches over with sleepless vigilance, and loves to bless.

His father, Jared Knapp, was an old Methodist class-leader for years—one of the shouting kind. He



"GRANDMA" KNAPP.

was one of the men, all too few, whose moral backbone was not a cotton-string. When he was converted in early life, his father wanted him to do something that was wrong, and he left home rather than do it. Perhaps this was partially the human origin of that inflexible moral stamina that was such a striking element in Martin's character. This old-fashioned Methodist, who made no excuses and asked nobody's pardon for being a Christian, had a triumphant death at an advanced age. For a week before his departure he would look up and wave his hand to celestial visitants. The day before he died he heard their music, and spoke of it to his family. He passed away in Martin's home, May 24, 1891. He came to Michigan from New York in 1836, and was one of those godly pioneers who helped to save that beautiful peninsula from godlessness, and plant in it the institutions of Christianity.

These are all the facts I have about Martin's father. Few indeed they are; but perhaps they will answer our purpose. From him, I suspect, Martin inherited a physical frame deficient in robust vigor and nervous power—in short, a rather depleted vitality—but also drew from him a certain persistence of character and fervor in his religious life.

Of his mother we know much more. She is still with us. We have lived weeks with her under the same roof. She is one of the most retiring of women, reticent and timid, but of a strong character and firm convictions. If Martin inherited the intensity of feeling from his father, he acquired the deep spirituality and superior brain from his mother. She is the "still water that runs deep." Her reverent daughter-in-law, whose soul is knit to hers as Ruth to Naomi, writes me: "She always has seemed to me like a root-Christian—little

seen of her; but great results have followed her beautiful life. I have never liked the word 'mother-in-law' used around me, as she has been so lovely and been a real mother. She has lived with us twelve years, ever since we were married, and is heart and soul in the work. She has never done much public work, but has achieved much by fasting and prayer."

Through life this strong, sterling woman had a remarkable hold upon her son; and he, on his part, was fully conscious that he was his mother's boy. Indeed, I think history will show that most great men are masculine reproductions of their mothers. What greater crown was ever laid on the brow of motherhood than the phrase, "The mother of the Wesleys?" This seems to be God's usual way of permitting great mothers to move the world. Largely denied publicity themselves, they make their impress on the world through their great sons.

Mrs. Knapp certainly did this. She says when her children were placed in her arms at birth, one by one, she felt that they were a sacred trust from the Lord, and that He said, "Train this child for Me;" and she felt responsible for them always. O that all mothers would feel this sacred responsibility, and train their children for God!

This mother was exceedingly industrious, thrifty, and economical. Martin was a grown boy before he had his first suit of store clothes. His mother made the others. She taught him never to buy anything he didn't need; and that was a fixed habit with him always, and it was a needed discipline, fitting him to face the grave financial problems that always confronted him.

Of such parents was born in the above-described log-house, on March 27, 1853, Martin Wells Knapp, son of Jared and Octavia N. Knapp. His father, Jared, was the son of Samuel and Abigail Knapp, of Parma, Monroe County, New York. His mother, Octavia, was the daughter of Melzar and Eunice Wells, of Sullivan, Madison County, New York.

Martin had two half-sisters, Mrs. Letta J. Conner, who died in 1866, and Mrs. R. V. Buck, wife of Amos Buck, of Stevensville, Montana. Martin also had a brother, L. J. Knapp, now a lawyer, living in Missoula, Montana. We can get but few incidents of his childhood to give to the public, just to show the elements of his make-up and the bent of his life. When he was a little fellow about two years old, a devoted Christian lady, who often used to come to the home of his parents, was always talking to the child about Jesus and missionary work in a simple way that he could understand. She was appointed to collect missionary money, and one day little Martin came to her with two pennies—all he had—and freely gave them for the work. From that time on, until the day of his death, he always had a missionary spirit.

He always had a great reverence for anything of God and the things God had made. One night, when he was but a little child, his mother held him up to see the full moon, and said: "Is n't that pretty? That is something God made." Pretty soon he was bowing his head to the moon as a thing belonging to God. As he grew older, he retained the same spirit of reverence for God.

When he was five years old, his pastor preached one day from the text, "Great peace have they that

love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them." He spoke to his mother about it when he got home, and often afterward. That sermon made an impression on him which he never forgot.

When he was a little boy, his father told him, if he would keep the weeds out of the potatoes, he should have a whole row for himself. To this he agreed, and did it faithfully; and when the potatoes were dug in the fall his father paid him the money for his row. Afterward the boy's uncle gave him two cents a bushel for husking some corn. With the money thus earned he bought a pig which he kept until it sold for thirteen dollars. He afterward bought a calf, which was kept until it was sold for fifty dollars. With this money he started for school at Albion College at the age of sixteen.

He early learned the lessons of industry and economy which so wonderfully marked his later career.

He was so bashful and timid when a child that he would rush out of the house, jump over the fence, and break for the woods when he saw a visitor coming to his mother's door. This was especially the case when a minister came. This was a part of his maternal inheritance. This timidity amounted to a positive disease, and, but for all-conquering grace, would have utterly disqualified him for the ministry. The immortal Catharine Booth had the same weakness; and the same Holy Spirit that overshadowed Brother Knapp also lifted Mrs. Booth above her weakness, and made her one of the three mightiest preachers of London.

The father's health was very poor, and, though Martin was the youngest in the family, the work of the farm fell heavily on him. He would toil hard and get

it out of the way in the fall, and go to school in the winter.

These few items are all we know about the boyhood of him who developed into such a royal manhood.

There was very little in it that gave much promise, to a human observer, of surpassing usefulness or pre-eminence in any line of human endeavor. It was all hidden from the eyes of men; and the more I think of it the more I am inclined to believe that, but for the inspiring and empowering work of the Holy Spirit on this life, it would have remained hidden forever. I believe this biography will prove to be a monument to the uplifting, ennobling, and transforming power of the Holy Ghost on a life. It ought to breathe hope into the breasts of the lowly born. It ought to teach the shrinking and the timid that they need not despair of usefulness because of natural limitations, nor be crowded down into defeat by untoward circumstances and unfriendly environments. The Spirit of God is mightier than human deficiencies and hostile conditions. He can enter willing hearts and lift them out of themselves and make them into new "vessels of honor," fitted for the Master's use.

CHAPTER III.

GOING TO COLLEGE.—FINDING HIS LIFE COMPANION, AND THROUGH HER FIND- ING GOD.

“Forgive me if I can not turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
For they are guiding stars benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way ;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God’s peculiar light.”—MICHAEL ANGELO.

“But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
I love my Love, and my Love loves me.”

—SAMUEL COLERIDGE.

“It has been said that no man and no woman can be regarded as complete in their experience of life until they have been subdued into union with the world through their affections. As woman is not woman until she has known love, neither is man man. Both are requisite to each other’s completeness. The true union must needs be one of mind as well as of heart, and based on mutual esteem as well as mutual affection.”

—SAMUEL SMILES.

I find almost nothing about his college life in the material sent me to use in this biography, except on two points. But these are wondrously important. First I learn that through his mother’s energy and prayers he starts to Albion, Michigan, in the same county in which he was born, at seventeen years of age, to attend the Methodist college located there.

The father’s health was very poor, and it seems that

Martin had to get the autumn work done up on the farm before he could start for college. His mother writes that he used to work on the farm all day until night, then eat supper, and do the chores, which would keep him busy until nine o'clock. He would then come in and settle down to the study of his Greek and Latin. While going to school in Albion, he sawed his own wood, and economized in every way.

There is one thing about it: Boys who go to college in this way know what they are in college for, and how they got there; and they do not waste their time, but make the most of their opportunities. Such straitened conditions are not the most favorable to high scholarship; but they do produce strength of character and indomitable will-power, which are two mighty forces in a life.

The writer knows of a young man who thus put himself through his college; and he is now a member of the United States Senate. He himself has a feeling remembrance of such an experience, having earned thirteen hundred dollars of the money that went into his education. The school of stern trial is the one from which God turns out some of his most rugged and indomitable heroes, who would not be produced by kinder fortunes, nor grown beneath sunnier skies.

But two blessings came to him—two events transpired in his life while at Albion, so transcendently important in their bearing upon a human destiny that only one other event equals it between the cradle and the grave. He found his life-companion, and through her found his God. Lucy J. Glenn, daughter of Isaac and Ann Glenn, of Henrietta, Jackson County, Michigan, gives her account as follows:

“While at Albion College I became somewhat ac-

quainted with a careless young man who might be termed 'a scoffer at religion.' After he had gone home, one spring term, he wrote to me. I thought I would politely reply and tell him I could not correspond with him. But a strong impression was made on my mind that I ought to pray over the matter before so deciding. Alone in my room, I asked God's guidance, and there the question was asked me, 'If you knew that, by corresponding with him, your influence would win him to Christ, would you not be willing to do it?' I replied, 'Yes, Lord;' and I began the correspondence with that end in view; viz., the salvation of his soul.

"In answer to my second letter he said, one reason he wished for a correspondence with me was because he thought I would talk religion to him, and that mother and myself were the only Christians in whom he had any confidence. At the same time he asked me to pray that he might become a Christian. So I prayed and wrote for several months, until one Sabbath a strong impression came to me that I must spend that day in prayer for him. I could hardly teach my Sabbath-school class, nor listen to the sermon that morning, my mind was so taken up with prayer. At the evening prayer-meeting I was in an agony of prayer, when suddenly a quiet, restful feeling pervaded my soul, and my Heavenly Father said, 'My child, he shall be saved.' And I just knew it then, just as well as I did a year later, when he yielded to God and was saved."

We now subjoin Brother Knapp's account of the same matter. It will be seen that somehow his own father had not made a favorable religious impression upon him. There are oftentimes people of undoubted piety who have some unfortunate way or manner or tone of voice, or an almost indescribable something

about them that is like the fly in the precious ointment of the apothecary, causing their religion to have an unsavory odor. I find two accounts of it in print by Brother Knapp. I use parts of the two.

“What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the Sons of men
The signs infallible.”

“My only object in relating this is to glorify God. I love to tell what He has done for me, and in this way can do, not only while I live and where I am, but where I may not be personally able to go, and after I have gone to heaven above.

“I was converted when nineteen. A devoted mother’s holy living and earnest prayers early fastened convictions arrow-deep in my soul. For years it quivered there. Engagement in gayety and vain and wicked thoughts could not extract it or cure the pain it caused. God, through her influence, had made precious impressions upon me when young that were never totally erased. I can not remember when I did not think of God and of eternity. The long-faced, sanctimonious, and sepulchral tones of some professors, when talking on religious themes, set me strongly against their kind of religion, but could not kill my faith in the religion of my mother. To her first of all, under God, I attribute the convictions that led to my conversion. Praise God for the patient Christian mothers who, with firm, though aching hearts, ‘sow with tears,’ and trustingly await the ‘reaping-time of joy.’

“My Egypt experiences lasted from the time I reached the years of accountability until I was nineteen. Sometimes my heart was tender; but it grew harder as the years advanced. Awful conviction would

sometimes possess me, but I quenched it. I grew very giddy. I came to dislike meetings, preachers, and all religious society. I would go without my meals rather than enter the house when a minister was there, and threatened to leave home if mother mentioned eternal matters. Thus sadly Satan blinded me.

“Mother would sometimes lay the Testament where I could not help seeing it when retiring, with some passage marked for me to read. Repeatedly I dreamed the day of judgment had come, earth was burning, the Judge descending, and *I* unprepared!

‘For years I bore about hell in my breast ;
 When I thought of my God, it was nothing but gloom ;
 Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me no rest,
 There was still the grim shadow of horrible doom.’

“Egyptian night grew blacker, and, duped by my spiritual Pharaoh, I tried to be an infidel. God’s grace, through mother’s prayers, prevented. In hundreds of ways my Savior tried to win me from my servitude of sin; but, deluded by the enemy, I would not be won. When seventeen, through mother’s plans and sacrifice, I began my studies at Albion. Here I met her who became my wife. She was a genuine Christian, and, next to mother, became instrumental in my conversion. In my Egyptian experience mother was my Moses, and she my Aaron. The sepulchral tones and sanctimonious ways of some professors had set me against their kind of religion; but I was saved from being mystified by my Moses and Aaron, in whom the blessed, soul-cheering, joy-bringing gospel shone in all its purity.

“Death-scenes and funeral processions were a terror to me. The Spirit often used them to mightily

arrest me. The following words haunted me like echoes from a graveyard:

‘Come, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
 You must die and wear a shroud ;
 Time will rob you of your bloom,
 Death will drag you to the tomb ;
 Then you’ll cry “ Woe unto me !
 Lost through all eternity !” ’

“O, how can I be thankful enough that I was not then cut off!

Yes! death would have come, and its angel have torn me
 By force to the judgment where hope could not be ;
 And the spirit of darkness from thence would have borne me
 To unspeakable woes in his wide burning sea.
 Where the worms and the wails and the lashes cease never,
 My poor, ruined soul would have sickened of fire,
 And I should be tortured for ever and ever ;
 But the pains of eternity never would tire.’

“I became fully convinced of my lost condition, yet would own it to none but my ‘Aaron.’ I was irritable when approached on the subject by any other. She believed that it was wrong for Christians to be ‘unequally yoked together with unbelievers,’ and her loyalty to God led her to say, ‘I never can marry an unconverted man.’ She kindly, yet persistently, urged an immediate and complete surrender to God. I was brought face to face with God and duty, and knew that I ought to yield. The tempter said, ‘There is time enough yet ;’ and for a time I listened to his voice, and was supremely miserable. Day and night thoughts of God, judgment, and eternal doom conspired to make me wretched. I resolved to yield. Then whispered the tempter, ‘Be a silent Christian.’ I tried it. I began to read my Bible, kneel at the family altar, where,

in my pride of heart, I had for a long time sat upright, and in silence tried to pray. I felt that these were steps in the right direction, but got no peace. Thus for some time I tried to compromise matters with God, and bring Him to my terms, but He would not come.

“Hitherto God had gently entreated me by His servants. At this point I was made to feel that trifling with God in this half-hearted way must cease, or He would come with sterner measures. I did not heed the warning, and then His judgment fell with crushing weight upon my soul. O the horrors of those days of darkness! I had been forewarned, and knew that I deserved all; so I could not murmur. Alone in the woods again, I sought to settle the question. I fell upon my knees, and tried to pray. The question came, ‘Will you now fully yield?’ I said, ‘In all things, but just that one—I can not open my school with prayer.’ This was my Red Sea.

“I could get no peace, and whenever I tried to pray, that question would rise like a specter before me. I would say, ‘Anything but that;’ but it was God’s test-question, and he would not be turned away. At this point the impression came: ‘Now or never! Yield at once, or you will suddenly be cut off and forever lost!’ This came like a lightning stroke. I felt as sure of its truth as that I lived. The next Monday morning my school began. Tremblingly I took my Bible, and read one of the shortest psalms I could find, and then my courage failed me. The next and the next morning the same was repeated. Thursday morning I said: ‘This will do no longer. I will fully obey.’ God helped, and then I did as best I could, and then it was O so easy to fully trust. And before the sun went down that

night the witness of the Spirit was given, and peace—sweet, deep, rich, and inexpressible—was mine. My warfare with God was ended, past sins were all forgiven, the power of sin was broken, the first letter in the alphabet of redemption was learned, and I began the new life. I wrote at once to my friends of the change, made a public profession at the first opportunity, was baptized, and united with the Church. Soon came my call to the ministry and preparation for that work. When twenty-three, we married, and since then have gladly labored to bring others to Him who sought and saved us.”

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE.—ENTERING THE MINISTRY.— EARLY PASTORAL EXPERIENCES.— SANCTIFIED.

“Love is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and nature with its generous flames.”—EMERSON.

“The utmost blessing that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquillity—to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even his life and welfare.”—MARTIN LUTHER.

“Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life.”

It would be a delight to us and, no doubt, very instructive withal, if we could have some pictures of Brother Knapp's college life. It may be known to the dear Revivalist family and to the readers of this book that our beloved one intended to write his autobiography for his next book. Had he lived to carry out that purpose, we should have had precious incidents about his school life, with those moral reflections in which he was so fertile. But now everything of the kind is lost. We have not in our material one solitary mention of anything except that there he met the precious young woman who afterward became such an inspiration to his soul and such an effective assist-



LUCY GLENN KNAPP.

ant in his life work, and that through her he found God. Well, thank God for the Christian schools where young men and young women can go from Christian homes and find worthy life companions. I thus found my companion, and the spiritual blessing that she brought to my life abides with me yet.

Martin started to school at Albion College at seventeen, and, save when he worked on the farm parts of terms, he continued until he was twenty-three. He left college two years before graduation, in a mistaken haste to enter the ministry, so common to young men. In this particular case it may not have been a mistake; for there are exceptions to all rules. When a man has made an extraordinary success in his life's work, it is useless, and perhaps even foolish, to wish that it had been lived differently. Who now could wish that Washington, or Abraham Lincoln, or William McKinley, had been college-bred men? And so with Brother Knapp.

The next solitary item, unadorned even by date or comment, is:

"Married in '77 to Lucy J. Glenn, daughter of Isaac and Ann Glenn, of Henrietta, Jackson County, Michigan."

I do not know what the gossiping and the curious and the ambitious thought of that marriage; but I am quite sure the angels in heaven rejoiced over another family started in the fear of God, another home founded in prayer and cemented with trust, in which was an altar of faith and a window opening toward the sky and the far-away throne of God. I can imagine that the sensitive dove of peace, attracted by the love and the heavenly atmosphere of the place, folded her wings and concluded to stay.

Before we enter into any descriptions of the pastorate, let us take a critical look at the young man. We may begin by saying that a stately and commanding presence is one of the most effective aids to oratory. Few persons but sensitive orators themselves realize how the people are moved simply by an imposing stature, a noble visage, a lofty mien. I have heard a successful lawyer and judge of more than ordinary ability, in middle life, declare that he would give all his possessions and the earnings of his life if he could just have the physique of a certain rival lawyer that he named. He added: "I would make the money back in one year. I have seen that putty-headed, big lawyer pound the desk of a judge and order him to charge the jury so and so, and the judge turned pale and obeyed him; but if I had said the same words to him he would have ordered me imprisoned for contempt of court." This is a great fact of human nature, account for it as we may, or sneer at it, as some do. The orator of massive frame and noble features and imposing stature has an immense advantage over a small man of poorer physique, even though, in other respects, he is equally gifted.

Now I want to inform every reader who will try to account for Brother Knapp's success on natural principles that he had none of these physical advantages that are so desirable and so helpful.

He was only about five feet four or five inches high, and weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds. The proportions of his body were not fine: the various parts and members of his body, in their general effect, seemed as if they had been thrown together or had chanced to come together by some laughable accident of nature. The first impression he

made upon a strange audience was always unfavorable. He was the furthest from being prepossessing and imposing in his appearance, and, like any sensible, thoughtful man, he was fully conscious of it when standing in the presence of a stranger. He knew that it was a disadvantage under which he ever had to labor.

The Apostle Paul had to contend against this same difficulty. He wrote thus about people's opinion of himself: "His letters," they say, "are weighty and strong, but his bodily presence is weak and his speech of no account." Who knows but that this insignificant physical presence was the "thorn in the flesh" about which Paul besought the Lord with such earnestness of prayer, but in vain. "My grace is sufficient for thee," was the only answer.

Here is a pathetic passage in our brother's diary that shows what he had endured in his public life. It was written more than ten years after entering the ministry:

"HENRIETTA, April 21, 1889.

"Received a blessed baptism of the Spirit to-day while reading the Word. Brother Williams wants me about the first of June to help him with a tent-meeting. Am not yet sure about it. I have been thinking over my past life. I remember that once, when I was helping Uncle Jones thrash, a boy said, 'Well, if you should get buried in the stack, you would not be missed by many.' When I preached my first sermon at Dekonston, Dr. Warren prophesied that I would yet make a successful minister. When Brother Kellogg took me up to join Conference, some one said, 'What did you bring him up here for?' When on the Potterville Charge, we were once caught out a number of

miles from there in a storm. We stopped at a house, and the man asked who I was. In conversation there I told him that I was pastor of the Potterville Church. 'Is it much of a Church?' was his reply, as he scanned me doubtingly from head to foot.

"God has done wonders for me. I used to feel that, if faithful, God would, according to my faithfulness, increase my talent and usefulness; and He has. I had not much stock to begin with; but He has multiplied it. I now am far short of many and what I might have been had I earlier yielded it to God; but I expect to see what I have, according to the same rule, greatly multiplied. God shall have all the glory."

Little did the person think, when he said that, if Martin were buried in the straw stack, he would not be missed, that when that insignificant-looking man came to die he would be missed all over America and around the world, and that letters of condolence would come from Africa and Asia and Europe and the far-off islands of the sea! He only saw Martin Wells Knapp, the insignificant; he did not see Martin Wells Knapp, plus the Holy Ghost transfiguring him, enduing him with power and glorifying him.

I must complete this pen photograph of our brother. There was one redeeming feature. His beautiful face was lighted up with intelligence and stamped with the kindness and love of a great soul. His dark eyes—his most expressive feature—flashed and flamed and pierced like two beams of light that were kindled in heaven. Nobody that ever knew him in his home and worked with him in literary and religious work during his later years can ever forget that face and those eyes. Brother Knapp, with his pent-up energy and boundless enthusiasm in the work of God, his unflinching

love and Christ-like compassion for the sinful, his divine passion for souls driving on his little, overworked body, with his face and eyes flaming with the light of the other world, was to me the best picture of what the Apostle Paul must have been of any man I have ever yet met in public life.

But we must remember that this was what the Holy Spirit had made Brother Knapp, after having the right of way for years in his heart.

When he entered the ministry, he lacked much of this; and the people only saw the diminutive frame and the bashful timidity that was anything but promising to a Church. But he had some equipments that God could use. They were these: a fair education, good natural gifts, a genuinely Christian heart, and a noble Christian wife. Here is a beautiful picture of how God used him:

“A YOUNG PASTOR’S EXPERIENCE.

“M. W. KNAPP.

“It was his first Conference appointment. He was young, timid, and inexperienced. His wife was very sick, so that he could not move to the charge. He went alone, leaving the true, tender, yet very sick companion in the care of God and her mother.

“As he started out alone, his sky seemed as cloudy as the heavens above him. Soon, as if in response to the tears in his soul, the rain began to fall from without. The journey was over thirty miles. He reached his destination thoroughly drenched. A kind sister received him, and her husband cared for his horse.

“He preached the next day with much fear and trembling. The people were disappointed. They wanted a more experienced, older man. He did not

blame them. They dolefully shook their heads, and the enemies of the Church derided. A rival denomination was jubilant; their cultured, gifted pastor would now surely draw the crowds.

"Though trembling, the young man was not utterly without hope. God gave him the text, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' He stood firmly on that. He unfolded its meaning and challenged the people to test its power. God moved the hearts of two leading officials. Their hearts tendered towards the bashful youth. They took him in and thus stemmed the current that else would have broken upon him, and perhaps swept him down.

"For weeks the many were feeling hurt over the way they felt that Conference had imposed upon them. quarterly-meeting was coming. A cold-hearted, beer-drinking, wealthy member of the Quarterly Conference summoned the young man for a talk. It was to warn and prepare him for the lightning stroke that he was hoping soon would leap upon him. 'You need not be surprised,' said he, 'if the Quarterly Conference requests your removal.'

"It went through the young man's heart like a dagger, but he said nothing, thought of the patient, white-faced wife hovering between life and death, and firmly placed his feet upon the promise, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'

"The Quarterly Conference came. It was a notable occasion. Large delegations from various points on the big circuit were on hand.

"They came early. They had been imposed upon by the Conference. The young preacher must pay the penalty. The furnace was ordered to be heated and the servants to bind him and put him in.

“But God was not dead. He had a plan. They had overlooked this. The presiding elder could not come, but in his stead sent a minister who was a stanch friend of the young man, his former pastor.

“Further, the three official members, men of God, whom He had raised up to carry out His plans, were on hand. Brother Wrong View made his plea, Brother Little Faith waxed warm over his argument, Brother Cold Heart and a number of others sided with them, and it looked like the furnace or scaffold was about to seal the young preacher’s fate.

“Then Brother Faithful and Brother Honest and Brother Strong Faith made their plea. God spoke through them. The plot was crushed, and the young preacher promoted and given a comfortable support and the co-operation of the Church.

“Then God healed his wife. Soon they were nicely settled upon the charge. Then came revival after revival of religion, until hundreds professed salvation and three churches dedicated to God under a happy three years’ pastorate.

“Moral.—First. If young preachers will trust God and obey Him, He will defeat their foes and make them more than conquerors, though they be inexperienced and timid.

“Second. Let cold officials beware, lest in crushing God’s ministers they insult Him and hinder His work.”

That insignificant-looking preacher, leaning hard on God in mighty faith, was a good deal bigger personage than those proud and worldly Church officials dreamed that he was. God and he conquered.

He says, “GOD HEALED HIS WIFE.” This is Mrs. Knapp’s account of it as given in her diary: “In September of 1877 I came down with typhoid fever. After

having the fever for several weeks, I asked the physician how long he thought I must lie there. My husband had had his first appointment to work in the Michigan Conference, and I felt anxious to get settled in our new home and get to work. The doctor said he could do nothing to help me, except to give me quieting medicines, and that the fever must run twelve or fourteen days yet, and then it would be four or five weeks before I could sit up an hour a day. Mother, Martin, and I had been praying over the matter for several days, and after the doctor left me I began to wonder whether I was worth more to the cause of Christ to lie there and suffer and do nothing than to be at work for Him. I fully believed He was fully able to heal my body, if it pleased him to do so; but I was not sure it was his purpose.

“The next morning, after an almost sleepless night, I awoke, to find my door closed and I alone. My first impression was that my room was filled with a heavenly presence, and next that it was my time to be healed. So I looked up and asked the Lord if it was His purpose to heal my body. Immediately the answer came back, ‘In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth I say unto you, Arise and walk.’ My first thought was that I was no stronger and could n’t, but I knew God would never tell me to do anything I could not do, so I replied, ‘I trust Thee, Lord,’ and immediately arose from the bed.

“The instant I put my feet upon the floor I realized I was gaining strength, and I knelt down by my bed, and thanked God that He was healing me. I dressed myself, and walked from the bedroom, through the dining-room, into the kitchen, and sat by the cooking stove, and ate my breakfast. I was a marvel to all

who saw me. My brother, coming in and finding me there, said he thought he saw a ghost. And indeed, I looked like a corpse. I could reach around my arm above my elbow with the thumb and second finger when I had sat up three weeks. I sat up ten and one-half hours that first day, went to the table with the family at noon and at night, sewed a fresh ruche in the neck of a dress, and changed my dress in the afternoon, poured out my medicine myself, and sent word to the doctor not to come again, and felt like singing all day,

‘The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus.’

“This was on Friday, and the following Monday I worked at preparing grapes for canning four and one-half hours. O how close to me my Physician seemed all the time! I never knew until I had been sitting up some weeks that any one recovering from this disease was ever injured by overeating; but almost every meal, while enjoying my food to the utmost, I would have a strong impression I had eaten enough, and would go away from the table so hungry that I could not keep the tears back.

“I had slight fever four nights after I began to recover; and the fifth night, while praying over it, the answer came, ‘According to thy faith be it unto thee.’ ‘Then,’ I said, ‘by the grace of God, I’ll not have the fever any more;’ and I did not. In a few weeks we moved to Potterville, and began our work in real earnest. People told me I would surely kill myself; but my confidence in God was too strong to be shaken in any way. All glory to His name! Who is so able to heal sick *bodies* or sick *souls*?”

Thus wicked, worldly opposition overcome, Divine

healing, the erection of several houses of worship, and several revivals, and the salvation of hundreds of souls, is the epitome of the results of the first pastorate—far more fruitful than first pastorates usually are.

Here is this insignificant-looking pastor's experience on another field, as told by himself:

“A SPARK FROM MY PASTORAL LIFE.”

“M. W. KNAPP.

“My first charge was a country appointment, with a village as its center.

“At one of these outposts we had no building, worshipping in a church of another denomination. Our people were in fair circumstances, but did not want to build. I was young and inexperienced, but got my message from God, and proclaimed His truth. Soon He showed me that it was His will that our people build a church, as neither society had enough religion, so but what there was constant friction between them. They were very reluctant to accept a proposition which touched their pocketbooks so strongly, and I felt it my duty to explain to them what the consequences would be, and advised them to obey God in this matter, or disband.

“This position, cumbered with my lack of gifts and experience, determined them to ask for a change at the close of the year.

“I had been preceded by a preacher of larger pulpit gifts, and they felt that the ‘good of the cause demanded a more experienced man.’ Feeling this way, they sent their request to the authorities. In the meantime myself and my wife felt that our work on the charge was not done, and received the assurance that

we were to be returned. 'We committed our way to the Lord, and waited patiently for Him.'

"The protest to our return failed to reach the presiding elder, and we were returned to the charge. All this time we were in total ignorance of the opposition.

"As was my custom, I soon began calling on and praying with the people. It was not long until my labors found me among these dissatisfied members. I called upon the leader, not knowing there was a ripple on the storm-tossed sea. He was in the field working.

"He had been very cordial, and his house often our temporary home. He seemed so still and strange and cold! What could it all mean?

"Finally he broke the suspense:

"'Did you not know that we requested a change of pastors?'

"'I knew nothing of it.'

"'Well, what are you going to do?'

"'Do? Why, the Lord and the Conference sent me back, and I am going to stay.'

"'But no one will hear or support you.'

"'I can't help that. I'll be on hand at my next appointment.'

"I returned home with a sad, pained heart, and told my wife. We prayed over it, and God comforted us and assured us of His presence, companionship, and support, and, strong in His strength, we decided to patiently do His will, and trust Him with the consequences.

"At our first appointment to the seat of this secession a funeral interrupted, so we could not go. At the next a quarterly-meeting kept us away, so it was six weeks before we were able to enter the pulpit where our absence was so much dearer than our company.

"When nearly there, we met the leader of the revolt going away to another meeting. His head hung low, his look was sad.

"He was in the main a good man, had a noble wife, and his better nature and loyalty to the Church were conquering, and 't was hard for him to thus run away.

"I never blamed any of them for the way they felt, as I was young and unskillful. The marvel was that any rallied around us, except that my wife was gifted and God was on our side.

"God, as usual, had given a text and message for the occasion. He gave me comfort and assurance that my text was of Him.

"It was, 'None of these things move me.' I did not once refer to the existing dissatisfaction, but tried to show that Bible religion, the kind Paul had, would put one where their souls would be so staid on God that they would be unmovable.

"I was not fully sanctified at that time, but my heart was tender and sensitive to Divine impressions, and God blessed the Word.

"While at first doubtless some thought I was going to preach on 'None of these things MAKE ME MOVE,' they were disappointed and they were tender. The outsiders said, 'The little preacher has got more religion than the members.' God knows about that; but the members came and shook hands with me, and from that hour all was changed. A revival soon broke out, and the church enterprise was taken up, and at the close of the year all were urgently in favor of our return.

"We were sent back, and remained as long as the law of the Church would allow. The church building was completed and dedicated. After entering the evan-

gelistic field, we returned, and God gave a revival of wonderful power, over one hundred professing conversion.

“The memories of that place and people are among the sweetest of my life. May God bless them! The tears start as I write these lines. She who then, in the beauty and vigor of her young life, was by my side, and with her songs of joy and victory helped lead on the embattled hosts, is now 'mid still more glorious scenes above. Others have followed her.

‘Most are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead.’

Yet, thank God, of those who still are living,

‘All may meet on that blest shore,
And reign with Christ for evermore.’

“The above incident hints the following lesson:

“God changes forbidding circumstances into welcome victories, when His servants follow Him.”

The following is a picture of the second pastorate by one of the members:

“Our pastor preceding Brother Knapp was Brother Charles Jacokes, a large man, in middle life, and one possessing considerable dignity. When word came from Conference—I think it was the fall of 1880—that our new minister was M. W. Knapp, a very young man, every one was anxious to see him. At that time what is now Elsie Station was a large circuit of three appointments, called Duplain Circuit, with the parsonage at Duplain. I well remember the first time he came to Elsie. It was Sunday evening. The church was crowded. All were eager to see the new minister, and I think that, without an exception, all were more or less disappointed; for he looked like a small boy

of eighteen years. I have heard him say that, as he looked over the large congregation, he was so embarrassed he expected he should break down. He came here from Potterville, which was his first appointment, where he had been three years. We soon found out, however, that we had no boy minister, but one fully equal to all the responsibilities contingent upon a large and important circuit. His gifted and devoted wife, Lucy Glenn Knapp, was his constant and efficient helper.

“There was no sacrifice of ease, comfort, or things temporal too great for them to make for the cause of Christ. It can be truly said that they two were possessed of a passion for souls; and during their stay of three years (when that was the full term) they conducted two fruitful revivals at Elsie, besides at other points. Not content with the work already in hand, they went out to three neighborhood schoolhouses, and held revivals and organized classes, so that part of the time he had six preaching-places. One of these, now grown to be the thriving village of Bannister, has a prosperous organization and a good church building. Immediately upon Brother Knapp’s coming among us he began to preach full salvation definitely, more so than we had ever heard before, although he himself had not entered into the experience as yet. It was here that he held the two days’ holiness-meeting, assisted by Brother and Sister Taylor, and where he entered into the blessing, with the manifestations as described in a recent Revivalist. I well remember his telling us all about it here in our home, and the impression it made upon me. While here he built two churches: one at Shepherdsville, one at Elsie. The year those churches were built was a peculiarly trying and discouraging

year for farmers, and they composed the larger part of the membership. It was known as the wet season. Wheat grew in shocks in the field, and even standing in the fields, where there had been so much rain as to be unable to cut it. The heads lapped together, and tiny shoots of green could be seen all over the fields. Naturally this looked discouraging for this enterprise, and you who have known Brother Knapp in later years can understand with what faith and contagious enthusiasm he pushed the matter to completion, giving largely of his own small means at both places. He was the means, under God, of leading very many in the Church into a richer experience, even into the way of holiness.

"I shall never forget how he would drop into our home, and, with the warm handclasp and genial smile, ask, 'Well, Brother [or Sister], how is your soul to-day? Is it all right between you and God? Are you sure your feet are in the highway?' O how glad we always were to see him come, although sometimes almost dreading those questions, yet never failing to experience help; and we would watch him drive away, knowing that God was a little nearer, His helpfulness a little more real and personal because of this visit from our well-loved pastor. What he has accomplished in the short forty-eight years of his life would be impossible to estimate. God only knows. But how many, many there are that can say, 'He helped me!' Truly he wore himself out, and doubtless accomplished more than many who live to a great age.

"Speaking of his extremely youthful appearance when he came here, a young couple, near neighbors of ours, accompanied by friends, drove over to the parsonage to be married. They had never seen the new minister, and when he met them at the door, they asked

him if his father was at home. Seeing the situation, he said, "If it is the minister you want, I am he." Of course, this was a good joke, and no one enjoyed it more than the minister and his wife.

"There is so much more that I would like to say, so much that will ever be treasured among the precious memories, sacred and hallowed, that go to make our lives rich and sweet; and such things can not be put upon paper, can not be expressed with ink and pen. We are glad we were intimately acquainted with Brother Knapp; so glad our home has been hallowed by his presence; so glad that during those precious three years they called our house 'home,' and many nights occupied the prophet's chamber; so glad that he baptized two of our dear children, who in their youth were converted in one of his meetings; so glad that our sweet Nellie welcomed him to the heavenly home; so glad for the blessed certainty that, when our work is finished, we, too, shall once more clasp that hand and see that genial smile and enjoy such delightful company through all eternity in that Home not made with hands. We sometimes say that we have more friends there than here. O, how joyful will the meeting be!

JULIA E. CANTIE."

In these days of joking and feasting and lodge-joining preachers, how refreshing to read of this young old-fashioned gospel preacher, who loaded himself with extra work, and preached six times a week, and had revivals, and went about seeking the lost with a real passion for souls!

There are people who say that there is no such thing as a second blessing of sanctification subsequent to regeneration, and to be sought after by Christians.

These critics of the holiness movement tell us that the people who seem to get this second blessing are only reclaimed from backsliding.

This beautiful life alone would refute such an utterly erroneous theory. This man was all on fire for God and the salvation of souls, and, so far from being backslidden, was preaching full salvation and "groaning after it," and holding a Convention of two days to talk about it, even before he reached the experience. "Backslidden!" Indeed! The zeal of the Lord was even then consuming him. The truth is, that is the very kind of Christians who seek sanctification and get it.

Too many Christians have so low a state of justification that they have neither concern about nor any care for sanctification, and, of course, while in that state, never get it, nor even seek it. Praise the Lord, it is the spiritual souls, who, with a great heart-hunger, cry, "O to be like Him!" that God makes fat!

Brother Knapp, ever reaching out for a *full salvation* and for an "*uttermost*" *Savior*, at last had the longing of his heart satisfied. He gives the following account of it:

"Fourteen years have I passed since I crossed the Red Sea, and I have never for a moment felt like returning to Egyptian bondage. Glory to God in the highest for such wonderful deliverance!

"For nine years I tarried in the Sinai Wilderness experience. I was converted, and knew it, loved God and His people, worked for Him as well as I could, saw many souls converted, and grew in knowledge and experience; but my temper, which was quick, often made me conscious that I was not possessed with all the mind of Christ. I was hampered with selfish ambitions, joking and teasing tendencies, and other movements of the carnal mind. Inbred sin sought to expel the holy

power that bound it, and there were frequent struggles within between the two contending principles. I needed the blessing mentioned in the following song-prayer of a well-known poet :

‘Savior of the sin-sick soul,
Give me grace to make me whole ;
Finish Thy great work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness.

Speak the second time, “Be clean ;”
Take away my inbred sin ;
Every stumbling-block remove,
Cast it out by perfect love.’

“I had read much on the subject of heart-purity, but never heard a sermon on it. I knew that the Bible clearly taught cleansing from inbred sin and the fullness of the Spirit as the privilege of every believer. I reasoned: ‘God does not do things by halves. I know that He converted me and that I am His child; therefore I must be saved from inbred sin.’ The fact, however, that it was in my heart, and that I often was painfully conscious of it, was stronger than my argument, and confused me. I said, ‘I’ll keep it down;’ but instead of that, it kept me down. Then I said, ‘It must be a growth; I’ll grow into it.’ I did grow into the knowledge of self and Christian privilege, but made little progress in the grace of perfect love. How it pains me that in my dullness I tarried so long in the shallow waters, but the great deep of God’s love was continually inviting!

“In November, 1882, I permitted the Lord to lead me to Kadesh-Barnea, on the borders of the promised land. By His grace I then and there entered the land, receiving the blessed baptism of the Spirit that cleanses from inbred sin and fills with perfect love. In June

I had appointed a three days' special service for myself and people to seek this longed-for experience. Rev. William Taylor and wife, two noble workers who had the fullness of the Spirit, were invited. It was a time of heart-searching. Their testimonies and teachings were clear and given in all humility, and convinced me all the deeper of my great need and privilege. I received great help at that time, but not the consciousness that the great work was wrought.

"In November the crisis came. I had been preaching full salvation, but could lead my people no further than I had gone myself. I set apart a time to settle the matter. God met me and gave me the promise: '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.' The blessed Holy Spirit explained it to my heart, and helped me to take hold of it right then and there. He suggested, 'Why not believe on the authority of His Word that God is doing just what He agrees to do just now?' I was conscious that the conditions upon which the promise was based were being met, and could see no reason why I should not, and replied, 'Lord, I do.' In an instant I was made conscious of my cleansing. The 'giants' fled, the 'walled towns' crumbled, and Canaan, through Christ, was possessed. To God be all the glory!

"The 'fullness' soon followed. I saw then where my trouble had been. I had not dared to venture on the promise and trust in the present tense. I thanked God for the victory given, and asked that, in order with greater confidence I might publicly proclaim and urge the experience, that He would give me still further unmistakable evidence of its reality. I retired looking

for something more. I was not disappointed. Instead of some thing, some One came—the One altogether lovely, even Christ Himself. I had slept about an hour when I was suddenly awakened by what sounded like three distinct knocks on the front door. In an instant I was made just as conscious of the Divine presence as ever man was of the company of an earthly friend. I felt the presence of a gentle, unseen power upon my head. Then a wave of Divine power and love, causing a sensation something like an electric shock, only inexpressibly pleasurable, rolled over my entire being. Then three impressions were made just as vividly as if uttered by an audible voice:

“1. ‘This is the added evidence you prayed for.’

“2. ‘You are healed of your disease.’

“3. ‘A definite call to especial evangelistic work.’

“A few days after my wife received a call to the same work. Since then she has triumphantly passed to brighter realms above.

“For years I have been sufferings from the effects of a sunstroke. It had taken me from my studies, and threatened to prostrate me completely. Every year of my preaching, some had thought, would be my last. Physicians said my only hope was to stop and rest. The physical cure wrought was perfect. Both the spiritual and physical blessings stand the test of toil and time. Great and gratifying as the physical healing is, I count it a mere shadow compared with the spiritual uplift then received. My wife says I have been a changed man. My members said there was a marked improvement in my preaching. Teasing, foolish jesting, and selfishness, by the Divine Plowman were rooted out, and the Spirit’s graces implanted in their stead. The second letter in redemption’s alphabet has been learned,

and a holy ambition aspires to further progress, and then to teach those unlearned.

“Dear reader, may we each be so faithful in the early Canaan that we may greet each other in the heavenly!

“‘Unto Him that hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light be glory and dominion for ever and ever! Amen.’”

Six years in the ministry; five churches built, eight or ten revivals, and himself sanctified! Well done, beloved brother! you are pushing along fast toward “glory, and honor, and immortality.”

CHAPTER V.

THIRD AND FOURTH PASTORATES. — REVIVAL EXPERIENCES.

“It is the great lesson of biography to teach what man can be and can do at his best. It may thus give each man renewed strength and confidence. The humblest, in the sight of even the greatest, may admire and hope and take courage. These great brothers of ours in blood and lineage, who live a universal life, still speak to us from their graves, and beckon us on in the paths which they have trod. Their example is still with us, to guide, to influence, and to direct us. For nobility of character is a perpetual bequest, living from age to age, and constantly tending to reproduce its like.”

—SAMUEL SMILES.

“Work as if thou hadst to live for aye;
Worship as if thou wert to die to-day.”

—TUSCAN PROVERB.

“Blest work! if ever thou wert curse of God,
What must his blessings be!”—J. B. SELKIRK.

“Let every man be *occupied*, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.”—SYDNEY SMITH.

Brother Knapp was one of God’s faithful workers, blessed and happy in his work. If this precious biography achieves anything, it will teach “what man can be and can do at his best.”

I find that Brother Knapp’s third pastorate was at Lions, Michigan. The incidents are the very briefest. The mother writes that “he had a revival everywhere he went.” Mrs. Knapp’s diary has this passage:

“We were at Lions, Ionia County, one year, and

the last three months of the year we both felt that the Conference year would finish our work there. The people and our presiding elder were very anxious for us to remain; but we had a growing and deepening conviction that our work there would close at Conference time. The last day of Annual Conference Martin came home, and we joined together in prayer concerning the matter. We were to remain there or come to Montague. While praying there came to my mind the pleasant home we were so nicely situated in, our pleasant surroundings, and how my health would not admit of moving.

"Then I seemed to see this place pictured out; only it looked very horrid; but a finger pointed straight here, and a command came to go. I immediately arose from my knees, and as Martin did the same, he said, 'Well, what are you going to do about it?' And, without stopping to think that I could not well come alone, I replied, 'I'm going; are you?' He said, 'Yes, and my promise, "I will go before you, and will be your reward."' Anna prayed about it, too, and had a similar answer."

They went to Montague, where they remained three years. Then the little jottings of the wife in the diary show pastoral visitations, and Conventions, and revivals chasing each other in rapid succession. Their hearts and hands were ever full of work for Jesus.

The wife herself began to preach and hold revival services, even apart from her husband for a week at a time. They were getting such a reputation for success in revival work that they were called to assist other pastors in their Churches a hundred miles away. The Lord had a man and woman he could use in Christian work, and He let the Churches find it out.

"REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

"BY THE FIRST MRS. KNAPP.

"Whisky Creek.—Began meetings November 1, 1885.

"Sunday evening: Good attendance, interest, and one young lady began publicly serving Christ.

"Monday evening: Two more started.

"Tuesday evening: Ten more started in the Master's service, most of them coming forward with weeping, and seeming great earnestness. One lady was urging her weeping daughter to go forward. I asked her if she was a Christian, and she said she was n't. I asked her to go with her daughter; she did, and also her son came and knelt with them. The lady said afterward she had been a Christian, but was backslidden, and had not trained her children right. She soon gave evidence of conversion.

"Wednesday evening: Martin preached from 'Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' Three more began serving Christ, and some who have been seeking gave clear testimonies of conversion. One brother said he began to backslide by neglecting to ask a blessing when a stranger was at the dinner-table.

"Thursday evening: Martin preached from 'Ye must be born again.' Very deep conviction, and one new one started.

"Friday evening: Had an experience-meeting; good, too. Those who are coming out on the side of Christ are very humble in their confessions, and very happy in Christ. One brother said, 'Why, there is no more danger of your backsliding than there is of your starving to death if you eat.' One more chose Christ.

“Saturday evening: Good meeting. One brother said he had not been to meeting until last night, and then came late; but when he came into the house he felt the power of the Holy Spirit. ‘Why,’ he said, ‘he could see it in the room, and it went through him like a shock of electricity.’ More of the converts testified for Christ than before.

“Sunday, 8th: Grand morning meeting began by singing ‘Praise God’ twice to ‘Duane Street,’ for what He had done and was about to do. Subject, ‘Sanctification.’ A great many arose, consecrating themselves to Christ. Splendid testimony-meeting. A strong moral man arose, and stated that he had been a sinner, but by God’s grace he would live for Him. He praised the Lord for saving him. I have scarcely ever seen such a sensation among saints and sinners, old and young. Some wept, others laughed for joy, while others shouted. It seemed that all were deeply moved. For the first time I organized a Methodist Episcopal class. Some twenty-five joined. Closed with ‘Praise God.’

“Evening: God gave the victory. Blackboard sermon. Deep conviction. One or two started; some twenty-two have expressed a determination to serve Christ during these twelve services since last Sabbath. All glory to God! One brother said that, two years ago, a man induced his wife to leave him, and he backslid because of it. Last winter he thought he would come back to God, but he found he could not forgive that man; but last Sunday night, while I was preaching from ‘God so loved the world,’ he thought the matter over, and made up his mind he could forgive that man; and so he came to Christ Monday evening. One sister had said several times during the week that she would

rather die than stand in any one's way; then, on Sabbath evening, when a lady who had deeply wronged her joined the Church on trial, she felt so badly about it that she nearly fainted. She had no idea that she had hardness in her heart toward any one; but she said, by the grace of God, it must go; 't was a severe test, but showed her her own heart as probably nothing else would have done.

“Montague, Mich.—Friday evening, November 13th: Martin and I went to Reed City last Tuesday to attend the District Revival Conference. Sister Lucy Nethercott Daniels invited me to attend it, and I accepted the invitation because I was fully persuaded that God so ordered. Found, after my arrival, that she sent for me to hear my experience on Christian work, faith-healing, etc. I had not been in town four hours before I heard that a young lady dying with consumption was very anxious to see me. I was taken to her the next day; found she had heard of my faith cure, as announced in the Michigan *Advocate* a year ago, and hoped I might help her along that line. I saw she was not at all at rest regarding spiritual matters, and I talked to her along the full consecration, complete submission, perfect obedience line, and finally prayed for her. She said she could say Amen to all my prayers. I left her, and returned next day to find her rejoicing in a complete Savior. She had asked her lover, the evening before, whether it would be easier for him to become a Christian if God should spare her life, or take her to Himself. He told her in either case he was going to be a Christian. The evening following my second visit she talked with a number of unconverted friends, and after they had promised to serve God she prayed for them. Had a good talk with another afflicted lady, who

is deeply convicted for heart-purity. I should have felt sure God sent me to Reed City, even though I had seen no good results from my going; but it was good of Him to show me why He sent me. Brother Daniels has been strongly impressed, for months back, that Martin ought to help him in revival work; but he did not know, until a few weeks since, anything about our call to evangelistic work.

“Martin preached Thursday evening, and five started in Christ’s service. He is going back up there next Tuesday to continue the work. Several of the ministers invited us to help them this winter. We have had eight calls to révival work, besides three other places where we feel God wants us to labor.

“Reed City.—Friday, November 20th: Martin came Tuesday, and I came yesterday. We found willing workers to do our work on the charge in our absence, and the people bid us ‘Godspeed.’ The interest here is deep and constantly increasing inside and outside the Church. Numbers forward every night.

“Tuesday, December 1, 1885: Some thirty or forty have been forward for prayers during the meetings, many of whom give good evidence of conversion. Sunday evening the house was crowded, and extra seats were brought in. Nine new ones manifested a desire for salvation. God blessed us with His presence. The people were told that what they could freely and gladly give us, for our expenses, would be thankfully received. The first six dollars were all silver dollars. One brother handed me two dollars, saying, ‘I would not take ten thousand times that much and be put back where I was two weeks ago.’ One lady gave me 25 cents, and, weeping, said she wished she had more for me. And old lady gave 50 cents, and said she wished it was \$50,000.

Another said I had done her \$100 worth of good, and she wished she could pay it.

"Tuesday, 8th: Martin came back yesterday. While here before, we went down and sang on the street, and he talked from a dry goods box three evenings. New work for him. We ladies used to go and sing on the street, and invite people to church, at Montague, last winter; but he never went down. The work here *seems to us* to have been terribly hindered by cold Church, who will not make their wrongs right, nor work. We go to Ludington to-day to help Brother Stark in revival work.

"Montague.—December 26th, Saturday: I was at Ludington almost two weeks, and Martin was there one. The minister was all taken up with 'marrying a wife,' the older members with a Church fair, and the younger ones with a Christmas concert; and the first week we had a terrible storm. Nevertheless, the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the people. Some were sanctified, some fifty manifested a desire for salvation, and a good number gave evidence of clear conversion. Some were deeply convicted of sin, and called themselves the worst sinners in Ludington. We had very interesting meetings Sunday and Monday. Tuesday I came home very tired.

"Vermontville, Mich.—Saturday, January 2d: We held meetings at the Green Schoolhouse from Sabbath 27th until Thursday, closing with a watch-night service. It rained and rained all the week till Thursday, so that many could not attend the services; but God gave us a grand watch-night service, in which many were greatly blessed. I left home again to-day, where we are to help Brother Paddock in revival work. Martin came yesterday.

“Tuesday, 5th: The work is opening grandly. The members are doing well. To-night eighteen persons arose, saying they were not satisfied that God saved them. Ten came promptly forward to the altar in the consecration service. The pastor has been doing good work.

“Tuesday, 12th: The work is going gloriously on. About forty have already taken a decided stand for Christ, many of whom give clear evidence of conversion. Brother Lamnis said that he had been exercised about tobacco for several days, and Sunday night he knelt to pray, and he felt he must lay his tobacco one side while he prayed. He did so, and God blessed him, and when he arose he took his tobacco again; but he felt mean over it, and then told the Lord that if it was wrong for him to use the stuff to show him by withdrawing His Spirit from him for a season. Immediately all was darkness, and he suffered terribly, until he told the Lord that it was enough; the *tobacco must go*. He has won a great victory, and God blessed him greatly. He has used the filthy stuff for forty-four years. A few days ago he gave himself entirely to the Lord, but had no idea what God would require of him; but he says it is very little in comparison to what Jesus has done for him. One brother had been praying for heart purity, and last Sunday morning he was awakened by three knocks; and it seemed to him that the Savior stood by him, and blessed him, and told him to go to a sinner and invite him to become a Christian. I do not remember to have been in a place where the Christians work any better than here. One young man said he had given up all but one thing—a euchre-deck, which he kept in the bottom of his trunk for fear his mother would know it. He thought he must not waste it be-

cause of the money invested; but was enabled to consume it in the flames yesterday. He said he would not take twenty-dollars for the blessing he had already.

“Sunday, 19th: Good meeting all day. Afternoon, had an experience-meeting along the line of conversion. One was converted in an old sawmill, one out in the dark alone, one at the family altar, one all alone at home, one by an old hickory stump, two in schoolhouse and lost their strength; and many others at Church altars. Some could not tell *where* nor *when*, but *know* they are saved. One was converted forty years ago, and has been wandering in the wilderness all the time until last Sunday, when God saved him.

“Monday evening: Yesterday a large number of envelopes were given out to those who wished to help pay the expenses of the meeting. To-night they were taken up. One old brother said he put \$1 into his envelope, and then he thought that was not enough, and added 50 cents more. Then he did not feel satisfied, and so put in enough to make it \$2; then it came to him that \$3 was *just right*, so he put in the other \$1, and sealed up the envelope. One envelope contained 30 cents, with a neatly-written note requesting us to pray for the writer, an unpardoned sinner.

“Friday, January 22d: Meetings closed yesterday with an ‘All-day Jubilee Service.’ There were sixteen forward in the evening, most of whom confessed conversion. Altogether some over one hundred have bowed at the altar, most of whom have come out clearly for Christ. Some forty or fifty professed sanctification. We never saw so much work done in so short a time. It seems like good foundation work, too! ‘Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.’ They paid us more

than \$60, leaving us, after expenses are met, \$33, to be applied on our salary at Montague. Our stay at Brother Paddock's has been very pleasant indeed, and altogether we have had the least hard pulling of any work we have ever been in. The people have been very profuse in their thanks and expressions of regard for us and our work, recognizing the hand of God in it from beginning to end. Yesterday morning a Congregational brother told how that a brother asked him to attend the meetings, and he said it was of no use; his heart was so hard. But the brother came again and again, and finally persuaded him to come; and now he praised God that he had come. Two or three evenings ago he and his wife arose, stating they were not satisfied that they were saved; but when pressed to go forward, they did not wish to, for fear of hurting the feelings of their pastor, who was present.

"A Congregational lady said, after she reached home the night before, her little daughter asked her why she did not go forward; and she told her she had been a Christian for years, and did not feel it her duty to go. 'Then,' said the child, 'why did n't you stand up and tell it?' And she said after this she would stand up and tell of it.

"Montague.—Young man said he had never enjoyed himself so much as during the past week. He used to vow, to himself, to stop sinning, but had no strength to carry out his vows; but now he feels that God helps him. To-day he was terribly tempted by his old companions; but God gave him strength to resist them.

"A lady said she thanked God for what He had done for her; it seemed like going from a dark room into a very light one. Sister Bush, converted at Mon-

tague, a year since, said that she owed a man \$5 for house-rent, and because he had not treated her just as she thought he should, she had determined to make him wait for his money, if, indeed, he ever got it at all. But as soon as converted she hurried to pay the debt, and, though it took their last \$5, she went home feeling wonderfully blessed of God.

“Monday, November 8, 1886: We have been laboring with Brother Odlum at Kalamo for the past two weeks. God has been preciously near and blessed abundantly in the sanctification of believers and the conversion of sinners. Nine Church members came forward, one evening, and professed conversion. One old man came up the aisle saying, ‘I am coming, Lord, I am coming,’ and dropped upon his knees, and pleaded with God for mercy until he received it, and then arose and made his confession. Mr. K—— preached a strong sermon on church singing being led by ungodly choirs and choristers; was terribly tempted at the close. Come to find out, the chorister, a good moral man, was not a Christian. He went home and said he could never lead the singing again, even in Sunday-school, without religion, and came forward a night or two after, and was clearly converted. Sunday evening a young lady said she went to a show at the hall the night before, and felt she did wrong; God had forgiven her, and she would not do it again. It was nothing but tumbling through barrels, and such foolish things. She didn’t get the worth of her money.

“Richland.—Brother French, pastor: He was converted through the influence of the Christian man he worked for, rather than any preaching. He came back to this charge because he believed God wanted him to

build a church at Richland. He had a place offered him where they pay \$200 or \$300 more than they do here. Used our magic-lantern, for the first time here, to good advantage. One little girl told her neighbor that 'Mamma was so much better ever since she went clear up in front at the concert.' Her mother was happily converted at the altar. Some nice young men were converted, and began working immediately for others. Opposition was more marked than at any other place we have been. One young man left the house, cursing and swearing during the meeting, one evening. One influential man said a great deal against the work from the beginning; it made him mad every time he came, and that was nearly every night. He talked real mean to Martin, telling him he was doing more harm than good. The last night of our service there, his wife pleaded with and prayed for him until two in the morning, when he yielded, and God sweetly saved his soul. That morning, just after breakfast, he and his wife came to our boarding-place, and told us all about it, and O, how he wept; so much that it was with the greatest difficulty he could talk at all! There were some clear cases of sanctification at this place. All glory to God."

ENTERS EVANGELISTIC WORK.

The reader will remember that Brother Knapp, in his account of his sanctification, which was written four years after the event, mentions a call to evangelistic work. This is a later account of the matter:

"The impression made upon my mind to engage in evangelistic work continued to deepen. I said, 'If this be of God, I will receive a call from the Church to en-

gage in it.' I soon found, however, that our beloved Church does not yet officially recognize this office, and hence has no appointed agencies to call to this work.

"I found that the work was Scriptural, and that the Holy Ghost, in this and other generations, had, in a marvelous manner, set His seal upon it.

"Then came invitation after invitation from the brethren to assist them in the very work to which we felt God was calling us. To some of these we were able to respond, and, both on our own charges and in these places, souls were converted and believers sanctified.

"Thus we reached a point where the Spirit's voice, the call of the Church through the many invitations to the work, fruitage in the work, and the open door, all combined to convince us that the call was from God. We, therefore, at our last Conference, asked to be set free for this work. The Conference granted the request, and, by passing the following, further gave its sanction and set its seal upon the act:

"WHEREAS, Our brother, M. W. Knapp, has taken a certificate of location, in order to engage in evangelistic work; and

"WHEREAS, We believe that the Holy Spirit has led him to this step; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we shall be glad to readmit Brother Knapp at any time when the way shall open for his return to us.

"That, knowing the gifts, graces, and usefulness of Brother Knapp and his wife, we do cordially commend them to the fellowship and co-operation of God's people everywhere, and to the blessing of God in their work.'"

Brother Knapp added:

“Inexpressible thankfulness is felt towards all who have helped to lead to this sweet work and blessed life. But unto Him, and Him alone, ‘that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.’”

CHAPTER VI.

A LIFE OF FAITH.—REVIVAL WORK.—TRIED AND TEMPTED AND TRUE.—BOOKS AND REVIVALIST.

“The person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness.”

—ADDISON.

“Faith is that conviction upon the mind of the truth of the promises and threatenings of God made known in the Gospel; of the certain reality of the rewards and punishments of the life to come, which enables a man, in opposition to all the temptations of a corrupt world to obey God, in expectation of an invisible reward hereafter.”—DR. S. CLARK.

“Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word (by whom *light* as well as immortality was brought into the world), which did not expand the intellect, while it purified; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.”—COLERIDGE.

In the preface to the memorials of his mother, Augustus Hare writes:

“It has been rightly observed that no real interest can be derived from a memoir which tells less than ‘the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;’ and thus, while in collecting the fragments which remain from my loved and lost ones I am chiefly urged by the desire of making others feel the influence of the sunshine of love which has lighted up my past life, I have striven to make my story no mere eulogy of those of whom I have written, but to give such traits of their living, acting reality as shall present a true portrait to the reader’s mind.”

This is my ambition in this biography. I want to paint Brother Knapp as he was, with his struggles and trials, with his family about him, and his heroic work weighing him down, and the devil tempting and trying him, and men too willing to rail at him and wound his already lacerated heart. It is in such a life-like setting that Brother Knapp, "a hero of faith," will be seen as he was, and as such his sweet memory should be perpetuated.

Miss Bessie Queen, one of Brother Knapp's assistants, and now joined with Mrs. Knapp as manager of the Revivalist, writes of this precious brother as follows:

"In every age God has had some who would dare to look up to Him and trust Him, and step out on the promises; and in every instance their faith was honored, because heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or tittle of His Word shall be broken.

"Years ago, when only a young man in the ministry, Brother Knapp felt that God's servants should go out and work for Him gratuitously, as a love-offering to Jesus, and that He would pay 'whatsoever was right.' Shortly after these convictions came upon him he asked for a location in the Conference that he might enter the evangelistic fields, and God gave him great liberty, and souls were born into the kingdom, and others sanctified, and believers were built up; but never once, in arranging for meetings, did he say, 'I will come for so much money and my expenses.' It was always, 'If God so leads, I will be there;' and he trusted Him to lay upon the hearts of the people just the amount that he needed, and God always answered. He always said the promise, 'Bread shall be given him, and his waters shall be sure,' was divine, and God would stand

by it. He was not looking for worldly pleasures, positions, or honors, or anything of the world. He said that we were 'pilgrims and strangers;' simply passing through this country, and all we needed was a place to lay our heads, a little to eat and wear, and time to lay on our faces for lost souls, and take them along with us to heaven. As he grew older this habit of taking everything to God and trusting Him to supply every need became more fixed and continuous, and he would launch out deeper and deeper in faith."

In this spirit this man of God went out. So different from that of many evangelists that we know of! We can hardly speak of the methods of some; but the matter is between them and their God. Certainly Brother Knapp was clear and clean; this may be why God so tried him and then so blessed him. Let others tell the story:

"This day, December 21, 1884, deeply deploring past indifference, I renew my covenant with Almighty God. I promise to follow fully the directions of His Word and Spirit in everything, with the understanding revealed by Him that duty is to be made,—1st, Plain; 2d, Desirable; 3d, Fear is to be banished; 4th, God is to care for consequences. So help me God.— M. W. Knapp.

"February 24, 1885.—This works well.

"February 14, 1887.—This works well.

"April 19, 1890.—This works well.

"November 30, 1885.—Some Churches, like the torturing instruments of the Romans, cramp the preacher to a small salary, and then stretch him out until the bands crack over a broad area of work. No wonder God do n't bless them.

"August 26, 1886.—Yesterday was given me the



BESSIE QUEEN STANDLEY.

Eighteenth Psalm, and it was a refreshing shower to my weary soul. To-day was remarkably impressed, 'Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.' It was applied to me. The Spirit seemed to say, 'Whatsoever you do shall prosper.' The secret of this is, He has said, 'Lo I am with you alway.' I claim the promise, and expect just the needful prosperity.

"August 31, 1886.—Yesterday we were impressed to pray for knowledge in regard to our future work. The answer to all three was, Go into the evangelistic work. My answer was, 'I will enlighten your darkness.' 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' with a mighty emphasis on all the world. These words seemed also repeated to me as clearly as any I ever heard: 'You better believe I want you to leave, and you must not say no when I tell you to go.' This was followed by a blessed baptism of the Spirit that melted wonderfully, and also a great hungering for and filling with love divine. I am so glad that my once offended Father is reconciled, and deigns to come and talk with His child face to face.

"March 22, 1887.—God has in many ways set His seal to this work, and my convictions evangelistic-ward are being daily strengthened. I know that He is leading.

"Williamston, April 25, 1887.—I now renew my covenant. Temptations have been coming like a flood; but the Lord lifts up a standard against them. I have been passing through another great and profitable period of heart-searching. Humiliating revelations have been made, and confessions also. I am glad that it came before the day of judgment. Souls are being converted, sanctified, or both, every day. Praise God!

"Henrietta, July 4, 1887.—Open air in the woods

for a 'tidal wave.' Mind called to and greatly encouraged by Hymn No. 30, Song of J. & E. The Spirit applied part of St. John, seventeenth chapter. Was led to look for light. God answered. First. He taught me that I was to be still more explicit on the holiness line. Second. Use more illustrations from life and nature in my sermons. Third. Helped me to see that my motives were clear in His work. Fourth. Promised to give me a mouth and wisdom that all of my adversaries could not gainsay or resist. 'Glory!' Fifth. Taught me that I am to be like the oak, firm; like the maple, sweet; like the ash, useful; like the hickory, strong, but yielding to God; like the ant, 'busy;' and like the flies, 'quick.' As this day is kept to commemorate our independence as a Nation, so it is to be kept by me to commemorate my independence of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Day closed with a rich blessing. Jesus comes and fills my soul."

"Eaton Circuit.—The Lord has been pleased to graciously visit the people of South Eaton Church. Rev. M. W. Knapp held meetings for about two weeks with great success; over one hundred persons were at the altar seeking pardon, and found it. The afternoon meetings were well attended, at which believers in Christ were exhorted to seek the blessed experience of a pure heart. Some of our brethren have thrown away tobacco and pipe, and have determined to be clean Christians. Since the services over \$100 have been subscribed for the purpose of building sheds. Paint has been purchased to paint the church, and we are looking forward with great hope to the future. A local band has been organized, consisting of about twenty members, nearly all young converts. Over forty have joined our Church on probation; others are undecided. The

spirit of love and harmony between the members of the Churches here is excellent. May we continue to live in the spirit of the Master!"—J. W. McAllister.

"DeWitt.—The twenty-first of December a series of meetings commenced at Olive Church. The evangelistic services of our dear brother, Rev. M. W. Knapp, were secured and enjoyed for two weeks. He clearly, forcibly, and sweetly presented Bible truth, illustrated the ways of life and death by charts, and the journey from Egypt to Canaan by a map. His talks to the children, and lantern pictures, were very instructive and impressive. As results to date, twenty have professed to be converted or reclaimed, and quite a number have entered into the Canaan experience of perfect love. The Holy Spirit, in His quickening and awakening power, was manifestly present at every service. On Sunday, at the morning service, a most remarkable baptism of love and tenderness fell upon all hearts as the Church knelt at the altar and consecrated themselves anew for service. Twelve were received on probation, and eight baptized. A local band was organized, which will assist the pastor in conserving and carrying on the work so well begun."—William Taylor.

"Reading.—Rev. M. W. Knapp, evangelist, of Albion, Mich., has been assisting me in revival services for the past two weeks. He is a consecrated, earnest, Christian worker, fearless in presenting truth which hits the cold or lukewarm professor of religion, as well as that which hits those who make no profession of religion. His charts and magic-lantern for children add much to the effectiveness of his preaching. The charge is fortunate that secures his services. The work done has been of the most thorough kind. Twenty or more witness that 'the blood of Jesus Christ His Son

cleanseth from all sin.' Several children give clear evidence of conversion, six adults testify to the forgiveness of sin, and general conviction rests upon the people. Sunday night it is estimated there were five hundred people in the rink where the services were held. The meetings are to be continued this week."—C. W. Jones, Pastor.

"Spring Lake.—For twelve days, ending December 19th, this Church has enjoyed the presence and labors of M. W. Knapp and wife. Their kind and loving spirit and faithful preaching have endeared them to us all. As a result of their earnest work the Church is greatly quickened. A number of believers have been sanctified, some wanderers reclaimed, and over thirty have started in the new life, mostly members of the Sunday-school. Sixteen of the number have already joined on probation, and will be immediately formed into a class for religious training. A 'Methodist Alliance' has also been organized among the young people of the Church, which promises to be a great power for good."—J. W. Rawlinson.

"Eaton.—The special services are closed. Over one hundred were at the altar for pardon, and quite a number professed full salvation. Rev. M. W. Knapp assisted the pastor.

"Stevensville, November 21, 1888.—Another period of temptation and victory just past. I am so glad that Jesus teaches me. What a school. What a Teacher! After weeks of suffering with rheumatism, it seems good again to be able to be in the field. I have the assurance of success of the paper, final success of the books, and of revival publication work. The Lord will lead in His own wise way. The work here is beginning right. Glory to Jesus!"

This is the first mention in his diary anywhere of his paper or his books. But this humble village pastor, so intensely busy and constantly rushing out here and there into revival work, had had the holy ambition to venture upon authorship for the glory of Jesus; and soon after he founded a paper to spread the knowledge of full salvation for his adorable Lord.

What nerve! What daring! What venturesome faith this meant! And what prayer and care and toil and tears!

His first book was "Christ Crowned Within." With characteristic daring of reverence, he dedicated it "Unto the King, Eternal Immortal, Invisible." In the "Preface," which was written December 1, 1885, he writes: "This book has been written among the multitudinous duties of a busy pastorate, and the author claims to have done simply 'what he could.' It is hoped that the reader will

'Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let it be the thing that 's meant.'

"Should any harm be the outcome of this effort, to the writer be all the blame; if any good, to God be all the glory.—M. W. Knapp."

He says elsewhere: "It was but natural, after I was sanctified, that under the Spirit's leadings I should wish to help others in the way I myself had been blessed. God filled me with messages, which, like pent-up fire, must find expression. I wrote because He filled me so full I could not help it. He showed me the great center and mainspring of a holy life is Christ crowned within without a rival. That thought took possession of me. I thought on it, read on it, experienced it, preached it, until it finally took the shape of my first book, of which

21,000 copies have gone out on their mission of light, and love, and power."

But what publisher would run the risk of publishing the first volume of an obscure Methodist preacher, unknown among authors? He wrote by sweat of brain; he published by sweat of soul; for he waited a year for the money, and then sold his household goods at auction to procure the means to publish it and handle it himself. How many precious books which the world could ill afford to spare have thus hung tremblingly in their birth-hour! How many young and unknown but most deserving authors have had the Gethsemane before they reached their fame!

Then, as if this was not enough, this "Hero of Faith and Prayer" determined to launch a religious paper, which should be clean, free from worldly advertisements, on full-salvation and revival line, to keep people stirred up. Judged from a purely human standpoint, it was an utterly chimerical and foolish enterprise. It takes money to found and run a paper. Most editors of religious papers want a board of rich trustees and stockholders to bank on, and a whole denomination of Churches at their back, and every preacher to swing the denominational lash over the members and force them to subscribe; and then they trim the truth and dilute their messages to tickle the carnal appetite of their readers, and advertise "pink pills" and "soothing syrups," and "colic cures," and charge three prices for the paper to get the money to make the thing go.

Nothing is more disgusting to a thoughtful soul than the perpetual wail of want and poverty going up from these papers, when we reflect how they are run. But here is a man in the extreme of poverty, rich only in faith, and having no backer but God, determined to

have a paper without advertisements that shall champion the most unpopular thing in the world, "undefiled religion" and "true holiness;" and he starts the paper in his mother's kitchen, which is now known and felt around the world. Many of the rivals of the Revivalist would be fortunate to have its subscription-list of twenty-five thousand; and many editors who have hurled their censures and criticisms at Brother Knapp would better show a like faith and a like success, or meekly hold their peace.

HIS PRAYER.

Here is a prayer for himself and the readers of the Revivalist, once printed at the head of the first column :

"Heavenly Father, in Jesus' name, accept our praises for salvation, full and free, and for all the victories of the past and the triumphs which, through Thy power, are near at hand. As writers and readers, we confess our utter inability and unworthiness. Wilt Thou not, in the writing and reading of this paper, reveal Thyself? Use Thou the weak to confound the mighty; and so instruct and save and fully sanctify through Thy truth, which shines from these pages, that it may be felt that the good done is not by human might nor power, but by the Holy Ghost. Thine shall be the glory forever. Amen."

Here is an editorial telling why he did not insert worldly ads.:

"WHY I DO N'T INSERT WORLDLY ADS. IN THE REVIVALIST.

"I have been criticised for rejecting worldly ads. from the Revivalist, when they would largely meet its expense, and enable us at once to make it a weekly at

its proportionate low price. The following are some of my reasons, any one of which, if true, compels the course I am taking. If they are mistakes, kindly correct me.

"1. Extravagant statements and cuts of most worldly advertisers. Pictures of actors, baseball catchers, partly-dressed and worldly-dressed people, and kindred cuts, are the rule with such advertisers.

"2. The utter unreliability of many goods advertised. I have not time to look them up and learn their merits, and feel I have no right to open an avenue for sharks to deceive my readers.

"3. The Revivalist is read largely on the Sabbath, and I am not clear in thrusting worldly business propositions before my readers on that day.

"4. The Revivalist is my pulpit. Its mission is to proclaim the printed gospel, the same as Church pulpits the oral gospel; hence, I feel that nothing should enter it which does not further it. My commission does not read, 'Go ye into all the world and publish patent pills, and boom bicycles, and balsam, and baking-powder,' etc., etc., etc.; but, 'Go, . . . proclaim the gospel,' and I have promised God and man to 'give myself wholly to the work of the ministry.' Advertisers have no lack of avenues through which to reach the people with their wares.

"5. If I can not have faith in God to help meet the expenses without depending on a scheme which has the objections above mentioned, how can I expect God to use me to inspire faith in other people?

"For these and other reasons I can not at present accept worldly ads., and believe that God would rather my paper would remain a fire-baptized monthly than be made a weekly with such secularities, and that, when

the time comes to issue weekly, He will give the faith to so do, and some way see that expenses are made with no compromise on this line.

“NOTICE :

“1. That the above has no reference to paid notices in harmony with holiness.

“2. Should the Revivalist die because of its loyalty to these convictions, it will be a willing martyr to its faith, and can be pointed to as a warning monument of the folly of one who trusted God, with no reliance on the sale of patent pills.

“3. That it is designed in no way to reflect on the conscientiousness of good people who accept such advertising. They may have more or less light on this subject than I have.

“If more, then maybe they will shed it on my path; if less, may welcome what may here be shed on theirs. In either case, they are to be loved instead of lashed.

“Now you know some of the reasons for the course I am taking. Do you sigh, or say, Amen?”

Sister “Bessie” well says: “When the Revivalist was first born it was a *faith* venture; and God saw it through, and used it to awaken hearts and lead them into the light. Even now we receive letters from people who began taking it from the first; and hundreds and hundreds of souls will walk the golden streets who were redeemed through reading its columns. The circulation kept increasing and increasing; and the bills grew heavier and heavier; but God always sent the money, and never once, although it took great faith, was he disappointed, or a reproach brought upon the cause of holiness.”

Soon after he entered the evangelistic work he produced his second book, "Out of Egypt into Canaan," the copyright of which bears the date of 1887, in the autumn of which year he left the pastorate. It was dedicated "Unto the 'Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, who gave His Son for our redemption, and His Spirit for our regeneration, cleansing, and enduement; by whose grace and counsels this book has been written; and unto His blood-bought ones."

He thus tells us how he came to write it: "In my reading, I came across Dr. Pentecost's 'Out of Egypt.' I read it with eagerness and enjoyment, but felt it stopped far short of the Christian's privilege and the Bible standard. I saw that God not only brought God's people 'out of Egypt,' but 'into Canaan,' the land of complete liberty. A series of Bible-readings opened up to me, which God greatly blessed and used in leading many people into Canaan's fair and sunny clime. I became full of the thought until it flowed from my pen in a series of articles for one of our papers, when it was suggested that they were well adapted for book-form; and, finally, under God's leading and blessing, they took the shape of 'Out of Egypt into Canaan,' which, so far as my knowledge goes, has led more people into the Canaan experience than any other book I have ever written or handled." Twenty-eight thousand of these books have been published, and most of them are now out on their soul-saving mission.

Thus in ten short years this young minister, who was at first so unpromising in appearance that his first Churches were disgusted at the sight of him, had become a pastor of rare success, an author of two books which have won encomiums of praise from the best

minds of the Church, and an altogether unusual success in the kingdom of books. He had also launched a paper that was destined to be one of the leading papers in the world of its class; and also had started a book-publishing work that finally became first in its field; and with marked success he had entered the evangelistic work. Not one minister in a thousand of any denomination in America has had such a record.

There are people who are foolish enough to try to account for all this on natural principles. I am free to say that I do not. If the dear lips of Brother Knapp could break their sealed silence and speak, they would promptly rebuke such an explanation of his success. He would be the last man in the world to say that it was all due to the splendor of his natural gifts. He would say, with reverent face and gleaming eye, "It was God with me and in me that made me adequate for the task." To the Holy Spirit who regenerated him, and called him, and *sanctified* him, and *filled* him, and *endued* him with power, let us give the glory.

CHAPTER VII.

GOING DOWN INTO THE DEEPS.

“We are to take no counsel with flesh and blood ; give ear to no vain cavils, vain sorrows and wishes ; to know that we know nothing ; that the worst and cruelest to our eyes is not what it seems ; that we have to receive whatsoever befalls us as sent from God above, and say, ‘It is good and wise—God is great!’ ‘Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.’ . . . Denial of self, annihilation of self,—this is yet the highest wisdom that heaven has revealed to our earth.”—CARLYLE.

“A man can, even here, be with God, so long as he bears God within him. We should be able to see without sadness our most holy wishes fade like sunflowers, because the sun above us still forever beams, eternally makes new, and cares for all : and a man must not so much prepare himself for eternity as plant eternity in himself : eternity, serene, pure, full of depth, full of light and of all else.”—RICHTER.

I find in the Minutes about this dear brother’s life that about the time covered by this chapter he passed through a period of ill-health that nearly cost him his life ; also severe financial testings came, and various trials of sickness in the family, which put him down deep in the will of God. “During the two years of ill-health,” says one, “when his life was despaired of, he still worked on with heroic faith, and accomplished as much as many ministers do in a lifetime.”

This story shall now be told in the words of Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, from their diaries :

“January 1, 1889.—A new year full of cheer is now at hand. Watch-night service. Spirit of deep consecration ; several seekers of perfect love. Am at rest, God is reconciled, the blood cleanses, the Spirit fills

and keeps. May this be the best year of my life! Rheumatism is cured, but weak lungs have for a few days troubled me. I know that God can strengthen them, and will, if it be for His glory.

“Algansee, January 5, 1889.—Meetings here full of interest. One week has passed. People are getting stirred. Some have claimed full salvation. Seven have sought pardon. God has humbled me anew, and keeps baptizing me with His Spirit. Cora Winchell knelt at the altar for cleansing. This afternoon she said that the Spirit asked, ‘Will you confess it?’ and said she felt she must or give up all. She did so, and was blessed. Praise the Lord!

“January 6, 1889.—Preached this morning from ‘Abounding Grace.’ Had little liberty, but some professed perfect love, and three pardon. To God be all the glory! My body is weak, but my soul is resting in the consciousness of full salvation.”

In the following entry in his diary he speaks of a book that afterward appeared under the title “Revival Tornadoes,” of which we will speak hereafter.

“Henrietta, March 30, 1889.—Was thirty-six the 27th. I am writing Brother Weber’s Life. Began Monday. God blessed me in it as really as ever in revival work. It is all of Him. When I asked God what to do, for a long time a pen would appear before me. He answered my prayer yesterday about a business matter. I am resolved to write more in my journal. It seems as if God is going to prosper the work He is impelling us to do. I want to be just like Jesus. He is changing me into His image.

“Henrietta, March 31, 1889.—March 5th my physical condition compelled me to resign the Band superintendency. Prior to that I had given up preaching.

To-day has been a restful one in most respects. Have had a struggle with Satan, whom Jesus defeats. Am learning more and more the worth of prayer.

"April 1, 1889.—God has kept me through another day. My heart has burned while reading Mrs. Palmer's works. A little bird has come in to-night, and wants to stay all night. The book continues to open to me nicely; it is all of God. When at the Grand Rapids Band meeting, I was asked, 'How are you?' My answer was, 'All well but my body,' to which Brother Rawlinson responded, 'Well, that is the smallest part of you.'

"Henrietta, April 2, 1889.—The devil has often tried to make me feel downcast by suggesting, 'You are not appreciated; the brethren think you are in the way of the work;' and also by bringing up insinuations against them, thus making me feel miserable. I have been shown to-day of the Lord that this is all of Satan, and that, as the accuser of the brethren, he delights to lie about them and me. When he is defeated, he leaves for a season. Praise God! I have received a lot more of valuable matter from Brother Weber for the book.

"Henrietta, April 24, 1889.—I am prayerfully weighing the invitation to go into revival work again. I am progressing nicely with 'Tornadoes.' God helps wonderfully. I believe He will use it for His glory. I have been clearly shown two things: 1st. I have not taken enough physical exercise; 2d. I have leaned too much on human helps. O, how stupid I am to learn life's great lessons!

"Studying up Brother Weber is doing me much good. Anna is a great deal of company for me. Our folks are very kind, and do what they can to make my stay here comfortable.

"Henrietta, April 26, 1889.—God is pouring out His

Spirit upon me. Glory to His name! I feel assured of the success of the work, and of the Revivalist, although can not see far ahead. O Lord, if they be of Thee, bless them and prosper them; if not, paralyze them! Amen. May Revivalist out on time. Thanks to publishers at Albion. They are doing splendidly. Mrs. Knapp did her part well.

“Evening: This morning, after I had written the above, a person handed me \$10, and said, ‘This is for the Revivalist.’ I feel as if that is a pledge of its being of God, and will carry it through. Glory to His name! Am gaining in strength; God shall have it. All glory to His name!

“Henrietta, April 27, 1889.—Worked on Weber’s ‘Over the Ocean’ to-day. I did not enjoy writing that as much as the revival part. He has material on it for a splendid book of travels. Renew my covenant with God to-day.

“Anna went to town. I missed her. I think much of her company. Am praying about my work. Shall I continue my present relation—write? Push books and papers? Evangelistic work in the field? The Lord will lead. Praise His name!

“March 1, 1889.—For some reason, then unknown, I was in great heaviness to-day. Have felt that something trying was coming. Received word from Brother Weber that he and Brother C—— are not pleased with chapter of book read. I thought of the ‘Broken Bridge’ at once. I have had a feeling of heavy, cutting anguish to-day, such as I have hitherto known but little of. Dear L—— is also in the furnace. O Father, melt and fashion us according to Thy will! Thou art at our helm; steer where Thou wilt. Thou art even now working Thy will in us, and Thine is the praise. Thy deal-

ings in such days as this will yet appear more blest to our good than in our more sunny hours. My experience to-night is :

‘I know not what awaits me,—
 God kindly veils mine eyes,
 And at each step of my onward way
 He makes new scenes arise.

Where He may lead I’ll follow,
 My trust in Him repose,
 And every hour in perfect peace
 I’ll sing “He knows, He knows.”’

“I can remember but one point in my life when I ever suffered as I do to-day, and that was when I got that awful letter from L—— before we were married. While I cast my burden on the Lord, and know that He cleanses and leads, there is still the deep pain left. I praise God in it all.

“O Father, as Thou hast promised, lead us in a plain path, because of our enemies. I want to record right here that I believe God is going to give good success to the work He has committed to us, and that it will yet be obvious to all. Praise God for it! Amen. Whether He wants me sick or well, poor or rich, on earth or in heaven, Amen.

“O Father, uphold Lucy and give her the needed wisdom and grace to do Thy will and carry on her part of the work. Bless Anna, and, as she grows in years, as in the past months, may it be also in wisdom and likeness to Jesus. Give wisdom to so train John in the nurture and admonition of the Lord that he may be, like the forerunner of Jesus, bold and aggressive, and at the same time, like the disciple Jesus loved, tender and loving! Be with father and mother, who are so kind to me here, and also at Albion. Bless Sister Rose

and Ella with the riches of Thy grace. Save Bee and Rose and Amos from love of worldly gain, and make them fill their places in Thy kingdom. Arrest Charlie C—— in his career, and may he be true to the light given! O, why is it that my pen runs this way to-night?

“May 2d.—Morning: I awoke with the consciousness of my Father’s presence and power. I put my trust in Him. I shall never be counfounded. He has promised it, blessed be His name!

“Evening: A day of sharp thrusts from the devil, but of victory.

“Henrietta, March 2, 1889.—Yesterday the question of our future work came up. Anna and I both prayed about it. There is a strong impression that God is leading in the pastorate for another year. Providential indications also point that way. Well, if God so leads, I’ll gladly follow. Paul, though an evangelist, staid as long as three years in one place.

“Henrietta, May 6, 1889.—Yesterday, Sunday, was a blessed day. Soul blessed, body blessed. God is leading, and I will praise Him. May I learn to be led by Him by the moment, hour, and day!

“Friday, 10th.—Got another letter from Brother Weber last night. Matters remain about the same. I go to Albion to-morrow. Have had complete victory over sin. Am learning new lessons day by day.

“Henrietta, June 13, 1889.—Have been here again nearly two weeks. Have to-day finished ‘Revival Tornadoes.’ Brother W—— writes that he likes it. Am still holding the matter before God. Expect to go to Albion to-morrow. Dreamed last night that some one spilt a pot of water on Anna’s feet. It woke me up. God bless her! She is increasing in wisdom and stature,

and in favor with God and man. Praise God for such a child! Am sailing under sealed orders. Do n't know what nor where next; but Jesus does, and that is enough. Glory to God! He saves me and baptizes me with the Holy Ghost. He directed us to go on with the Revivalist. Soon after I had decided to go on naked faith and do it, M. G. came into the room and said (as she did not know about our struggle and decision), 'Are you going on with the Revivalist?' 'Yes.' 'Then, here is \$10 for it,' she said; 'I have been keeping this money over a year. When I knelt at the family altar this morning the impression came to give it for the establishment of the Revivalist. I prayed for the impression to leave if I ought not to give it thus, but that it might grow stronger if it was right so to do. It has continued to deepen, and I know that it is the right thing to do.' Surely this is a seal which God has placed upon the Revivalist, owning it as His own paper. To Him be the praise! Amen."

The above-mentioned book was the "Life of Joseph Weber," the converted Catholic evangelist. Knapp wrote: "He turned cities upside-down wherever he went, making some mad, many sad, and many glad. He was ridiculed, opposed, and lied about. This awoke my sympathy and interest. I went to hear him. A great work of God attended his labors." This led Knapp to write the book "Revival Tornadoes," of which 15,000 have been published.

"June 8, 1889.—Yesterday was the thirteenth anniversary of our marriage. God is blessing each line of work that He has committed to us.

"Albion, July 17, 1890.—Lucy sick at Henrietta. Growing weaker. Children there too. God is blessing book and paper work. He saves me through and

through. He is going to do greater things, I believe. A Training-school for gospel workers and an Evangelistic Home is on my heart and in my head. It seems as if God put it there. I had rather be in partnership with Him than any one else, because I know Him better. He knows me better. He is so patient with me. He never can break down. His counsels are perfect. I agree to-night that if He will give me the building for the Home, to use it only for His glory and to put this or a similar statement on it, 'This building is a monument of the power and willingness of the loving Christ to answer prayer.' If it will please Him most to lead in this way, I would prefer it to a partnership building. Am tempted some to be a little overanxious to-night; hence, Satan, your trick is exposed. It seems to me that I never before seemed so entirely cut loose from every one and everything as to-night. I feel that God is an ocean upon which I am abandoned by all but Him in a sense, and that He majestically upholds the little ship, and will guide it on the most fruitful voyage which His infinite wisdom can devise. All glory to His name!

"July 22, 1890.—Day before yesterday I was taken with another relapse of the grippe; sick yesterday. I was strongly drawn last night to ask God that, if it was His will and for His glory, to rebuke it. I received a wonderful manifestation of His presence in the night. It seemed as if heaven was at hand. I have felt no symptoms of the grippe since. To God be the glory! I must more largely mention His power to heal.

"Had a dream that made me feel that some sorrow was near. Shortly after Mrs. Knapp came very near dying; she had two sinking spells: then the Holy Ghost came upon her, and she sang: 'Praise the Lord, O my

soul. Glory, hallelujah!' She said: 'It seems as if I have been at the threshold of eternity, and I saw Charlie with a radiant face beckoning me to come.' 'I feel well for all worlds.' 'It seems as if my spirit was part way out of my body, and that an unseen power was pulling me up into heaven.'

"Reed City, August 8, 1890.—Camp-meeting. God is with us. Great victory this morning. About forty at the altar. McCabe preached last night and this morning at ten. I was tempted some about being put in between his speeches; but the people prayed, the Holy Ghost came, and victory was given. I have the eight o'clock service here. Holiness is given a front seat. No gate-fees. A splendid people here at this camp-meeting. My subject at the first morning service was a Bible-reading on the Holy Spirit. Second, salvation talk on Jesus' prayer and Paul's prayer; sanctification. Thirty-five came forward. Third, Cornelius. Sixty forward. Fourth, Jonah. Ninety forward.

"Reed City, Saturday, 9th.—The meeting is moving on with power. The Holy Ghost is leading. Jesus wonderfully upholds all. Glory to His name! My health remains about the same. Lucy continues to improve. Sunday morning I spoke on what sanctification is and is not. Brother Parson says that as many as one hundred and ninety came to the altar for sanctification and pardon. They had to clear the altar for the bishop's sermon. Monday afternoon I spoke on 'Consecration.'"

(What an awful mistake this was to turn away from the altar above a hundred seekers after God, to make room for the oratorical display of the sermon of a bishop! This is glorifying a man and human oratory

“with a vengeance.” It is too often done in holiness camp-meetings!)

“Reed City, July 12th.—Praise God! This camp-meeting has been a succession of revival victories. Preachers and people have united with God to make it so. Glory to His name! No record was kept, but from three to six hundred were on their knees for pardon or purity. ‘Perfect Love: Its Importance, Its Possession, and What They Are Like.’

“On my way home from Reed City I stopped overnight at the Ionia meeting. Presiding Elder Moors urged me to take the altar service, invite sinners to repent, and do anything else I wished. I did so, and about thirty were at the altar for victory. He also urged me to take the morning; and about the same number were then forward. To God be the praise!

“Monday morning, August 18th.—I awoke feeling that a crisis of some kind was impending. I was restless. I prayed, and the answer was, ‘Lo, I am with you always,’ and ‘Though thou passest through the fire, it shall not burn thee.’ I expected to hear that Lucy was worse; and, sure enough, before noon the message came. The physician said she must die,—no hope; and all thought so but dear Anna; and her faith was much shaken. When I reached Jackson I was made to feel that if it was best for her and for the glory of God, He would heal her. I also felt that Anna’s faith would pull her through. When I reached her, she had given up hope; but the Lord soon kindled it in her heart, and she, though ready, prepared to live. Anna and I felt that the doctor’s medicines hindered, instead of helped, and we prayed that he might cease coming. The next morning was his last visit. After

he left she said, 'It seems now as if the last hindrance was out of the way, and now I can trust God to heal me.' She was wonderfully blessed, and began at once to gain. In twenty-four hours her cough was nearly gone, her fever nearly, and ulceration checked. She has been, and is, very weak; but we feel that God is healing her. The following are among the promises which have been given us for her: 'According to thy faith;' 'Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desire of thine heart,' 'Nothing too hard for God:' 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them who have no might He increaseth strength.' I believe that the Lord is going to rebuke unbelief, and raise her up by His own power.

"August 23d.—Lucy is slowly gaining, thank God! The means we use are: Warm water injections; cold water drink; laying on of hands; and, above all, the prayer of faith. "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' Last night Anna said: 'I wish heaven was on earth. No, I do n't know as I do, either; for I do n't believe I could be any happier than God makes me now.' I said, 'Anna, do you ever commit known sin?' 'No, that would be awful for me to do, after all God has done for me. I sometimes make mistakes though.'"

(This dear child, so effectual in prayer, and such a comfort to her afflicted father, was not, at this time, quite twelve years old. How much religion can do for a child!)

"In 1 Kings xx, Ben-hadad defied God and Israel, and, because of this, God defeated him. Unbelief in a like manner defies the restoration of Lucy. I look for its like defeat through Israel's God. Thus far He has given Scripture each day fitted to its peculiar exigen-

cies. How He has comforted, guided, and upheld! My heart this morning sang the following words. They came in response to the thought that it might yet be God's will to take Lucy to heaven:

‘Ride on, ride on, O will of God!
Though crushed beneath Thy feet,
Yet still my soul shall gladly say,
Thy triumphs all are sweet.’

“I still confidently look for her recovery.

“August 29th.—Praise God! Prayer still prevails, and Lucy is yet with us. Giants fever, nervous prostration, cough, ulceration, unbelief, led on by the grippe, have combined their forces and entered into a conspiracy against her life. They have met with some severe repulses, but are not yet fully defeated. I look for their complete overthrow through the power of Him by whom all things are possible.

“August 30th.—Lucy rested easily last night. She prayed this morning: ‘O Lord, I thank Thee for this complete abandonment to Thee; that I can find no point that is not all given up to Thee. We thank Thee for the many blessings Thou dost give unto us; yes, just give unto us;’ and much more which I can not recall.

“August 30th, 2 A. M.—Lucy is resting well; some symptoms are improving. ‘No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.’ If health is a good thing, and we are walking uprightly, it shall be given. If it is not, I would not want it.

“August 30th.—Lucy is about the same. Badly bloated; but God is able to subdue that. She prayed: ‘O God, it seems monotonous to come to Thee again for help. We have come so many times; but Thou hast shown us that it pleases Thee to help us, and so we come again. We thank Thee for a salvation that

keeps from sin, that keeps every hour, that keeps day and night. That is the kind we want—one that keeps from sinning and keeps all the time.’ Through God, I still look for her recovery. His will be done. Amen.

“August 31st.—I have been sorely tempted about Lucy. She passed a hard night. Relief from pain did not come, as hitherto. O how it wrung my soul to see her patiently suffer agonies which I could not relieve! Satan suggested to me, ‘God is cruel to let her suffer, when He has the power to prevent it.’ When I told her, she said: ‘O, we know so little. He knows the reason, and it is all right.’ ‘Though He slay me, I will trust Him.’ Again she said: ‘I had rather go to heaven than anywhere else in the universe; but I do n’t want to sneak in. I want to go in His time and way.’ This morning she said: ‘This may be my last day. If I go, I do n’t want any funeral sermon, but a salvation praise service, because a saint has reached heaven.’ After a season of terrible suffering she said, ‘I would be willing to live like this one million years if I could win one soul to Christ each year, only one;’ and then she playfully added, ‘That do n’t seem very ambitious, does it?’ I continue to look unto the hills from whence my help cometh.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FURNACE SEVEN TIMES HEATED.

“ Pain’s furnace-heat within me quivers ;
God’s breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow.

Chorus. { And yet I whisper ‘ As God will,’
 { And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart all heated,
On his hard anvil, minded so ;
Yet in his own fair form to beat it,
With his great hammer, blow by blow.

Chorus.—

He takes my softened heart and beats it ;
The sparks fly off at every blow ;
He turns it o’er and o’er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow.

Chorus.—

He kindles for my profit, purely,
Affliction’s growing, fiery brand ;
For all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master hand.

Chorus.—

I will not murmur at the sorrow,
That only longer lived would be ;
The end may come, and that to-morrow,
When God hath wrought his will in me.

Chorus. { And so I whisper, ‘ As God will,’
 { And in his hottest fire hold still.”

—FROM THE GERMAN

“For rapture of love is linked with the pain or fear of loss,
 And the hand that takes the crown must ache with many a cross ;
 Yet he who hath never a conflict, hath never a victor’s palm,
 And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm.

Who would dare the choice, *neither or both* to know,
 The finest quiver of joy or the agony thrill of woe?
 Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss,
 For the heart that is dull to that—can never be strung to this.

Then hush ! O hush ! for the Father knows what thou knowest not,
 The need, and the thorn, and the shadow, linked with the fairest lot ;
 Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen snare,
 Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what thou couldst not bear.

Hush ! O hush ! for the Father whose ways are true and just,
 Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for thy perfect trust ;
 The cup he is slowly filling, shall soon be full to the brim,
 And infinite compensations forever be found in Him.

Hush ! O hush ! for the Father hath fullness of joy in store,
 Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures for evermore ;
 Blessing and honor and glory, endless, infinite bliss ;
 Child of his love and his choice, O canst thou not wait for this ?”

—F. R. HAVERGAL.

Yes, there were to be “infinite compensations” ahead for our Brother Knapp ; but they were to be reached *via dolorosa* of pain. God had great songs for Brother Knapp to sing ; but the harp of his soul must be tuned and swept by the hand of agony. God wanted him to shed great light upon others ; but he must get his light by going, like Moses, alone into the darkness with God.

We see in this chapter in what furnace-heat Brother Knapp was molded and polished and equipped for service. We see where great souls get their faith and trust and power with God. His own diary shall tell the story :

“September 1, 1890.—God reigns supremely in my soul. Praise His name ! Lucy rested fairly well last

night. Seems some better. Anna's verse for her yesterday was, 'The Lord's hand is not shortened that He can not save.' I was reminded that man's extremity is God's opportunity; how Daniel was permitted to be put into the den before deliverance came, and the Hebrew children into the furnace before they were rescued, etc. Such reasoning strengthened my faith and comforted me. She just said in great pain, 'O God, Thou art so good! We can trust Thee when we can not see the way. May His will be done.'

"Sunday, September 7, 1890.—Friday morning, September 5th, my precious wife passed into Paradise. I trusted to the last that, as at other times, God would interpose, and that she would recover. I thought at times that I, with Anna, as we had such answers, were praying the prayer of faith for her recovery. I see now that I did not, because there was all the while 'an 'if' in it and under it. I did not see that at the time, and God so ordered that I might be at my best to care for my darling. Toward the close she suffered much, and intensely at the end. I had never seen a person die before; and the anguish it caused me to see her suffer so was intense. When she went, the shock was very severe. I suppressed my grief, and arranged for her funeral, as it was the last thing that I could do for her. God blessed me in so doing, and enabled me to get such a casket that the impression made upon the children would tend to be cheery instead of gloomy, as is the case where a black coffin is used. The service was held here. When we took the body to Albion by way of Jackson, we were met at the train by Brother Floyd and quite a number of friends. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which Lucy was a member, had prepared flowers, and, in a tender, com-

forting way, expressed their sympathy. Brother Floyd officiated at the grave in an affectionate way, and all that could be done was done to make the sad service as comforting as could be. The Brothers were Rev. A. A. Knoppen, Professor Avann, Rev. A. A. Humbrey, Mr. Shovas, class-leader, and Love Jay, all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and prohibitionists. Brother Hunsberger, with the aid of Brother Floyd and Brother Tarsons, selected a delightful spot for the last resting-place of her remains. Mother Glenn alone went with me from Henrietta. John was critically sick, Anna not able to go, and father sick. Mother Knapp and Sister I. W. Arnold met us at the depot. We said good-bye to the body of my dearest earthly companion at the grave, and it was lowered to its last resting-place to await the resurrection. Two sheltering trees throw their friendly branches above her grave, an emblem of the tree planted by the rivers of waters, which bringeth forth its fruit in its season. The next morning after her death, as I awoke, the consciousness of my deep loss swept over me like the billows of an ocean. Such sorrow I had never known before; not for her, for I rejoiced in her translation from pain and all the ills of earth; but O, the aching soreness of the amputation of souls made one by God! More than two days have now passed, and the ache increases. I find complete submission to God's will in all of this, and would not have Him spare me one ache, or lessen the intensity of any needed pain. I wish the furnace heated just as hot as He sees it needs to be, and only crave the form of the Fourth to sustain. This I claim, and He upholds. This pain seems to the soul what a felon is to the body; and, though Jesus has bound it up, still it aches. My wife

is now in Paradise. Saints and angels are her companions. She is free. God has willed it. It is best. She was worthy of and ready for the reward. I need the discipline. Amen; so let it be. O God, help me to meet her!

"Precious darling, farewell! Farewell, until the Master shall call me. I was unworthy of your deep and loyal love. It was a marvel of mercy that permitted you to tarry by my side those fourteen years. Sweet-voiced nightingale, thou hast been called to sing in brighter bowers and to more appreciative spirits. Thou wast my spiritual mother, and as such, under God, I owe my life to thee. Thou wert my teacher in evangelistic work. Much of my success there was due to thee. Counselor and companion, cheery, safe, loyal, and beautiful, how can I say good-bye? Thank God, the separation, at longest, can but be short. Thy memory, fragrant still, is mine. May I live worthy of it!

"O God, our Father, in Jesus' name sanctify this deep loss to my good and to Thy glory! I give my aching being anew to Thee. O lead me in a plain path!"

The following is an article which Brother Knapp wrote in the *Revivalist* about the departure of his wife:

"GLORIFIED.

"Mrs. Lucy Glenn Knapp, the wife of the editor of the *Revivalist*, passed into Paradise, September 5th. She died from the effects of la grippe. She was the last of five children. She leaves a husband, parents, two children—Anna R., aged eleven, and John F., aged three—and a large circle of friends, to mourn her loss, rejoice in her gain, cherish her memory, and meet her in heaven.

“The writer met her when she was but sixteen at Albion College, where they both pursued their studies. They were strongly drawn towards each other, and she used this attachment to lead him to Christ. He was a wicked youth then, but the holy influence of her joyful Christian life, under God, led to his conversion. She was his spiritual mother. As such alone his loss would have been keenly felt.

“Since her sixteenth year they were united in heart, and when she was twenty-one they were married, and have since labored together in the pastorate, evangelistic field, and book work. She had a number of times gone down near to the gates of death, but God had always raised her up and brought her back again.

“Sometimes it seemed as if we were able to offer the ‘prayer of faith’ for her recovery, but underneath all our prayers we see there was an ‘if it be for her good and Thy glory spare her.’ God saw that it was not, and so He took her home. She loved His work on earth, but was ready and glad to go home at His call.

“I had never known before what bereavement of nearest ones meant, and her departure was a severe shock. Christ upheld.

“She was worthy of and ready for the reward, and I needed the discipline. It is well. The morning she went, God so sustained me that I was enabled myself to attend to the preparation for the last sad rites. A sweet peace filled my heart as I selected her casket. I wished one that would leave a cheerful impression on the minds of children and friends, instead of doleful memories, such as black is wont to leave. It was difficult to find what seemed fitting, only at an expense which was greater than either she or I on general principles would sanction, but finally what seemed to be

the right one was found, and in it was placed the fair form of her whom so tenderly we loved.

“The next morning the sense of my loss swept over me like the cold, cruel waves of the ocean. There was and had been no rebellion in all, but the agony of such an ordeal I had never imagined.

“It seemed as if God’s will, like a great iron wheel, rolled back and forth across my being, causing inexpressible pain; but at the same time there was an exquisite pleasure in the God-given consciousness that His purposes with each of us were being wrought. Dear friends do all they can to soothe the sorrow, and Jesus wonderfully comforts; but I feel that God would have me sense all the anguish of the loss to fit me better for my life work here or over there. My spiritual mother is gone; the angel of my home has taken her flight. My ministerial co-laborer has been promoted to higher ministries. My office companion henceforth is engaging in brighter companionships. God wills it, and it is well.

“I rejoice that I was permitted to share the first place in the heart and by the side of such a being for so many years.

“I could not be so cruel as to wish her from the delights of Paradise, its companions, music, ministries, and the presence of the King, to the pain, trial, and surroundings of earth.

“For the past two years her main work has been answering the correspondence connected with our book work. In this she delighted, and many have mentioned the good she has thus done.

“Her heart would thrill with joy and lips with praise as tidings would come of souls saved, sanctified, and helped through our books and paper, and she cherished

glad hopes of meeting correspondents above. During the last two weeks of her life she gave utterance to many triumphant expressions.

"No. 34, in Songs of Joy and Gladness, 'God's Anvil,' is my experience now. I am in God's afflictive furnace, but the form of the Fourth sustains.

'Yet still I whisper "as God will"
And in His hottest fire hold still.'

"Although the ordeal of separation is a thousand times more agonizing than I had ever imagined, yet God's comforting grace is all-sufficient to sustain.

'He doeth all things well,
We say it now with tears,
But we shall sing it with those we love
Through the bright eternal years.'

"'She rests from her labors, but her works do follow her.'

NOTES FROM GOD'S REVIVALIST:

"MRS. KNAPP'S WORK TO GO ON.—God sent us a competent assistant in the person of Sister Minnie C. Ferle, of Lansing, who learned the office work just in time to take it when Mrs. Knapp failed. She is a fully-saved worker, gifted with the pen, and is doing the work in a creditable way. She remains for the present. In this way God has again demonstrated that this work is His own, and at this critical time has thus cared for it in His own wise way.

"OUR LITTLE ANNA COMFORTED.—She senses deeply the loss of her mother, but the Holy Spirit has comforted her in a wonderful way. She wrote: 'When grandpa told me, "She's gone," it seemed as if some one struck me and just took my heart away. But when I prayed the Lord said to me, "Your mother

is in this room.”’ She has felt her mother’s presence near ever since. She entered into the experience of sanctification two years ago, and thus is blessedly kept.

“‘SPLENDID EITHER WAY.’—In the last letter I received from Mrs. Knapp a few weeks before her release, she wrote: ‘Dear Martin. Thanks for your extracts. If I “ask and receive that my joy be full,” may be that will be heaven. ‘To live is Christ, to die is gain.’ Either way looks splendid to me, and I can only say, “Thy will be done.”’

“‘IF YE LOVED ME, YE WOULD REJOICE.—‘If I go, I wish to have no funeral sermon,’ said Mrs. Knapp, ‘but wish they would have a salvation praise service because a saint has gone home to heaven.’ She was always averse to dressing in mourning over the death of those whom God takes home. In respect to that sentiment we substitute white lines instead of black ones on this page of the Revivalist.

“‘BROKEN PURPOSES.—Her parents had planned for their children. Lucy was the last of the five, Charlie preceding her only a short time. The children are all in Paradise, and the father and mother deeply feel their loss, but say with submissive hearts, ‘The will of the Lord be done.’ It is a greater honor to have given the world such a daughter than to have conquered kingdoms.

“‘A REQUEST.—Will friends who have been converted or sanctified through Mrs. Knapp’s influence or the influence of our paper and books, or who know of those who have been, please report to us the facts. We have a large number of such reports, and believe they all can be used in a way that will help the work she loved and thus glorify God.

“‘NOT SHUT IN.—Written by a lady on a bed of ex-

treme suffering, which lasted many years, and sent to Mrs. Knapp towards the close of her illness by Sister Minnie C. Ferle. Mrs. Knapp made mention of it in the last letter she ever wrote, saying: 'Thank Minnie for her poem. It fits me exactly, only I don't know whether I am waiting for heaven, or for health and strength. God blesses me and keeps me in perfect peace.'

"'Shut in!' did you say, my sisters?

O no! only led away
 Out of the dust and turmoil,
 The burden and heat of the day,
 Into the cool, green pastures,
 By the waters calm and still,
 Where I may lie down in quiet,
 And yield to my Father's will.

Earth's ministering ones come around me,
 With faces kind and sweet,
 And we sit and learn together
 At the loving Savior's feet ;
 And we talk of life's holy duties,
 Of the crosses that lie in the way,
 And they must go out and bear them
 While I lie still and pray.

I am not shut in, my sisters,
 For the four walls fade away,
 And my soul goes out in gladness,
 To bask in the glorious day.
 This wasting, suffering body,
 With its weight of weary pain,
 Can never dim my vision,
 My spirit can not restrain.

I wait the rapturous ending,
 Or, rather, the entering in
 Through the gates that stand wide open,
 But admit no pain or sin.

I am only waiting, sisters,
Till the Father calls, 'Come home!'
Waiting, with lamp all burning,
Till the blessed Bridegroom comes."

CONTINUATION OF DIARY:

"Muskegon, September 19, 1890.—Have been to Montague; returned yesterday. Friends there very kind and tearful. There are so many places there where Lucy and I have enjoyed blessed seasons together, that such emotions were awakened as to make it painful for me to be there. I came back yesterday. Many think that I soon will be with my loved one. It would be grand if God so should will; but this morning I feel that care for our children and God's work will hold me yet for some time. Grace helps me wonderfully. I wish to live for Jesus only, all I do to be in unison with His plans. The following thoughts of late have impressed me deeply:

"A duty of and privilege of expressing my appreciation of friends while they are with me.

"The absence of an earthly companion, with whom I can commune, and to whom I can tell the many things that would be of such interest to us both.

"The fact that I am in God's disciplinary school, and that He is refining me for service for this or the other world—I do not know which. He knows, and that is enough.

"I expect to take the train for Albion in a few moments.

"Albion, September 21, 1890.—This is Lucy's third Sabbath in Paradise. What greetings she has enjoyed! My sense of her loss continues to deepen. God wills it so. She was the means, under God, of my conversion;

my spiritual adviser; my companion; the guide of my home; my business partner and adviser; the mother of my children; my nurse—her touch was restful, almost healing; my sharer in the ministry; *my precious wife*.

“Glory to God for allowing me her society so many years! This morning it seemed as if God stood by me with polishing tools, and said, in substance: ‘We never chisel and polish people without their consent, and will leave you unfinished, or complete our work on you, as you consent. What shall we do?’ My answer is: ‘Father, use your own judgment in the matter. You have my consent to do the work as completely as Thou seest it has need to be done.’ This afternoon it seemed to me as if I was being borne on a stream toward some falls. They were not very steep, and beyond them was the sea of Paradise. I had not strength to resist the current, and shall go over unless Divine Power interpose. Whether it does or not, remains to be seen. God’s will be done. I have no suggestions to offer in the matter.

“Albion, October 19, 1890.—Head is weak; heart strong. Tempted, but delivered. Sorrowful, yet rejoicing. Mother Glenn came with the children yesterday. She is very good to me. How splendid it is to have Anna and John home again! Precious, motherless little ones! God help me to train them aright! Had another attack of the grippe Friday. Am better. Again I repeat, God’s will be done, with no suggestions from me.

‘I know little, Jesus all;
In his arms I gladly fall.
He will guide me every day
In the right and perfect way.’

"Albion, November 19, 1890.—Have been very poorly since last writing; thought I might go. Am suddenly much better. God knows the reason. His is the praise. It seems good to be so much better. I wish to be fully kept for Jesus. Anna is such a comfort.

"Sunday, November 23, 1890.—Jesus saves, sanctifies, leads, and comforts. Glory to His name! I have passed through a siege of the most fearful temptations of my life. Satan at times was almost triumphant, and, though he wounded me, yet, in Jesus' name and by His power, He has been vanquished. Christ has in each instance made a way of escape. Anna is such a comfort and companion to me. I miss John more and more, and think that before very long I will be with him, or he with me. It seems as if I love the children ten times more than I did."

One can not help noticing, in the above and many other passages, how real the personality of Satan was to Brother Knapp, and how he recognized him in his temptations. It reminds us of Martin Luther. A famous editor and orator once visited Finney, and, in the course of conversation, said, "But I do n't believe in the existence of a personal devil." Finney stepped back and looked him over with his piercing eye, and exclaimed: "What! Do n't believe in a personal devil? You just resist him awhile, and then see if you do n't."

"Sunday, December 15, 1890.—I attended church this morning, the second time in nearly three months. Brother Floyd preached. I was deeply impressed. He goes to India in January as a missionary. Our relation to him and his noble wife has been such that it seems sad to separate. How much it means to reckon ourselves dead to our friends, so that we are glad to have

them just where God wants them, whether here or in India, on earth or in heaven! God is raising me up for a purpose. Satan will try hard to defeat it, but God will give victory. I miss Lucy more than ever when I go to church. When shall we meet again, meet never to sever? Aching heart, be patient, and soon life's battle will all be over. My future is not unfolded. I want God to map it all. He comforts me in many ways, for which I praise Him. Mother and Anna and Minnie have done all they could for me. May God reward them, as I can not!"

Here we find the record of the death of his father, who, notwithstanding feeble health, nearly doubled the age of his useful son. God's ways are high above ours.

"Albion, June 2, 1891.—Father passed peacefully into eternity last Sunday, May 24th. He would have been eighty-one the 22d of next October. He was very patient in his last days, and wanted to go. The day before he went he said to mother, 'I hear singing, but you do n't.'

"O how time flies! I am gradually recovering. May God be glorified!

"Grand Rapids, June 6-18, 1891.—Meeting moving grandly. Many saved. I have seasons of joy and of depression. Joy in Jesus; awful pain over the sins of the past. O the bitterness of sin! I can not understand my experience. Two strange dreams: exposure to great pain and peril. It throws a shadow over me. They made me feel strangely. All is yielded to Jesus. He pardons, cleanses, keeps, and will lead. Glory to His name!"

The attentive reader will notice the very frequent mention made of dreams in this biography. It is very

seldom that an educated person in our day pays so much attention to dreams.

“Reed City Camp, August 11, 1891.—Seventeen professed sanctification first night. August 12th, morning, talked on ‘Prayer.’ Over twenty forward; most claimed victory. August 13th, talk on ‘Egypt.’ Forty at the altar; many sanctified. A wave of glory. Praise God! August 14th, over forty at the altar this morning. August 15th, over thirty at the altar. Two other talks: ‘Kadesh-Barnea,’ ‘Wilderness;’ and God leads. Tempted again, yet victorious. O for the melting power of the Holy Ghost! August 16th, Sunday, the melting came. Talked on ‘Consecration.’ One hundred and eighteen were at the altar. Most of them were victorious. To God be the glory!

“After Reed City, went with Brother Parsons to White Hall for a week’s rest. God was in it. He took the service at White Hall Sunday and Monday. Over fifty were at the altar for pardon or purity.

“Sunday, September 6, 1891.—One year ago to-day was Lucy’s funeral. What a year! What temptations! What . . . ! Thank God, the past is all under the blood! I know not what awaits me; but God will lead and reveal His will as fast as I need to know it.

“Albion, October 2, 1891.—It seems as if I live, as never before, upon the borders of Paradise. *A thin veil separates. It may lift at any moment, and then what strange, grand, new scenes and greetings! I await God’s time.* His will—whether it be work, wait, or reward—His will be done. Work looks inviting, waiting with Him will be well. Reward will be utterly undeserved, yet glorious. I HAVE HEAVEN IN MY HEART.

“My sins He will remember against me no more for-

ever. Am fasting and praying for light and victory, and it comes. I praise God!

"The revival here moves slowly, but deeply. Brother Glascock, the evangelist, is a fearless man and full of the Holy Ghost. An effort has been made by a weak-spine preacher to gag him, but it can't be done, praise God! Thank God! a genuine revival turns the WEAK-SPINE FAMILY into soldiers that will fight and not run.

"Saturday evening, December 5, 1891.—God wants our love. He claims the first place in our hearts. If He is given that, He will pardon mistakes. To take it from Him and give it to another is wicked. It wrongs Him infinitely.

"He is true. Others may prove faithless. He is always the same. Others may change. *An unexpected trial wrings my heart. It saws through the tenderest fibers of my being.* It seems to be without excuse, brought on by the waywardness and thoughtlessness of another. It may prove a . . . But God knows. He helps and comforts. So far as I am concerned, His will shall be done. He will get good out of it for me and glory to Himself. FROM A HUMAN STANDPOINT IT SEEMS CRUEL AND EXCUSELESS, but GOD WILL OVERRULE IT FOR GOOD in His own way. It will be the herald of brighter days. Always darkest before light. I kiss the hand that permits the wrong to be done me, and in my heart can say, 'Father, forgive.' Satan has a hand in it; but grace will again prevail, and God's will be known and done.

"Monday, December 7, 1891.—Praise God! Victory within, and great light on life plans. A matter of great moment settled after hours of struggle, fasting, and prayer. God is good. He supplies my need. Was

terribly burdened for M——. Burden gone, and victory comes. God wills it, and it is well. I praise Him for it.”

Here another furnace, and some other form of grief, too private to be named is mentioned, through which this brother was called to pass; and his first call to Cincinnati, where his greatest life-work lay.

“December 8, 1891.—GOD IS REFINING ME IN HIS FURNACE. THE FIRE IS HOT, BUT NEEDED, AND JESUS TEMPERS IT. How good in Him to purge the dross all away! He has given me the discipline that comes from losing a companion; . . . from losing property without losing it; from losing reputation without losing it; from betrayal by best earthly friends, without such betrayal. Brother Glascock came to-day, and says he feels that God wants us to go to Cincinnati with our holiness and book work.

“FURNACE LESSONS.

“First. Hold still in the furnace. Uneasiness hinders the process, and mars the quality of the work.

“Second. Do n’t question the Refiner too much. He understands His work.

“Third. He will notify when it is finished.

“Fourth. Sometimes it comes like a huge smoothing-iron, smoothing all the kinks and ruffles out of our souls.

“Fifth. The purgation, though painful, is worth infinitely more than it costs.

“Sixth. The will must overcome the shrinking back from the fire.

“December 9, 1891.—Great victory to-day, in Jesus’ name. Expect to go to Port Huron and have glorious

victory there. The furnace experience seems really through. I take MS. 'Full Salvation' by faith, and praise God for it. It is coming. Glory to God!

"December 10, 1891.—Praise God! This is to be a memorable morning. God gives me such liberty in prayer as I never had before. He hears and answers. He is unfolding His plans to me and doing His will in me. All glory to His name!

"Sunday morning, December 12, 1891.—Praise God for salvation and sleep! After nearly two weeks of soul-burden and agony from a deep wound rest came. I slept as sweetly as a child. My 'Isaac' is on the altar. God will send deliverance. I stand still and await the salvation of God. It is coming in His way, in His time. God's will, not mine, be done.

"December 14th.—AGONY INEXPRESSIBLE. Amen.

"December 15th.—Sweet rest in Jesus. Amen.

"December 16th.—Victory. Amen.

"December 17th.—Amen.

"December 20th.—Awful temptation. Amen.

"December 21st.—Sweet rest. Amen.

"January 6th.—Brother Hill sick, and can not go with me to Port Huron. Amen. Seventy-five profess pardon; thirty sanctification. Amen.

"January 30th.—C. A. C. A. Amen.

"April 1, 1891.—Saved and kept.

"December 18, 1891.—I awoke a little before twelve in inexpressible agony. The pains of hell got hold of me. It seemed unendurable, and increased. I never had such an experience. It seemed as if I was lost, and there was no hope. I finally arose and went into my study; there I wrestled with God until victory came. I devoted myself anew to Him. The following convictions came to me:

"First. I am to warn the Church of its dangers.

"Second. I must trust my family and business chiefly with others.

"Third. I am to be much from home.

"Fourth. God is to give victory:

"A. Over iniquity;

"B. Over the opposition.

"I am in His hands for any word or work. Glory comes to my soul. Hallelujah! God can purge away iniquity, and, though the earth rise up, He can put it down. O Father, keep me filled with the Holy Ghost and in Thine own order! Praise God, O my soul! He has restored me to health again. THE WORK WAS DONE A FEW DAYS AGO."

This looks like another case of Divine healing. He had been healed of the effects of a sunstroke when he was sanctified. Such a work was wrought on him several times.

CHAPTER IX.
TRIAL AND DELIVERANCE.

“Look on to this
Through all perplexities of grief and strife,—
To this thy true maturity of life,
Thy coming bliss :
That such high gifts thy future dower may be,
And for such service high thy God prepareth thee.

What though to-day
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For His strange dealings through the trial-season,—
Trust and obey ;
And, like the child whose story follows here,
In after life and light all shall be plain and clear.”

—F. R. HAVERGAL.

“Light after darkness,
Gain after loss ;
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross.
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh ;
Home after wandering,
Praise after cry.

Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom ;
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb.
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss ;
Right was the pathway,
Leading to this !”—F. R. HAVERGAL.

“Albion, December 20, 1891.—A day of Job experience, but blessed victory this evening. I still miss Lucy. The room she had in my heart temple is still unoccupied. Another room, however, God built and filled. Its occupant brought cheer and gladness, and promised to remain for life.

“I am one with Christ to-night. During the tornadoes of temptation and trial that of late have swept over me, I let go for a little, and was well nigh engulfed; but Jesus has rescued. Praise His name!

“December 22, 1891.—A night of mingled rest and heart-agony over the deep, deep wound. O how it aches! Jesus soothes it, and has a cure when He is permitted to use it. I feel nothing but forgiveness, compassion, pity, and inexpressible love for the one who struck the cruel blow. It was not meant, I feel sure, and soon, I trust, the Hand that caused it may be the one to heal it. Jesus is inexpressibly precious. He dwells in my heart; He has His way there. I delight in His discipline, His plans, His will. He is made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. His will concerning me shall be done, by His grace. I do trust Him now, trust Him fully, and trust Him for all. He undertakes my cure. He will win it in His own way. I await the revelations of His will. He will prepare me for them. O how I am burdened that — may yet come into the light! Pride, willfulness, distrust, and fear, all seem to hold her back. O Father, in Jesus' name, hear, I pray, and cut the work short in righteousness! I trust it all with Thee, and look for the victory.

“December 29, 1891.—I am all the Lord's. His will is mine. I so elect, through Jesus' grace. I believe He accepts and sanctifies just now. He restoreth my

soul and leads in paths of righteousness for His name's sake. The Holy Ghost is my Leader and Guide. He will guide me into all truth. Jesus is my Companion and a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Since I have been led out to take a more public stand for holiness, and help start a holiness meeting here, Satan has tempted me as never before in my life. He has sought to cripple me in every possible way. I cling to the cross. It is my only hope. Nothing alarms Satan like the sight of the blood and the sound of the testimony of the fully saved. I believe that Jesus pardons. I believe that His blood cleanses me just now. I believe that He is leading me. I believe that He gives me power over all the powers of the enemy. I believe that He is helping me to live triumphant, and will guide me by His counsels, and afterwards receive me into glory. Have been looking for a new baptism of the Holy Ghost, and believe that it is coming. O that it now from heaven might fall! I take it by faith, and God will bestow it. It is mine, praise His name forever!

"Port Huron, January 1, 1892.—Glory to God! I am resting in Him. Praise and the use of the weapons of our warfare go together. Satan has tempted outrageously; but God gives peace and victory over him. Brother Hill still unable to be here. I am learning to trust more in God. He has taken all from me that He may give me all in Himself.

"Now I want only those gifts which He freely bestows. For them I prove Him. Others would prove a snare instead of a blessing. O blessed Bridegroom, keep the trust which I have committed to Thee!"

"January 7, 1892.—This is the fifteenth anniversary of my marriage. What scenes I have been led through! In a new sense Jesus is my Bridegroom. Am married

to Him. His companionship, protective and providive, for me is exceedingly precious and abundant. I yield all to His dear will. Hull expected Brother Hill to go with me to-day; but he is sick. God will overrule all to His own glory. He is making out my program. I leave all in His hands, and

‘Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No harm can come to the ship where lies
The Maker of ocean and earth and skies.
They all shall sweetly obey His will;
Peace be still, peace be still.’

“I am the ship, and Jesus is within. He makes the wrath of men to praise Him. He works good out of the wrongs that reach me from others. He makes the mistakes of others to lead me nearer to Him. He guides me by His counsels, and will receive me into glory. Praise His name forever!

“Sunday, January 10, 1892.—Meeting commenced here. Five have professed conversion, and many sought purity. To God be the praise! Severely tempted, but Jesus delivers. I believe for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He comes, He fills me now. I look for victory to-night.

“Port Huron, Monday, January 11, 1892.—No special break last night; but it is coming, praise God. After another siege of fearful temptation, Jesus reveals Himself to me anew to-night. I got willing to walk by faith, and then He came in. I am married to Him. He loves me, and provides for all my needs. I am willing to suffer with Him in His humiliations here, as His love makes suffering sweet; and then I shall reign with Him forever. Glory to God! I was feeling so hungry for sympathy, companionship, and love that my heart

ached. Then He came and gave me just what I was looking for from human service. O blessed love of my soul, abide with me forever! I can not spare Thee for one moment. I fain would lean my aching, weary head upon Thy breast, and feel the restfulness which Thou alone canst give. Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me. Death will but draw me closer to Thee, and no alienation ever can spring from Thee. O may my love to Thee be constant, my obedience cheerful, and may I never let any one come between Thee and me!

‘How could it be, my Lord Divine,
That Thou couldst cleanse a heart like mine?
Wash all its sin and guilt away,
And then forever with it stay!’

“Amen.

In the next entry in the diary there is evidence that some peculiar trial that cruelly lacerated his tender soul came, partially at least, to an end. He once, in a sacredly private conversation, told me about it. It shall be namless here. One wonders that so true a heart could have been thus willingly and purposely wrung with anguish.

“Albion, January 30, 1892.—A sweet, blessed day. God is so good to me. What I have so long taken by faith is mine. O how thankful I am! The trial so sore is ending in triumph. I am welcomed again to the place God gave me in the heart-temple. Jesus shall share it with me. It seems the most like home here to-day of any day since Lucy went to heaven. It is all God’s work. He hears prayer, and takes out of the furnace when the purifying is completed. All glory to His name!

‘Out of the presses of pain
Cometh the soul’s best wine,
And the eyes that have shed no rain
Can shed but little shine.’

“Albion, February 16, 1892.—Victory and praise are in my soul. God is leading, Satan is retreating. The 113th Psalm comes to me with strength and sweetness this morning. God had been refining me for a purpose. I praise Him for all! The trials of the past contributed to the triumphs of the present. To God be all the glory! It looks as if the Lord is leading to Cincinnati. Amen, if God so leads. It is so sweet to trust in Jesus. He is leading in a plain path. It seems as if Satan has left me for a season.

“Albion, March 27, 1892.—Praise God, another milestone passed. This is my thirty-ninth birthday. Through God's grace I am richer than ever. He has given me: First, a title to heaven; second, a pure heart; third, perfect love; fourth, a stronger faith; fifth, a loved one in glory; sixth, kind friends on earth; seventh, a true mother; eighth, precious children; ninth, a chance to work for Him; tenth, A. C. A.; eleventh, Jesus. He has answered many prayers. Is blessing C. A., and making what He designs. All will be well.

“Albion, June 2, 1892.—A splendid League meeting last night. Sister Floyd led it. One young preacher claimed holiness. To God be the glory! He has been leading in a wonderful way. Sister Lucy is to be office manager of the Revivalist. We expect to go to Cincinnati September 1st. I have finished ‘Impressions,’ and the printer has begun his work. Dreamed last night of Brother A—— suffering severely; awoke with this question in my mind: ‘Am I willing to suffer if it be God's will?’ I was thoroughly awakened, but said, ‘Yes,’ and went to sleep. There was an ‘impression’ that some evil might be impending, but God gave me the promise, ‘There shall no evil befall thee.’ I trust all with Him. Where He may lead I'll follow, my trust in Him

repose. Satan has often tried to torment me by his impressions from below. God defeats him. Jesus fully saves and sanctifies.

"March 29, 1892.—A melting down this morning. I am dead, nevertheless I live. Praise God, I will gladly do, by His grace, all that Jesus says. To Him be glory forever! O the constant fight with the devil! Victory through Jesus.

"Scottsville, June 6-7, 1892.—A good opening here. A number were forward Sunday, and some blessed. Praise God! Have passed through another fearful siege of temptation. O the agony thus suffered! I was wounded a few weeks ago by Satan, and he stands often at the sore. This morning I have gone over all the old ground and entered into a new covenant with God. He delivers: (a) from past guilt; (b) from inbred sin; (c) from the penalty of sin; (d) gives me the Holy Ghost to abide with me and to lead me into all truth. I am united anew to Him."

How Satan hated this blessed man of God, and tried to overcome him by all the wiles of hell! It is a blessing to us that God prompted him to keep a diary these four years or more, the only period of his life in which he did. It gives us an insight into the inner conflicts, the sharp temptations, the bitter trials and sorrows of a great soul, who was honestly trying to walk with God in holiness of heart. If we are tempted and tried, and even "wounded" by Satan, we may be helped by the reflection that no temptation hath come to us except such as is common to man; and in this picture of a life we learn how to lay hold of God for complete victory. He seems to look down upon us from the heavenly heights and say, with the Master, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

“Reed City Camp, August 17, 1892.—The meeting opened gloriously.

“1. Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?

“2. River of death. Many blessed both mornings.

“3. Wilt thou be made whole?

“4. Consecration, I beseech you.

“5. Seventh of St. John.”

We now return again to notice Brother Knapp's work in authorship. He thus speaks of the next book: “Having been promoted from the pastorate to the evangelistic field, I soon felt that many places and Churches which should be spiritual furnaces were Arctic icebergs, chilling the heart and freezing souls on every side. How could this be remedied? Nothing but fire from the skies could do it. How to build the fires in many places was a problem. As I believe, Divinely led, I began to gather ‘kindlings’ wherever they could be found, which soon took the form of ‘Revival Kindlings,’ which has found its way to many a preacher's library, and has been the inspiration of many a revival fire. Of this book over six thousand copies have been printed.”

The dedication of this book is unique, and quite characteristic of Brother Knapp. It is as follows:

“Unto the Triune God, Whose Love is ‘a Genial Fire;’ Whose Glory is ‘a Devouring Fire;’ Who is to His People ‘a Refiner's Fire;’ Who is to the Persistently Impenitent ‘a Consuming Fire;’ and Who is Seeking to Kindle on Earth ‘Revival Fire;’ and Unto His Church, which He has Promised to ‘Baptize with Fire from Above,’ this volume is Humbly Dedicated by its Author.” It was copyrighted in 1890.

Then he gave to the world another book during

these same years of sorrow and suffering, of which he thus writes :

“As time passed away, trials came. Furnace experiences multiplied. I found that Satan, in a way I had never known before, was able to transform himself into an angel of light, pretending to be the Holy Ghost Himself, and thus deceiving, if it were possible, God’s elect. I found people on every side swayed by influences, supposing them to be Divine, which were from him.

“People thus deceived, like wrecked cars on a railroad-track, abound on every side. The Spirit led me to investigate the cause of such disaster. I read the Bible and the works of learned men, and gathered incidents from people thus misled, and learned of their delivery from such Satanic bondage, and the result was my book called ‘Impressions,’ treating of the source from which they come—some from above, others from below—and showing how to test them, that one may not be misled.

“Letters from far and near poured in on me, telling of the helpfulness of this book. Pastors prize it to circulate among the young, and people of every rank declare its helpfulness.”

Of this book over eight thousand copies have been printed. The author designed it to be the prevention and cure of fanaticism, one of the rankest evils in the Holiness Movement. If the devil can not keep people from getting sanctified, he then plays the part of the Holy Ghost, and tries to induce sanctified people to run off into all the follies of fanaticism and make perfect fools of themselves, so that he can kill their influence.

Dr. Keen said: “Having read ‘Impressions,’ I regard it a most instructive, suggestive, and useful book

on a very important subject. It is an admirable safeguard on the subject of spiritual guidance."

Personally, I consider this one of our brother's most valuable books; and it is almost alone in its field. If more widely read, it would head off a deal of nonsense and folly that is to-day cursing the Holiness Movement.

Thus it appears that, during those years of weakness and pain and deepest sorrow, our "Hero of Faith and Prayer" conquered poverty, rose above difficulties, was oblivious to sickness and pain, passed through the deepest sorrows, and endured the fiercest trials, and yet won many hundreds of souls in his revival work, launched a religious paper, and gave to the world three books, "Revival Tornadoes," "Revival Kindlings," and "Impressions," that have had already a combined circulation of about thirty thousand. His wife has some occasion to say that, during those few years when his health was so poor that his life was often despaired of, and he was being hounded by Satan and harassed by sorrow and trial, he accomplished more than many ministers do in a lifetime. O, how this heaven-inspired energy of this great soul shames us who weakly imagine that we must have such favorable conditions and helpful surroundings to accomplish our little tasks! How the empowering Holy Spirit appears in it all! It was evidently He who inspired this silent sufferer to ignore weakness and sorrow, sickness and pain, and bend to his work with the grim determination of a giant, and press on in the race for glory and for heaven.

The next to the last entry in his diary was evidently written in Cincinnati, November 18, 1892, and recorded the following event, which meant so much to him in all his after life:

"Married Minnie C. Ferle, September 14th, and went

with her to Conference the next day. Came from there here, September 20th. God was in our uniting and coming to this place."

"November 30, 1892.—I do believe and receive, and God is leading. More and more delighted with our marriage. Surely 'a good wife is of the Lord.'"

Yes, he "believed and received." Evidently he sought his wife of the Lord, as every man ought to do; and God led him, and led to him a great-souled, wise, and helpful wife, with a sanctified nature, who has been to him a most helpful companion and a wise counselor all these later years. Well did he say that such a wife was "of the Lord!"



MRS. M. W. KNAPP.

CHAPTER X.

LIFE'S WORK AND DEVELOPMENT IN CINCINNATI.

“I would the great would grow like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but, by year and hour,
In reverence and in charity.”—TENNYSON.

“Great is the power of Goodness to charm and to command. The man inspired by it, is the true king of men, drawing all hearts after him. . . . There are men in whose presence we feel as if we breathed a spiritual ozone, refreshing and invigorating, like inhaling mountain air or enjoying a bath of sunshine.”

“The very sight of a great and good man is often an inspiration to the young, who can not help admiring and loving the gentle, the brave, the truthful, the magnanimous.”—SAMUEL SMILES.

We find at our hands almost no personal incidents in the life of Brother Knapp in the material sent us concerning his first five years in Cincinnati. We only know, in a general way, that he was persistently pushing his paper into new fields and working up and pushing ahead his book-publishing. No doubt he engaged in revival work as favorable doors opened to him, running out to places near Cincinnati, in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana. I have heard a little about it; but not enough to write definitely. It does not matter. It would be only a repetition of scenes and experiences already described. We know what kind of a gospel he preached and just how God used the messages. That is sufficient for our purpose.

It might be well to notice that the conditions for

planting the holiness work in Cincinnati were anything but favorable when Brother Knapp went there. It was what is familiarly called a "burnt district." Holiness had been planted there years before by the great leaders of the modern "National Holiness Association" movement. I think, if my memory is not at fault, that Inskip, Macdonald, and Lowrey had labored there. After them came Dr. Keen, of sainted memory. But after all this noble, initial work of seed-planting had been done, the devil got in his finest work. He induced some of the local people, by his Satanic impressions, to go off into fanaticism. It floats through my mind vaguely, from a conversation I once had with somebody in Cincinnati about it, that one of these fanatics claimed to be Christ incarnated again, and received worship as such. Fanaticism is Satan's finest work; and in this case he rather outdid himself. Holiness, and even the very word, became an offense to thoughtful and sensible people.

Of course there were humble souls here and there who remained true, who walked with God in the darkness, who mourned over the desolations of Zion, and who prayed for God to send deliverance. Among these was Sister Mary Storey, who welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Knapp to the city nearly ten years ago. She felt that God had sent Brother Knapp to rebuild the walls of the wasted holiness Zion in Cincinnati and the surrounding country. Her conjecture proved blessedly true. In no city in America is the work of holiness so thoroughly established, so well fortified and organized, and so broad and comprehensive in its plans, and so striking and puissant in its achievements, as it is now in Cincinnati. The journey of the little Methodist preacher to Cincinnati was like the journey of the little Apostle Paul to



MISS MARY STOREY.

Rome; it meant a great deal to the service and kingdom of Jesus Christ.

This Sister Mary Storey stood by Brother Knapp and his wife through all the years; and so wise and helpful was she in her evangelistic work, and so discreet and efficient in her friendship and counsels, that Brother Knapp named her as one of the trustees of the work.

Under such conditions our "Hero of Faith and Prayer" entered upon the work with the step of a conqueror, and, nothing daunted, set up his banner in the name of God Almighty. He could not be frozen out, or driven out, or scared out, or starved out. It made little difference to him who smiled or who frowned. He was there to please King Jesus, to capture a strategical point, from which he could send out light and blessing far and wide over the land. He knew whom he believed. He was neither afraid, nor discouraged, nor disappointed. God was with him, and caused the work of his hands to prosper.

In describing what happened in the first five years of his Cincinnati life, it is not vital nor essential to preserve the exact order of the events or the dates, even if it were now possible.

He soon passed his fortieth birthday, and he said to his wife, "I want to so live that it shall turn out that my real life-work has just begun."

Much as he had previously accomplished, and short as his after life was, he made it well-nigh true. He little knew just how God would use him, or into what paths of effort he would lead, yet somehow his mighty faith reached out for large things, and God gave them to him.

Of Brother Knapp's next book he gave the following account:

“A flood of correspondence from those seeking light on the subject of holiness led me to see the need of a book, condensed and to the point, showing what holiness is and what it is not, from a Bible standpoint, and how to receive and retain it. Hence, as God led and helped, we wrote ‘The Double Cure,’ which, though the smallest of our books, has been instrumental in leading many into the possession of the the soul-health which it magnifies.”

Of this book over twenty-four thousand copies have been printed. No doubt it has helped a multitude of sick and hungry souls to the Savior for the first cure, and to the Holy Ghost for the second.

“Be of sin the Double Cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.”—TOPLADY.

BEULAH HEIGHTS.

While Brother Knapp’s mind was at work on this book, his head, following the lead of his heart, was planning some permanent institution that should be a perennial blessing to a neglected section of country. It resulted in what I find described by himself, Brother Rees, and Bessie, as follows:

“BEULAH HEIGHTS, KY.

REV. M. W. KNAPP.

“Would you like to see them? Then come to Cincinnati, stay over night with me, and, taking the morning train on the Cincinnati Southern, fly through the beautiful ‘Blue-grass’ region of Kentucky, over High Bridge and numberless chasms, and through dark tunnels, under hills and mountains, until you reach Flat Rock, a mountain hamlet of perhaps a half-dozen

houses, one hundred and eighty-five miles south of the Queen City. Now you are within three miles of our camp-ground. Plunge through a primitive forest by a well-worn wagon-road; now at the bottom of a deep valley, where a silver stream sings doxologies day and night; now slowly winding your way up the mountain side until you reach a beautiful mountain plateau, four miles long, and from one-quarter of a mile to one mile wide. Keep in the road, which traverses this highland for about two miles, until you come to a modest, new schoolhouse. Stop there, and make inquiries, and you will find the following:

“A noble Christian woman who has just resigned a position of seventy-five dollars per month in the Cincinnati schools to take charge of the Beulah Heights holiness school, donating her time for one year to help establish it. You will also find there a woman whom I know by personal experience to be one of the best mothers who ever lived in Michigan or moved out of it. She is there for the present as the teacher’s aid and companion. Ask them about the camp-meeting just closed, and they will tell you that it was conducted by the Cincinnati Holiness League, was largely attended, led by the Holy Ghost, characterized by old-time liberty, power, conversions, and entire sanctification; that two hundred persons kneeled at the altar for a definite work, and that over one hundred and twenty professed by word of mouth pardon or perfect love; that sky-blue conversions and sanctifications were the order, and that it looks as if holiness is planted through all that region to stay. They will also tell you that a permanent site for a camp has now been selected on the brow of the mountain, near a plenteous stream, with a mountain view that is worth the ride from Michigan to see, if

you prize such sights; also that a tabernacle for the meeting is promised next year.

“By this time you will, having done justice to a Kentucky mountain meal, want to know about the school. They will enthusiastically explain that a sanctified Methodist, who can neither read nor write, to drive ignorance and false religious teachings from his mountain home, gave one hundred acres of this beautiful land for a holiness camp-meeting and holiness school purposes; that others added to this donation until about three hundred acres were donated for this purpose, with option of sale on about seven hundred acres more, and with the prohibition that no tobacco or intoxicants shall be raised, made, or sold on said land, and none of either used on the two hundred acres of school and camp land. They aim to have a clean place to worship God and train the young. They would also tell you that one of the main movers is a Kentucky Methodist preacher, who, under God, was led into the experience of full salvation by reading a certain little book, written by a member of the Michigan Conference. You would soon discover that the air is pure and said to be full of ‘ozone,’ and so stimulating that the tired, heavy feeling you had north of the Ohio would soon take its wings and fly away. The ‘old inhabitants’ will tell you that this belt is one of the choicest fruit and garden spots in the State. You will also learn that while this is true, the association encourages none to locate there except those who have a pioneer spirit and feel led of God to come and educate their children for the King. To such they might submit the following question:

‘O why will you tarry mid blizzards and ice,
When the Southland is beckoning away?
Why not pack up your baggage and move in a trice,
And no longer waste time by delay?’

The school-building is to be dedicated. (D. V.) September 8th, and the school opens the following Monday.

“Those who have been to Mountain Lake Park declare that this place equals it in natural beauty, and some have by faith seen it equal it as a camp-meeting of far-reaching results, plus a school governed by the principle that morals are of more importance than mathematics, and redemption than rhetoric. They have seen it surrounded with blooming gardens and bending fruit-trees, with happy homes, in which reigns a holy people, uncursed by King Alcohol and King Tobacco and their legions of attending evils, but where the prophecy finds sweet fulfillment that ‘it shall come to pass in that day, that the mountains shall drop down new wine, and the hills shall flow with milk;’ also Isa. ii, 2: ‘And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord’s house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow into it;’ and Isa. xxxv, 1: ‘The solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.’”

Mrs. Knapp gives the following account, May 6, 1902:

“Dear Brother Hills,—Beulah Heights camp-meeting was started seven years ago. Mr. Knapp had a great burden for the people in the South, and the first time he went down there and found old men who could neither read nor write, he was greatly moved, and people living in houses without windows, seven or eight in one room, and knowing little about God. One old man gave two hundred acres for a school and camp-ground. A tabernacle has been built and a camp-meeting held every year. Brother Rees and others have been there. The school was started and a house built, and a young

lady who gave up her position here taught it. She is now in India as a missionary. The schoolhouse was burned down, and last year another was built, and God sanctified a young lady, a college graduate, and sent her there as a teacher. She is all taken up with the work. Box after box of clothing has been sent her, and she has clothed all the mountain children. The work is in the best condition now that it has ever been in. A splendid, sanctified man, and a practical farmer, has been called down there, and he is improving it every way, and they expect to have a larger school another year."

"A CAMP-MEETING CAMPAIGN.

REV. SETH C. REES

"Now we are off for 'Dixie.' Our route from Cincinnati to Beulah Heights Camp, Flat Rock, Ky., lies through the famous Blue-grass region of which we have heard from childhood. We are informed that the scenery is very fine.

"Our long train, well loaded, was drawn up a heavy grade by two huge, panting locomotives, which snorted and leaped like wild horses. Thus we left the smoky city and the muddy Ohio River. Within two hours we were in the heart of the Blue-grass country. As the train ran into Lexington we saw, for a swift moment, the tall shaft at the grave of Henry Clay. Instantly the mind recalled that, in this city, our Henry Clay Morrison (for we all own him or feel that we do) was tried by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for attending a holiness camp-meeting over the *ipse dixit* of a pastor.

"As we flew through the rich, fertile country, we compared the landscape to that of our spiritual Canaan.

The Kentuckians are not the only people who are in high clover. Bless God, we are enjoying a land more delightful and a clime more genial and balmy than that of this beautiful State. The scenery at High Bridge is grand and majestic, but does not compare with that of the country 'beyond Jordan.'

"Later in the day the porter came in, and closed the ventilators and lighted the gas. We were nearing the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains and in the vicinity of tunnels. In spiritual railroading we are frequently apprised of an approaching tunnel by the way in which the Lord lights up the soul and bids us close the windows to all but Him, shutting ourselves up to His presence only.

"In our Kentucky journey we pass through fourteen tunnels climbing up the mountains, issuing from each dark hole higher up the range. In Christian experience every trial through which we pass takes us higher up the mountain.

"Half the afternoon we climbed up, up, up the mountain until the porter threw open the door and cried out 'Flat Rock,' and we stepped out on the top of these rugged old mountains. The camp was three miles from the railroad, but it seemed fully three times that distance.

"The camp opened well. The people came on horseback, on muleback, in lumber-wagons, in carts, and on foot. We see many things to interest our unsophisticated eyes. We had heard 'with the hearing of the ear;' but now we 'saw with the seeing of the eye.' The ways and customs and manners of 'the dwellers in this mount' are refreshing in their simplicity. Babies and children abound. The arriving hayracks overflow with them.

The trees re-echo their sturdy cries; for, if ever there were children who gave evidence of great strength of lung, they are the children of Kentucky mountaineers.

"Seekers were forward for prayers at the first meeting. The power came down and victory came. These illiterate people get saved with the same vehement demonstrations and deep emotion that New Englanders manifest at the altar.

"As the meeting progressed, the congregation was made up of people from greater and greater distances. Women rode thirty miles across the mountains to reach the meeting.

"Many of the testimonies were interesting. One sister with shining face said, 'The Lord has taken the fly-up all out of me.' Yes, anger flies up, and that phrase is certainly a vivid picture of the action of the 'old man.' We were amused when a man in cowhide boots and flannel shirt said, with great solemnity, 'I've got the blessing, and, by the Lord's good luck and help, I'm bound ter keep it.'

"A sister: 'They make all manner o' light o' me, but I do n't mind that. Jesus sanctifies my soul.'

"A brother: 'I'm on the King's highway. I hed a hard time to git thar; but, bless God, I'm thar now.'

"A number of mountain preachers have attended the meetings. One of these, who is more than an ordinary preacher among them, was asked how he felt when seeking sanctification. He replied, 'I felt like Bob Ingersoll (?) did when he was a-dyin' when he said, "Lord, if there be a Lord, save my soul, if I've got a soul." I felt, Lord, if you are the Lord, give me sanctification if there is a sanctification.' When we listened to this incident the thought occurred to us that it may be prophecy, if not history, for 'Bob' may pray like that yet.

“Rev. M. W. Knapp, who opened up this mountain work four years ago, has accomplished a most blessed work all over this wild country. God doubtless intends Beulah Heights to be a great center for holiness in this section. The opportunities are great. The harvest truly is plenteous. He that reapeth receiveth wages. It is our prayer that God may lay His hand on some of His children and call them to these golden fields. The openings for schools to teach the people to read and write are splendid. The doors for Holy Ghost ministry are wide open. It is a rough field, but what are we for, if not to deny ourselves for Jesus and rough it for the gospel of our God?

“The camp increased in size and interest to the close. Sunday was a great day in many ways. The people poured in from all sides, and we all wondered where they came from, for the country is but thinly settled.

“One of the things most needed, as we have said, is a school.”

The rest of the article is on some other leaf of the Pentecostal Herald which did not reach me. Here is “Bessie’s” account :

“While the cry from foreign lands has been urgent, nothing could be more despairing or more heartbreaking than the cry from the mountains of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. There are thousands of souls living in these mountains, many of whom have never even heard of Jesus, and the greater proportion of the rest only knowing Him in an indefinite, ignorant sort of a way. Brother Knapp was much moved through the needs of the work among the mountains, and, while burdened for and praying for it, God answered prayer and laid it upon the heart of a brother to deed to Mr. Knapp, as trustee, two hundred and fifty acres of land

at Flat Rock, Ky. This being on the mountains, with such beautiful scenery and such delightful atmosphere, it was named 'Beulah Heights,' and a salvation day-school was started, and many workers in the foreign fields do not have to encounter more deprivation and self-denial than was needed at this place. But, bless God, He has called some who are 'counting it all joy' to have the privilege of pouring out their lives for these mountain people. They are surrounded on every hand by idleness and abject poverty, ignorance and superstition. The children were hungry for books and to learn to read, and God has been working. The past summer Mr. Knapp became very much burdened for this field of labor, and, especially after Sister Duff was called to it, he felt that God was going to give victory such as had never been there before. There had been already a camp-meeting from year to year; but the one last fall was of greater power and unction than ever before. The mountaineers think nothing of going from twenty to twenty-five miles over the mountains to hear the gospel. The children are learning to read and write, and getting an experimental knowledge of Jesus as a personal Savior and Sanctifier. Salvation books, booklets, and tracts are being scattered all through that district; boxes of clothing from different parts of the country have been received and distributed among the needy. Mr. Knapp's expectation was that God was leading to the establishment of an Industrial Home and School where boys and girls, who were too poor to go to a city school, might work, and at the same time study and prepare themselves for the whitened harvest-fields.

"Last fall there entered the Bible-school at Cincinnati, Brother and Sister Butler, of Indiana. Brother Butler said that he was saved and sanctified. He had

been a steward in the Quaker Church, and walked in the light, and lived clean and upright; but he had not been long in the white light of the Bible-school before God showed him his heart, and one evening he startled the school by asking them to pray for him; that he had found out he was not sanctified. His wife immediately followed him, and said he was surely mistaken, that he had lived a sanctified life at home, and she felt that he had the experience. But he knew his own heart, and, like Isaiah, cried out, 'Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips!' It was not long until he received the baptism with the Holy Ghost, and the fire and power and unction of the Holy Ghost rested upon him. We knew that he knew God, and we felt that his prayers went straight through to the Throne. Soon after this his wife also discovered that she was not sanctified; but she died out to the world and to friends and loved ones, and to self, and Jesus came into her heart as her all in all. Brother Knapp loved them both. He always said he felt as if Brother Butler was one of God's oaks, so strong and true; and he felt as if the Lord wanted him to take up the work at Beulah Heights. Mr. Knapp talked to the Lord about it, and told Him that Brother Butler had practical knowledge of farming, etc., and asked Him if it was His will to give him a 'call.' The days passed on, and the call did not come; but a few days before his illness, Brother Knapp was satisfied that Brother Butler would go to Beulah Heights. God let him know it out of heaven. Soon after Brother Knapp went home to glory, this brother wrote us that he felt God's call to Beulah Heights, and (D. V.) would go, April 1st, and take up the work. We expect, under God, he will oversee the work, at the same time traverse those mountains telling the tidings of a full and free salva-

tion, and also that the Bible-school students will, some of them, go forth in this work among the mountains.”

Here, then, is an annual camp-meeting going on since 1894, teaching holiness to multitudes of people, and more than a mile square of land dedicated to a holiness school and the work of teaching and spreading the gospel of full salvation, given by God to this man of prayer. Who can measure the beneficent influences which, starting up in these “Beulah Heights,” like a mountain stream, may grow wider and deeper and flow down through the years, a river of salvation, into the sea of an endless eternity?

MUSIC BOOKS.

During these years of revival effort and of pressing the battle with holiness books, Brother Knapp fell in with Rev. L. L. Pickett, a kindred spirit. While neither of these brethren possessed a high order of poetic genius, when judged by classic literary standards, they both wrote verses accurate in mechanical construction so as to be adapted for musical composition; and they breathed into their lines their own devout and deeply religious spirit. Their devotional hymns and Brother Pickett’s music took with the uncritical masses, and helped them spiritually to a better life. That is what these brothers aimed at, and their purpose was realized.

Knapp thus speaks of it: “Though the writer is not a musician, he has melody in his heart, such as only God can place there. Though he has not the gift of song, he feels its value, and magnifies its power in winning souls and building up the kingdom, in all his writings. Usually the title of the book, with a dim outline of the same, would come before the book itself. To his surprise, the title of a song-book came to him, and

God gave a desire to help bring one forth. Songs began to come to him—songs which magnified the personality of the Holy Ghost and the return of our Lord, judgment, eternity, and kindred themes. Then God's providences threw him in contact with Rev. L. L. Pickett, the able musical composer of the great Salvation Movement South. Songs and tunes came down from heaven into our souls. They flowed from our pens, were sung in our meetings where we were engaged together. God's seal was evidently put upon them, and 'Tears and Triumphs' became a fact in the world of song, soon followed by 'Tears and Triumphs No. 2,' and soon after by 'Tears and Triumphs Combined.' A quarter of a million of these books went rapidly upon the market, to sing the devil down and to sing the saints heavenward."

I have been told that Brother Knapp could not sing a tune. I never heard him sing, living with him for weeks. If this is a fact, this case is almost without a parallel that such a man should write scores of usable hymns, and be used of God to originate a song-book for the masses that had phenomenal success and was wonderfully owned and blessed of God.

I may mention here that, just before his translation, he joined with R. E. McNeill in giving another song-book, called "Bible Songs," to the public. I find that thirty-two of the hymns in it were composed by Brother Knapp. This is another instance of a man with a limited gift being graciously and marvelously used by God in a way most unexpected.

CHAPTER XI.

GREATNESS IN SERVICE.

“Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good and partaking of God’s holiness.”—MATTHEW HENRY.

“A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude.”—ADDISON.

“If I am asked, ‘Who is the *greatest* man?’ I answer, ‘The *best*,’ and if I am required to say, ‘Who is the *best*?’ I reply, ‘He that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures.’”—SIR WILLIAM JONES.

“We can not look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near: the light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this, not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary, shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native, original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.”—CARLYLE.

Brother Knapp was truly what Carlyle called a “living, flowing light-fountain.” It was good and “pleasant to be near him.” And he was “a luminary shining by the gift of heaven.” He had what Addison called “solid and substantial greatness of soul.” And he measured up to Matthew Henry’s definition. He was truly great because he was truly good; and he was truly good because a “partaker of God’s holiness.”

This man went shining on his way, pouring out gracious influences on every side, shedding heavenly light, like a bright star flaming in its orbit. His paper, the *Revivalist*, kept increasing in scope and circulation.

He was encouraging other servants of God to write, and giving them friendly help in publishing. It was the brotherly kindness of this dear man that introduced this biographer to the holiness public, and started a friendship lifelong, and influences that will flow on into eternity.

Meantime he continued to write himself. He thus speaks of his next book :

“Another book had been for years upon the writer’s mind. He was led to see that Satan gains his greatest victories by masking his agents and his plans behind the guise of seeming goodness. The conviction for such a book increased. Light on its different phases kept flashing from the skies, until I was so burdened with it that I felt God’s time had come for me to write it. I took my pen; His help was at hand, and ‘Lightning Bolts from Pentecostal Skies; or, The Devices of the Devil Unmasked,’ is the result.”

This is one of Brother Knapp’s largest and keenest books. Some passages are as sharp and incisive as a two-edged sword. “God is evidently owning and using it for the purpose which He had in view when laying it upon His servant’s heart to write it.”

We give below two tastes of this book :

“WORSE THAN PAGANS.

“Modern worldlings who are resisting the light of the gospel as it now shines are a million-fold worse than were the honest pagans of that age, yet modern methods give them Church membership and official position on every hand. Truly, the Pentecostal constitution is violated and God displeased, and His curse rests on such a combination. Imagine Peter joining some worldly society to ‘extend his influence’ and get help

or protection should he or his family ever 'come to want.' Yet would-be modern Peters are doing the same far and wide. But they differ widely from Pentecostal Peter, in that they are destitute of his zeal for God, his spirit of self-sacrifice, his assurance of salvation, his endowment of the Holy Ghost, his power to heal the sick, and to bring down revivals of flaming fire in the proud Jerusalems where so many of them have their appointments. What apostle in the Pentecostal zone ever announced a 'Necktie Social,' or a 'Singin' Skule,' or 'Crazy Social,' at the opening or close of one of their discourses, and followed the announcement with the 'hope that it will be liberally patronized?' Yet how frequently professed apostles of our sleeping Churches do this! How few have the conviction and courage to say 'No,' and teach their people the difference between Satan's shams and God's gold! One must be dead indeed to dare to do such a thing. In many places it would cause a volcanic eruption which would land the preacher away in some backwoods Carmel, where he would be tempted to feel that he was the only one not bowing the knee to Baal, and where his auditors would largely be mosquitoes, ticks, and pine stumps, unless God should interfere, and, as with Paul at Iconium, bear His faithful servant to some fairer field of usefulness. We hear of no members of the Pentecostal Churches who gave more time and money to worldly orders than to the Church; for they were not conformed to the world, but were transformed by the renewing of their mind to prove the perfect and good and acceptable will of God. Hence 'No compromise' was stamped by the Spirit on every Pentecostal Christian's brow. That seal is not stamped there in lodges, nor theaters, nor at

Church frolics, though quickly lost at these places, but at the altar of prayer, in the secret place of the Most High, under the burning seal of the Pentecostal baptism."

“GENUINE REPENTANCE.

“Repentance is the first step up the ascent which leads into the temple of regeneration. None can enter without taking this step, and none can abide herein without keeping it. The hope of a professed Christian who has not done this is a damning delusion, which will, unless dispelléd by the truth, drown in the depths of eternal despair. ‘He that doeth sin is of the devil’ (I John iii, 8), ‘Whosoever is begotten of God doeth no sin’ (I John iii, 9), are Divine declarations which frequently fall on deaf ears. Yet they are solemnly and awfully true. They unmask millions of the devil’s dupes with which the nominal Churches are crowded, but that does not invalidate them. ‘Let God be true, though every man a liar.’ A repentance which holds on to a single sin is a fraud, which must be abandoned here or exposed at the judgment. Pentecostal converts attested the genuineness of their repentance by burning the bad books in their keeping, though it cost them thousands of dollars. Barrels of whisky poured in the streets, and bonfires of tobacco and kindred Satanic property, would signify a similar work to-day. When people genuinely repent of all sin they welcome such sacrifices. Yes; this is severe on professors who drink on the sly or are themselves slaves to tobacco. But it will be harder still for them at the judgment unless they repent. Genuine repentance, such as must exist to possess salvation, accepts the justice of eternal punishment

and renounces every sin. It also embraces restitution and complete reformation of life and character. False repentance is the devil's substitute, which he seeks to palm off on souls to their ruin. It professes to break off sins that are known, but covers those that can be hid from human eyes. It is ashamed of itself, and seeks self-justification by sham excuses. It leads to false security, hardness of heart and conscience, self-righteousness, false peace, false hope, hypocrisy, and hell."

The following are a few specimens of Brother Knapp's editorials during these years. It will be seen that he did not write on "*the weather*," or "politics," or some other secular theme. Everything with him must touch the core of things and have a practical bearing upon *spiritual life* and soul-destiny. Perhaps that is why God blessed him so, and made him such a blessing:

"APPALLING RESULTS.

"The following are among some of the fearful results of neglecting to preach repentance, holiness, and hell:

"Sham professors instead of rejoicing converts.

"Living in sin instead of saved from sin.

"Counterfeit spiritual coin instead of pure gold.

"Aping religion instead of living salvation.

"Love for the world and its treasures instead of love for salvation and its pleasures.

"Opposition to holiness instead of hunger for it.

"Itching under true gospel preaching instead of shouting over it.

"Resisting the Spirit instead of being led by Him.

"Rotten homes instead of righteous homes.

"Multitudes spinning down to hell instead of pressing up to heaven.

“Clothed in selfish display instead of robed in righteousness.

“Persons neglecting sacred family, religious, and business obligations still professing to be Christians.

“Churches filled with Satan’s goats instead of God’s sheep.

“The only remedy for this deplorable state of affairs is a New Testament revival on the line of repentance, confession, restitution, regeneration, and of the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

“SANCTIFICATION IN THE KNEES.

“Entire sanctification is the name of the work which Jesus does for the believer when He baptizes Him with the Holy Ghost and fire. It crowns Christ fully within, and possesses the entire being for God and Him alone.

“There are experiences under the name of entire sanctification which do not seem to thus perfectly possess people.

“There is a sort of a theological sanctification, which consists in the acceptance of the doctrine; proclaiming and fighting for it. This might be called head sanctification. Its possessors are zealots.

“Another experience goes deeper than this, and reaches the heart, and the whole heart, and will yield fully to God, and is filled with perfect love. This might be called heart-sanctification. People who have it, not only have the blessing in their heads and in their hearts, but they are so educated that they feel that their money belongs to God, and they are glad stewards to use it as His Word directs. This might be called pocket-sanctification. It is a stalwart type, such as God and this age demands.

“Still another class have it in head, heart, and pocket,

but have not learned that the secret of advancing in this experience and growing in it is prayer, and therefore to their knees they go, and on their knees they stay, until

‘Heaven comes down their souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.’

“Until a person gets this kind of sanctification in his knees, his experience will be vacillating, his efforts to advance holiness will often be unwise and hurried, and his words will sometimes hack like a dull sword instead of being freely spoken.

A genuine, full-fledged case of entire sanctification clarifies the head, purifies and fills the heart, controls the pocket, and fully consecrates the knees.

“May such cases continue to multiply until the Church and the world are full of men who move the arm which moves the world, and precipitate revivals of full salvation through the land!

“SPIRITUAL WOLVES.

“Men who persecute the Christian, and especially the Christian ministry, as Herod did Peter, are compared to wolves. Jesus said: ‘I send you forth in the midst of wolves. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you.’ They howled after our Master, and finally killed Him, and would destroy His followers.

“Wolves are swift-footed after their prey. Human wolves are just as fleet for their victims.

“Wolves devour the innocent. Spiritual wolves thirst for similar prey. Both go in crowds, and conspire together against the defenseless. Both take advantage of the weak and helpless, and fear the strong.

Both fall out among themselves, and destroy their own companions. Both are cowardly and stealthy. Both prefer darkness to light for their depredations.

“Wolves fear the fire. Believers baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire are a terror to human wolves.

“MISTAKES ABOUT CONSECRATION.

“It is a great mistake to substitute repentance for Bible consecration.

“The people whom Paul exhorted to full sanctification were those who had ‘turned from their idols to serve the living and true God,’ and to wait for His Son from heaven.

“Only people who are citizens of His kingdom can claim His sanctifying power. Those who still have idols to renounce may be candidates for conversion, but are not for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire.

“It is a mistake in consecration to suppose that the person making it has anything of his own to give. We are not our own, but we are bought with a price, and entire sanctification is simply taking our hands off from God’s property. To willfully withhold anything from God is to be a God-robber.

“It is a mistake to substitute a mere mental assent to God’s proprietorship and right to all we have, while withholding complete devotement to Him.

“This is theoretical consecration—a rock on which we fear multitudes are being wrecked.

“Consecration which does not embrace the crucifixion of self and the funeral of all false ambitions is not the kind which will bring the holy fire.

“A consecration is imperfect which does not embrace the speaking faculty and believing faculty, the

imagination and every power of mind, soul, and body, and give all completely and absolutely and forever into the hands of Jesus, turning a deaf ear to every opposing voice.

“Reader, have you made such a consecration? Whether you name this act consecration or abandonment or devotement or crucifixion, it must embrace all of this, or it will prove a bed of quicksand to sink your soul, instead of a full salvation balloon, which will safely bear you above the fog and malaria and turmoil of the world, where you can triumphantly sing:

‘I rise to float in realms of light, above the world and sin,
With heart made pure and garments white, and Christ enthroned within.’

“MISTAKES IN BELIEVING.

“It is a mistake to teach believers to ‘only believe’ for pardon without genuine repentance; for they can no more do it than iron can swim.

“It is a mistake to teach seekers for entire sanctification to ‘only believe,’ without complete abandonment to God at every point; for they can no more do it than an anchored ship can sail.

“It is a mistake to substitute mere verbal assent for obedient trust. ‘Only believe’ is a fatal snare to all who fall into either of the above-named traps.

“It is a mistake to believe that the altar sanctifieth the gift without the assurance that all is on the altar. If even the end of your tongue, or one cent of your money, or a straw’s weight of false ambition, or spirit of dictation, or one ounce of your reputation or will or believing powers, be left off the altar, you can no more believe than a bird without wings can fly.

“‘Only believe’ is for sinners who are truly penitent and fully submitted, and those only.

“ ‘Only believe’ is only for those seekers of holiness who are truly converted, fully consecrated, absolutely abandoned, and completely crucified to everything but the whole will of God. For these, and these only.

“Teachers who apply it to people who have not reached the stations named should be taught. All who have reached them may lift up their hands in faith, and look God in the face, and triumphantly sing :

‘The blood, the blood is all my plea,
Hallelujah, it cleanseth me!’

“TAKE TIME TO PRAY.

“Take time to pray!
When fears and foes distress you,
And tiresome toils oppress you,
Then the Master waits to bless you,
If you’ll take time to pray.

Chorus.—

Take time to pray!
Come what there may
To stand in the way,
Look often to Jesus,
And take time to pray.

Take time to pray!
When cares of life surround you,
And Satan would confound you,
Christ will throw His arms around you,
If you take time to pray.

Take time to pray!
When little things annoy you,
And worry would destroy you,
Nothing better can employ you,
Than to take time to pray.

Take time to pray!
When fickle friends forsake you,
Disasters overtake you,
Repine, it will not make you,
If you take time to pray.

Take time to pray !
When emotions have subsided,
And the enemy derided,
If in God you have confided,
Always take time to pray.

Take time to pray !
Would you speak or preach with power.
Keep the Pentecostal dower,
Have the Spirit every hour,
You must take time to pray."

About the close of the five years of his life covered by this chapter, our brother became a Premillennialist, and made the following announcement in his paper under date of February, 1897:

“THE AIM OF THE REVIVALIST.

Is to present a Pentecostal experience as the basis of genuine revival life in the individual and the Church, and to ignore no Bible doctrine which is an incentive to or result of this life. We are fully persuaded that one of these doctrines is that of the second coming of our Lord, as taught in the New Testament, and that every fully-developed Pentecostal experience includes this Pentecostal expecting of the coming of the King. While in no sense of the word do we substitute this for the main issue of the sanctifying work of our Savior, yet we design to give its notice its proper place in our columns, and may for a time give it more attention, to make amends for past neglect, than we otherwise would. We design a series of articles on this subject, and begin with the first from the pen of our much-beloved and abundant in labors Brother Pickett, editor of 'The Christian Soldier,' one of the ablest workers, writers, and teachers in the whole Holiness Movement.

"THE NEW TESTAMENT DOCTRINE

Of the second coming we understand to be that held by Jesus Christ, Paul, Peter, and John, and to embrace the following points :

"1. Jesus is coming again 'in like manner' as He went away—personally and bodily.

"2. Believers are to live in constant readiness for His arrival.

"3. When He comes, He will translate the living saints and resurrect the dead ones, all meeting Him in the air.

"4. The awful judgments mentioned in Revelation will then be poured upon the wicked, followed by Christ's millennial reign on earth of one thousand years.

"5. Then comes the final judgment of the wicked, the new heaven, new earth, and eternity.

"If any of our readers wish, for the truth's sake, to ask questions on this subject, we will be glad to have them do so; or if any see reasons why they think it would be better to omit the treatment of this theme from our paper, and kindly notify us, we will, by God's grace, answer or quit.

"We wish only God's will and the greatest good to the greatest number. Next month we hope to notice some reasons why this doctrine has been slighted."

What books he read and studied which led to this change of views I can not learn. I presume it was the influence of Brother Godbey. About this time there grew up a strong and intimate friendship between these two earnest souls, that continually deepened while life lasted. Business relations brought them

much together, and probably it led to this change of opinion on this much-discussed doctrine. It occurs to me also that his association with Brother Pickett in revival work and in the making of "Tears and Triumphs" might have been a potent influence upon his mind.

Upon this subject the holiness people are much divided, and equally good and scholarly people are on both sides. But the grace of sanctification enables them to work together on the "main issue of the sanctifying work of our Savior," and to respect each other's opinions and the right honestly to entertain them. Certainly neither side will win their argument and convert those of an opposite mind by the use of bitter epithets and clubs and pitchforks. The time for that is past, especially among those professing holiness.

These new views of Brother Knapp seemed to be a great comfort to him. Chapter X of his book, "Lightning Bolts," was devoted to this theme. It was his cheering hope that he might live to be caught up with his Lord in the air; but he met Him rather, as Paul did, by passing through the gateway of death.

He heard the welcome call to which he gladly responded, as described in one of his own little poems:

"HEAVENLY TREASURES.

"[One of our missionaries, writing to a friend, after speaking of the many friends who have gone home since she left America, adds: 'But, O blessed thought! my heart is not in this world, therefore its dearest treasures can not fall.']

"Never fail! though friends may leave us,
As we labor for the Lord;
Closer still will Christ receive us,
Trusting in his faithful Word.

Never fail ! for o'er the river,
Resting from their labors here,
Friends and loved ones dwell forever,
Waiting to receive us there.

Never fail ! though earthly treasures
Rust and molder to decay;
Worldly joys with all their pleasures,
Pass like fleeting dreams away.

Never fail ! though hills and mountains
With the ages disappear ;
And the trumpet of the angel,
Sounds the end of all things here.

Never fail ! What holy gladness
Wells within this joyful heart !
Bidding every thought of sadness,
Now and evermore depart.

Never fail ! For from the Master
Soon we' ll hear this welcome call,
' Come, ye blessed of my Father,'
Thine are friends, and heaven and all."

CHAPTER XII.

A POTENT INFLUENCE.

“No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt; everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.

“It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither, had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life.”—ELIHU BURRITT.

It seems to me, as I look over the items of our dear brother's life, that I have never read the biography of one who tried to live more wisely or conscientiously in view of his *influence*. From the hour of his conversion until the hour of his death he tried to put what Elihu Burritt, “the learned blacksmith,” calls “the finger-marks” of influence upon all souls for good. It made him ingeniously inventive of ways and means to bless men.

We have now reached the last four years of his life. As a biographer I have here a little firmer footing; for

it was in 1897 that I first met Brother Knapp, and from that time until the close of life I knew him intimately. He graciously found in me something to respect, if not to admire and love; and he certainly gained my deepest respect and admiration and affection. I have spent weeks in his home at different times, and still more time in the city in evangelistic work. Scarcely a month ever passed after that, and usually not two weeks, without a letter passing between us.

Brother Knapp had already become the publisher of my book, "Holiness and Power," before I had ever seen him. But I had an engagement for a series of meetings in two or three Churches in the city in the autumn of 1897, and there we met. It meant more to both of us than either of us realized.

I found him in his publishing-house in the Young Men's Christian Association Building, a little bundle of nerves and brain and heart, all alive and on fire for God and holiness. His black eyes gleamed like two coals of fire; his speech was quick, nervous, and decisive, and he moved about like one easily master of the situation.

Not content with the cares of a religious paper and of writing and publishing books, in October he rented a little room in a rather disreputable part of the city, I think one or two streets east of Walnut Street, that had last been used as a low saloon, and there started a mission. I was there the day they were cleaning it out, and heard the first or second sermon preached by Godbey, who opened it with a series of meetings. It was my first introduction to Godbey.

The Churches of his own and all other denominations were too slow and formal for Knapp. Many of them did not see a half dozen converts a year. The

preachers were too dead and powerless to keep him company, or even sympathize with his passion for souls or care about his efforts. In that old, ramshackle ex-saloon he opened up daily meetings against the devil and the powers of darkness; and in one year he had seen *seven hundred and fifty people saved or sanctified*.

The expenses of some of the big city Churches about him were undoubtedly twenty times as great as the expense of his mission, and his mission probably accomplished twenty times as much good. One can scarcely help reflecting, when he sees such a contrast in the returns on the investments, that there is something radically wrong in the management of many of the city Churches. The expense of the great stone edifices and the organs and choirs and pastors is so great, and the returns in souls saved are so few!

From that time on, either in a gospel tent or a mission, or in his own building on the "Mount of Blessings," he had daily meetings while he lived, and thousands of souls saved and sanctified were the fruits.

I am now compelled to record, with no little regret, an event which probably had much to do with his ultimately leaving the Methodist Church. He wrote the whole story in a pamphlet entitled "Pentecostal Aggressiveness." From it I will quote sufficiently to give the main facts and his defense of his course. I happened to be in the city holding meetings for Knapp at the time the correspondence was going on relative to the Maryland meeting. He tried to get me to go in his place, so as to avoid collision with Church regulations; but a prior engagement prevented me. I know that at that time (1888) he was as loyal a son of the Church as Martin Luther was in the beginning of his career; and the last thing he then thought of was that he

should ever leave the Church. People equally good will always be divided in their judgment of the wisdom of his action in so doing. But that he was slow and prayerful and tenderly conscientious in the matter none can have a reasonable doubt. I will let him tell his own story in these pages. Men may sit in judgment and come to what conclusion they will. God, however, may reverse their decision. Here is Knapp's story:

“PART I.—ACCUSED.

INTRODUCTORY.

“God put it into the hearts of a committee to invite the writer to conduct the meetings of the Chesapeake Holiness Union at Bowens, Md., and into his heart to accept of the invitation.

“He was aided in the meetings by Rev. E. H. Dashiell, an evangelist of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of unblemished character, and now pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Rockland, Delaware; also by Mrs. M. Vorn Holtz, *a mother in Israel*, member of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, whose prayers for years have helped pull Pentecostal revivals from the skies.

“The meeting from its incipiency was persistently opposed by the pastor and presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, though they had no appointment there.

“They carried their complaints to the Michigan Conference, of which the writer is a member, and in his absence a report favorable to them was given. As the report has been given great publicity, and as the question is likely to be up at the coming Conference, I feel that God would have me call the attention of the members of the Michigan Conference to the following

facts. I do this, not as a personal defense, but in vindication of the principles involved, for the triumphs of which I am willing to suffer the loss of all things.

"A.—THE COMPLAINT.

"The opposing pastor and presiding elder presented the following complaints to the Michigan Conference:

"1. That our meeting was not interdenominational.

"2. That it was an opposition meeting to a Circuit Grove meeting.

"3. That it was promoted by a 'bitter, unreliable faction,' whose standing in the community was 'bad.'

"4. That I violated paragraph 223 of the Methodist Episcopal Discipline.

"5. That the complaints were not made because of opposition, but that complainants 'indorse and preach the Wesleyan doctrine of Christian perfection.'

"6. That a statement made by the accused that complainants did not take Disciplinary course is false.

"7. That the meeting was held in the bounds of Calvert Charge.

B.—THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

"The committee appointed by the Conference to investigate the matter and recommend action to be taken reported:

"1. That they found the accused 'clearly guilty' of improper conduct and contumacy, and recommended that he be reprimanded by the bishop, who reproved it for exceeding its limits, and thus proposing to fix penalty without trial.

"2. Indorsement of the course of complainants.

"3. That the holding of our meeting brought 'dis-sension and injury to the Church.'

"4. That the accused be admonished that a repetition of 'offense' would subject to 'penalty.'

"I.

"REASONS WHY I CONDUCTED THE CHESAPEAKE HOLI-
NESS UNION MEETING, JULY, 1898.

"First. Because of persistent pleadings to come and help lead the people into the experiences of sal-
vation.

"Second. Inability, after earnest effort, to secure a
proper person to go in my place. Those who would
have gladly gone were hindered by prior engagements.

"Third. An inward call from God, which deepened
into a mighty conviction.

"Fourth. The conviction of many true and deeply
spiritual believers with whom I counseled.

"Fifth. The fact that the meeting was an interde-
nominational one, and hence, by many past precedents,
was considered outside of the complainants' protest.

"Sixth. The fact that God enabled me to adjust
my heavy work and my appointments in such a way
as to go, and no preventing providence hindered.

"Seventh. I had reason to believe that if I did not
go, another, who might sow error and hurt the Church
and the kingdom, would be there.

"Eighth. Because I believed that, in going, I was
acting in harmony with the Discipline, which says we
shall 'go where needed most,' and 'use all diligence
to drive away false and erroneous doctrines,' such as
I had reason to believe were being sown.

"Ninth. God gave me the gift of faith that He would give me a revival there, and I knew He would not give me that gift unless He wished me to go.

"Tenth. I believed that, when all the facts and the revival that would crown my work there should be known to the Michigan Conference, it would sustain me in my position. When I went, I did so with the thought that, if I found I had been deceived, I would, God leading, withdraw; but as I found the movement of God, and as the protestors did not take the Disciplinary steps (see paragraphs 223 and 224), I supposed they saw their mistake.

"Eleventh. Because questioning my convictions brought restlessness, and obeying them brought peace.

"Twelfth. Going was in harmony with my commission from the Great Head of the Church and the principles and precepts of the Word of God, which our Discipline declares to be the 'only and sufficient rule for our faith and practice.'

"II.

"WHY I CONDUCTED THE CHESAPEAKE HOLINESS UNION MEETING, JULY, 1899.

"Most of the reasons which applied to my going the first time did with equal force to my going the second time. Further:

"First. I had agreed to go before the Conference requested me not to do so, and the Word of God, the providence of God, the Spirit of God, all said 'Go.'

"Second. I was led to see that great questions of civil and religious liberty are involved.

"Third. Because to refrain from going would be to become a partner to the opposition to the meeting and guilty of the blood of souls.

"Fourth. Because the interests of the kingdom of heaven demanded that the principles involved be vindicated.

"Fifth. Because, if Methodism, as some claim, has reached a point where she considers holding such a meeting under such circumstances an 'offense and injury,' as your committee declared, there are thousands of people who wish to know it; and the final verdict of the Michigan Conference, believed to be one of the most spiritual in the whole Connection, is especially desirable.

"Sixth. Because my convictions of right were so strong, and confidence of victory there so great, that no penalty had any terror to me.

"Seventh. I felt that the complainants were in the wrong, and the fact that they had misled my Conference in the matter did not release me.

"Eighth. Because I preach and teach that where a merely human restriction, such as this, collides with a Divine requirement, that the hand-car must give way to the express train.

"Ninth. I thought that, when all the facts should be placed before it, the Conference might reconsider its action; but if not, I had better meet its frown now than God's, and the blood of souls at the final judgment.

"Tenth. My call to this meeting was as clear as to the ministry or to any of the other works which have been intrusted to my hands, and upon which God has so unmistakably set His seal. The success of the meeting, the blessing from heaven which sweetly thrills my own heart in the course I have taken, and the indorsement of many wise, Spirit-filled people of different denominations, all combine in deepening the assurance

that my course has been of God and for the interests of His kingdom. I have a settled conviction that I have been true to the Discipline, rightly interpreted, to the Church, and to God, whose I am and whom I serve; to whom be glory and dominion forever!

“Conference Indorsement.—When I entered the evangelistic field, the Michigan Conference passed resolutions embracing the following: ‘We believe the Holy Ghost has led him to this step, and, knowing the gifts, graces, and usefulness of Brother Knapp and his wife, we do cordially commend them to the fellowship and co-operation of God’s people everywhere, and to the blessings of God in their work.’ The ‘everywhere’ in the Conference resolutions, it seems to me, chimes beautifully with the gospel ‘everywhere,’ which surely embraces the meetings of the Chesapeake Holiness Union at Bowens, Md.

“Because the complainants in the Baltimore Conference refused to extend to us the ‘fellowship’ and ‘co-operation’ to which we were commended, is that any reason why I should refuse to accept that of the Union, which did?

“Wesleyan.—We stress the fact that our conducting the meeting was strictly Wesleyan. The founder of our Church declared that the ‘world was his parish,’ and welcomed a ‘league offensive and defensive’ with all true Christians. In response to a restrictive mandate from his bishop, he said: ‘Wherever, therefore, I think I can do the most good, there I must stay so long as I think so. At present I think I can do the most good here; therefore, here I stay. As to my preaching here,—a dispensation of the gospel is committed to me, and woe to me if I preach not the gospel

wherever I am in the habitable world.' (Wesley's Works, Vol. VII, page 480.)

"Stevens, in his History of Methodism, referring to the action of one of the early Conferences, says:

"Unanimous agreement was pronounced desirable, but in speculative matter each, it was affirmed, could only submit so far as his judgment should be convinced; in every practical point, so far as would not wound his conscience. It was asked, "Can a Christian submit further than this to any man, or number of men, on earth?" "It is," they answered, "undeniably plain that he can not, either to pope, council, bishop, or convocation." And this is that grand principle of every man's right to private judgment in opposition to implicit faith in man, on which Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, and all the ancient reformers, at home and abroad, proceeded. Every man must think for himself, since every man must give an account for himself to God.' (Vol. I, page 319.)

"'You profess,' continue these Minutes, 'to obey both the rules and governors of the Church, yet in many instances you do not obey them. How is this consistent? It is entirely consistent. We act at all times on one plain, uniform principle. We will obey the rules and governors of the Church whenever we can consistently with our duty to God. Whenever we can not, we quietly obey God rather than man.' (Vol. I, page 322.)

"*Scriptural*.—I take my stand in this matter on the Word of God. Its commandments and examples both sustain me in it. The gospel commission recognizes no such restrictions as the complainants seek to attach to it. Jesus commanded His disciples to 'go into *all the world*,' and proclaim His gospel '*to every creature*;'

and 'they went *everywhere* preaching the Word.' When the pastor at Bethel complained to the king against the evangelist Amos, and it was commanded that he should 'preach no more at Bethel' (Amos vii, 10-17), Amos, Divinely inspired, remained loyal to his Divine convictions and commission, and, instead of recalling his message, as he was commanded, he *repeated* it, and there is no record of any Conference ever giving a hearing to Amaziah's complaint. In every age, God's Daniels and Shadrachs have honored the higher law whenever humanisms have conflicted with it, and have been honored by Him and His Church for so doing.

"When the officials of the Church attempted to curtail the Pentecostal ministrations of John and Peter, they said: 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God, judge ye: for we can not but speak the things which we saw and heard. And they, when they had further threatened them, let them go, finding nothing how they might punish them.' (Acts iv, 19-21.) A precedent worthy of the study of opposers of similar meetings to-day. True Methodists do not spell Discipline in large type and Bible in nonpareil. Only Pharisees exalt the traditions of the elders above the Word of God.

"I call attention to these facts, not for self-vindication—for I would be willing to let the whole matter drop in a moment, so far as my own personal interests are concerned—but I do it in the interest of the truth which I feel God would have vindicated, and believe there is a providence in His permitting things to take the shape they have through which He is working out His own plans. Should I neglect to do this, I would be a party to the false conclusions to which

the statements of complainants have led. Let every minister who has a voice in this matter prayerfully ponder the following questions, and then do as Jesus would :

“Are ministers to be censured because of divisions which come from their preaching against sin and worldliness and formality?

“Is a Pentecostal revival an ‘injury’ to the Church and to preachers?

“Is a great work of God to be thus condemned by biased men, who were not present at a single service?

“Is their testimony to be weighed against that of competent witnesses who were present at every service, and testify to the contrary?

“In order to please the caprice of such witnesses, must the principles of the kingdom of God be outraged, and multitudes who are looking to Methodism for a home where they can worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, hear the rattle of the chains of popish intolerance?

“Shall the Church be forced to crucify the spirit of her founder and of her history to offer incense to the letter of human law misapplied?

“Are her Restrictive Rules, designed to protect the Church from error, to be transformed into guillotines to behead men for spreading her great central truth?

“Is it consistent for the Church to instruct her sons that their mission is to ‘spread Scriptural holiness,’ and then threaten them for doing so?

“Shall ministers who are not leading people into the experience of entire sanctification themselves be encouraged in hindering those who do?

“Shall people who can not secure the co-operation of their pastors for the salvation and sanctification of

their children and neighbors be forbidden to seek the same through other accredited and God-honored agencies?

“Does an unnamed, invisible boundary-line transform a Pentecostal revival into an ‘offense’ and ‘injury?’

“Have our Holiness Union meetings no rights that are to be respected? Are their promoters to be declared in bondage to any pastor who may oppose them?

“Shall Methodism punish men for emulating the spirit of its founder when he said, ‘Woe to me if I preach not the gospel wherever I am in the habitable world?’

“Shall we condemn popery in Rome and condone it at home?

“If a member of this Conference is to be published ‘clearly guilty’ on the floor of the Conference, and in its reports, without a trial, then who is safe?

“Can the Michigan Conference afford to allow her last year’s action to stain the pages of her journals, and do nothing to make the wrong right?

“I make these statements in the interest of the truth as I expect to meet them at the judgment, and pray that they may be received in the spirit in which they are given. When Peter went up to the Apostolic Conference, and there met the objectors to his preaching to the Gentiles with the statement of his experience and God’s leadings in the matter, ‘they held their peace and glorified God.’ I am sure that the God of Peter sent me to conduct the Holiness Union meetings at Bowens, and if the Michigan Conference shall see its way clear to follow the primitive precedent, I will rejoice in such a triumph of the truth. If it sees dif-

ferently, I shall count it among the 'all things that work together for good' to the people of God, and rejoice that I am permitted to test the blessedness of the Scripture which declares: 'For this is acceptable, if for conscience toward God a man endureth griefs, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye sin, and are buffeted for it, ye shall take it patiently? But if, when ye do well and suffer for it ye shall take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example that ye should follow His steps; who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously.'" (1 Peter ii, 19-23.)

"A committee was appointed to investigate the case and report to the Conference. This committee, after careful and prayerful deliberation, reported as follows:

"The committee appointed to consider the case of Rev. M. W. Knapp report that, after hearing Brother Knapp's statement of the case, and examining all the facts that were accessible to us, it is our judgment that there is no cause for action; and we recommend that his character be passed and his relation be continued.'

"This report was enthusiastically adopted, and its adoption indorsed by a vigorous repetition of clapping of hands.

"This reverses the decision of last year, and vindicates our course in the matter. I have known from the beginning that I was in the right, and have had no doubt but that God would fully vindicate the matter in His own way, which is always best. I, from the be-

ginning, believed that the Michigan Conference would do it when all the facts could be placed before it and an opportunity given to speak in the light of these facts. I believe it would have been done last year if this condition had been met. I was at the Conference last year, and gave the facts to a preliminary committee whom the Cabinet appointed to confer with me in the matter before I left the seat of the Conference; but the final Investigating Committee was appointed after I left, and my statements never reached them or the Conference. This, and the fact that I left the Conference before the case came up, had much to do with last year's mistaken decision, which lies buried beneath this avalanche from above, which now destroys it.

"I rejoice in the triumph of truth and in this new fulfillment of the promise which declares: 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass, and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light and thy judgment as the noonday.'" (Ps. xxxvii, 5, 6.)

"The writer received many personal congratulations from members of the Conference over its righteous decision.

"A blessed manifestation of the Holy Spirit flooded my own soul, and broke up the fountains of my being, so that I could hardly speak my gratitude that God had so wonderfully and overwhelmingly vindicated the truth and given the victory.

"A PARAGRAPH MISAPPLIED.

"Paragraph 223 of the Methodist Episcopal Discipline reads as follows:

"Any traveling or local preacher who shall hold

religious service within the bounds of any mission, circuit, or station, when requested by the preacher in charge not to hold such services, shall be deemed guilty of imprudent conduct, and shall, after the admonitions ordered in paragraphs 224, 240, if he do not refrain from such conduct, be liable to charges and investigation or trial under the provisions of the Discipline relating to these respective classes of preachers. A local preacher offending against this provision may be tried in the charge where the offense was committed.'

"A similar paragraph has been inserted in the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This paragraph, when used to protect the Church from error, stop the mouths of irresponsible and unsafe persons, is all right; but when prostituted to suppress the spread of Scriptural holiness, it is contrary to the spirit of the Discipline and of Methodism and of the kingdom of heaven.

"How should the paragraph be treated? It should be, of course, loyally respected and obeyed in all instances where it does not conflict with a higher law and the freedom of the conscience in carrying out the Savior's great commission to preach the gospel to every creature. In such instances no attention should be paid to it. The individual should, like Daniel, when forbidden to pray, and the apostles, when forbidden to preach, 'obey God rather than men,' candidly state his position, and trust God to deliver from the threatened penalty, or, if otherwise, accept of it as a part of the providential persecution over which Christ commands to rejoice and be exceedingly glad, 'on account of the great reward in the kingdom of heaven,' and the honor of thus advertising, to all the world,

membership in the ranks of heroic martyrs and prophets, who, rather than compromise, sealed their convictions with their blood.

“1. This paragraph is simply a human restriction, with no Scriptural foundation, and ranks no higher as a Church law than the ‘tradition’ of the elders compared with the Word of God.

“2. No Church has any Scriptural right to make and enforce laws that infringe liberty of conscience in things not sinful. To do so is popery.

“3. No human restriction in any Church is binding where its application conflicts with the great object for which the Church is instituted, as this does when used to hinder the ‘spread of holiness.’

“4. Nor where it conflicts with the Word of God, as this does, when used to prohibit preaching the pure gospel and leading people into the experiences of salvation.

“AN OLD TESTAMENT REVIVALIST.

“Then Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, sent to Jeroboam, king of Israel, saying, Amos hath conspired against thee in the midst of the house of Israel; the land is not able to bear all his words. For thus Amos saith, Jeroboam shall die by the sword, and Israel shall surely be led away captive out of his land. Also Amaziah said unto Amos, O thou seer, go flee thee away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread, and prophesy there; but prophesy not again any more at Bethel; for it is the king’s sanctuary, and it is a royal house. Then answered Amos, and said to Amaziah, I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet’s son; but I was an herdsman, and a dresser of sycamore-trees; and the Lord took me from following the flock, and the Lord

said unto me, Go, prophesy unto My people Israel. Now therefore hear thou the word of the Lord: Thou sayest, Prophesy not against Israel, and drop not thy word against the house of Isaac; therefore, thus saith the Lord: Thy wife shall be a harlot in the city, and thy sons and thy daughters shall fall by the sword, and thy land shall be divided by line; and thou thyself shalt die in a land that is unclean, and Israel shall surely be led away captive out of his land.' (Amos vii, 10-17.)

"The above incident illustrates the following truths:

"Fidelity to God may awaken ecclesiastical slander and opposition.

"True evangelists preach as fearlessly to bishops and kings as to the common people.

"A backslidden people are not 'able to bear all the words' of the Divine message.

"Worldly officials conspire to get rid of holy preachers, and their unscriptural strictures conflict with the Divine commandments.

"Amos, Divinely inspired, trampled unrighteous ecclesiastical requirements beneath his feet, preached where God told him to, and, instead of recalling his message, when so commanded, repeated and emphasized it.

"ECCLESIASTICAL USURPATION.

"'And, as they spoke unto the people, the priests and the captain of the temple and the Sadducees came upon them, being sore troubled because they taught the people.' (Acts iv, 1.)

"One of the greatest hindrances to spirituality is un-sanctified ecclesiasticism. The priests and captain of the temple, in harmony with God and His plan of saving the world, like John Wesley and his compeers, are

wings, indeed, to the gospel; but when they degenerate into mere bosses, and seek to lord it over God's heritage, they are worse than dead weights. That such men exist to-day is clear to all with open eyes. That it is the duty of all true ministers to resist their encroachments is clear from many commands and examples of the Word of God, notwithstanding the 'sore trouble' which it causes them.

"The following are some of the marks by which they may be known:

"1. They get no one saved or sanctified.

"2. They profess to be perfectly orthodox.

"3. They are lax in the administration of discipline, against worldliness, sin, and members of means.

"4. They usually are members of worldly fraternities.

"5. They do not preach the eradication of carnality and press believers to 'expect it by faith and now.'

"6. They avoid pressing people to decision, and either ignore the 'mourner's-bench,' or abuse it.

"7. They sometimes profess holiness, but oppose its applications, favoring church fandangoes, godless choirs, alliance of believers with worldly lodges and like unchristian manifestations, and even censure and persecute true holiness people who have the courage to protest.

"8. They are undismayed at the sins of rich worldlings, but frantic over the Pentecostal manifestations of Spirit-filled people.

"9. They not only neglect to lead people into the experiences of holiness, but, like the Pharisees of old, forbid those that would. They are 'sore troubled' when Holy Ghost people are rejoicing over great revivals. They grieve over the antics of a few fanatics, instead of over the feasting, fun, and formality in the Church.

“They grieve over meetings and testimonies which spread real, heaven-born Bible holiness, especially if outside of their control.

“They exalt culture, and deride entire sanctification as a definite work subsequent to conversion eradicating carnality.

“They spell Discipline in big capitals and Bible in nonpareil.

“Jesus resisted them, rebuked them, and warned them. His true ministers follow in His steps.

“POPERY IN PROTESTANTISM.

“One of the greatest hindrances to revivals of Pentecostal power is popery in Protestantism. Popery in Rome or the United States, Catholicism or Protestantism, is a unit. The following are some of its works:

“It seeks to substitute loyalty to man or men for loyalty to Christ.

“It exalts humanisms above the Word of God.

“It seeks to bind and gag the individual conscience.

“It threatens and, if in its power, executes penalties on those who resist its usurpations.

“It has the support of men who magnify Church-anity above Christianity, which emancipates its subjects from all such bondage.

“In Protestantism it is now finding expression:

“In pastors forbidding their members to hold meetings in their own homes.

“By threatening them for attending holiness meetings.

“By the trial and expulsion of members for witnessing to full salvation.

“By officials oppressing members who dare to preach, live, and confess Holy Ghost religion.

“By endeavoring to dictate the minister’s message.

“How should it be treated?”

“Pray for those who thus try to “lord it” over God’s heritage. Resist their encroachments the same as you would any other usurpation of the enemy. It is no reason we should coddle the devil when he gets behind a white necktie and clerical coat. Use their restrictions as a ladder on which to climb up higher and pick still more luscious fruit in the orchards of full salvation. If they learn to let you alone, that will be a victory. If they cut your head off, God will give you a better one in such a way that all can see that their folly helps instead of harms His saints, which will be still greater victory. Whom the Son ‘makes free is free indeed,’ and this freedom no believer can afford to forfeit. Many revivals and Pentecostal camp-meetings have doubtless been nipped in the bud because of this damnable domination.

“The time has come when ministers and laity should unitedly assert their gospel liberty and use such usurpation as a grindstone on which to whet their loyalty to Christ and His Word, as they press the battle against sin.

“HUMAN RESTRICTIONS.

“Perfect love places its possessor where he will be perfectly loyal to the will of God in everything. As the Scripture teaches, he will be obedient to all regulations of Church and State which do not conflict with supreme loyalty to God.

“What course should a minister take when providential openings, the entreaties of souls that are famishing for the bread of life, the command of the Master to ‘go preach the gospel,’ all combine to indicate that God is calling to a certain field, while at the same time a man-made restriction forbids it?

“The following principle must always govern at such a point, namely: The lesser requirement must always yield to the greater, the human to the Divine. In every age, God’s Daniels and Shadrachs must break the lesser law when the higher principle demands, even though lions’ dens and fiery furnaces may test their faith. His Johns and Peters must ‘obey God rather than men’ when the hand and ears of ecclesiastical tribunals and restrictions persist in defying the limited express-train of God’s demands.

“Jesus declared that His disciples were pure, though they plucked the ears of corn, contrary to the Discipline of the Church, and David was blameless, though he broke the rule that made it a crime for any but priests to eat the bread of which he partook.

“The above Bible precedents, like a mighty Niagara, thunder out God’s truth upon this great question.

“JOHN WESLEY AND THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

“Bishop: ‘Well, sir, since you ask my advice, I will give it to you very freely. You have no business here. You are not commissioned to preach in this diocese; therefore I advise you to go home.’

“Wesley: ‘My lord, my business on earth is to do what good I can. Wherever, therefore, I think I can do the most good, there I must stay so long as I think so. At present I think I can do most good here; therefore, here I stay. As to my preaching here, a dispensation of the gospel is committed to me, and woe unto me if I preach not the gospel wherever I am in the habitable world. Your lordship knows, being ordained a priest of the Church universal, and being ordained a Fellow of the college, I was not limited to any particular cure, but have an interme-

diate commission to preach the Word of God in any part of the Church of England. I do not, therefore, conceive that, in preaching here, by this commission, I break any human law. When I am convinced I do, it will be time to ask, Shall I obey God or man? But if I should be convinced in the meanwhile that I could advance the glory of God and the salvation of souls in any other place more than in Bristol, in that hour, by God's help, I will go hence; which till then I may not do.' (Wesley's Works, Vol. VII, page 480.)"

Brother Knapp won his fight with the Maryland opposers of his camp-meeting before his Michigan Conference. But even victors receive wounds; and wounds are sore. They lead to grave reflections, and our "Hero of Faith and Prayer" had them.

What a spectacle that a man of Knapp's spotless purity of life and Holy-Spirit power in Christian service, should be on trial two successive years before his Conference, and be once condemned—for what? Why, for responding to the call of some hungry souls, and preaching them the gospel at a camp-meeting some miles from a Methodist church two summers, at which meetings more than five hundred people were saved or sanctified!

I wonder if the great Methodist Church realizes how this looks to thoughtful outsiders? A hungry, unfed people, longing for holiness and God, send for some recognized leader of the Lord's hosts to teach them, at a camp-meeting in a grove, the deep things of God. He arrives on the ground, and the Methodist pastor, Rev. Pusillanimous Littlemind, meets the evangelist and pompously informs him, "This camp-ground is in my parish, which is ten miles square. It is bounded on the north by Devil's Gulch; on the east by Murderer's Bend; on the south by Goose Creek; and on the west

by Hell-neck Run. The parish of Rev. Cold-heart Tobacco-squirt joins mine on the north; the parish of Rev. Dead Conscience Lodgejoiner touches mine on the east; Rev. Worldly-mind Moneylove joins me on the south; and Rev. Ambitious Carnality is my neighbor on the west. Rev. Unscrupulous Wirepuller, D. D., is our presiding elder. We are all loyal to our beloved Methodist Church. We own every creek and every spring and every grove in this country for thirty miles. We give you and all other holiness tramps written notice now to get out of our territory within twenty-four hours, or we will bring you to trial, and put you out of the ministry."

And the disgusting spectacle of this contemptible tyranny, this petty popery, is going on in this blessed era of grace and Christian liberty, in the honored name of the Methodist Church, that was raised up to spread holiness! I know, from somewhat extended observation in more than thirty States, that this despicable persecution is driving some of her best sons and daughters out of the Methodist communion, and is keeping some of the strongest men from coming into it. It is deterring the younger ministry from seeking the deepest spiritual experiences for fear of persecution, and is arraying them against the most sacred doctrines she ever taught. It is chilling the ardor of the membership for holiness, and driving the Holy Spirit from the Churches, leaving them struck with the paralysis of spiritual death. How long will the Conferences and ecclesiastical dignitaries of this blessed Church stand by and witness in silence, and even be parties to, this infamy that is blistering the face of its fair fame? May God graciously restore this Church to its first love of holiness, and spare it from further shame!

However others may be scared by threats and run from persecution, Brother Knapp would not. He had the stuff in him that heroes are made of. He told me he would rather have gone to the stake than to have missed holding those Maryland camp-meetings. He was one of those few heroic souls who "count not their own lives dear unto them for Christ's sake."

CHAPTER XIII.

A GROWING POWER.

“Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society ; or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world ; but a blank he can not be. There are no moral blanks ; there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates and the salt that silently operates ; but being dead or alive, every man speaks.”—DR. T. CHALMERS.

If this is true of all men and ordinary men, how blessedly true it must be in the case of a man like Brother Knapp ! His life was “the light that splendidly illuminates,” “the salt that silently operates,” a “spreading benediction” which, like the rays of the morning, goes out through all the earth.

January, 1899, saw the Revivalist, which Brother Knapp had nursed in prayer so long, suddenly grow into a weekly. God kindly provided for this change from a monthly to a weekly by sending him three thousand new subscribers, so that he had the money all in hand to make the change. From that date until the present the growth of that paper in influence and circulation has been phenomenal in religious journalism.

A little before that date this mind, so marvelously fertile in expedients, planned a colportage library of books, to be not over one hundred pages in size, that might be bound in paper and sold for ten cents. He had two objects in view : First, to spread holiness ;

second, to undersell and displace the colportage books of a house in another city, that were not sound in their teachings about sanctification. Hundreds of thousands of these books have been sold, and they are going to every country in the English-speaking world. One of mine, "Pentecostal Light," has been translated into the Swedish language. It was a bold venture and a magnificent success. He also planned a monthly of the same size and price. This, too, was a great success, of which he wrote as follows:

"Men must have stimulants; hence the slaves on every hand to tea and coffee and strong drinks. God provides a stimulant from His own celestial table, even the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and with this Spirit commands us to be filled. Those who heed this command, and daily drink this wine, become strong to 'do exploits.' Forgetting to do so, they fail and fall. Hence the thought came, Divinely given, of a book of daily Bible-readings, with texts and apt comments by wise soul-winners, for every day in the year. God inclined evangelists of eminence to respond to our invitation and help make such a book, and 'Pentecostal Wine from Bible Grapes' gushed from the press to stimulate and invigorate thousands of people who have drunk, and who yet may.

"For years we had felt there must be a revolution in the prices of holiness literature, and that there should be provided safe, aggressive books and booklets that would sell so cheap that all might buy and read. 'Pentecostal Wine' became the first issue of such a publication, called 'Pentecostal Holiness Library,' the circulation of which is extending over all the world, and promises to be a mighty factor in the girdling of this globe with salvation."

Twelve thousand copies of "Pentecostal Wine" have been published. It is the best year-book of daily readings on sanctification on the market, written by twelve evangelists, each one writing for a month, and the price is only twenty cents.

Two years afterwards he employed eleven of us to join with himself, as before, in producing another beautiful year-book of daily readings on the subject "Jesus Only." Four thousand of this book have been published, and it will have a fine career. Brother Knapp seemed to hold God to the promise, "Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Everything that he touched, whether book, or paper, or pamphlet, or mission, or school, or camp-meeting, seemed to have the seal of God upon it, and was a success. Blessed man! beloved child of God! he was belting the world with the knowledge of full salvation and the glory of his Savior.

In the last chapter I narrated the account of the arraignment of Knapp before his Michigan Conference for holding two holiness camp-meetings in Maryland. It probably shocked him and grieved him. It also doubtless led to a critical study of the inside life of his own Church, as he might never have studied it but for that experience. His investigation led him to write an editorial, the like of which for force and moral pungency has seldom been written by any son of Wesley. It was so remarkable and startling and fearless that we repeat it entire :

"REVIVAL POISON IN THE METHODIST PAN.

"The Church of Christ is a revival Church. Methodism was born in a revival, and has been a revival Church. The decadence in the quality, and especially in the quantity, of members is awakening her to re-

flection. Well it may. A denomination that forfeits a revival spirit has no right to the name Church. It must repent and be converted and receive its Pentecost, or give way to other movements. The *Western Christian Advocate*, in its issue of July 19, 1893, uttered a needed and ringing warning against the poisons that were then sapping the life of the Church, and which have spread with fearful rapidity since. It said:

“The great trouble with us to-day is, that the rescue of imperiled souls is our last and least consideration. Many of our congregations are conducted on the basis of social clubs. They are made centers of social influence. Membership is sought in order to advance one’s prospects in society, business, or politics. Preachers are called who know how to

“Smooth down the rugged text to ears polite,
And snugly keep damnation out of sight.”

“The Sunday services are made the occasion of displaying the elegancies of apparel in the latest fashions. Even the little ones are tricked out as though they were the acolytes of pride. If the “Rules” are read, it is to comply with the letter of a law whose spirit has long since fled. Their class-books are filled with names of unconverted men and women. Official members may be found in box, dress-circle, and parquet of opera and theater. Communicants take in the races, and give and attend card-parties and dances. The distinction between inside and outside is so obscure that men smile when asked to unite with the Church, and sometimes tell us that they find the best men outside.

“When we go to the masses, it is too often with such ostentatious condescension that self-respect drives them from us. And yet we have so spread out, under

the influence of the rich and ungodly, that they are a necessity to us. The enforcement of the unmistakable letter of the Discipline for a single year would cut our membership in half, bankrupt our Missionary Society, close our fashionable churches, paralyze our connectional interests, and leave our pastors and bishops unpaid and in distress. But the fact remains that one of two things must happen,—the Discipline must purge the Church, or God's Holy Spirit will seek other organized agencies. The ax is laid at the root of the tree. The call is to repentance. God's work must be done. If we are in the way He will remove us. Our spirit needs to be

“The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace :”

and our aim to

“Tell to sinners round
What a dear Savior we have found ;
To point to his redeeming blood,
And cry, Behold the way to God !”

“Let each reader begin with himself, and rest not until he realizes that the kingdom is set up within him. We have need to be in greater haste to flee for refuge than had the poor firemen in Chicago. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.’

“Had this faithful trumpet-blast been heeded, then these would have been days of joy and victory instead of mourning and funerals. If the poison that then was, and now is, destroying a revival spirit, and transforming the Church into a ghastly corpse, is eliminated, it must be seen, confessed, and put away. It is the duty of every loyal Christian, and especially of every Methodist, to let the rising generation know that such a condition of

things as now largely exists is neither true Methodism nor true Christianity, but an awful burlesque on both. Under the gospel meal of the mighty doctrines of pure, primitive Christianity, Satan has cunningly placed these fatal revival poisons :

“The Poison of Obtaining Members, Ministers, and Money under False Pretenses.—Methodism rightly declares in her Discipline that ‘The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure Word of God is preached,’ and that her object it ‘to spread Scriptural holiness over these lands.’ Notwithstanding these promises and professions in many places, her societies consist largely of unregenerated people, and in the place of the preaching of the ‘pure Word of God’ lectures, essays, and sermonettes have taken its place, and the second work of the sanctifying baptism with the Holy Spirit, which is the light and fire and power of the Church of God, is eliminated, and sometimes contrary teaching is put in its place. In many places her societies, instead of seeking to save men and to build them up in holiness, are transformed into places of plays, fairs, festivals, oyster suppers, concerts, lectures, and disgraceful fandangoes. Professing to be the virtuous, loyal bride of Christ, she thus deceives by this spiritual harlotry, and must confess and repent in sackcloth and ashes, or she can not be forgiven. Many have given time and money to build her churches, with the understanding that they were to be used only for the great object for which Methodism was raised up. To have these buildings used for purposes above named, and locked against holiness meetings,—this is dishonesty as rank as a robber, and which God will not tolerate. Ministers and members have united with her because of her profession of being a holiness Church, and then

been persecuted by her for preaching, professing, and believing holiness.

“The Poison of Hypocrisy.—Many of our ministers, after declaring that they ‘expect to be made perfect in love’ in this life, and are ‘groaning so to be,’ have opposed the second work of grace, which is so mightily magnified in the doctrines, biographies, and the hymnologies of the Church. Others have promised before God and man to teach and exemplify the doctrines of the Church and to ‘drive away all false and erroneous’ teachings, and then criminally neglected the doctrine of entire sanctification as clearly held by the Church and declared in the Word of God, and, instead of driving away its enemies, have aided them, and have not been called to account for this betrayal of their trust. A denomination that poses as a conservator of a great doctrine like this, and then allows its ministers to preach and write and teach contrary to the position that it takes, is playing hypocrisy, which it must repent of or suffer the consequences. God will not co-operate with it in such an act, and it is not a marvel that its membership becomes a pigmy in quality, and begins to fade away.

“The Poison of Worldliness.—Multitudes of its members and ministers, after publicly entering into a most solemn covenant to ‘forsake the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of this world, so as not to follow or be led by them,’ unite with worldly fraternities, and lavish their time and money at the shrines of other gods than those of Israel. Resisting the holiness Elijahs, even as their fathers did in the days of Ahab, now, as then, God is angry with them, and upon their skirts is the blood of murdered millions of souls that might have been won.

“Multitudes of members, breaking this vow, attend theaters, card-parties, dances, circuses, and similar worldly places, thus trampling their solemn covenant beneath their feet, grieving the Spirit of God, and, instead of working to save their families and others, thus deliberately unite with the world, the flesh, and the devil in their ruin. He that loves the world is declared to be an enemy of God, and God will not co-operate with any Church, as such, which thus knowingly harbors such enemies within its fold.

“The Poison of Complicity with the Tobacco Evil.—Next to whisky, tobacco is one of the most successful agents that Satan is using to rob and degenerate the race; yet multitudes of members are slaves to this black vice of the bar-room and the saloons, and millions of dollars are worse than wasted upon the shrine of this dirty demon, largely unrebuked by Methodist papers and Methodist pulpits.

“The Poison of Broken Vows.—Members and ministers have solemnly promised to refrain from ‘uncharitable or unprofitable conversation;’ from the ‘putting on of gold and costly apparel;’ from ‘taking such diversions as can not be used in the name of the Lord Jesus;’ from the ‘singing those songs, or reading those books which do not tend to the knowledge or love of God;’ from ‘softness and needless self-indulgence;’ from ‘laying up treasures upon earth,’ and from ‘borrowing without a probability of paying.’ Also to ‘do good; by being in every kind merciful after their power; as they have opportunity, doing good of every possible sort, and, as far as possible, to all men; to their bodies of the ability which God giveth, by giving food to the hungry, by clothing the naked, by visiting or helping them that are sick or in prison; to their souls, by in-

structing, reprovng, or exhorting all we have any intercourse with;’ ‘to run with patience the race that is set before them, denying themselves and taking up their cross daily; submitting to bear the reproach of Christ; to be as the filth and offscouring of the world; and looking that men should say all manner of evil of them falsely, for the Lord’s sake.’

“They have also promised to maintain ‘family and private prayer, searching the Scripture, fasting or abstinence.’ On reception into the Church these solemn vows are cheerfully taken as pledges of good faith and earnestness; but on every hand we find them disregarded even by people who are honored by positions in the Church. In allowing this state of things, the Church itself becomes a party to the crime, and God can no more walk with her until she repents than He could save a liar or a robber without repentance. Individuals and local Churches that are true may be blest; but the Church, as a whole, must repent or suffer the consequences.

“The Poison of Seduction.—In many instances, on the plea of being a branch of the New Testament Church, she induces people to unite with her, and then, in many of her societies, she commits them to fairs, festivals, ungodly choirs, union with ungodly and unconverted members, suppression of holiness testimonies, and faithlessness in rebuking sin and kindred unscriptural things, the participation in which, or refusal to rebuke, will grieve the Spirit and cause backsliding. Thus, under the sheepskin of sanctity, she induces them to barter their experiences as really as if they had united with the theater or the social club.

“This seduction is the more successful when such a society temporarily tolerates a spiritual preacher,

using him as a decoy-duck to fill its folds with folks whose spirituality it will ruin. We have looked in vain for the last twenty years to see great metropolitan Churches transformed into those of the New Testament type, that permanently and increasingly glow with Pentecostal light and fire and power. Many of them have been characterized by great Church-joining meetings, and some by big collections, and there has been occasionally a revival, usually with the aid of an evangelist; but, as a rule, its converts have speedily been starved or frozen to death, and results charged to the evangelist. Occasionally the prayers and ministry of a holy man in such places have prevailed with God in a temporary awakening; but, as a rule, such men have soon been removed and replaced by others who please the disgruntled goats, instead of feeding the famishing sheep. To seduce souls into uniting with such apostate societies, under the pretense that they are Christian Churches to help toward heaven and holy living, is like that of the procuress who lures her victims into the chambers of her whose steps take hold on hell. We rejoice that there is evidence of many ministers and societies in Methodism that have not thus fallen; but the existence and allowance of those that have is a crime that makes her guilty of the blood of souls, and which must be confessed and abandoned.

“The Poison of Complicity with the Liquor-traffic.—While her Conference resolutions are good, yet multitudes of her ministers and members refuse to vote for prohibition, and unite with the devil and the saloon at the polls,—a crime as black as the hell from which it comes, and which demands confession and repentance just as deep as that of the man that keeps the saloon, or of the woman who runs the harlot house. Some of

its bishops have indorsed the administration of a Methodist President, who is black with the soot of this infamy.

"The warning note echoed by C. G. Finney has been demonstrated by Methodist preachers at awful cost to the Church and souls. In his 'Revival Lectures,' page 272, he says:

"Resistance to the temperance reformation will put a stop to revivals in a Church. The time has come that it can no longer be innocent in a Church to stand aloof from this glorious reformation. The time was when this could be done ignorantly. The time has been when ministers and Christians could enjoy revivals, notwithstanding ardent spirits were used among them. But since light has been thrown upon the subject, and it has been found that the use is only injurious, no Church member or minister can be innocent and stand neutral in the cause. They must speak out and take sides. And if they do not take ground on one side, their influence is on the other. Show me a minister that has taken ground against the temperance reformation who has had a revival. Show me one who now stands aloof from it who has a revival. Show me one who now temporizes upon this point, who does not come out and take a stand in favor of temperance, who has a revival. It did not use to be so. But now the subject has come up, and has been discussed, and is understood, no man can shut his eyes upon the truth. The man's hands are red with blood who stands aloof from the temperance cause. And can he have a revival? God can no more own and bless a Church that by its silence or its voice encourages the liquor-traffic than Satan himself. Any Church that refuses to wash her hands of this infamy is doubly doomed.'

“Carnal-culture Poison.—Another factor in destroying a revival spirit in the Church is the poison of substituting a baptism of education for the baptism with the Holy Ghost. The infallible Head of the Church left on record a standing order for all His ministers to tarry at some Jerusalem until they should receive their Pentecostal diploma. He neither commanded nor intimated the need of His disciples studying classics, or taking any course like that insisted upon by the culture craze of the present day. The baptism and the gifts of the Holy Ghost were and are absolute requirements, the possession of which equips for gospel work and gospel victory, compared to which the knowledge of the schools is like a fizzling firecracker compared to a battery of heavy artillery. The primitive Church is an illustrative object-lesson of this truth; for its unschooled laborers accomplished more of the real work of the kingdom in a day than whole Conferences of modern knights of culture in a decade. Pure, primitive Methodism, swayed by the same principle, with her army of Spirit-baptized, Spirit-gifted ministers, accomplished similar things and merited the eulogy given by C. G. Finney, the great evangelical president of Oberlin College, who said of them, ‘Many ministers are finding it out already that a Methodist preacher, without the advantages of a liberal education, will draw a congregation around him which a Presbyterian minister with perhaps ten times as much learning can not equal, because he has not the earnest manner of the other, and does not pour out fire upon his hearers when he preaches;’ and who, when referring to the ministers of the Presbyterian Church, in which the revival spirit is almost, if not totally, killed by these poisons, said, ‘Good men are laboring, and are willing to labor night and day, to as-

sist in educating young men for the ministry, to promote revivals of religion; and when they come out of the seminary some of them are as shy of all the measures that God blesses as they are of popery itself.' Like the dead Churches which have preceded her, poor, poisoned, dying Methodism is insisting upon the possession of college training instead of the New Testament requirement of the baptism which entirely sanctifies and the ethics which are inseparable from it. While the former is mightily magnified, the latter has come to be held at a fearful discount. Colleges like those of Catholicism are endowed, while experiences such as characterized the primitive Church are elided and derided by leading ministers and their 'High Church' followers, and the whole Church sanctions the outrage by keeping them in places of high trust and power. This is contumacy toward the King and kingdom of heaven that is burying Methodism beneath an avalanche of Divine indignation, which, unless repented of, will totally destroy her as a true branch of the living Vine. Unless there shall be a lot of thorough repentance of flings at 'the mourners'-bench,' there will be a big crowd of ecclesiastical 'mourners' in the eternal 'outer darkness,' where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"The Poison of Ungodly Members.—Church-joining meetings have largely taken the place of salvation meetings for the conversion and sanctification of the people, and efforts to get people into the Church have taken the place of getting them to God, and thus in many of the societies an unregenerate worldly harlot is aping as a Church of Christ. Such blasphemous substitutions invite the awful lightnings of an angry God, instead of showers of blessing from Pentecostal skies.

The testimonies and class-meetings which characterize true Methodism have largely been supplanted by Church kitchens and Church frolics, and the prayer-meeting by carnal Church sociables with no salvation in them. Unless these great fundamental causes be removed by Scriptural repentance on the part of preachers and people, there can be no revival. A revival of Methodism with these poisons in it, as it now exists in many places, would be a curse to the kingdom of God, instead of a blessing. God demands repentance, and this alone will bring a real revival. The type of much modern Methodism which the devil is palming off for the true Wesleyan article is a curse to Christianity, and its propagation in foreign lands would be among the awfulest calamities that could possibly come to the heathen.

“Of many of these societies it can be truly said in the language of Hosea ii, 2-5: ‘Plead with your mother, plead: for she is not my wife, neither am I her husband; let her therefore put away her whoredoms out of her sight, and her adulteries from between her breasts; lest I strip her naked, and set her as in the day she was born, and make her as a wilderness, and set her like a dry land, and slay her with thirst. And I will not have mercy upon her children; for they be the children of whoredoms. For their mother hath played the harlot; she that hath conceived them hath done shamefully: for she said, I will go after my lovers, that give me my bread and my water, my wool and my flax, mine oil and my drink.’

“The spread of these poisons through Methodism is further shown by the fact that nine Methodist ministers recently were in attendance at a popular theater in the city of New York. The play was called ‘The Christian,’ which represented how a beautiful actress

won the affections of a minister, a closing scene leaving her in his embrace. Referring to it, one of these ministers said: 'Such pictures and such lessons can do great good, and though theaters are not much in my line, yet with "The Christian" on the stage I can see in them forces that make for righteousness.' Shades of Paul and of John Wesley! Yet from the semi-amusement clubs that many of our Churches have become this is but a natural result. The fearful extent to which this poison has spread is also evidenced by the carnal clamor coming from certain circles for the modification of paragraphs in the Discipline which restrict amusements. Evidently, unless there is deep, radical, and speedy repentance, Ichabod must be written upon the coffin of this once mighty Church of God.

"Let not her sisters in sin and worldliness glory over her; for as bad as she is, many of them are still worse. A report of the manager of the theater above-named shows that three hundred and twenty-eight ministers, many of them with their families, were in attendance. Of this number not less than nine are known to have been Methodists, ten Episcopalians, twenty-one Congregationalists, twenty-four Baptists, thirty-two Presbyterians, and two hundred and thirty-two scattering or unclassified. One of this number moved a 'vote of thanks' to the manager of the theater, which was 'enthusiastically carried,' and many of them have written glowing tributes of the affair. Many of these men carry the title of D. D., which in their cases evidently means Deluded Deceivers. We expect to notice their letters in a future number of the Revivalist. Their presence and action in this matter indicates that, while Methodism is in the fatal current, some other denominations have gone clear over the falls. Methodism has hosts of

God-fearing members and ministers in its communion, who, like the writer, can not be silenced.

“I do not write these things in a spirit of censoriousness. My heart is pained beyond expression over the sad conditions here named, and that a Church which God would make one of the mightiest salvation movements of the century should be paralyzed with such poisons. I do it in behalf of evangelical Christianity, which is being awfully outraged and injured by such an example; in behalf of the Methodist Church itself, hoping that it may be one of the trumpet-blasts which God is sending that will help to rouse her from her awful lethargy; in behalf of many ministers and members who, like the writer, feel that they must thus protest or become parties to the poisons; in behalf of the multitudes of immortal souls who are perishing that might otherwise be saved; and in behalf of the large and growing Revivalist family, whose mission it is to point to that which hinders from real revivals of primitive Pentecostal power, and because silence at such a time as this would grieve the Church of God, the Spirit of God, and the Son of God.

“Of Methodism and all other denominations which cherish poisons like those here named, God says, as of Israel of old: ‘I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer Me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them; neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from Me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let thy judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.’ (Amos v, 21-24.) And ‘If My people which are called by My name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face,

and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land.' (2 Chron. vii, 14.)"

Undoubtedly, Brother Knapp's "heart was pained beyond expression" at the spiritual condition of his beloved Church, that seemed to him to call for such an editorial, and at the facts that gave it point and truth. As an editor of a religious paper especially devoted to the spread of holiness, he felt called to rebuke evil and spiritual declension wherever he found it, especially when in that Church that avowedly teaches the necessity of sanctification and stands before the world as the sponsor for holiness.

In a similar vein, but with no such heart anguish, he wrote this editorial:

"POISON IN THE ZION PAN.

"In our issue of March 22, 1900, we devoted some space to warning words in regard to the movement conducted by J. A. Dowie, of Chicago. The position which we then took has been greatly confirmed. We have known of some who have been rescued from the errors connected with this deceptive system, and recent inquiries lead us again to warn our readers by repeating the following from that issue:

"A successful way of killing rats is by mixing a little strychnine in a big lot of meal. The rats see, smell, and in their hunger swallow the meal, strychnine, and all, and die. Satan exhibits similar strategy in poisoning souls. In the 'Zion' basin he allows to be placed a lot of meal:

"a. Of many gospel truths.

"b. Of separation of believers from worldly fraternities.

“c. Of the doctrines of repentance from many gross sins.

“d. Of the doctrine of restitution of wrongs.

“e. Of the teaching of Divine healing—overdrawn.

“f. Of admittance of God’s claims to holy living.

“We rejoice in all these in themselves; but as a true gospel minister, we must warn that they are used to hide deadly poisons, which are hidden in the meal.

“1. The Poison of Future Probation.—He says: ‘I long to follow Jesus everywhere; and I believe, by God’s grace, that I shall follow Him to hell: for my heart goes out in pity and love for the “lost” there as well as the “lost” here. May I be “baptized for the dead” as well as for the living! O mothers, who are weeping over your “lost” sons and daughters now in hell, how I long to be God’s messenger to them there! . . . I want to see Jesus in heaven, and go just where He commands: for He will know what is best. But O how I long to be fitted for the work of preaching to the myriads of hell.’ (Leaves of Healing.)

“2. The Poison of no Eternal Punishment.—He says: ‘The Revelation is not a little difficult; but the Holy Spirit will enlighten them and you, and show you Jesus and the holy city, and the final triumph of the everlasting gospel in the establishment of the universal kingdom of God, and not a mere local kingdom of heaven, with an everlasting kingdom of hell.’

“3. The Poison of Popery.—He says: ‘I have the right to stand here and say in Zion, You have to do what I tell you! O! The whole Church? Yes! the whole Church—Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal. It is the most daring thing I ever said. The time has come—I tell the Church universal everywhere,

You have to do what I tell you. Do you hear? You have to do what I tell you, because I am the messenger of God's covenant.'

"4. The Poison of Blasphemy.—In his paper, October 25, 1895, page 41, he says: 'Do not forget that He, Jesus, was the Angel of the Covenant; and in a later issue he boldly declares: 'I am the messenger of God's covenant.' He is also reported as saying: 'Look through the Bible, page by page; you will find that God—through His own Son—effected less than thirty cures during the Savior's lifetime. I, Dr. John Alexander Dowie, in less than four years have effected more than ten thousand cures.'

"5. The Poison of claiming, like the Book of Mormons, plenary inspiration of his utterances.—He says: 'The Seventh Gospel (Leaves of Healing) is in every respect a continuance of the things "that Jesus began both to do and to teach," as Luke puts it in the Acts of the Apostles.'

"6. The Poison of Perverted Scripture.—In his Bible-class lesson of January 19, 1900, he represents his proposed rival Chicago as the promised city, 'whose builder and maker is God.'

"7. The Poison of Smothering Testimony to the fully-sanctifying baptism with the Holy Ghost.—He has declared in his paper that such testimonies should not be given, thus becoming a party to the smothering of the fire of the Spirit in the believer's heart. He mightily magnifies testimonies to the healing of the body, but has derided testimony to the entire sanctification (complete healing) of the soul!

"These are a few from kindred poison powders with which the Zion meal-pan abounds.

“If you value spiritual life, food, and fire—beware!

“To the above list should also be added:

“The Poison of Falsehood.—His paper deliberately stated that the above charges, which are proved by issues of his own paper, are lies. He thus shows himself to be guilty of one of the very things which he so strongly condemns in others. We are pained that there should be such a monstrous perversion of the principles of the gospel under the name of its defense.”

These editorials were among the “hard things,” as his wife calls them, that this brave soul felt called upon to do for God. He was naturally a man of peace, and did not love war. Such editorials brought him censure and strife from others, that consumed prematurely the feeble forces of his physical nature, and hastened his end.

CHAPTER XIV.

COURAGE TO VENTURE.

“Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world.”—PRESIDENT NOAH PORTER.

“The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.”

—SIR FOWELL BUXTON.

“I would have you regard courage as nearly the supreme quality in character. One may get rich without it; one may live a ‘good easy life’ without it; but one can not live a full and noble life without it. It is the quality by which one rises in the line of each faculty; it is the wings that turn dull plodding into flight. It is the courage especially that redeems life from the curse of commonness.”—T. T. MUNGER.

Brother Knapp had that magnificent courage that lifted him entirely above “the curse of commonness” and made him great. I think it was the result of God in him. I question whether that timid boy would have been so daring in his ambitions and so nobly courageous in his undertakings but for the fact that God was in him and with him. But he prayed much, and kept in touch with God; and his brave and adventurous undertakings had the risk seemingly taken out of them by his partnership with Omnipotence.

In July, 1900, in passing from Northern Ohio to Texas, I spent the night with our beloved friend in Cincinnati. He got me up early, and took me out be-

fore my breakfast, and showed me a square with a noble residence on it, for which \$100,000 had once been refused. If he bought it, he must close the bargain that day. It would cost over \$20,000. He had but a few hundred in hand. It would make a home for his family, his paper, and a Bible-school. He asked my advice whether he should buy. I saw at once its magnificent location, and I felt that such a property would never have been offered for such a price and on such terms of payments unless God's hand was in it. I told him, if he had faith in God for the money, to get it by all means. No doubt others had told him the same. He bought the property that day. "Bessie" tells the story as follows:

"Two years ago, after long holding before the Lord, He made it clear that He wished Brother Knapp to open the Bible-school and Missionary-training Home. This at first seemed utterly impossible. Mr. Knapp would pray over it, and have others pray over it. He said he was not worthy for God to trust him with the souls of the boys and girls, and he could not understand why God did not use some one else; but the Lord knew whom He could trust, and He said, 'You are the man.' Then he began looking about for buildings. Not a cent with the exception of \$100, of which we shall speak later; not a friend from whom he could expect the money; no capital or backing of any kind, except faith in an almighty, omnipotent God, the Maker of heaven and earth. The next question was, 'When should the school be opened, and where were the buildings to come from? Who would be the teachers?' The devil said, 'Your hands are full; you can not teach any class; you do not know anybody else to get; and you will only be a laughing stock to the world.' But the matter was constantly held before the Lord, and one day there

came a feeling over Mr. Knapp that the property had been found. Looking it through, it seemed exactly to meet the needs. This property consisted of two acres of ground and two large buildings on the highest point of Hamilton County, overlooking the city. One of the buildings was an old-fashioned frame, and the other a modern brick, the two together comprising thirty rooms, besides the bath-rooms, these all being in good condition; and there was room, as stated before, to erect other buildings as they should be needed. We felt convinced that this was God's place; and when the price was inquired, it was away beyond our reach; but we knew that if God wanted it He could bring them to His own terms, and we continued to hold the matter before Him. The agent told us that, not long before, they had refused \$100,000 for the place; but God made it clear and plain that \$20,000 was all that we could offer them for it. This the owners accepted, even to the astonishment of the agents themselves; but we knew that it was in answer to prayer. It now became necessary for faith to be verified. By July 1st the deeds were to be made out and signed, and the first payment of \$2,000 was to be given. The money was not in sight; and yet we knew God had some steward who had just the amount of money, so we published in the Revivalist the facts in the case, and that we claimed the promise, 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' One day such joy as has seldom ever been manifested in the Revivalist Home came, on account of a letter received from a friend in Philadelphia, saying that he believed the Bible-school was of God, and pledging \$1,000. We laughed, and shouted, and cried, and praised God. Faith had been verified; God had been true to His promise; but

there was still another \$1,000 lacking. Before the day of the transfer of deeds the money was in; and that night, when the property had passed into our hands, to be held as trustees for God and souls, there must have been in heaven a re-echo of joy. I shall never forget how, at family worship the next morning, Mr. Knapp broke down before the Lord, as he said he was not worthy, and questioned how He could have trusted him, and thanked and praised Him and shouted the victory. It just seemed as if the air was weighted with the glory of God. But the devil was not dead, even though God had given the victory; and he suggested, 'Now you have gotten that property in your hands, you have got to open the school, and where are your teachers and where are your students?' But we turned the matter over to the Lord, and the day was settled upon for the opening of the school; and after the first notice appeared in the *Revivalist*, letters began coming from all parts of the country asking for admittance, terms, etc., and when the opening day came, there were a number of students enrolled, and God had supplied the teachers. It was wonderful, and yet just like our God. Mr. Knapp continually prayed: 'O Lord, open the way for every boy and girl that ought to be here; and close up and block up the way for every one who should not come. Thou knowest their hearts. This is Thy place. Send only those whom thou dost choose.' And He did it. Such a band of noble young men and women, who were determined to sell out all for Jesus and go with Him every step of the way! Mr. Knapp loved them, every one; and many a time he would look up and thank God for His choice of students. But our faith was to be tested still further. God was calling more students than our capacities could

accommodate; then began to come the question for room. Also camp-meeting was on hand, and we needed a place for it. God said, 'Hold it on the Mount of Blessings;' but there was no place for the services. His leadings in the matter became very clear and plain that He wished a tabernacle to be built; but there was not a cent of money with which to begin it. The matter was talked about and held before Him, and one Sunday evening, in a little service in the mission, the first \$300 was given for that purpose. This was held until the 1st of January, 1901, when, on New-Year's Day, we had one of the most blessed and wonderful services that has ever been held in the Bible-school. A young lady, whose mother was a student, was invited to spend the holidays here, and came from her home in Virginia. We little knew how prejudiced she was; and she had been here but a few days when she declared that she was going home, that we were fanatical, and that she did not believe as we did. In talking to her mother she remarked, 'Mother, these people live on their knees, and I will never do that.' She decided to get away from us just as soon as possible. She was well educated, talented, and one of the world's choice spirits. We had been praying for her a month before she came, and fully expected God to get hold of her. The morning she decided to go her mother pleaded, begged, and cried; but she was invincible, and said she would not stay here another hour. Her mother took her by the arm and fairly dragged her over to the office to see Mr. Knapp before she went away. She told him she did not believe in self-denial as we practiced it. There was such a thing as having too much salvation, and that we were off on that line. Mr. Knapp excused himself for a few minutes and left the room.

She little dreamed what his object was. It was to get a number who knew how to get hold of the Throne to go into a room and hold onto God for her. For two hours he reasoned with her, and gradually she kept softening and breaking a little more and a little more, until finally she gave it all up. The Spirit of God was wonderfully working on her heart. It almost seemed to me that the very angels were listening with bated breath, the fight between the powers of light and darkness was so intense. The victory was won, and she decided to stay, and made up her mind to be impartial, and to walk in the light if God gave it to her. He was then giving her light that she scarcely realized herself; but New-Year's morning, about ten o'clock, in the chapel, she stepped out on the promises of God, and He came down and wonderfully sanctified her. What a jubilee we had!

"Before the Thanksgiving service, God had given Brother Standley the gift of faith for \$1,000 for the tabernacle, and he knew it was coming. When the New-Year service began, Mr. Knapp was telling about how we believed that God was going to work, and that he believed God. He was called to the back of the room and a man handed him one dollar. Mr. Knapp held it up and cried out, 'Here's God's witness for the tabernacle!' and like an electric shock a thrill seemed to go through the whole congregation, and people began calling out amounts that they wanted to subscribe. The Holy Ghost Himself was just working on hearts and leading in everything. In the midst of it the young lady above referred to, who had been sanctified in the morning, stood up and said, 'In the bank at my home I have \$700. I was saving it to use for myself; but I have spent my time and my money up to this time for

the world and worldly things, and now, this evening, I want to make God a love-offering of that \$700.' What a time we had! The saints laughed, and cried, and shouted. They sang 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' over and over. The students jumped and waved their handkerchiefs. You could scarcely hear anything but 'Glory to God! Glory to God!' When the amount subscribed was counted, it was found that God had sent in \$1,400; but this was not all. The young woman went back to Virginia to her work of schoolteaching until the time of the camp-meeting. During that time God called her to the Beulah Heights work. Her life was completely transformed. She had been very fashionable, and prided herself on rich, costly apparel; but now all was changed. Soon after she was sanctified, she boxed up her rich silk dresses, etc., and shipped them home. She had no more use for them; but put on the neat, simple garments that 'becometh women professing godliness.' Instead of being the proud, worldly girl that she had been, the power of Christ had so transformed her that every one loved her with a deep, tender love. She was so humble and gentle and sweet! Speaking one day to a friend, she repeated what she had previously said that she would not 'live on her knees' as these people at the Mount of Blessings did, and said, 'Now I am only too thankful for the privilege of finding some little spot where I can live on my knees, and pour out my life for God.' O reader, if you get one glimpse of Jesus in all His fullness, it will spoil you forever for this world! Glory to God! Every soul who gets the 'real thing' will be just as much transformed as she was. We had known nothing about their financial circumstances; but on the Fourth of July—that day when God's people brought in their treasures

for the work here—we saw the daughter go across the room and speak to her mother; then, with several others, her mother went out to pray, and she soon after left the tabernacle, joined them, and said, ‘Mother, what does God say to you?’ The answer was, ‘Madge, He says our farm in Texas.’ She said, ‘Mother, that is what God says to me.’ Calling Brother Knapp, she told him she wanted Jesus to have that farm in Texas which would bring \$5,000 when sold. God had done great things for them, and they could trust Him to supply their every need. He has done it. The mother expects, when God opens the way, to carry the glad tidings to the lepers in India; and, speaking of the separation, the daughter said: ‘Mother, I love you so much, and I will miss you so much; but if Jesus wants you for India, and does not call me, Amen. What He wants, we want. We will meet again with Him in the air, never to be separated throughout the ages of eternity.’ If only every father and mother and son and daughter who names the name of Christ would embrace the will of God like that, it would not be long until the uttermost parts of the earth would reverberate with the glad story of full salvation.

On April 1st, through faith in God, the sod was broken for the new tabernacle, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the students standing by with bowed heads. We knew, then, from the peace and unction which came upon every heart that that building was to be precious in God’s sight. We looked forward to the multitudes of souls who should be saved and sanctified and go out from there into ‘the dark places of the earth, which are full of the habitations of cruelty,’ although we little dreamed then that, before another April morning, he who looked up that morning with

such gratitude and praise to God, and with such faith that He would see the building up and would supply the needed means, would be safe beyond the pearly gates throughout all eternity. It was marvelous the way God touched the hearts of His children to send in the needed means, and the rapidity with which the building went up. It just seemed as if everything was harmony, and with the thud of the hammers we could hear the shouts and songs of victory. God's hand was even on the workmen. One day a young man, a student, was working on the second floor when he fell through an opening, about eight feet. We all expected to find him injured; but, besides being shaken up a little, the fall never hurt him in the least, and he said, as he went down, he knew God was not going to let him get hurt. The tabernacle was inclosed and sufficiently finished in building as to be ready for occupancy the opening day of the camp-meeting; but in reference to it God's plan was above ours. It was at first planned to have only the auditorium, but He kept increasing and making His will plain until a dormitory was added above, containing thirty rooms for boys. The first Sunday of the camp-meeting the building was dedicated to God, and as Brother Rees presented it to Him and asked Him to go through it from top to bottom and fill it with His presence, the glory of the Shekinah filled the place, and we felt that God had accepted the offering. From that altar numbers have gone out victors through the blood. At that altar others have been called to the foreign field, others healed, others baptized with the Holy Ghost; others have received the gifts of the Spirit; and, twice in the presence of the dead, souls got through to God. This is only the beginning. Day after day, and year after year, souls will be getting through to God.

No one will ever be able to tell, until we reach heaven, what a Bethel it has been, and will be, to souls. There is something in the very room itself that quiets and rests you."

I was laboring in Cincinnati on two different occasions when Brother Knapp was seeking everywhere for a suitable place for a permanent camp-meeting. Bessie gives this account of it. It was held the first two years on the fairground.

"Three years ago, when God led to the establishment of the first camp-meeting, it seemed a great undertaking; but He gave the wisdom and made the plans. Brother Rees was in charge, and God came down at every service, and souls were born into the kingdom. Last year, at the Mount of Blessings, it surpassed everything that we had ever anticipated. Victory was in every service. Young and old, rich and poor, sick and well, black and white, kneeled at the altars and found God. Brother Knapp knew before the camp-meeting opened that God was going to be there. He had the gift of faith for the souls that afterward found victory. How he rejoiced to meet the Revivalist family! He would come over to the house and say: 'I have met with so many of them to-day, it does me good to shake hands with them. Is not God good to give them all to us? How I love them!' Then he would speak of one and another, and he just seemed to have on his heart every member of the Revivalist family as if they belonged to him, and he loved them with a love that would have sacrificed anything that they might have gotten through to God. As many times as he would stand and look out of the window across at the tabernacle and at the white tents, he would clap his hands together and say: 'Glory to God! This makes me

think of when we all get home to heaven. We will hear just such shouting and praising all the time.' Then, with a change of tone so quiet and sad, he would say, 'Holy Ghost, take out and root up everything unholy, and help every one to get right with Thee.' He was concerned that no soul should meet him at the judgment and say that he had not been faithful to his soul, that he had not been his brother's keeper. The evening of July 4th, after that great collection and victory, he came up to the office, and buried his face in his hands on the desk, and staid there silent for so long that I spoké to him, and said, 'Brother Knapp, are you sick?' There was no answer; and again, 'Brother Knapp, are you tired?' Like a flash he raised his face and looked at me, and it must have been like Moses when he came down from the mountain, and 'wist not that his face shone.' His eyes were shining with a light not of this world, and he said: 'Bessie, who can measure the length and breadth and height and depth of the love of God? His doings are marvelous in our eyes; but this is only a drop of what it will be when we get there,' and then buried his face in his hands, and I left him. I do not know how long he staid there, bowed in utter humility and adoration before God.

“THE FIRST MONEY GIVEN TOWARDS THE MOUNT OF BLESSINGS PROPERTY.

“Three or four years ago, in her country home in Virginia, the Holy Ghost awakened a sanctified woman one night out of her sleep with a message something like this: “In a few days you will receive a check for \$100. I want you to send the entire amount to M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio, towards buying a Revivalist Home.’ With this humble servant of God, to hear was

to obey, and a few days later, when the \$100 came, she immediately forwarded it to Brother Knapp according to her heaven-sent instructions. This was the seed-corn, as you might say, of the thousands that have since been given to buy this property and erect the needed buildings. At that time there was nothing in sight, and God had not made His plans plain for the buying of the property. Mr. Knapp wrote the sister that he would like to return the money for her keeping, on this account, but she refuses to take it back, and a few months later God's plans began to unfold like a beautiful flower, and the sequel has already been related. Glory, glory to God forever! 'His ways are past finding out.' 'He is a great God above all gods,' 'and we are the sheep of His pasture.' Hallelujah!"

In these wonderful ways God honored the heaven-inspired courage, and responded to the faith and prayers of that great soul, and unlocked the hearts and pocket-books of men and women, and put their money at his disposal.

CHAPTER XV.
WITHDRAWING FROM THE METHODIST
CHURCH.

“Blest is the man whose heart and hands are pure !
He hath no sickness that he shall not cure,
No sorrow that he may not well endure ;
His feet are steadfast, and his hope is sure.

O, blest is he who ne'er hath sold his soul,
Whose will is perfect, and whose word is whole ;
Who hath not paid to common sense the toll
Of self-disgrace, nor owned the world's control !

Through clouds and shadows of the darkest night,
He will not lose a glimmering of the light ;
Nor, though the sun of day be shrouded quite,
Swerve from the narrow path to left or right.”

—J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Said a dying professor of mathematics to a brilliant but godless pupil: “No man is competent to calculate accurately until he has as perfect a conception of two-ness as he has of one-ness. You can not estimate things correctly unless you take into your calculations another as well as yourself. You are but one integer. Handling, however perfectly, one factor, your calculations are extremely limited. The other factor is God. Stay; I err. You are *not* a unit! You are, I am, but zero; that is, apart from God. Admitting him, all other factors follow; not otherwise. Remember what I tell you: this is the sum of all; separate quality from quan-

tity, and your result is wrong; omit eternity in your estimate as to area, and your conclusion is wrong; fasten your attention exclusively upon yourself, and leave out God, and your equation is wrong, false, and utterly wrong."

Brother Knapp was that blessed man of whom the poet sang, "whose heart and hands were pure." He never sold himself out to anybody or anything. He set his face upon Jesus, and swerved not from the narrow path. He never left the all-important factor, God, out of the problem of his life, nor eternity out of the area of his hopes. Perhaps this is why God was so graciously present with him. Did I say "perhaps?" Who can doubt that this *was* the reason that God blessed the labor of his hands and brain and heart, and, as he himself said, "caused whatsoever he did to prosper?"

It is now my duty to record an event that probably cost Brother Knapp more pain than anything else he ever did. People will always be divided in their opinion about the wisdom of it; at least they are now. When he did it, the batteries of abuse were opened upon him from all sides, North, South, East, and West. Holiness people and anti-holiness people joined hands to hunt this dear man as a partridge upon the mountains. But when the archers shot at him, "his bow abode in strength."

"And the arms of his hands were made strong
By the hands of the Mighty One of Jacob."

One time, after a fearful arraignment of him in a religious paper that we will not name, I wrote him to leave the matter with Jesus and make no reply. He wrote back: "God has kept me sweet through it all, and I have resolved, God helping me, never to say an-

other word nor to write another line in my own defense."

What the reader or the writer thinks of this matter is of no significance whatever. This precious brother nobly earned the right to have his life pictured as he lived it, and it needs neither defense nor apology.

Brother Knapp gave two accounts of why he withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church. One was written evidently for the Michigan Advocate, and the other for his own paper, the Revivalist. I give both, as each throws light upon the matter :

"AN EXPLANATORY ARTICLE.

"As my withdrawal from the Methodist Church has been noticed in the Advocate, and as I have been identified so long with Michigan Methodism, it seems right and just to both the Church and myself that I should state some of the reasons which have led to this change.

"It was not because of any lack in my own heart-experience or of love for God's people in the Methodist Church.

"It was not because of any opposition which I have met as a holiness preacher.

"I have always been identified with the branch of Methodism which believes in old-time Bible religion, embracing entire sanctification as a second work and the Pentecostal life which follows. The fearful decadence of modern Methodism from the old standard has been a source of great grief to me for a long time; but I have preached and prayed and hoped that she might be revived, and her children fly back to the standard of her early history and of Pentecost. Bible holiness makes its possessor 'more than conqueror' wherever the Spirit and providences of God place him. Until

recently I have felt that place with me to be the Methodist Church. The following facts have in the last few months led me to change my mind:

“1. The fact that modern Methodism is composed largely of unconverted members and of unsanctified officials, while early Methodism and primitive Christianity were just the reverse. Under these conditions, where temporary revivals are given, their spiritual results are soon smothered. I have looked in vain for years for any considerable number of our stronger Churches to become Pentecostal revival Churches.

“2. The criminal complicity of many of her members and officials with the liquor-traffic and with the world’s fashions and fraternities has so grieved the Holy Ghost that His old-time saving, sanctifying presence is largely withdrawn, and while His co-operation is felt with those who are true, yet their work is often negated by those who are not; and, instead of spreading Scriptural holiness, as taught by John Wesley, modern Methodism is fearfully eliding and too often opposing it, even many so-called revivals being nothing but Church-joining meetings.

“3. God forbids His people being ‘unequally yoked together with unbelievers.’ Primitive Methodism was very jealous of the piety of her members. Her societies were composed of regenerated people, and measures were used to keep her societies pure. All this is changed, and I am awakened to the fact that membership in Methodism to-day means affiliation with unbelievers.

“4. The matter of my withdrawal has for some time come to me in such a way that my prayers for faith and victory in my own soul and work would have been hindered had I refused. After long and earnest prayer

and testing by the Word of God, the Spirit of God, and the providence of God, it was made very clear to me that the time had come to take the step that I have, and God has wonderfully blessed me in so doing.

"5. Because after repeated warnings by many of her sons and a recent warning call by her bishops, she refuses to repent.

"6. In addition to all of this, God has so filled my head, hands, heart, and life with providential salvation work outside of Methodism that I have little time or means to give her, and I am no longer clear in holding membership with a body and not acting with it and giving it my support.

"This step was taken without any pressure being brought to bear upon me from any human source, and I have the sweet assurance that God is in it and that it is best for the interests of His kingdom. There is pain at the severing of these denominational relations, many of which have been sweet, pleasant, and profitable; yet I have the deep assurance of continued union and fellowship of the Holy Ghost and all members of the Church that is greater than any denomination, and rejoice in these ties which bind us together just as closely as if the old continued to exist.

"When I united with the Conference, many thought it was a mistake. When I felt called of God to enter the evangelistic field, many others were like-minded. When God led me to Cincinnati, still others were fearful. When I went to the Maryland meetings, many objected; but in all these instances, when the facts were all known, God vindicated the course which He led me to take, and I have the settled assurance that He will in this instance.

"I appreciate the spirit manifested by Brother

Maveety who, in his reply to my note of withdrawal, among other things, writes: 'While I most sincerely regret to part with you, and believe that I express the feelings of a large majority of both ministers and laymen in our Conference, when I also express their regrets at the separation, yet I recognize the consistency of your action, and hope that your work may glorify God and help in the establishment of His kingdom in the earth.'

"Though no longer bound together by denominational ties, I still covet the prayers of God's people, with whom I was associated for so many years. May God bless you all and lead into the fullness of the blessings of the gospel of peace! Let old friends or new ones remember, when in Cincinnati, that they will be just as warmly welcomed by me when they call at the Revivalist office, Mount of Blessings, Mount Auburn, as if I were still a member of the Michigan Conference.

"In gospel bonds,

"M. W. KNAPP."

"WHY I WITHDREW FROM THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

"It was not because of any complaint against my Christian character. My last Conference passed my character, and the pastor of the Church where my name was identified testified:

"*To Whom It May Concern:* This is to certify that Rev. M. W. Knapp and family are acceptable members of the Freeman Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati.

"Rev. M. W. Knapp's character as a minister is clear before God and man, and as he can not appear before his Conference brethren, I, as his pastor, cheer-

fully render this certificate as required by Discipline.'

"The presiding elder to whom I sent my withdrawal, referred to in last week's Revivalist, among other things writes :

"While I most sincerely regret to part with you, and believe that I express the feelings of a large majority of both ministers and laymen in our Conference when I also express their regrets at the separation, yet I recognize the consistency of your action, and hope that your work may glorify God and help in the establishment of His kingdom in the earth.'

"It was not because of any hard feelings toward the denomination or its ministers, to both of which I was deeply attached, and the facts which compel the separation pain me more deeply than I can express. My love especially to my brethren of the Michigan Conference doubtless has blinded me from seeing my duty in this regard sooner than I otherwise would. The following are some of the reasons which led to my decision :

"First of all, God has so filled my hands, heart, and life with providential, evangelical work outside of the Methodist Church that I have little time or means to invest directly in it, and I feel that it is inconsistent to be a member of a body, and not act with it, and not give it my support.

"Second. Because of the sinful complicity of the Church and many of its leading officials with the liquor-traffic.

"Third. Because of the awful conformity of the Church to the world and the union of its ministers and members with its fraternities, fairs, festivals, and fashions.

"Fourth. Because modern Methodism, with its un-saved membership, worldly officials, godless choirs, and

complicity with the world, is but a travesty on original Methodism and primitive Christianity.

"Fifth. Because of her neglect and rejection of Bible holiness, claiming to be a society for its spread, when she is becoming largely a society for its suppression, tolerating a mere theoretical holiness and rejecting the true.

"Sixth. Because while in some places she elides or opposes sanctification, yet there is evidence that in others she seeks members under the pretense of being a genuine holiness Church. I can be no party to this.

"Seventh. Because she is largely substituting education for the baptism with the Holy Ghost, the cornerstone of her university at Washington being laid by Freemasons.

"Eighth. Because she welcomes an unsanctified officary, instead of men 'baptized with the Holy Ghost and full of faith and of the Spirit,' as the Scripture demands.

"Ninth. Because, after repeated admonitory warnings from many of her sons and a recent call by her bishops, she absolutely refuses to repent, and is sailing faster than ever into the whirlpool which is engulfing her.

"Tenth. Because I believe the time has come when I can serve her spiritual interests better upon some rescuing lifeboat than upon the sinking ship.

"Eleventh. Because the Bible forbids being unequally yoked together with unbelievers, while the Methodist Church yokes up with license voters and all kinds of sinners.

"Twelfth. Because for weeks the matter has come up in such a way as to have hindered my faith and prayers had I refused.

“Thirteenth. Because after months of earnest prayer and consideration I have a solid, sweet assurance that God so leads, and that He who has given me victory at every other crisis in my experience will be with me in this, and bring out of it the greatest good to man and the greatest glory to Himself.

“O Methodism! Methodism! how oft some of thy sons would have restored thee to thy former power and to primitive purity, but thou wouldst not! Behold thy commission is taken from thee and given to others (Holiness Churches), who are bringing forth fruit unto holiness. O that thou hadst been true to God and to the work of spreading Scriptural holiness which He committed unto thee! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.

“REMARKS.

“Let all who feel that God is leading them keep in touch with Him, learn His will, and do it. If to remain and warn, continue; if otherwise, follow Him.

“‘What are people to do when their mission in a dead or dying Church is done?’ Unite with some branch of the true vine. God’s Spirit and providence will make the way plain. The Holy Ghost adds those who are being saved to some visible congregation of believers. Holiness is antagonistic to anarchistical Come-outism, which believes in no Church assembly. We were not outside of a Church for one single moment. The same Spirit that led out of one led into another.

“Is not this ‘Come-outism?’ Far from it, unless it is ‘Come-outism’ to come out of Come-outism. Modern Methodism largely has ‘come out’ from primitive Methodism and of God’s real Church, and is simply a social club posing as a Church. To leave such a club

is no more 'Come-outism,' in a bad sense, than to leave a worldly lodge. Many of her societies are worse than lodges, in that they add to their worldliness the sin of professing to be the Church of Christ.

"There is a pain connected with being no longer in denominational connection with many true children of God; but we have the sweet assurance that we are still one in the union of the invisible Church, and that the baptism with the Holy Ghost which God has given us binds us together just as closely as if old ties existed.

"God's Revivalist, as heretofore, is His organ for believers of every name, and the fact that the New Testament principles involved has compelled my separation from my early relations does not change its policy nor effect its mission to readers of every name. Its aim shall continue to be to furnish New Testament wine and food and fire as God may lead.

"MISTAKES CORRECTED.

"We call attention to the following corrections of certain mistakes which are being widely circulated:

"It is a mistake that we advise people indiscriminately to leave their respective Churches, to unite with a new Church. We never have done this, and do not do it now. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind, learn God's will, and do it, is our advice.

"It is a mistake that we indorse costly churches. On the other hand, we have been outspoken against them, and continue to be so, notwithstanding the fact that, through a mistake, the cut of one was published in the Revivalist in a recent issue.

"It is a mistake that hatred of carnal ecclesiasticism and resistance to it is inconsistent with perfect love; on the other hand, it is a fruitage of it, as is illustrated

in the lives of Jesus, Paul, and in all who have the fullness of the Holy Ghost abiding.

“It is a mistake that we ever made an effort to get the ‘Temple’ enterprise ‘entirely under the control of an Official Board in Cincinnati,’ and something a great deal worse than a mistake to bring such a charge, and on the top of it accuse us of ‘selfish motives in all this management.’

“It is an awful, awful mistake for a Holiness minister and editor to use his guns in the defense of a carnal ecclesiasticism, that is cursing and blighting and damning multitudes of holiness people, and turn them upon a movement that is getting people saved and sanctified continually, and girdling the globe with salvation.

“It is an awful mistake to accuse Spirit-filled, Spirit-led men of being possessed of a spirit of hate because of fidelity to New Testament principles and exposure of humbuggery and sin and hypocrisy in the Church and in the Holiness movement.

“It is a mistake that the St. Louis movement was ‘instigated and carried forward’ by us. We have reported it the same as we have any other department of the Holiness Movement, and have stood for the rights of the St. Louis people and all other people where God so led to form Independent Holiness Churches; but we are in no way responsible for any unscriptural attachments that may have caused its downfall.

“A Holiness ‘federation,’ the main object of which is to hold Holiness people in a denomination of tobacco-chewing preachers and unconverted members is a mistake that can but be fraught with the blood of souls.

“It is a mistake to charge true gospel ministers, who warn believers of the perils of compromising with godless ecclesiasticisms, and champion their Scriptural

rights to unite with any Holiness Church, as coveting the honor of being at the head of a new denomination.

"It is a mistake that Brother and Sister Hall, of St. Louis, have been 'dropped' from our work, as they have never been identified with it, except that Sister Hall visited our camp-meeting, participating in it the same as any other similar visitor, and has contributed a few articles to the Revivalist.

"LIES FORGIVEN.

"Satan has recently been circulating a number of lies against the editor of the Revivalist. We are pained that he has deceived some, who should know better, into believing and circulating them.

"1. The lie that we are ambitious to start a new denomination, and to be at the head of a new ecclesiasticism. This is untrue. In fact, we believe that the New Testament Church has little ecclesiasticism. Jesus Christ is the Head of it, the Holy Ghost the General Superintendent, sanctified officials its executors, and there is no law-making department. A trouble with most Churches has been in men usurping authority which belonged to the Supreme Head, and of making laws, instead of executing those already made. In God's Church this ceases, and there is no room for carnal officials.

"2. The lie that we have lost the sweetness and richness of our former religious experience. Nothing could be further from the truth. The awful things which we are compelled to say we do in a spirit of tender love, and never enjoyed so much of the Divine presence and favor in our hearts and home and work as during the past few months.

“3. The lie that we not only have lost the spirit of perfect love, but that we have a spirit of hatred toward those that differ from us. This is also false. ‘He that hateth his brother is a murderer.’ God took that spirit away from us when He converted us, and has given us perfect love through the baptism with the Holy Ghost, so that there is not one single uprising of hard feeling toward even those who are so persistently circulating these evil reports. If we could not rebuke error in the Church and in the Holiness Movement, as well as outside, in the spirit of perfect love, we would fly to the altar.

“4. The lie that we are serving God, fighting error, and sending out missionaries and securing Mount of Blessings for purely selfish purposes. This is untrue, as black as night. We handle all moneys for missionary work and for the school without one cent of remuneration, except the joy of being the channel through which God is working, and we hold the Mount of Blessings property as a trustee, to be transferred to my spiritual successors and held in trust for God and His full gospel until Jesus comes.

“The lie that we are bordering on ‘fanaticism.’ If any one can quote one sentence in my sermons, or books, or paper unscriptural and fanatical, I will thank him to do so. In fact, my health has never been better, head more level, and heart warmer than to-day, for which I thank God, take courage, and continue to press the battle in a ‘spirit of love, of faith, and of a sound mind.’

“All who have any part in circulating these reports are deceived. Our readers are warned against ‘false witnesses,’ which God has declared ‘shall perish.’ ‘Thou shalt not raise a false report: put not thine hand

with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness. (Ex. xxiii, 1.)

“While we forgive all these things from the bottom of our hearts, yet at the same time we feel that we should warn our readers that they be on their guard, and not hindered in their prayers for us and their co-operation in this work.

“VICTORY ASSURED.

“Early in my ministry the Lord gave me the first chapter of Jeremiah in a special manner. Many of its promises have already been verified; others are finding their fulfillment. Verses 17, 18, and 19 just at this time are being brought to pass. I am determined to fulfill the commission in that chapter, proving the virtue of the eighteenth verse and claiming the victory of the nineteenth.

“‘Thou therefore gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at them, lest I dismay thee before them. For behold, I have made thee this day a defensed city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls, against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land. And they shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee: for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.’

“PROMISES PROVED.

“The false reports which are being circulated against us give us an occasion to prove the preciousness of the promise:

“‘Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness’ sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.' (Matt. v, 10-12.)

"We have the consciousness that we are right in God's sight. He commands us to proclaim His full gospel, and never accepts any substitutes for it. Woe unto us if we do not teach Bible holiness and its application, not only to heart, but to the life, and to business, and to the Church. It is a source of great comfort to know that when 'falsely accused,' Bible sanctification enables its possessor 'to rejoice and be exceeding glad.' Our prayer is that God will bless those who curse us, and do good to them who hate, spitefully use, and persecute us.

"THE IMPROVED NAME.

"When God leads in little things, as well as great, He delights to comfort and assure those who follow by revealing reasons. The following are among the reasons for substituting 'God' for 'The' in the heading of the Revivalist:

"It gives Him the pre-eminence due Him as proprietor of the paper.

"It is in harmony with the teaching of the Word, which declares that God's ministers are ambassadors of Christ, preaching in His stead.

"The aim of the Revivalist is to help God's interests, and feed, protect, and edify God's people of every name. We design that nothing shall enter into the paper but what meets with His approval. 'In His name' we are

commissioned to do the work of a gospel minister, and we rejoice that through His grace we have been enabled to become a member of His family, share His unpopularity here on earth, confess Him boldly before men, with His promise of sustenance and protection here and of eternal reward hereafter.

“This name does not imply that it is the only paper which is God’s, no more than the fact that you, reader, claim to be God’s man or God’s woman indicates that no other person is. Nor does its name indicate that we claim for it infallibility any more than the fact that God’s Church bearing His name indicates that it is infallible, or that God’s people bearing His name indicates that they are free from infirmities.

“Under this improved name the Revivalist aims to be God’s paper, by God’s servants, for God’s people. We feel assured that the Proprietor of the paper whispered this change to us. If it strikes you a little strange at first, talk the matter over with Him.

“REVIVAL FAITHFULNESS.

“In order to have Scriptural revivals, there must be fidelity to Scripture truth. It is impossible to have a Holy Ghost revival without obedience to the Holy Ghost as Supreme Leader. If we change His plans and specifications, we become responsible for the wreckage that follows. The Revivalist head which appeared in the first issue of this year is an illustration of this. The artist had been instructed just what kind of a head to make. He thought he could improve upon original instructions by making a number of changes, some of which appeared in that week’s head, but which were not accepted nor in keeping with the original plan, which appears in this week’s issue; hence that work all had

to be done over again, and the plan as given followed. The reason for so much revival work that is useless, and which the Holy Ghost is compelled to condemn and have done over again by others, is because they are not following original Bible instructions. Moses followed fully the pattern given him upon the Mount, or he would have lost his position or wrecked God's work. The awful condition of Churches on every hand is caused largely by ignoring the instructions of the Supreme Head of the Church in regard to separation from the world, regenerated membership, and sanctified leadership. Men, wise in their own conceits, have ignored these instructions, and hence their work is vain, and must be done over again by others. Follow fully the Word of God, and whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.

“CHARACTERISTICS OF GOD'S CHURCH.

“The following are some of the characteristics of God's Church as clearly revealed in the New Testament :

“It is a visible body, composed of regenerated believers.

“Its Head is invisible, Jesus Christ in heaven.

“Its General Superintendent is invisible, the Holy Ghost.

“Its Constitution is visible, the Word of God, as interpreted by Spirit-baptized, Spirit-illuminated teachers.

“Its Executive is visible, a sanctified officary.

“It is only to such a Church as above described that the Holy Ghost adds daily those being saved. Worldly Churches are built up of unconverted Church-joiners, instead of accessions of truly-converted people by the Holy Ghost.

“God's Church guards jealously its doors, and only those meeting the Bible conditions of regeneration are

welcomed. All truly converted people may be known by the following marks:

“They have repented of all sin, and demonstrate their repentance

“By godly sorrow for it.

“By confession of it.

“By forsaking of it.

“By restitution.

“By faith in Jesus for its forgiveness.

“They have the witness of the Spirit to their adoption in God’s family, and maintain the Spirit of Christ in their life and walk, are led by the Spirit of God, and ‘hunger and thirst for righteousness.’

“No person should be received or retained as a member who does not meet these tests. It is to be hoped that in the formation of independent Holiness Churches these basal principles of the Word of God will be recognized.”

I find among the material sent me an answer written by the editor, apparently, of the Pittsburg Advocate, or one page of it. Probably nobody could have said more on that side. The two arguments are thus given side by side:

“THE REV. M. W. KNAPP *versus* METHODISM.

“Dear Brother,—Permit me to point out certain incongruous matters in the manifesto with which you have been pleased to favor the members of Conference:

“First. You deny or rather disclaim any ‘hardness’ towards the Church, or any ‘selfish motives’ in withdrawing from the Church; but claim that (in No. 1) it is ‘God’s will,’ and in No. 14 that now you have ‘solid, sweet assurance that God so led.’

"But, my brother, your arraignment betrays 'hardness' throughout. Of your motives I may not judge; but if it really is 'God's will,' then it is also 'God's will' that we all leave the Church; for surely you do not claim any special dispensation of separation. I could hardly credit you with the supreme egotism which arrogates to yourself that; but what I desire to know is if you are the saints whose standard and influence is essential to the Church's recovery, how do you justify leaving her; and if all the saints leave, where would the Church be?

"In 2 you say, 'It is inconsistent to remain a member of a denomination and not act with it,' and 'My life is so given to undenominational work I have no time for outside' (that is, denominational or Church) work. So you renounce all denominations alike, and refuse to act with any. Question: Will you allow the denominations to purchase and use your books? Am I to understand that, from purely unselfish motives, you will, from this on, distribute your books wholly outside the Churches?

"In 3 to 10 you charge Methodism with 'complicity with the liquor-traffic,' 'awful conformity to the world,' a 'travesty on original Christianity,' and as ignoring the necessity of the work of the Holy Ghost in 'regeneration' as 'power from on high' etc.; also as being in general in alliance with so-called 'holiness fighters,' 'fraternities,' and that her 'Churches' are spiritual 'ice-houses,' and characterize it as a 'sinking ship.'

"You are nothing if not vivid; but in this case you are betrayed into luridness; the colors are all strong, and blend to blind one as to your real meaning. When the landscape is blurred, there is something the matter with the lens. This wholesale and indiscriminate ar-

raignment is evidently the result of your own distorted mental and unspiritual outlook. 'Love believeth all things and hopeth all things;' prejudice believeth nothing, and is in despair of everything; and there is no arguing with that mixed-motive condition into which prejudice places a man. The man himself has no reasons with which to combat his own prejudices. The prejudiced man thinks he is a 'saint,' when, in fact, he is a most grievous sinner. Fanaticism is that which results from ill-balanced views of religious truth or duty. Is it not barely possible that your views are a little mixed? To deny that possibility is to classify yourself.

"Now, the most ardent Methodist will not contend that Methodism, as represented by the membership at large, is as spiritual as she ought to be. Its most faithful ones deplore its low spirituality where it exists more than its critics. Neither was the Church of Rome, 'called to be saints,' all the apostle wished. She was admonished to 'follow after the things that make for peace,' and to 'bear the infirmities of the weak.' That of Corinth was 'sanctified in Christ Jesus,' yet Paul lamented that they were 'carnal and babes in Christ,' and feared 'lest there be debates, strifes, backbiting, and that he should even 'bemoan many that have not repented of the lasciviousness which they have committed.' So likewise of all the New Testament Churches.

"I ask, Is it not a little singular that in no case do the apostles refer these early Christians in so many words back to Pentecost? and, in the light of your experience, that the disappointed apostle never once hints at the idea of withdrawing himself from the Church?

"Now, my Brother Knapp, you must know, especially as a believer in the undenominational Church, that those in the Methodist Episcopal 'denomination,' or any

other, who have 'not the spirit of Christ are none of His,' and therefore they do not constitute the true Church. But you know, also, that there are thousands and tens of thousands in this great denomination who are as truly 'born again' and 'sanctified' as yourself; and they are to be found both in the ministry and membership.

"To deny this will be to stultify your common sense and impugn your right."

CHAPTER XVI.

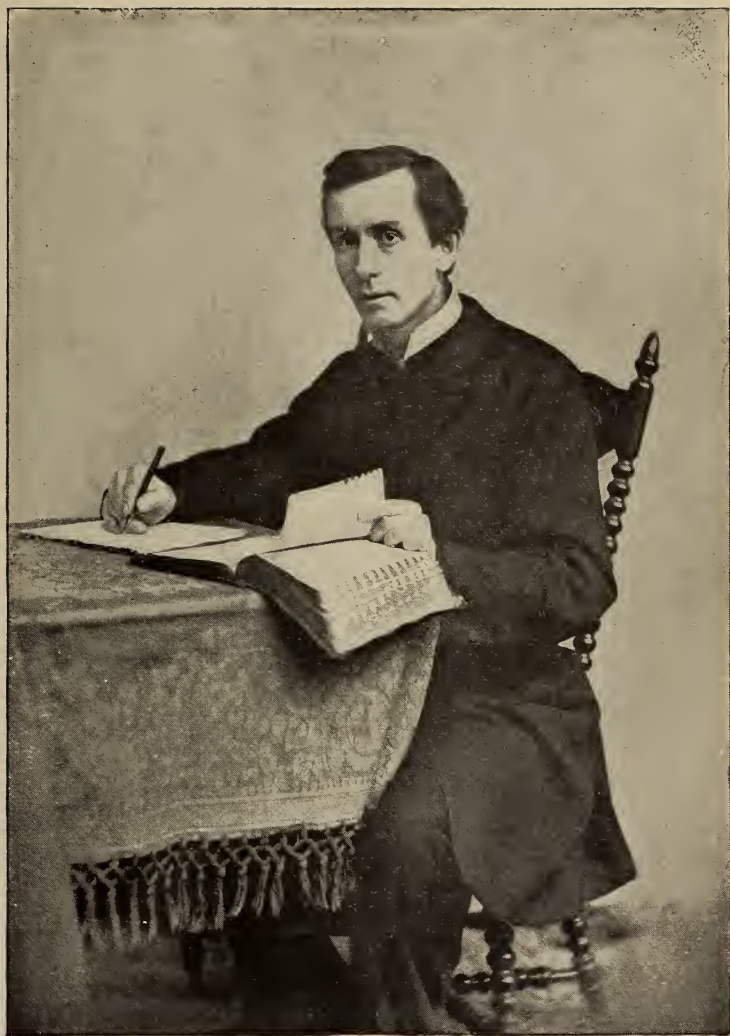
LEANING HARD ON GOD AND PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE.

“I could not do without Thee,
O Savior of the lost !
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea !

I could not do without Thee !
I can not stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own ;
But Thou, beloved Savior,
Art all in all to me ;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.”—F. R. HAVERGAL.

When our “Hero of Faith and Prayer” first entered the ministry, a father in Israel said to him: “Lean hard on God, brother ; lean hard on God.” From that hour it seemed to be one of the rules of his life. He did not even try to go without God. He lived and walked and talked and worked as if consciously in the presence of, and overshadowed by, the Unseen. He continually said by his manner, and often with his lips :

“But Thou, beloved Savior,
Art all in all to me.”



M. W. KNAPP.

And thus, conscious of his weakness, he "leaned hard on God," and was "clothed with His everlasting strength."

In connection with his Bible-school our brother started a missionary movement. The sympathies of his heart were big enough to take in all the world for whom Christ died. When he had been in the ministry but a few years, he offered himself to Bishop William Taylor to go as a foreign missionary. He was refused because he had had a sunstroke, that was a serious drawback to his health. It will be remembered he was healed of this when he was sanctified. But his interest in the salvation of the heathen never waned. He felt to the end that he must go or send, and, being denied the privilege of going in person, he gladly laid the conversion of the heathen upon his heart. In the day of his influence and power he did not forget the parting charge of Jesus to "go and disciple the nations."

A fund was started for foreign missions, which has grown to more than \$8,000. Missionaries have been sent with this money to Africa and India and Japan; and others in the Bible-school are training for the foreign field.

Brother Knapp's last book came before the public this same year, 1901, which was so crowded with stirring events in this stirring and overcrowded life. Its title was "Holiness Triumphant; or, Pearls from Patmos." In its twenty-two chapters, one for each chapter of the Book of Revelation, the author dwelt lovingly on the triumph of his Lord and His glorious return in His kingdom to carry on the reign of holiness in this earth.

The author's own heart was fast letting go of the things of time, and ripening for the eternal world. He had diligently set his mind on the things that are above;

for his life was hid with Christ in God. He was improving his hours to lay aside the habiliments of earth and put on the raiment of heaven. Seven thousand copies of this book have been published.

I attended the Holiness Convention which met in Chicago, in May, 1901, just one year ago. About the close of the week, Thursday, Brother Knapp arrived. The moment my eyes fell upon him a shock of pain went through me. He looked five years older than when I saw him less than a year before. There was the stamp of unceasing weariness upon him, the look of a body overburdened and never rested. It was perfectly manifest that he was being crushed by his cares and tasks and the hard blows he was taking from every quarter. I could scarcely refrain from expressing to him my anxiety; but it is an ungracious task, and usually vain, to tell such a man how ill he looks from overwork. I took dinner with him in the home of dear Brother Seth Rees, after which we stepped out on the street and parted, he to take one street-car line, and I another. It was our last meeting on earth.

He hastened back to his school in Cincinnati, I to mine in Texas; after which came the summer camp-meetings in which we both were engaged. The next I heard he was arrested because of the disturbing noise made by his camp-meeting on Mount of Blessings. Cincinnati is such a quiet little city! Never any brawls, nor parades, nor mobs, nor strikes; nothing to ever break its solemn, funereal stillness! The noise of people seeking God and finding Him and getting sanctified and shouting about it until ten o'clock at night was too much for people unused to such late hours and wholly unaccustomed to noise and excitement! Brother Knapp was arrested for it—one of the quietest men in the Ho-

liness Movement. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

They complained that a cornet was used with the singing; and that the songs kept ringing in their ears; and that they could hear the people calling on God to send down the Holy Ghost fire; and people would rise from the altar and shout "Hallelujah!" until it could be heard clear across the street. The staid and sober-minded Cincinnatians, unused to cornets, and hallelujahs, and prayers for Holy Ghost fire, and religious songs they could not forget, would not endure such a disturbance. One Elijah B. Coombe, a sober-minded Presbyterian, swore out a warrant against "one M. W. Knapp" "for disturbing the peace of the city," and had him tried before "the Police Court of the city of Cincinnati." We will omit all the testimony of the opposing witnesses, and will give the testimony of Knapp and his witnesses, the plea of the lawyer, and the rendering of the judge, with Knapp's comment on the same.

M. W. Knapp, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

DIRECT EXAMINATION.

By Mr. Heath.—

Q. Mr. Knapp, state to the Court what your profession is, what your life-work is, and what work you have been engaged in, in this city, within the last year?

A. I am a minister of the gospel, and my life-work is soul-winning, soul-saving, with my pen and my voice. I have done what I could to preach righteousness, and lead people into experiences that would keep them out of places like this.

Q. How long have you been engaged in that sort of work? A. Over twenty years.

Q. You have been a minister of the gospel over twenty years? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You say you have used your pen as well as your voice? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Describe to the Court what sort of meetings you have had upon the hill here in this city. What sort of meetings you had on the 10th day of July? A. Meetings that we call a camp-meeting, in which the truths of a full gospel were preached, and in which the effects which the Scripture says will follow the full preaching of the gospel would be manifest: the Word of God declared, putting men under conviction so that they would be pained at their sins, as James expressed it to the wealthy men of his time, "Weep and howl, ye rich men, for the miseries that are coming on you;" we preach that gospel.

Q. You were preaching that on the 10th of July? A. I did not preach at all on the 10th of July.

Q. Were you in charge of the services on the 10th of July? A. My recollection is that I was not.

Q. What kind of meeting was in progress on the 10th of July on the Mount of Blessings, or God's Tabernacle, or God's Bible-school? A. The usual camp-meeting.

Q. How long does the usual camp-meeting last? A. Beginning at six o'clock in the morning with a prayer service, that is followed by a Bible service; another service at ten o'clock, followed by one at 2.30 in the afternoon; the evening service begins at seven, closing in the neighborhood of ten o'clock.

Q. It is the usual evangelical service, an effort at making bad people good, which the Court takes judicial

cognizance of, and which we all know of in all Christian societies? A. Such as the old-time Methodists call an old-time Methodist meeting.

Q. You mean it was projected on the nature of Pentecost? A. It was the same kind of preaching that precipitated the great revival of Pentecost.

Q. How long does the camp-meeting last? A. It is a ten-day meeting. We have had it yearly for three years.

Q. Is there any purpose to have it oftener than ten days in a year? A. I think not; no, sir.

Q. Who composed the people at this camp-meeting? A. They were representative Christians from various denominations, fifteen to twenty.

Q. Near and far? A. Near and far, United States and Canada.

Q. How many people did you have at that camp-meeting? A. It was estimated fifteen hundred an average attendance.

Q. Fifteen hundred average attendance for ten days? Mr. Knapp, explain to the Court what you know, what you authorized, if anything, of howling and terrific performances up there. A. I authorized nothing but the preaching of the gospel that produced Pentecost, Pentecostal experience.

Q. You take your gospel out of the New Testament and the Old one, do you? A. Certainly.

Q. And that is what you preach? A. Certainly.

Q. Did you ever authorize anything else to be preached? A. No, sir.

Q. Was there any noise out in the street, outside of your premises, Mr. Knapp? A. There was.

Q. Was there a crowd there? A. There was at times.

Q. Was there as large a crowd in the streets as in the Tabernacle? A. I think not.

Q. Did you have any such performance—one of the witnesses said it was something like a circus—did you have any such hippodrome or circus there as caused a need for the police of the city to preserve the order? A. It might seem like disorder to people who, like the Pharisees of old, criticise Pentecost; they claimed they were drunk on new wine then.

Q. You mean to say it was just a difference in bases, that if the man had been ethically cultivated and morally cultivated and religiously cultivated he would not have considered it disorder? A. There are a great many witnesses so believe.

Q. I want you to make it plain to us, was there anything done by your authority on the premises of God's Bible-school, or in God's Tabernacle, that was indecent, or immoral, or calculated to produce violation of the law, or disturbance? A. Quite to the contrary. I advised all our people to be obedient to the law. There were some things on the 4th of July I did not approve, done contrary to my approval and against my instructions.

Q. Tell the Court all about the 4th of July [a street meeting]? A. I know very little of it; only what I heard.

Q. It was not authorized by you, or one of your authorized lieutenants, and against your wish? A. It was done simply outside any instructions.

Q. Was it done by your regular attendants or deacons? A. I was told it was not; it was done by a party from Columbus.

Q. A perfect stranger to you? A. Personally, a per-

son such if I had known he would not have been allowed to speak.

Q. He was simply irresponsible in his utterance, and made some remarks out on the street; where was it?

A. I understand on the corner of the street.

Q. This man made some utterances which, when they were reported to you, you condemned? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You had singing up there; tell the Court about it.

A. Yes, sir; there was singing.

Q. Singing and playing? A. Singing and playing, testimony.

Q. Are you conversant with the neighbors about there? A. Not as much as I would like to be.

Q. Have you had any of your people visit among them. A. They have.

Q. Do you know their opinion? A. Something of it.

Q. As far as you know, what is the opinion of the people who reside there within two or three squares?

A. There are two classes of people; one class of people are not in sympathy with us, another class enjoy the meetings; as there always is where the gospel is preached, it makes a division; one side with it, the other against it.

Q. You know nothing more in this case than this fact, there is a division of the people amongst men; some men are for Christ, and some against Him; is that about the size of it? A. Yes, sir.

Q. If you know anything you did July the 10th, or any other day, or any of your connections on the hill-top, which was disorderly, or tended to incite other people to be disorderly, tell the Court what it was. A. I know none. I endeavor as a minister of the gospel humbly to preach the gospel. I know of no disorder;

if I were under conviction for anything it would be for not shouting enough. I am the quietest one, I suppose, in the whole business.

Q. Are these people in front of you some of your people? A. I recognize some of them.

Q. Mr. Weigele there one of yours? A. Yes, sir.

Q. (Indicating.) Is this man one of your people? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You recognize a number of these people? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Is this little Japan man one of your people? A. Yes, sir; he is one of the trophies of Japan.

Q. You have representatives with you from the four quarters of the earth, and from all over our broad land. If you know one of this company of people, or any one who was up on that mount who made any disturbance, or incited others to violate the law or become disorderly, tell us about it. A. I know of none. I heard of no complaints until after the meetings were over; if I had, I would have tried to correct them if possible, the same as I did about the ringing of the bell.

Q. Were you ever appealed to to remedy any little grievance any one had that you did not promptly apply all your influence to correct it? A. No, sir.

Q. Tell the Court about the ringing of the large bell. A. Mr. Daniels called upon me, and stated the ringing of the bell was an annoyance to the neighbors, some of whom were up very late in the night, and wished to sleep in the morning. As there was no principle at stake, I changed the big bell to a little bell. We are not there to annoy people, but to do them all the good we can.

Q. That is your principle? A. That is the rule of my life.

Q. That is the rule you impress upon all your followers? A. Yes, sir; our usual time for retiring at night is 9.30 during the school year.

Q. And that occupies what portion of the year relative to the camp-meeting? A. About nine months of the year.

Q. Tell His Honor how long the meetings were kept open during this ten days of annual camp-meeting. A. My instructions were to close at 9.30, if possible; very often the altar was full of people praying and seeking God, and it could n't be done without injuring the work.

Q. In those instances how long did you continue the praying and order of service? A. As a rule till ten o'clock; one night in particular the opening was hindered by heavy wind, the beginning was late, the sermon was long, it was eleven o'clock that night; that was an exceptional night.

Q. An exceptional night, and no night later than eleven o'clock? A. So far as I know.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

By Mr. Holmes.—

Q. You are a Christian minister? A. Yes, sir.

Q. A disciple of the Universal Catholic Church?
A. Yes, sir.

Q. Of whom the Apostle Paul was the chief exponent? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Is it not a fact part of his injunctions were to obey the constituted authorities? A. Wherein they did not conflict with the higher law.

Q. In that one direction the Pauline Epistles teach you to obey those in authority over you? A. Yes, sir; that must be taken in connection with the context.

Q. You have been a minister how long? A. Over twenty years.

Q. You have never been arrested before? A. No, sir.

Q. Charged with crime? A. No, sir.

Q. You never came in contact with the civil law? A. No, sir.

Q. Or the criminal law? A. No, sir.

Q. You have never stood before charged with any kind of offense? A. No, sir.

Q. Did Mr. Coombe come to you and make complaint of these affairs before the arrest was made? A. He did not; if he had, if I could I would have remedied it.

Q. You were not there the 10th of July? A. I can not recollect the order of that day; my recollection is I did not lead.

Q. The 4th of July, how did that occur? A. Without my knowledge, and to my regret, a party went out on the corner and began holding a meeting.

Q. Would you have permitted anything of a disturbance of the peace? A. I would not have permitted any meeting without a suitable leader attending to the meeting.

Q. Have you ever been notified by the Police Department of the city there was tumult, noise, disorder, and disturbance there at your place? A. At the camp-meeting?

Q. Yes. A. No, sir; I was not, not at the camp-meeting.

Q. Had you been so notified, would you have endeavored to comply with whatever orders the police officers would have given you? A. Yes, sir. [If not contrary to Divine requirements.—K.]

Q. Is your work equally open to the poor and lowly as to the rich and high? A. All classes.

Q. If you make a distinction, is it to save the poor and outcast? A. We make a specialty of them.

Q. The friendless? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Something after the work of the Salvation Army here? A. That is part of our work.

Q. You have never been notified you were disturbing the peace? A. Never in connection with this case. Witness excused.

MISS MARY STOREY,

being duly sworn, testified in behalf of the defendant, as follows:

DIRECT EXAMINATION.

By Mr. Heath.—

Q. You are an old resident of Cincinnati. A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long have you been here? A. Twenty-one years.

Q. Will you tell the Court what your life's work and duty is? A. I am an evangelist.

Q. A lady evangelist? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Where have you been engaged, Miss Storey? A. All over Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia, different places.

Q. And in Cincinnati? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And in the towns about Cincinnati? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Latterly were you related to Mr. Knapp in his movement on the Mount of Blessings? A. Yes, sir; I have known Brother Knapp since he has been in the city. I have known all about his work since he has been in the city.

Q. Were you present at God's Tabernacle on the 10th of July? A. I was through the meetings entirely. I have not left it yet.

Q. You were there then, and have been in the meetings ever since? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You have heard them sing "A Hot Time in the Old Town;" did you have a hot time on the 10th of July? A. I did not hear that song.

Q. Did you have a hot time? A. We had Holy Ghost fire.

Q. At that time you were present and had Holy Ghost fire up on the Mount of Blessings? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was Mr. Knapp in charge? A. He was not in charge.

Q. Was there any disorder incited by Mr. Knapp, as far as you know? A. No, sir.

Q. Did anybody, for the matter of that, incite any disorder the 10th of July? A. Nothing, only the holy joy. I shout myself when I can't help it.

Q. Then it comes like the wind, like the Spirit, it comes like itself? A. The Lord says when we get filled with the Spirit it is a fountain within you, springs, rivers of water.

Q. You believe and have believed, a number of you believe and live the belief, that there is such a thing as Holy Ghost fire, and it comes down? A. Yes; I have enjoyed the experience for nearly twenty years.

Q. Whom do you labor for the benefit of? A. Everybody, rich and poor, high and low, black and white.

Q. Rich and poor, high and low, black and white—rich retired merchants and poor people in the gutter? A. Yes, sir.

Q. But the effort of your whole labor is the uplifting of the race? A. Yes, sir.

Q. That is what you were doing on the 10th of July? A. Yes, sir.

Q. That is what all the people, all you know, were doing up there? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Have you any other principle in life? A. I have no other principle, occupation, or ambition in life.

Q. The needier the sinner, the more moved your hearts are and the greater your efforts to save? A. Yes, sir.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

By Mr. Holmes.—

Q. Miss Storey, you are an educated and talented woman. I believe I have known you about fifteen years? A. Yes, I think you have.

Q. You were at one time the manager of a department store, a large store, receiving a large salary? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You have given that all up, renounced making money for the kind of work you are in? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You are not engaged in a disturbance of any kind? A. No, sir.

Q. You are not engaged in making money, fooling the people making money? A. No, sir; I have no bank account.

Q. All these years I have known you, you have had a helping hand for the poor? A. You know that.

Q. You were never under arrest? A. No, sir.

Q. You have not done anything to create a disturbance of the peace? A. No, sir.

Q. You were present July the 10th? A. I was through all the meetings.

Q. What kind of a disturbance was there? A. There was not any; I thought it was glorious.

Q. Was there any circus? A. I have never been to a circus in my life. I could n't tell what a circus is.

Q. You have been to many and many a home of suffering? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And sickness, and never received a cent for your services? A. O yes; I get free-will offerings in my work.

Q. Instead of laying up money, you give your life and services for the poor and lowly? A. Yes, sir.

Q. And have never been arrested? A. No, sir.

By the Court.—

Q. Were you present at the Tabernacle the day when all this money was given? A. Yes, sir; I was on the platform.

Q. How much money was given that day, do you know? A. I could n't positively say.

Q. I read in the paper, you being an eye-witness kindly tell me what transpired that day? A. It would be a very difficult thing for me to do.

Q. So much as you saw? A. I saw the people give willingly, gladly, and sometimes doubled up, say they wanted to give more; the Lord had told them to put another cipher to the one hundred they had given; some called out two and three and four and five hundred dollars; everybody gave gladly.

Q. Do you know what sum was realized? A. Somewheres between \$25,000 and \$30,000, I think.

Q. Between \$25,000 and \$30,000? A. Now, I would not be certain; I never looked at the figures; I never asked.

Q. Who gets this money? A. It goes to pay for the place, the improvements on it.

Q. In whose name is that piece of property? A. In the name of God's Bible-school.

Q. Who is God's Bible-school, who is the representative? A. Brother Knapp is the superintendent of it.

Q. And at this meeting there was between \$25,000 and \$30,000 taken in up there? A. I think somewhere about that, between \$20,000 and \$30,000.

Q. Did the ladies give their earrings? A. I never saw any.

Q. Watches and chains? A. I did not give any. I do not wear any, any earrings. I heard there was some jewelry, not much.

Q. That was just placed at Mr. Knapp's disposition and in his care, and he takes charge of it, is that it? A. I suppose so, he is responsible for paying the bills.

Q. He pays the bills? A. Yes, sir.

Q. He has to see to getting the funds and paying the bills? A. Yes, sir; he has always had it given him, he has always had the money for every bill, demand presented.

Mr. Heath.—Is Mr. Knapp the trustee for the Bible-school? A. He is the trustee.

By Mr. Holmes.—

Q. You are a regular organization? A. Yes, sir.

Q. So no one handling this money has any individual good or use of it? A. No, sir.

Q. It is for the use of your association and organization? A. Yes, sir.

Q. The same as money given to any other Church or any other organization? A. Certainly.

Witness excused.

J. B. MARTIN,

being duly sworn, testified in behalf of the defendant, as follows :

DIRECT EXAMINATION.

By Mr. Heath.—

Q. Tell the Court, if you know, if you were in attendance on the Mount of Blessings on the 10th of July, what was carried on there; if you are intimately acquainted with the meetings there, please explain to the Court what they are, what their course is, what their purpose and intention is, as far as you know? A. Yes, I was in attendance at all the meetings; that is, I was in attendance every day, and I do not remember that I missed any meeting, any regularly-appointed meeting, and was also over night several times; I am interested in the movement myself, and am a supporter of it.

Q. And you are the same Mr. Martin who was with the old Gazette Company, and later a restaurateur and railroad man? A. Yes, I was ten years with the Gazette Company.

Q. You say you are interested in the movement and a supporter? A. Yes, sir.

Q. A supporter by personal presence and worship? A. A supporter by my presence more or less, and by my financial help.

Q. On the 10th day of July, were you present at that meeting? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was there any disturbance there? A. None whatever.

Q. Did M. W. Knapp incite any disturbance, so far as you know? A. None whatever.

Q. Was M. W. Knapp in charge of the meeting?

A. He was not in charge of the services; that is, not especially; Mr. Rees was more directly in charge.

Q. The Quaker Evangelist Rees? A. Yes, sir; Mr. Knapp was mainly engaged with the business matters around; he did n't take part in the meeting very much.

Q. Explain to His Honor what relation Mr. Knapp financially sustains to God's Tabernacle? A. Mr. Knapp is simply the trustee; of course, all such organizations have some one to transact their business.

Q. Has he ever claimed individually any single penny of this money? A. Not a penny.

Q. And takes no remuneration from any contribution the supporters of the movement make? A. None whatever.

Q. The contributions are made for what purpose? A. Simply for the promotion of the work there.

Q. What is that? A. The study of the Bible.

Q. Preparing missionaries for foreign lands? A. Preparing missionaries for foreign lands and home fields.

Q. You know nothing of anybody on the hill inciting to disorder on the 10th of July? A. Not one.

Q. At any time have you seen any disorder? A. I remember several times of complimenting the police officer for the decorum preserved all around; the only disturbance was in the street, outside of the property altogether.

Q. Tell us about that if you were there and know it. A. I remember the night I staid there I was kept awake quite a length of time by the noise in the street.

Q. Was that done by your people? A. No, sir; by the neighbors themselves.

Q. Were they congregated? A. They marched up and down the street, making all sorts of noise, imitat-

ing those, they shouted "Glory to God!" and "Hallelujah!" They were right under the windows of the people; they would hear them, they would not hear us; we were perfectly quiet.

Q. Relatively, what volume of noise did the people in the street make compared with those on the inside?

A. They were making nearly all the noise a good part of the time.

Q. How long would you keep your meetings open?

A. Ten days the first call.

Q. In the night time, what was the usual experience as to the closing of the meeting? A. 9.30 we tried to close, sometimes as the altar was full of people praying earnestly for pardon we did n't get through; they would continue praying until ten o'clock.

Q. The crowd in the street would keep up the noise later than that? A. Yes, sir.

Q. After the people of the Mount had retired? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did they make as much noise probably as the people in the worship of God? A. A good deal more at times.

Q. Those were the people congregated there apparently for the purpose of making sport of the religious people, were they? A. Yes, sir.

MR. HEATH'S ARGUMENT.

Mr. Heath's argument, in part, was as follows:

May it please the Court, the Honorable Prosecutor, who, with skill and dignity, has faithfully and conscientiously discharged the official duty laid upon him, deems it unnecessary to argue this case, and I shall feel justified in speaking only a few words.

Rev. M. W. Knapp might with implicit confidence

rely on the testimony of Elijah Coombe himself for his acquittal and dismissal.

Your Honor's Court, graced by the presence of Judge Howard Ferris, of the Probate Court of Hamilton County, on the bench beside you, and by the presence of His Honor, Mayor Fleischmann, is glorified by this day's proceeding, not exactly, I believe, as it was intended.

This man comes before Your Honor in response to the strong hand of the law, drawn here to answer for a charge that, as I see it, is not sustained by one iota of testimony. No witness says that M. W. Knapp on the 10th of July was creating any disorder; and if it was the purpose to make him responsible for everybody on the hill for a continuous period of time, there is not a particle of evidence here that Mr. Knapp incited anybody else to make disorder, or that he himself made any disorder. And after all that can be said, and all that has been said, the case is simply the old case which has rung down the ages, Your Honor: the difference between men's opinion—the holy ardor that some people feel; that Divine afflatus which comes into the human soul, which makes one man leap, like Brother Weigele, and wreathes Sister Mary Storey's face with a smile, and makes her voice ring out with what she calls holy joy,—that is something which I can't pretend to describe, but of which Your Honor will know, and which many of these people standing about are interested in and do know; that moves men to go out and devote their lives to the Five Points and the slums to-day; that which aids Chief Deitsch and his whole army of law conservators here; that which lifts people up, so that Your Honor's labors are lightened, so that our prisons are emptied, and we are relieved of our burden of taxes—

these people are moved by that power, and do this sort of thing, and have done it ever since Jesus Christ commissioned them to go and do it. There are men, exercising the right of American citizens, who scoff at it, and will have nothing to do with that sort of thing. Nevertheless, with equal rights for all, these men have sought, as the evidence shows, and as Mr. Knapp's voice has testified, to do only that which Mr. Coombe himself says he would like to have done—that is, make men, women, and children better and purer, and therefore more law-abiding.

Now, I would not for a moment suppose that Mr. Coombe intended, in this heated term, to throw Your Honor's Court, and the whole city of Cincinnati, and the whole State of Ohio, and the whole United States, who have all heard of this celebrated case of Mr. Coombe bringing Rev. M. W. Knapp into the Police Court of Cincinnati—a place where the rapid-fire battery which the law has provided, through Your Honor, dispenses justice instantly and immensely—into a religious ferment. Your Honor would not want to do it any more than the Honorable Prosecutor, or myself, or Mr. Knapp, or any of the noble people following him, would want to do it—to make any disturbance in the community, to make any heated discussion, to excite any religious antagonisms here whatever. If there had been anything wrong done, Your Honor, Chief Deitsch, and the men he instructs and commands, if anybody had made a disturbance, would have put their hands on him and stopped him. Nothing of that kind is in the evidence. It was disclosed in the evidence—that which the Court will take cognizance of—that there was a policeman in there, and that Mr. Martin could and did compliment him on the beautiful order preserved.

Your Honor and I might not be able to coincide with these people in the holy ecstasy they experience. Women like Miss Storey and Bessie Queen, and men like Mr. Weigele and Mr. Knapp, get down on their knees and implore the King of kings for the Divine power, and believe and feel to the bottom of their being that they are clothed upon with the power God Himself gives, and which in its essence is God. If I have never had that experience, I am not able to stand here and deny that blessing has been vouchsafed to those who claim to have it. And in claiming to have it, if they do nothing worse than lift up the fallen and make rescue homes, I say, Godspeed them in the work!

It would almost seem from the evidence and the method of this procedure that an attempt is made to array this Court against a Bible-school and religious movement, an effort put forth to cause a strident blow to smite the beam of the scales of justice, and throw them out of equipoise, so as to declare the right to be wrong. I can not believe that Your Honor would yourself strike or permit such a blow to be struck.

The whole evidence discloses that neither the statute of the State, nor the ordinance of Cincinnati based on it, have been violated by Rev. M. W. Knapp, as charged in the affidavit of Elijah Coombe.

It is true, a rancorous bawl was made by "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," in derision and mockery of enthusiastic religious people who were on their own premises, worshiping, in meetings usually closed at 9.30, and once only out of the total of ten meetings continuing until eleven P. M., while the street in front of God's Tabernacle was filled with a noisy, mocking throng until after Mr. Knapp's followers had become silent and retired to sleep. For these no warrant is sworn out!

The evidence bristles with surprises. It is, in the minds of some, "a disturbing noise" to praise God with a loud voice, as the manner of some is; but by the same people a very healthy and enjoyable "noise" when the street is filled by people come together for the purpose of mockery and in violation of law, to disturb a religious meeting.

To look upon the faces indicating the character of Elijah Coombe and the witnesses produced by him, and contrast them with the face of M. W. Knapp and the men and women who appeared with him and as witnesses in his defense, certainly would not, by any rule of estimation, prove other than flattering to Mr. Knapp and his associates; and that look is decisive. The difference between the spirit exhibited and the testimony given in support of this affidavit and effort of Elijah Coombe, and the spirit of M. W. Knapp and the testimony of witnesses in his defense, is the difference between heaven and hell, between civil and religious liberty and murderous anarchy. The spirit of this man Knapp and his witnesses was clean, and that spirit evidently was the spirit of truth and benevolence, and so characterized and marked their faces as to make them shine like the face of John's angel in the sun.

What is it Elijah Coombe and his advisers expect by swearing out this warrant? Were they expecting that some mysterious spirit evoked by whispering tongues of gossip and lies would threaten and terrify Rev. M. W. Knapp and his associate Christians without regard to denominational distinction, so that they would put their hands on their mouths, and their mouths in the dust, before these assailants, and consent to be declared a nuisance, and driven from their "Mount of Blessings?" What arrogance! What presumption! Since when has

it been possible in Cincinnati, Ohio, that this illegal thing, sought to be done in an illegal way, could meet with the sanction of any court? It is not possible, it will not be possible until civil liberty is dead.

The best citizens—Catholics and Protestants, Jews, Agnostic, and Christian Scientist, rich and poor, white and black, the most learned, and those less learned, the letter and spirit of our law, all bid them God-speed in their good work. I do not believe that any court can be found which would dare, on any such application as that here made, supported by such evidence as is here adduced, do anything else but dismiss this case, and bid the good work of M. W. Knapp and his associates God-speed.

I believe the Court will dismiss this man, who says: "I wish to do nothing unlawful; I never wish to do anything that would militate against the right of any other citizen." If Your Honor sends him out scot free, as we demand he shall be acquitted of any wrong purpose or intent, I undertake to say no man will more heartily join Your Honor and Chief Deitsch and every policeman in the city in trying to abate every nuisance and every irritating cause, and in making men, women, and children better, than he. So I ask Your Honor to decide that this man shall stand forth acquitted, and be permitted to go on with his good work.

DECISION OF THE COURT.

I want to say, Mr. Knapp, some months ago, when you started your school on Prospect Hill, it was hailed with delight by everybody in the neighborhood; and up to the time of your revival you had the good wishes and the good will of everybody up there. Since, these complaints came in about the excessive noise made in

the tabernacle and on the premises; and when I say noise, I speak of the noise as it is defined by our ordinance, which reads, "It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to make any noise, disorder, or tumult to the disturbance of the peace of the city." I want to say a number of children who attended your Sabbath-school have been withdrawn on account of the complaints about the noise you made there during the last week.

I want also to say to you, I do not think anywhere in the great city of Cincinnati you could have found a better place for your very commendable work other than Prospect Hill; but the testimony here this morning, and the names of seventy residents in the neighborhood, say there was disorder, say there was noise, say there was excessive noise. Now, it is anything but a pleasant job to sit here and say whether that noise was such a noise as should be punished, and whether there was disorder—I won't say disorder, I will say there was noise, and such noise as disturbed the neighbors. Mr. Coombe has lived on that hill a great number of years. This is the first time of my knowledge—and I have known him twenty-five years—he has ever meddled with the courts; and Mr. Coombe and the neighbors on that hill have rights the same as you have rights, and you must use your rights so they won't conflict with the rights of Mr. Coombe and the other sixty-nine people that signed that petition. I am informed since the case was brought, when I requested you to close your meetings at nine o'clock, that has been done. Is that right, Mr. Coombe?

Mr. Coombe.—Yes, sir.

All the people up there will be glad to have you there, will be glad to keep you there on this condition,

that their sleep and their disposition are not disturbed. Now, I think you can look after that.

The matter that took place on the 4th of July, when I was present—I won't say what it was. Yes, I will tell you now what it was. One of your people—I do not know his name—a young man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight years, said something I thought horrible. He thanked God, God had saved him from a drunkard's grave, and went on to tell how kind God was to him to save him, and to let him see the errors of his ways. That was all right. Then he said his father was a drunkard, his sister was in a house of ill-fame. Here were fifty children and any number of women standing there. I thought it was awful. If my sister was there, instead of preaching to others, I would save my sister first.

Mr. Knapp.—That party was unauthorized.

The Court.—He was standing up like several others, dressed like the others, standing with half a dozen women. I took that to be an awful thing, and I walked away. That was not the proper thing to say in the presence of a lot of women and children.

I trust in the future there will be no further disturbance. I know this man, and there is not a man who would sooner shake hands with you, and to whom you could sooner go for a donation than Mr. Coombe; and I do not think there is any man who is a better Christian than Mr. Coombe. He has been a Presbyterian all his life. What he objects to, when night comes, he wants to sleep. He can command the city authorities that its officers maintain quiet, so that his sleep and the sleep of his neighbors will not be disturbed.

I find Mr. Knapp guilty, and fine him the costs. The costs will be remitted.

The above and foregoing is all of the decision of the Court.

The Court having found M. W. Knapp guilty, defendant, within three days, filed a motion for a new trial; but the Court overruled the same, and rendered judgment, as appears of record, to the overruling of which motion and the rendering of said judgment defendant excepted, and now comes and tenders this his bill of exceptions, which, having been submitted to Court, as required by statute, is allowed, signed, sealed, and ordered to be made part of the record this day of —, A. D. 1901.

Wm. H. Lueders,
Judge of the Police Court,
Hamilton County, O.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

The following are some of the real facts in this case:

The full gospel was preached at Salvation Park Camp, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and, as is always the case, the following results were produced:

People were pricked to the heart and awakened. They became restless and uneasy. They were disposed to attribute their restless condition to the ministry or the surroundings, or the demonstrations in connection with the services, instead of the fact that the Holy Spirit was showing them their real condition, their real peril, and their need of salvation. One of the complainants said that it was not so much the noise as the songs and the prayers that would keep coming up in his mind and awaken him in the night. The terrors of the law, the awfulness and reality of future punishment, the certainty and solemnity of coming judgment, the damning nature of sin—all combine to produce such

conviction that people frequently break out in tears, and moan, and even scream at their awful peril. As James declares, they "weep and howl because of the miseries that are coming upon them." This occurred at the meeting complained of.

The preaching of a full gospel not only brings conviction, but it brings rejoicing. When the assurance comes that sins are all forgiven, weeping gives place to rejoicing. When Christ triumphantly entered Jerusalem, and the Pharisees rebuked the people for their uproarious shouting, Jesus declared that the stones themselves would cry out if the people should hold their peace. If such expressions of rejoicing were Divinely indorsed when Jesus entered Jerusalem, much more must they meet His approval when such exclamations arise from spiritual temples in which He comes to reign.

The baptism with the Holy Ghost moves to vocal demonstrations. When the people were baptized with the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, their demonstrations were so uproarious that onlookers accused them of being drunk on new wine; and their shouts of joy and gladness were such as to bring the whole city out to their services, and many were converted. The revival services that accompanied the apostles, as recorded in Acts, were of such a nature that when they came into a new place proclaiming the teachings of the New Testament, it was said of them that they "turned the world upside down" also. This was repeated at Salvation Park.

Ezra iii, 12, 13, concerning the dedication of the temple, reads: "But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers who were ancient men, who had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy; so that the people

could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." If such demonstrations at the dedication of a material temple were approved of God, how much more must he not approve of outbursts of joy and praise when individuals throw open the doors of the temple in their hearts to the incoming of the Holy Ghost, to be His, and His alone, forever.

While during this camp-meeting on the Mount of Blessings there was some noise of the rabble on the outside, and doubtless some counterfeit noise in connection with the real demonstration of the Spirit within, yet the great volume of sound so sorely objected to was born of God; and any decision which makes it "disorderly" places it on a par with the reveling of saloons and beer gardens and the drunken brawls of the street. Any decision which does this is a menace to liberty and contrary to the spirit of both civil and gospel law.

The Golden Rule.—To the objection that such demonstrations are a violation of the Golden Rule, we answer that, instead of being a violation, it is simply an exercise of it. If we were being rocked in the cradle of false security, unsaved and exposed to the perils of a broken law and neglected salvation, we would want some agency to wake us up at any cost. Better the loss of a few hours' sleep now than the loss of the soul forever.

Vindicated.—We have the assurance of complete vindication of the charge of "disorderly conduct" before the great white judgment throne, when the "Judge of all the earth" will "do right." However, the unjust judgment is on trial at the bar of public opinion, and will

be heard at the Court of Common Pleas, where a righteous reversal is anticipated.

Interests Involved.—In the meantime, let all of our readers pray for the parties to this wrong, that God may help them to see their error, and do what they can to rectify it. Personally, the Editor of the Revivalist would joyously suffer the reproach attached to the unjust finding, and can, as Jesus commands, “rejoice and be exceeding glad” through it all. The matter, however, has gone to proportions far beyond any individual. The interests of a mighty movement, and of God’s people of every name, are menaced; and the battle is being fought in the name of God Himself and of His people of every name.

Two Kinds of Peace.—The charge that the peace of the neighborhood was disturbed by us, in an evil sense, is untrue. Only noises and disturbances that are contrary to the good of humanity and the well-being of a community can properly be called disturbers of the peace. The gospel of Jesus Christ disturbs the peace of people who are not at peace with God, but not in the bad sense referred to. Jesus Christ declared that He “came not to send peace, but a sword;” and the Word declares that “there is no peace to the wicked.” Such meetings as were held at Salvation Park, and such ministry as that of Christ’s ambassador, who was charged with breaking the peace of the community, in a bad sense, do disturb the false peace that unsaved people are resting securely in, in order that they make their peace with God, and that their peace may be “like a river,” and their righteousness as the waves of the sea. A loyal army patriotically pressing the interests of its government among its enemies might, with as much evidence, be called disturbers of the real peace of the

country, as we the disturbers of the real peace of Christian citizenship.

Appeal a Christian's Privilege.—When Paul was denied justice at home, he appealed to Cæsar, giving a striking New Testament precedent for God's ministers in every age when denied their rights in lower courts to appeal to higher ones.

Our Counsel.—Our trust is solely in God. He is our Counsel, and the Bible is our defense. Because we stated this, and then employed legal counsel, we have been criticised by one of the papers of the city. The criticism is not well taken. The Bible teaches that "in a multitude of counselors there is safety;" and it is both sense and gospel to improve all available light, and use all needed means to defend the truth. This we are doing. When Solomon, Divinely directed, listened to the counselors God chose for him, both he and the kingdom were blessed.

Pray.—We feel that the spirit of liberty and tolerance contained in the Constitution of the United States and laws of the State of Ohio and the gospel liberty conferred by the Son of God upon all His true ministers, demand the appeal be made from a decision which brands the "noise" which is the fruitage of the preaching of a full gospel as "disorderly conduct," and convicts an innocent man contrary to evidence. We ask all the readers of this paper to pray that God's will in the matter may be done, that the mistake made may be, as far as possible, rectified, God glorified, humanity blessed, and the kingdom of heaven thereby advanced.

Others Guilty.—Much of the noise complained of during the meeting was by scoffers on the street, who mocked the demonstrations of God's people, not only disturbing the residents, but the worshipers themselves.

It doubtless was mistaken by people at a distance for a part of the noise of the meeting.

A Blow at Religious Liberty.—The mistaken finding in this case is a blow at religious liberty. It places a threatening club over every gospel meeting that would compel gospel workers to modify their efforts to save the lost to suit the whims of captious critics rather than the needs of the cause and the Spirit and the Word of God.

Loyalty to Authorities.—Civil and religious authority must be maintained. Executors of the law may make mistakes, which higher courts must correct; but they must be respected in their offices. It is only when human laws conflict with the Divine law that an exception is to be made. In such case the higher claim of the King and kingdom must come first, or the violator become the subject of the frown of the "Judge of all the earth."

Lawlessness Encouraged.—One effect of the decision in question is that it encourages the lawless element. The evening following the publication of the result of the trial, there was more impudence and defiance than ever. When a perversion of government oppresses the sacred office and work of a gospel minister and characterizes Pentecostal demonstrations as "disorderly conduct," Satan is pleased, lawlessness is encouraged, and justice weeps.

Two Noises.—The failure to distinguish between legitimate noise, such as is produced by the preaching of the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, such as characterized our meeting here, and illegitimate noises, which come from demoralizing sources, is to be deplored by every Christian and every citizen; for it arraigns virtue at the criminal bar by the

side of vice. No government can retain God's smile and favor and do this.

Inimical to Righteousness.—The findings in this case are directly antagonistic to righteousness. The great aim and object of our meeting was to induce people to give up sin and unrighteousness, and to live soberly and righteously in this present world, as God commands and the law requires. Any mistaken action of the powers that be that would tend to degrade the conservators of such a movement militates against righteousness itself. Any finding which degrades an effort leading to the salvation of multitudes of people, as Salvation Park Camp did, as "disorderly conduct," is inimical to righteousness and good citizenship, and should be corrected.

A Weak Complaint.—The objection that demonstrations in a revival campaign should cease (which is equivalent to the meetings themselves ceasing) on account of sickness in the neighborhood is neither sensible nor Scriptural. During the days and weeks at Pentecost, when religious demonstration was at a white heat, and thousands were converted, there must have been those who were ill in the neighborhood; and there is no record of the meetings being adjourned on that account. A hundred-fold better that a sick person be removed to quieter quarters than that a great work of God, with multitudes being saved, should be stopped. Armies do not stop fighting because cannonading gives some one the headache. No notice of any sick person suffering on account of the meetings, however, was reported to the management.

A Significant Fact.—To the objection that just as much good might be done in quiet meetings there is the answer and the fact that Cincinnati is full of quiet meet-

ings, with few or no people being saved in them; while in only a few days of a meeting in which there was gospel liberty on these lines, multitudes were converted and baptized with the Holy Ghost.

Decrease of Property Valuation.—Reports that the meetings lessened the value of property in the neighborhood were freely circulated, yet prosecution failed to show that in any instance tenants had moved or rents decreased; while the fact is that it is difficult to find rentable property in the immediate vicinity. The fact is there are many people with whom such institutions greatly increase the value of property. Even if this were true, is that any reason why honest, earnest efforts to save souls from sin and death and hell should be abandoned?

A Noisy Dedication.—“But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy; so that the people could not discern the noise of the shouts of joy from the noise of weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a great shout and the noise was heard afar off.” (Ezra iii, 12, 13.)

There is no record of anybody circulating a restraining petition in connection with this “noisy” meeting.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

God has wonderfully blessed our work and workers, having sent from among us Brother and Sister Hirst to open up the work in Africa. They will be joined in a few months by five more. On the 4th of July one man pledged \$2,500 to this department.

In Japan the fire is constantly falling, an average of ten being saved each day. The work is growing so rapidly that they will be compelled to enlarge very soon. Little any one would have thought that quiet Brother and Sister Cowman should be so used of God.

Dark India's cry has reached the hearts of some of our students, and about August 1st a party of five will sail to carry the precious gospel to her.

Our work is constantly growing. Plans are now being made for a girl's dormitory. With the completion of this building, we will be able to better push our rescue work.

A \$2,050 Seal.—The night before the trial God further sealed His blessing, by a friend giving the work \$2,050 in cash, placed in the hands of Brother Knapp.

The arrest, trial, and judgment have brought to us friends that we never knew of from all over the United States. Thus God "makes the wrath of man to praise Him."

The services were mocked by the unsaved crowds on the street. They little dreamed of the awful sword of God's Word, "I will mock at your calamity, I will laugh when your fear cometh," just poised over their heads.

In Good Company.—During all the trial we knew we were in good company, because we were in the line of John Wesley, St. Paul, Knox, Luther, George Fox; but above all, because God says you shall have "fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers, houses and lands in this life with persecutions," and this was being fulfilled.

In Bad Company.—The opposing elements are in the company of evil men, who, like the rich Pharisees of old, think to lay hands on God's work. But they will

find in the day of reckoning that it is an awful thing to break God's command, "Touch not Mine elect, and do My prophets no harm."

Free-will Service.— The workers here are all giving their time, without remuneration, to God's work, seeking the lost, binding up the wounded, praying for and encouraging the weak and helpless, just because the "love of God constrains them." They trust Him to supply their every need, and He does it.

Heaven Rejoicing.— "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." What must it be now? The bells all ringing, the harps playing, the songs of joy and praise filling all the courts of heaven and re-echoing in the hearts of the saved, because not of one sinner "repenting" but many at Salvation Park Camp.

A WORLD-WIDE MOVEMENT.

The movement upon the "Mount of Blessings" is not a private nor local enterprise, but the center of a world-wide work, its supporters being over the United States and abroad, with representatives in Africa and Japan, and about sailing to India. While its light and fire can but prove a benediction locally to all who will welcome it, yet its greater influence is far beyond all local lines, and the results which flow from it are electrifying, not only to the city of Cincinnati, but belt the entire globe. We believe, notwithstanding the dissenting petition that was circulated, that a majority of the earnest, thinking people in the vicinity of the "Mount of Blessings" would patiently put up with any little annoyance that may come from the noise attending the meetings, rather than throw a pebble in the way of such a work.

One of our neighbors just called, stating that neither

she nor her husband had been disturbed in the least by the meetings, but were grieved at the opposition to them.

A BLESSING TO CINCINNATI.

The following are among a few of the ways in which the Mount of Blessings, with its Bible-school and Missionary-training Home and Salvation Park Camp-meeting, is already proving a blessing to Cincinnati:

It has redeemed a piece of property which might have been utilized for purposes hostile to society, and is utilizing it for the upbuilding of humanity, both at home and abroad.

It is bringing many people of good character and soul-winning gifts into a city which needs them.

It is planning rescue work, which in this city is sadly neglected, there being but one mission for that purpose here.

It is giving the city Conventions and park meetings of untold value, affording people of limited means and people who can not take time to leave the city the advantages of a great camp-meeting right at hand, blessings that have been received and welcomed by thousands of people.

It has already brought a number of people into its own vicinity who have rented rooms that otherwise might have been vacant, and others are coming.

It is leading people continually into experiences which cause them to give up sin and lives of iniquity, and live as good Christians and good citizens should.

It increases the valuation of all property in its vicinity with people who welcome New Testament religion, such as is described in the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, which see.

It is already awakening multitudes of people whom Satan has been rocking to sleep in the cradle of false security, and pointing them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. Some wake up mad. Later they will be glad.

It has already proved a blessing, not only to Cincinnati and the home land, but is reaching Japan and Africa and India.

It has brought hundreds of good people here, whose presence has not only been a spiritual blessing, but whose patronage has been helpful to business interests.

Above all, multitudes of souls have been saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost through its influence.

In view of these and other facts that might be named, there is evidence that many who do not agree with all of its peculiarities are glad to exercise a spirit of kind toleration.

VICTORY ASSURED.

When earthly courts determine unjust and afflictive findings, then God's people are "more than conquerors." They rejoice—

(a) Because they are permitted to suffer for righteousness' sake.

(b) Because they are in good company—that of the prophets, apostles, and Jesus Himself; also of all who have been loyal to Him in all the ages.

(c) Because "great is their reward in the heavens."

(d) Because they know that they will be fully vindicated, and their persecutors, if impenitent, punished at the final judgment.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEARING HOME.

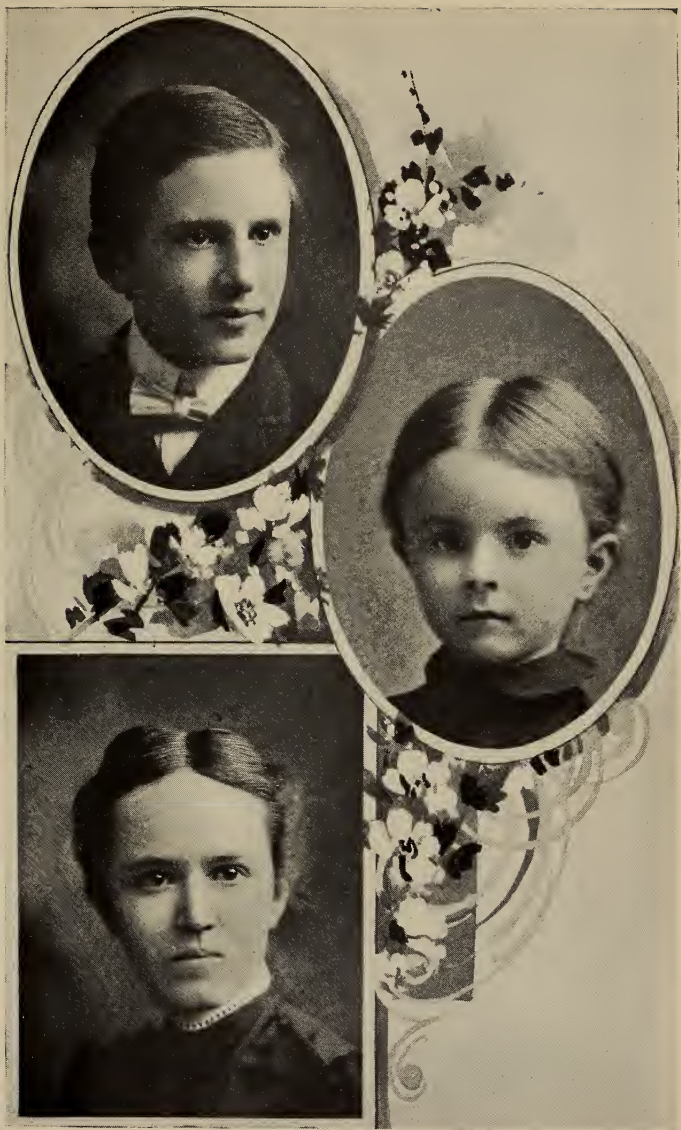
“O for a light from heaven
Clear and divine,
Now on the paths before me
Brightly to shine !

O for a hand to beckon !
O for a voice to say,
Follow in firm assurance,—
This is the way !

Listening to mingling voices,
Seeking a guiding hand,
Watching for light from heaven,
Waiting, I stand.

Onward and homeward pressing,
Nothing my feet would stay,
Might I but plainly hear it,
‘ This is the way ! ’ ”

Others did not see it until afterwards ; but in all these months after that trial until the end, the great soul stood listening for the voices and “watching for light from heaven.” He had caught some foregleams of the coming glory. “Onward and homeward pressing,” constantly conscious that he was drawing nearer his King, he did not care to linger on tardy feet. The candle of his life was burning all too swiftly and brightly in its socket. Eternity was pressing upon him—“just behind the thin veil of things visible, already lifting, dissolving.” The gleam of the palaces of immortality were piercing through. Visions of eternal glory were break-



ANNA. JOHN FRANKLIN. LUCY ELIZABETH.

ing around him. The "ever-haunting splendors" of the city that hath foundations broke upon his eye of faith; and he tightened the girdle of his loins, the latchet of his sandals, and, like an earnest racer for glory, forgot the things that were behind, and pressed toward the goal.

Fortunately for us now, one of his own converts and helpers was with him, watching him with sympathetic eyes and grateful affection during these eventful days. God gave him and his wife dear "Bessie" to comfort and help them. God gave her a gifted pen to tell us of the closing scenes as follows:

"THE LAST COMMUNION.

"It was a Sabbath morning service. The congregation had been singing and praying without any special manifestation of the Holy Spirit. Brother Knapp began reading the story of the crucifixion, and as He read on and on of the cruel scourging of Christ, His being buffeted and spit upon and mocked, the Holy Ghost fell upon him and melted him all down, and he was so filled with emotion that he could scarcely read. As he came to the climax and told of the wonderful love of Jesus, there came over the congregation such a power and unction as we had never before witnessed. It must have been like the day of Pentecost, when they were all with one accord in the upper room, and the Holy Ghost came. From one end of the congregation to the other, with the exception of two people, every one was weeping. Many sobbed aloud. Mr. Knapp himself also could not utter one word; but just sat there with shining eyes and streaming tears. Handkerchiefs were waved, and, like the murmur of the waves of the sea, the subdued exclamations of 'Glory to God!' and 'Amen,' sounded.

“When he could command his voice, Mr. Knapp just quietly said, ‘If there are any here who want to find this wonderful salvation, who want to taste what it is to go alone with Jesus, who are willing to take the cross, to go with Him to Calvary, to crucifixion, anywhere, come now.’ He had scarcely finished uttering the words when, without any singing, or any urging, a number rushed to the altar, until there must have been twelve of fifteen. Without any instructions (they were so broken up, and the Holy Ghost had such control), they began crying out to God to have mercy on them and save or sanctify them, and many of them came through shouting. Mr. Knapp and others often said that they had never been in such a service. None of us have been in such a meeting before or since. None of us dreamed, that sunshiny morning, as we stood there in that room that just seemed full of the presence of God, that it was the last communion we should ever take with Mr. Knapp here. It always seems to me that it must have been something like that Last Supper, that night in Jerusalem, when our Lord gathered with His disciples for the last time, as He gave them the cup and said, ‘But I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of this vine until the day when I drink it new with you in My Father’s kingdom.’ It was wonderful. The solemnity and peace of that hour has come into lives never to be lost, and on the streets of gold we expect to meet souls who were born into the kingdom that morning.

“God gave him such a wonderful love for the boys and the girls in the school. Both he and Sister Knapp were like a father and mother to each of us. He was never too busy, never too weary, to hear a confession

or the story of some one who had been wronged, or to rejoice with some one who had gained the victory, or to pray with some one who was weary or discouraged. Many and many a time, as I sat working in the office, I was asked to leave the room on account of students coming in who wanted to talk to him alone. They brought to him their sorrows, their temptations, their burdens, their joys, and their blessings, and he was always ready and glad to hear them. Many a boy and girl will go out from the Bible-school strong in the Lord because of words of counsel and guidance that he gave in hours of temptation and weakness. He loved them every one as if they were his own children, and always spoke of them as 'our girls' and 'our boys.' Many a time have I seen him bow his head as he sat at the desk, and heard him say, 'The Lord bless the boys; the Lord bless the girls!' Many and many a time, when there would come letters from those who were out in the cold Churches where they received no help, he would bow his head on the desk, and would pray: 'O Lord, keep the boys and girls true. Set them on fire to preach Thy gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth.' (God is wonderfully answering that prayer now.) Once when he was very weary some one said to him: 'Brother Knapp, why don't you have a certain stated time to see the boys and girls, and not permit them to break in on you just any time they desire? In this way you will not tire yourself so much, and will have more time for the great amount of work that is waiting your attention.' With a rare, radiant smile, and a flash of the eye, he looked the speaker in the face and said, 'Ah, but if I did that the tempter might have gained the victory over some soul in the meantime, when God might have used me to have given them one word

that would have helped, and strengthened, and encouraged them.' Never again did I hear any one suggest to him that the boys and girls should not come in at any time; that he was so engaged that it was impossible to see them.

"One evening, when a friend who loved him much, saw that he was so weary and worn, he reasoned with him and said, 'Brother Knapp, you ought to call some one else to come in and let him help the students, and set you free from that kind of work.' He leaned his head on the desk for a few moments, then looked up, with eyes full of tears, and said: "Brother ——, for three or four years before God led to this Bible-school I prayed that He would save, sanctify, and call the boys and girls to the fields, and use them in winning souls to Himself. I prayed that, somewhere, through some one, He would establish a Bible-school where a full salvation should be taught, and the Word and the Holy Ghost have right of way. I never thought then that the work was going to come to me; but God whispered, "You are the man;" and would I be true to my trust if I should allow some one else to come in and deal with the souls God has put in my hands? I love these boys and girls; I expect them to carry the glad tidings to the uttermost parts of the earth. When I meet Jesus in the air, I expect to see some of them from India, from Africa, from Japan, and from the islands of the sea, with the souls God has given them from their countries; and O, what a time that will be! What difference does it make if we are tired here, and weary? The day is coming when we shall never be tired any more, but shall walk and talk in the presence of Jesus, and will be satisfied.' By the time he got through talk-

ing, the friend who made the suggestion was crying, and Mr. Knapp too, and the Holy Ghost put such a hush and solemnity in all our hearts. We little thought, either of us, in listening to him that evening, that only a few short weeks and he would be walking the streets of gold. Of course he would have 'no regrets' then; for the past would all be clear.

"THE RESCUE HOME.

"There was no part of the work that ever lay closer Mr. Knapp's heart than the rescue work. As the girls of the school would visit the hospital, and meet these fallen sisters, and hear their stories, and come to him and talk about them, he would weep and pray and ask God to speedily send the Rescue Home, and send the workers so that we might gather them in. I know that he was deeply interested in their salvation, and his heart yearned to give them a chance to find the Savior. He did not condemn and censure; he had only the pity and love of Christ. But I never knew to what extent it was until last summer. Both Sister Knapp and himself were away. One evening I was called into the dining-room to meet a girl. They did not tell me who it was nor what was the trouble. There stood a young girl, about twenty-two years old, hungry and weary, her hair disheveled, her face and hands soiled, and in her arms a tiny, wee baby, its dress dirty, and the little wrinkled face looked as if it already knew what deep privation and sorrow were. In answer to my inquiries, the girl said that for three years she had been engaged to a young man. He had a position, and claimed to be laying by all of his wages in order to be able to furnish a little home for them both. She worked and saved, expecting to put her share to it also, in the

meantime loving him, and clinging to him, and looking forward to the time when she should be with him as his own wife. But there came a day when he persuaded her to yield to temptation, and then came the story of deception and wrong. Now he was gone, leaving her to face the disgrace and sorrow alone, crushed in heart and soul, with no knowledge of the Savior, no Jesus to whom she could carry her burdens and sorrows. The mother would not allow her to come home. She was turned out to do for herself, and the whole night before, and all day, carrying that little one in her arms, she had walked the streets of Cincinnati, knowing no one to whom she could go for help, and not a mouthful of food. God allowed one of the workers in our Home to find her and invite her to come up here. Gladly the girls who were then in the house took her case in hand, gave her food and a good warm bath, and put her to bed, and helped take care of her little one. Later that evening, as one of the students went into the room, she found her by the bed, sobbing as if her heart was breaking. She asked her gently what was the matter, but received no reply. The girl kept on crying, and the very fountains of her soul were broken up. When pressed for the reason, she said, 'This is the first time that any one has ever been kind to me.' Think of that, reader! Twenty-two years old, and the first time any one had ever been kind to her! We kept her several days, and Mr. Knapp returned home. Picking the little one up in my arms, I went upstairs to the office. I shall never forget his face as I told him the story. It must have resembled the face of Jesus, when he looked upon the woman taken in adultery and said: 'Daughter, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee. Go and sin no more.' With a look of ineffable

tenderness he said, 'Go down and tell her we will do what we can for her for Jesus' sake.'

"Again, another time, another young girl came to us who, when a baby, had been given by her mother to friends. These being Catholic, she was sent to a Catholic parochial school; but her foster parents being poor and illiterate, and having children of their own, paid little attention to her. She was allowed to play out on the streets of evenings until long after night had come, and, of course, became acquainted with sin, and was old beyond her years. It was not long until she had gone down, and when only fourteen had entered a life of shame. Coming to our meetings one evening, when the altar call was given she went forward, and said that she had confessed her sins and that Jesus had forgiven and saved her. Returning to us a day or two later, she said that, her parents being Catholic, she could not be a Christian and remain at home, and because she would not give up Jesus they had turned her out of doors. Mr. Knapp did not hesitate to take her in, and he said, 'We will love her and care for her, and make the best out of her that we can for God and souls.' She could not long stay in the white light of the Bible-school without feeling that she must confess and clear up past wrongs; so she came to Mr. Knapp, and confessed partly; and instead of censuring her, his heart went out to her in great pity, and he said: 'She was only a child. Her influences were all bad. What could you expect?' He said that the omnipotent power of our Christ could transform and change her, and He could make her a flame of fire to carry the glad tidings to other hearts who had been beguiled into sin and wrong. But even though she was here in the Bible-school, where we

could pray for and uphold her, she would let go her hold on God sometimes; and some would feel as though they had dealt with her and prayed for her long enough; but Mr. Knapp would always say when approached on the subject, 'His mercy is not limited, "His ear is not heavy that He can not hear, nor His arm shortened that He can not save," and we will hold her before the Throne.' Then he would talk with her and pray with her. When he was ill the last week he said: 'Be careful and look after ——, because the devil will try to tempt her. Hold her for Jesus, if possible.' When people would send us letters about other cases of this kind, he would weep over them and say: 'Suppose it was my Anna? We must do something for her because she is some mother's daughter, some father's daughter.'

"REVELATION.

"Of all the books in the Bible none was to Mr. Knapp more precious than the Book of Revelation. He reveled in it. When the air was thick with the arrows of holiness fighters—those who misjudged and opposed him—he always was calmed and rested by reading Revelation. 'It made me strong,' he said, 'to face the world, the flesh, and the devil.' He dared to step out on the promises and trust God, and several times have I seen him cry over the verse, 'These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' If any one would talk to him about having a home and things to make life pleasant, he would turn over and read to them about the home he was to have in the New Jerusalem. He loved to dwell on the presence of Jesus, and imagine that he could stand before the Throne on the sea of glass, and hear the chanting of

'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!' He would look up and say when reading that, 'Could any one be so foolish as to miss heaven, sell out the joys of eternal happiness for a few little baubles of this life?'

"While in the Bible-school here he had only one room where he could be alone—his bedroom—and even there folks would come and talk to him, and people would sometimes say to him, 'Would you like to have a quiet home of your own, Brother Knapp?' He would always answer, 'Glory to God, we are going to have a home, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."' During the latter part of his life this love of Revelation increased, and 'Redeemed by the Blood,' was only written through the love throbbing in his own soul for the New Jerusalem. He talked so much about it that he made us hungry for heaven. The last sermon he ever preached in the tabernacle was from this book. He expected, if God spared him, to take up the whole book from Sabbath to Sabbath, as the Lord led; but three Sundays later he was reveling in Revelation; he was walking the streets of gold and joining in the song himself. We all have a greater love for that book, and a more settled determination to meet him in heaven than ever before. He lived so close to the heart of God, and poured over His Word so much, and became so hungry for heaven, that the earthly fetters dropped off, and God just took him. Just a day or two before he became ill his mother said to him, 'Martin, what makes you work so hard, you are wearing yourself out.' He answered, '*Mother, when I see preachers backsliding and Church members going to hell by the thousands, I feel as if I would like to pour out my life for God, and then go home and be with Him.*' God gave him his wish, and allowed him to pour out his very life-blood for the cause he loved so well.

"UP IN HEAVEN.

"A few weeks before Mr. Knapp was called home, the Lord gave one of the office girls a song, 'Up in Heaven.' She had been praying that He would give her one piece for the new book, and He answered. Brother Knapp seemed greatly touched over the words, and urged her to pray down a tune. This was something new for her; but he was so persistent in the request that she kept praying about it, and one day came into the office and said she believed the Lord had answered and given her the tune. He said, 'Sing a verse of it.' She sang,

'Sometimes here the shadows fall,
But in heaven, but in heaven,
Sadness never comes at all,
Up in heaven, Up in heaven ;
Sorrow there can never stay,
God shall wipe all tears away,
O, I 'm going there to stay,
Up'in heaven, Up in heaven.'

(This verse was slightly rearranged afterwards.) When she finished singing he was looking at her with a look she will never forget. His eyes were wet with tears, and she could not understand why it should move him so. He told her brokenly that God had given the right tune for the piece. He spoke of the piece often afterwards, and seemed to love it, and a day or two before he passed away this sister came into the room and said, 'Brother Knapp, do you know me?' and he answered, 'Yes, you are the one that wrote "Up in Heaven."' How blind we were! No wonder he loved everything that had heaven in it; for his weary feet were almost pressing upon its borders, and earth was slipping away from him forever.

"FOR AFRICA.

"Brother Knapp had a great love for the foreign fields. His heart seemed to yearn over them. It seemed to him, sometimes, almost as if he would have to fly and carry the messages of salvation himself. He was always so glad God had called Sister Finney, and prayed that she might be settled, established, and developed, and given the gift of winning souls before she should go to Africa, and God wonderfully answered in this respect. When Elizabeth, his sister-in-law, was called, he was greatly rejoiced, and praised God and said: 'I would give John, or Anna, or Lucy to the jungles of Africa or the burning sands of India, or any place, no matter how hard, that God wants them. I would be sure to meet them again in the air with the souls God had given them.' He felt, in sending Elizabeth and Sister Finney, as if he was sending his own children. He loved them and depended upon them. When hard questions came up and needed to be settled he would always say, 'Get Sister Finney and Elizabeth and let them go off somewhere and pray,' and he would urge them until they would pray the matter through. It seemed as though they were his right-hand workers; and although they longed to go to Africa, and Sister Finney said it seemed as though 'her very soul would fly out of her body,' yet he did not feel that God's time had come until along in October. God had laid upon us a great burden for that country, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest-field, and call and equip others. One day Bessie came into the office, and as she came near his desk his head was buried in his hands; but he raised his face and looked at her, and his eyes were shining with such a strange look, and they were

wet. He said, throwing out his right hand, 'Bessie, God wants our girls in Africa.' She asked him what he meant. He answered and said: 'God's marching orders for Sister Finney and Elizabeth are at hand. He is nearly through with them in the Bible-school. I do not know why, but we must be getting them ready to go. I believe He wants them to farewell at the Christmas Convention.' Then, with a quick flash of countenance, he said, 'But O, we shall miss them; they have been such a blessing and inspiration in our lives!' It was wonderful how God laid the burden of their going on Sister Knapp, and their tickets were purchased and everything pushed forward with great rapidity. It seemed almost strange that God's message should come so quick. Everything was arranged for their going before he became ill. When giving directions before he died he said: 'Now I understand why God's command was so sudden. He wanted everything fixed so that there would be no delay, and the girls must go just the same if He takes me.'

"Numbers of times, when he would ask Sister Knapp or Bessie if they did not feel that God wanted them to take a service in the tabernacle or hold meeting outside somewhere, and they would hesitate from natural timidity, he would smile and say: 'God will have to take me; then you two will walk with rapidity in His footsteps. You will never be at your best for God until after He calls me. The burden and responsibility will drive you to your faces in a new sense, and you will have to bank on God where you now bank so much on me. You will then realize that the source of all strength is found only in Jesus.' And that has certainly proved true since his going. When the difficult problems come

up—problems that seem so hard to settle—we have to take them alone to the Lord and wait on Him.

“SATURDAY NIGHT.

“He was always so forgetful of self; no matter if he was weary, no matter if his head ached, if a soul could be reached he was satisfied. The Saturday before his illness he had a high fever during the day and an intense headache; but he would pay no attention, and steadily worked on with no thought of self, and when we tried to persuade him to rest for just a little while, he said, ‘No, it will pass away after awhile, and God will help me without resting.’ He did not know he was only seven days from eternal rest. He worked hour after hour. In the evening after supper he began writing articles by hand, as the stenographers were so rushed with work themselves; and when one of the girls came up at nine or ten o’clock, she was startled by the look of intense weariness on his face, and made some exclamation about it, and offered to take some of his work; but he said so gently and kindly, ‘No, I will finish this; you are all doing all you can.’ He worked on until almost eleven o’clock, and the next Saturday evening, about the same time, he was passing through the gates into ‘the city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.’ As we went into the office that Sunday morning and looked at his desk, and saw the articles with the papers and books lying just as he had left them, we thought of the souls who would read his articles and be urged on to a real walk with God, and taste for themselves what it means to live a life hid with Christ in God, and that he was now experiencing what he had talked so long.

"CONSUMING PASSION FOR SOULS.

"Several weeks before he became ill there was a call pleading with him to come to a little town away down in the heart of the Kentucky mountains. He did not see how he could go, and yet the call was so urgent that it rang in his soul; and they pleaded that he would not send any one else, but 'come himself.' His work was so rushing here that it seemed impossible for him to leave; yet he held the matter before God until he was clear that the Lord led that way. He had to ride twenty-four miles up the mountain-side in a stage-coach, and the grade was so steep that he got out and ran on ahead of the horses. On one side of the mountain he came to a poor, forlorn little cabin, the windows gone, desolation and deprivation written all over it. Taking a little Testament from his pocket, he climbed rapidly up the steps until he reached it, and then went in and talked to them about Jesus, and read the Word, and prayed with them before the coach caught up with him. He had a consuming passion that men and women should be saved. This little incident is only one of many which were thickly sprinkled through his life.

"Further up the mountain he found a big, bold-faced rock, and sitting down he wrote on it, 'Prepare to meet thy God,' and asked the Lord to use it in convicting some lost soul of his need of a Savior, claiming the promise that His Word should not return unto Him void.

"PREVAILING PRAYER.

"He believed that when a soul was right with God, and knew Him in His saving and sanctifying power, he could prevail with God in prayer, and he would so many

times call, 'Holy Ghost, have right of way!' God came down and answered. He would groan, and agonize, and weep, and fast, and pray that souls should be born into the kingdom, that the gift of faith should be given for the mission fields, that the money needed for all parts of the work should be sent in. God answered. He believed that you could step out on the promise of God, and stand there, and that God would never let you fall, but would see you through. No matter if carnal ecclesiastics should try to dissuade, friends should counsel and advise, loved ones should plead, enemies deride, and so-called holiness professors oppose, when God spoke he would go through, he would obey. He always had a fear of not keeping in step with God. He said he did not want to 'lag behind,' and did not want 'to run ahead;' but just wanted to 'keep in step with God;' and as long as he was there he was safe, and the Lord wonderfully blessed him and helped him."

People wonder at the success of the Revivalist. Well, here are the principles on which Brother Knapp ran it, written by himself. There is no patent on it. All the religious editors can adopt them who will. But the trouble is, not one religious editor in fifty will so run his paper; and the people have found it out.

"THE REVIVALIST.

"The interests of the kingdom of heaven to-day call for a weekly paper which shall meet the following conditions:

"(a) Be on the broad Bible basis.

"(b) Free from bigotry and sectarianism, and adapted to circulation among believers of every name.

"(c) Loyal to Christ and His Church, and a foe to all counterfeits of either.

“(d) Fearless and Christlike in controverting error wherever found.

“(e) That will feed spiritual life, and fight the foes that would destroy it.

“(f) That will mightily magnify the fully sanctifying baptism with the Holy Ghost as the very mainspring of experimental spirituality, and at the same time neither substitute it for the other parts of the watch, or them for it.

“(g) That is a relentless foe to worldliness, formality, compromise, and every enemy of the true believer. Free from dependence on human dictators or worldly advertisements.

“The Revivalist is such a paper.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

EMANCIPATION.—TRANSLATION.

“ Why be afraid of Death,—as though your life were breath?
Death but anoints your eyes with clay,—O glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn;
Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you are dead
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

‘The dear ones left behind!’ O foolish one and blind!
A day, and you will meet; a night, and you will greet!

This is the day of Death, to breathe away a breath,
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life,

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear,
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last the best.”

—M. D. BABCOCK, D. D.

“When Sir Walter Scott was approaching his end, he said to Lockhart: ‘I may have but a minute to speak to you, my dear. Be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.’ A pensive testimony, yet how tender and honest!’—T. T. MUNGER.

“Death is the liberator of him whom freedom can not release, the physician of him whom medicines can not cure, and the comforter of him whom time can not console.”

When I was a youth in my teens I remember reading the biography of a noble young man who died fighting for his country. I have forgotten his name and

every line of the book but one sentence: "That life is long which answers life's great end."

Measured by achievements, by results, by influences started, agencies inaugurated, forces set in motion, godlike thoughts, and holy deeds, our brother's life was long, though it closed at the early age of forty-eight. For, as a poet observes:

"We live in *deeds*, not years; in *thoughts*, not breaths;
He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

His dear wife writes pathetically of these last days: "He was constantly misunderstood, actions and motives misjudged, and when he stepped out of the Methodist Church and took his stand on Church relations, so many old friends dropped him, and he was criticised by friends and all, and such a pressure was brought to bear from every source, so much was crowded in the one last year, that he grew homesick, and longed for heaven or Jesus to come. It seemed God just let him go. He had n't taken medicine for years, and had been wonderfully healed many times; but this time no one could get hold. One night sixteen students prayed all night, and about four o'clock A. M. such rest and assurance came they thought it meant his healing.

"I was so confident God could n't possibly spare him at this time of the work that I never could think he would go; and up to within one half hour of his death, I expected him to be healed. I have n't gotten over the surprise yet, that God could spare him, though I know now he wanted him there. I believe it was God's time, and had he wanted him here he could have kept him from overwork. On Wednesday before he died he said he wished he could take the baby with him (now five years old), and she constantly wants to go.

"I send you a copy of Mr. Knapp's last work, the song-book, and you can see from his last songs where his heart was. He specially loved 'Redeemed by the Blood;' tears would come and his face shine when it was sung. 'Up in Heaven' was written by his stenographer, a beautiful spirit with us still.

'Soon I'll end my pilgrim journey
In a house not made with hands.'

That hymn means so much to me. I did not know that it was written until I heard it sung in the tabernacle after his death, and it overcame me. These were his latest songs. We can look back now and see how he was ripening for heaven, and how God let him tell us all through the summer his thoughts and wishes about almost every detail of the work."

And so this mighty worker finished his task at an early hour of life's day. God gently kissed the weary eyelids of the toiler into slumber, and gave His beloved sleep.

"Years ago, while an invalid, whom friends and relatives and doctors said must die, one moonlight night, in a little tent on the shores of Lake Michigan, God came to Brother Knapp and gave him the promise that he would heal him. And some way a panoramic view came before his eyes of all the work of the future. From that time he began to amend." Thus writes "Bessie;" and she add the following account of the last days and hours:

"This past year the work greatly increased, and he would be up late and early, and always at it—so self-denying and so self-sacrificing; no money to be spent for his personal comforts. God must have it all. Any little thing in the world that he could think of that he

could do without he did, so as not to spend the Lord's money. Many, many times this past winter have I seen him sit at his desk and cry, 'O my God, my God! won't You hurry and wake up people?' He would just groan under the burden of souls, and that God should soon send forth laborers. He walked and talked and lived in the light of the judgment, uncompromising on every line; and when his fidelity to God and a full salvation lost to him the fellowship of the Michigan Methodist Episcopal Conference, whom he so much loved, and of other people who would have been his friends if he had not lived so close to God and walked in the light of the Bible, he would say to us: 'Glory to God! I will stand true if everybody on earth goes back. I will be true to God.'

"We can look back now, and see, for the last two months, how marvelously he was ripening for heaven. God gave him beautiful songs; but they almost all ran along the line of heaven. He got so homesick for God, many an evening he said, 'If Jesus would only come to-night, I would be so glad to see Him.' The last month especially he talked so much of the Lord's coming, and took up the Book of Revelation to explain to the class, little knowing how quickly he should know and understand the whole book in the light of the City itself. He was always so tender and patient with all of us, no matter what we would do. Not once in my life here in two years can I look back and say that he ever caused me a needless hurt or pain; and when I was tempted and tried or tired, he would have some tender, gentle word of cheer. O I just praise God because I have been here for these two years, and that He ever sent Brother Knapp to Cincinnati to wake me up!

"His illness was only one week. He was translated

at eleven o'clock Saturday night, December 7th, and was conscious almost to the last, knowing us all, and tenderly talking and giving us words of encouragement. On Friday night, although suffering the most intense agony, when one of the nurses stooped over and said, 'Brother Knapp, do you know me?' he answered, 'Yes;' and shortly afterward he turned to her and said, 'Wake them up, wake them up!' and she said, 'Wake whom up, Brother Knapp?' thinking he meant the students, and he answered, 'Wake up the souls that are going to hell.' A little later another one waited on him, and he gave her the same message.

"On Saturday morning, although very, very near the City, so near he could almost look in, another of the nurses stooped over and said to him, 'Brother Knapp, do you know me?' Calling her name, he said: 'O yes, I know you. Are you on your way to heaven?' She tried to turn the answer off, but three times he repeated the question until he made her answer. And when several of the boys were waiting on him afterwards, he prayed, 'Lord, bless the boys!'

"On Wednesday afternoon he talked to me about the plans of the work, telling me that it should go on the same as it had gone on, and that he had made Mrs. Knapp, Sister Mary Storey, and myself the trustees, as he knew we would hold it to the same line as he had been doing, without one iota of deviation. He planned who should be the teachers in the school, and the editors of God's Revivalist, etc. We three feel the weight of the responsibility that he laid on our shoulders; but we know that God is equal to every emergency, and that He is going to see us through.

"He was sick in bed only a week, and did not seem very ill until Thursday night; but the doctors whom

we called to hold a post-mortem examination told us that the internal organs showed that he had been over-worked six months before this, and that when the fever came he had no vitality whatever to resist it, and that for two weeks before taking to his bed he had had it while walking around and preaching and teaching and attending to his work.

“There were many, many prayers went up to God for his healing. One night sixteen students prayed all night, and God gave a marvelous rest in our hearts and quietness and peace; and we all thought he was going to get well; but he was going to be well with God up in heaven. The whole time of his illness he preached and talked about God and being true to Him. On Friday night, although suffering most intensely, after doing some little thing for him, I knelt down by his side to see if he was asleep, and softly and gently his two hands reached out and rested on my head, and he prayed God to give me a double portion of His Spirit, with words that will stay with me forever. Somehow that blessing has made me strong to go on and fight for God as never before.

“As he lived in life, so will he be buried—in simplicity—on Tuesday afternoon, December 10th, at two o’clock. There will be no crapes, nor mourning robes, as per his request. The body, according to one of his latest requests, will be cremated Tuesday afternoon and the ashes put into a little urn and sealed. There has always been a saying that no great work is ever accomplished unless it is sealed by the lives of those who love it; and this has been true in his case. He was a martyr to the work here. Last summer he was telling us how much he loved the place and loved the work and loved

God, and said, when he slipped off to heaven he expected to come back and watch over us, and that he would like for his ashes to be buried in the Tabernacle; so on Thursday, the 19th of December, at two o'clock, there will be a memorial service in charge of Brother Rees, and the ashes will be buried beside the cornerstone, in which are sealed all the names of the Revivalist subscribers. Thus his ashes will rest right beside those whom he so much loved and poured out his life for. We feel that it will be an inspiration to us, and make this Tabernacle more sacred. We miss him so much, but God needed him in heaven, and took him, and we have, not one of us, one thing in our hearts except 'Amen' to the will of God; and, while we do not understand it, it will work out to His glory. We would not call him back to bear the storms and the tempests, if we could; but O, how we need the prayers of God's Revivalist family that God will give us just the needed wisdom and the needed strength that He has promised!

"God was good to him in his death. There was no struggling or gasping. He just lay quietly on the pillow, and breathed slower and slower, and, like some one going to sleep, he slipped into heaven. His face, which had been so white and wan and full of pain, after he had gone was changed. Somehow it seemed like the first glimpse of heaven must have left its imprint on the clay; and the features bore a calm, sweet rest that told only of the rest of God. Somehow his going has brought heaven very close to all of us. Some weeks ago, while preaching in the Tabernacle, he was picturing to us what it would be to hear God's 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;' and as he thus spoke, his face had a strange, unearthly beauty, which sent a chill to my heart;

for I was afraid he was close to the time when he would go from us to hear that sentence. God is proving Himself to us, and keeping us in perfect peace. Brother Knapp has just joined the 'Welcoming Committee' about whom he talked so much. We loved him; but God loved him more. We needed him; but God needed him more. And we do not know but what he will come to-morrow with Jesus to catch us all up. It has helped our eyes to be fixed in the upward gaze for the coming of the Lord. And while he has gone on before, yet his life and his work will speak and preach for Jesus."

When dear Dr. Keen died a few years ago so prematurely, as it seemed to his friends, burned out by the consuming fire of his zeal, Brother Knapp wrote the following poem, which applies to himself more appropriately even than it did to Dr. Keen. Brother Knapp died at an earlier age and after more amazing and consuming labors. This hymn was used at the funeral:

' I HAVE NOW NO REGRETS.'

"Shortly before his translation Rev. S. A. Keen, the Pentecostal pastor-evangelist, said: 'They think I have worked too hard; but I have now no regrets, and if I could I would do it all over again.'

" 'I have now no regrets!' for the past is all clear,
 With its labor of love for my Savior so dear;
 On his errands so sweet I have sped with delight,
 All my pleasure by day and my song in the night.
*'I have now no regrets!' bless the Lamb that was slain!
 'If I could I would do it all over again.'*

'I have now no regrets!' what a comfort that day,
 As the scenes of this earth were all fading away,
 To possess the assurance this blessing did bring,
 And while passing from earth so triumphantly sing—
*'I have now no regrets!' bless the Lamb that was slain!
 'If I could I would do it all over again.'*

As the souls of the saved shall in glory appear,
 Who were rescued or filled through his labors while here;
 Who shall say but his song in glad notes full and free,
 To the music of heaven forever will be—
'I have now no regrets!' bless the Lamb that was slain!
'If I could I would do it all over again!'

'I have now no regrets!' should the summons to-day,
 Which we all very soon must receive and obey,
 Should it come, on our lips would the same message ring,
 Could we join the same song and as joyfully sing?—
'I have now no regrets!' bless the Lamb that was slain!
'If I could I would do it all over again.'"

The funeral services were very simple, yet withal exceedingly tender and solemn. The large audience-room nearly filled with people; the windows draped in white; the black coffin bearing the last remains of our loved friend and brother; the precious stillness, broken only by the tones of the leaders, and the heart-sobbing of loved ones. No ostentation or show. He was dressed in the same suit he wore when with us. The hair was brushed back from the high white forehead, while on the face rested a look of peace and rest that was born in heaven—so still, so calm, so tender. It was no wonder, as the friends came and looked in his face for the last time until we meet our Lord in the air, many gave way and could not contain their grief.

I shall never forget the impressions of that service. My heart came into a new consecration and union with Jesus, the world slipped away, and we seemed to stand even at the gates of the New Jerusalem. O beloved, it pays to serve God with all the heart, strength, and soul!

The students sang, "I have no regrets."

PRAYER BY BROTHER GODBEY.

“We give Thee glory for a Savior, just such a Savior as we need—a Savior in youth, a Savior in life’s vigor, a Savior in declining years, a Savior when soul and body separate. O what a wonderful Savior we have!

“Pour on us the Spirit for Jesus’ sake. Do, Lord, send the Spirit to every soul in this presence! We glorify Thee for the life of our precious brother. We magnify Thee for the forty-eight years Thou didst permit him to shine upon the earth; and we adore Thee for the blessed assurance that he now shines in bright glory, and will shine with ever-increasing splendor before the throne of God. He had loved ones gone before. O, he is happy since he went thither at midnight, at the winding up of the last week, and has enjoyed a glorious Sunday in heaven; began the week in the sun-bright clime!

“Lord, we magnify Thee for Thy signal mercy, for his wonderful life upon the earth. We glorify Thee for the nine bright, fresh, and beautiful books he has written on holiness, which have been an inspiration to thousands, and will continue to quicken the tread of the millions marching to glory so long as the world continues. We glorify Thee for his trenchant pen, which has sent the Revivalist around the world preaching the everlasting gospel of the cross. We glorify Thee for all of the books he published and sent to the ends of the earth on missions of love and mercy.

“We magnify Thee for Thy unutterable grace displayed through his instrumentality. Lord, we praise Thee, and we are utterly incompetent to praise Thee as we ought for the wonderful light, labor, and effi-

ciency of this dear, good man. O my Lord, my Lord, how we do extol and glorify Thee! Lord, we need him here; but, Lord, Thou dost make no mistakes. Thou dost need him more in heaven than on earth. In Thee we do rejoice on this funeral occasion. Now so pour out Thy Spirit that we may go down deeper in Thy sweet will than ever before, and make this an epoch in our history, and enable us all here to raise our Ebenezer, and to proclaim to men, angels, and devils, Thus far hath the Lord helped me. So let all profit by the bright and beautiful, exemplary, aggressive life, and set out afresh for heaven and after glory run!

“We commend to Thee his venerable mother in life’s evening, but courageous for Thee, for truth and righteousness. May she not think she has lost her son! He is real as he ever was, and living in a better country than ever. O let her not say, ‘I lost my son;’ for it is a mistake! Sustain her in life’s evening; give her many days to glorify Thee here.

“His wife! Showers of blessings on her, sunbursts of light and glory on her for the great responsibility! As this good man communicated to me, he thought of going away to live with the angels pretty soon, and his arrangements for his wife to succeed him. Lord, put Thy hand on her. Thou canst give her all the help she needs; so just now put Thy great hand upon her, and fortify her against every doubt, and every fear, and every misgiving. Make her courageous to walk out in the footprints of her glorified husband. My Lord, I feel Thou art even now preparing her for the responsibility; so this good man translated will still live on in the personality of his better half.

“Put Thine hand on his only son, dear Johnnie. We give Thee glory for Thy sweet grace which has already

reached him. We praise Thee for the bright grace of his youth, going back to his childhood. Do, Lord, inspire him, inspire the saints in his behalf, that Johnnie shall rise up and be 'Brother Knapp' number two! Spirit of the Lord, I feel Thou art coming right now, putting a double portion upon the survivors.

"Dear daughter Anna! O bring her, like Mary of old, to sit at Thy feet, and, like Martha, to serve the blessed Master diligently! May the little girl be an angel of mercy, growing up to glorify Thee! Spirit of the Lord, rest upon the colaborers, too many to tell Thee about, whose names are in the Book of Life. Sister Storey! A thousand blessings upon her! Prepare her for her arduous labors.

"These dear sisters who are so soon going to Africa to the people there; all these young people in the Training-school here, learning the gospel,—may they go out preaching the Everlasting Word! Let them not think their leader is gone; for the Holy Ghost is their Leader. He can lead through any human instrument. Blessed Lord, we turn over to Thee the Training-school. We plead with Thee, for Thou canst do it,—make the translation of Brother Knapp a sunburst of light and wisdom and blessing on the Training-school and the audiences that gather in this Tabernacle, the gospel Church Thou hast built up. My Lord, Thou didst wish Brother Knapp to launch this beautiful and glorious institution; and it is here on the mountain-pinnacle, like Jerusalem on the summit of Mount Zion, and shining out over the Holy Land in all directions. So we have faith in Thee to make this a gospel tabernacle, so beautifully named 'God's Tabernacle.' O what a sweet and glorious name! Make God's tabernacle a perpetual shining light to this city!

“And Brother Knapp’s camp-meeting, running so long, Thou hast so signally blessed! We believe Thou art going to keep Thy hand on it for Thy honor and glory. And we plead with Thee in behalf of his publications. My Lord, lay Thy hand on this good wife in all the publishing work. O what a privilege it is—these grand enterprises! We have faith in Thee that they may not only live and grow, but will shine with everlasting splendor until it encircles the globe.

“We remember before Thee the missionaries of Japan, India, and Africa. Thy hand on them. Forbid that the enemy should discourage them by the news of the glorification of our brother. It will sadden their hearts as it does ours; for we so much regret to have him absent from us; but, Lord, make it an inspiration to bring them nearer to God, so that they may no longer look to Brother Knapp, but look to the Lord, and sink away into God deeper and deeper.

“We pray for the entire Holiness Movement from ocean to ocean. Thou hast taken the most aggressive warrior we have had. His battle-cry leaped from ocean to ocean, and beyond the seas, and cheered many hearts in heathen lands. Thou hast taken him away. Make his beautiful life an inspiration to all the holiness people. His energy, his indefatigable perseverance, is ineffaceable on the hearts of the holiness people. Spirit of the Almighty, come wonderfully on the holiness people! The Lord enable us to be true with everybody, an angel of mercy, preaching to the hellward-bound millions, and sending the gospel to the heathen, and, like the loving brother, preaching to the saints of all the nations, and doing our utmost to bring people nearer to God. O Spirit of the Almighty, I do believe Thou art going to make the glorification of our dear

brother an inspiration to the Holiness Movement in the earth, and I believe his books will be read with a deeper preciousness; and, as Thou hast said, 'They shall rest from their labors, and their works do follow them,' and so we have faith in Thee to push on this, our dear brother's work.

"O my Lord, make it like an inundating river, like a swelling sea, rolling on to the ends of the earth! And now, as we shall be called away, one by one, O how glad we will be to meet our Brother Knapp in bright glory, and bring him encouraging words about his work here! Let the Spirit of the Lord from heaven descend and rest upon every human spirit! Inspire every one to drive a stake and say, 'Henceforth I will live nearer God, and will be more courageous for God and righteousness.'

"Now, Lord, there are broken hearts all around here. Specially in the home there is a bereavement we can not condole; but O, we do magnify Thee for the infallible Comforter, and turn over all these broken hearts to Him! He can comfort them. O my Lord, my Lord, the Comforter! we plead for the bereaved ones and for all assembled ones in this dispensation of Thy providence. I know my Lord leads, and we take courage, and set out afresh for heaven, and after glory run. When the roll of this congregation is called beyond the stars, let none be missing, let all be found washed in the blood of the Lamb. Thine the glory. Amen."

Sister E. D. Ferle, missionary to Africa, sang "Redeemed by the Blood," one of the songs God gave to Brother Knapp shortly before he went to heaven, and published in "Bible-songs of Salvation and Victory."

"SERMON.

W. B. GODBEY.

"This is certainly a surprise to me. Brother Knapp and myself have been intimately associated in our work for the Lord for eight years—perhaps, or nearly. I am twenty years his senior. Though I am on the outlook for my Lord daily, but if He tarrieth and sends an angel to call me away, as He did my brother, I had already selected Brother Knapp to preach my funeral. It illustrates the maxim, 'Man proposes, but God disposes.'

"In the thirty-eighth verse of the third chapter of Second Samuel: 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'

"Brethren, I remember the old Latin maxim, 'Speak no good of the living, nor ill of the dead;' but it is all right to encourage the living with reference to the dead. I use this text because it applies beautifully to our dear brother. A 'prince' means a leader. He was one of those born to lead. He was one of the most humble, unassuming men I ever knew in my life. God made him a leader, a leader of Israel's hosts. He has always been that, and, though comparatively young when the Holiness Movement was launched, by the Spirit he has always been in the front, and 'a prince and a great man.'

"You may think we ought not to use that in reference to Brother Knapp. Of course, I would not, if he were living. It is all right now by way of encouraging the living. He was no ordinary man. He stood above his fellows. Those well acquainted will corroborate me; so he was, just as this says, 'a leader and a great man.' There is one thing I might say, You know the

reason why he was a more efficient writer than speaker, while he was a good speaker; but, beloved, the solution of that is this: I believe he had the most active brain I ever came in contact with. The reason he could write better than he could speak is that his mind ran away with all words, until language was beggared in effort to utter his thoughts, moving in panorama before him, and flashing in sunbursts around him; and so it was the wonderful activity of his mind. I am satisfied that I never saw a man whose mental activity and brightness was like his. That is the reason he lies there now. The postmortem solution was that he was worn out, and that, of course, the fever was merely incidental in the matter; but the constitution was worn out and gone. I have always been afraid, and consequently have done my best to put the brakes on him; but we could not all do that, and the solution of his comparatively short life is the fact that the intellectual predominated over the physical power—too much mentality for the amount of bodily power—and consequently the body wore out prematurely before the mind. You need not look on this as a novelty. He told me that twenty years ago physicians told him he could not live.

“He was a regular incarnation of energy. You just could not keep him still to save your life. O how wonderfully enterprising he was! And the result was, intellect ran away with the body. It was too much for the material organism. We should not indulge in criticism at this point, because it is certainly better to do our work quickly and go to heaven and enjoy it. There are so many about rusting out. Better wear out than rust out, and then go to glory. He gave others a better example, and did all the work you can any way. That was just why this brother did move at racehorse

speed, and the result was his body wore out and broke down with overwork, like Brother Moody and many others. So, beloved, you are in the midst of his enterprises all around you. I dare say Cincinnati never has had a citizen who has brought into it so many enterprises, and not worldly—all for God. We would not claim infallibility for our dear brother: he was, like the rest of us, liable to mistakes.

“John Wesley, preaching Fletcher’s funeral, said, ‘There lies in that coffin the most saintly man I ever knew, and I never expect to know another such till I to glory go.’ So, beloved, he corroborates this text very beautifully. I hope you will all pray for the surviving members of his family, pray for his enterprises, pray for his work. Do you carry it all up to God, and He will do wonders; and O, do implead the blessed Holy Spirit to inspire you all with a double portion of faith for these enterprises which our brother has incorporated.

“Now, I believe the Lord wants me to take another text. You will find it in the twenty-sixth verse of the eleventh of St. John, ‘And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.’ Good Lord, shine that truth into every heart in this presence! Death is man’s word. Jesus refused to use it when He was on the earth; and He said of Lazarus, after he was dead, ‘He is not dead, but sleepeth, and I go to awaken him out of his sleep.’ Do n’t say he died. Good Lord, deliver us from the parlance of the world! And sanctification takes the world out of us; and hence we ought to drop the parlance of the world, and now, as our Savior refused to use the word ‘dead,’ even when He went to raise Jairus’s daughter from the dead, He said, ‘She is not dead, but sleepeth;’ and they mocked Him because they

thought He meant physical death. So let us all take in our Savior's blessed words, 'And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die;' so it follows as an irresistible sequence from the infallible declaration of our Savior that, after all, our brother is not dead.

"When I received a telegram Sunday evening, living out in the country, had to walk in the rain at night and take the train to come here, I lay down and went to sleep a little; and in my sleep I actually saw him alive. That was after he was dead in the manner of human phraseology. It is a beautiful illustration of this declaration of our Savior. He that liveth and believeth in Him shall never die. Our brother had spiritual life, and believed in Jesus; and he is not dead. His good wife is not a widow in the estimation of angels and God, because her husband is as really in heaven as he was on earth, and in much better environments; and his sister-in-law I met awhile ago, her brother is as real as ever; and the dear mother, the son is alive—glory to God!—and the daughters, he is still alive—praise the Lord!—and living in a much better place than ever before, and living where he never can die. Here, of course, he might have died spiritually, but his probation is over, and the victory won, and heaven gained, and glory has superseded grace, and earth has been exchanged for heaven; and so he sings the songs of triumph and victory, and preached a salvation that gives it in this life; but now he is on the mount of victory, and shouting among the loved ones gone before. O what a congratulation when he met his sainted companion who was glorified some twelve years ago, perhaps, or more! O I will tell you, beloved, it is a wonderful glory to leave this world and go to heaven! It

is wonderful, wonderful! I have to just turn away my contemplations from it; otherwise I would get so homesick I could hardly content myself to stay here until I can finish my work. O see our brother! O what a victory he has gained!

“Sunday night, in the short hours of the morning, in the darkness and the falling rain, while I was walking through the mud to reach the train to get here, asking the Lord that He might use me in some way to comfort the brokenhearted, I did what I believe Brother Knapp would have done had he got a telegram: he would have come right along, not knowing I was imperiling my life. I thought, What a contrast between Brother Knapp with the angels and myself! O what a booming time he was having in bright glory! And though I have heard him say he could not sing, he is singing now. I do n't think he performed on instruments; but I tell you what, he is playing the golden harps to-day; and, though there is no mail line from heaven down to us, we leave the times of inspiration, but there is a mail line from earth to heaven; for the saints are all the time receiving their dispatches and going up to glory, and I will tell you, many a saint will bring good word to Brother Knapp, and he will hear how his work is getting along, certainly as we live; and so he will often hear from you, though you do not often hear from him. O this wonderful truth, He that liveth and believeth on Him 'shall never die!' Glory to God! Dry your tears, unless they are tears of joy; for Brother Knapp would not want you to shed them unless you shed them for joy. Cincinnati has another representative in heaven, the Holiness Movement has another genuine and true and faithful leader of the re-

deemed hosts standing on the mount of victory. Showers of blessings on you all, for Jesus' sake!"

This from Sister Storey:

"I thank God He ever gave me the privilege of meeting this brother! Nine years ago this fall I met Brother Knapp for the first time, and God assured me that He had sent him to this city to push the holiness work; and it was a great inspiration. I have been closely associated with him for these nine years, and never for a moment had a cause to doubt him on any line. I have found him true and loyal to God and His precious Word, loyal to holiness, loyal in every sense of the word. It is a great loss to my heart to-day; but I am glad God lives. I am glad God makes no mistake. Bless His name! I am glad I know God is able to make all grace abound toward every one of us. As for me, when I gave my heart to God in full consecration, He entirely sanctified me twenty years ago last September. I was to go the whole way with Jesus alone, and I am to-day, and I never had a feeling of dread or turning away from that to this hour. I feel like taking fresh courage. God is speaking to us.

"I feel like the Lord said to Joshua and to Moses, 'Be strong and of a good courage; no man shall be able to stand before you forever;' 'Only be strong and very courageous'—to be strong in God and in the power of His might. God is at the head of the Holiness Movement. It is a great loss to us here to lose Brother Knapp. We realize we had one who walked and talked with God. When we decided upon Brother Knapp, we could depend upon it, it was done in the light of the judgment, when He said, 'I will never leave thee nor

forsake thee.' He still lives, and is able to keep His word. He is with us. I realize as never before how important it is to walk out on His Word, and stand there by it, and declare it fearlessly. I thank God we have the Divine, blessed, indwelling Comforter, and He abides in this trying hour.

"May the Holy Ghost come upon all our hearts as never before, and may we be true to Jesus! It may not be long till He shall say, 'Come home.' God help us to live as our brother has lived, with accounts all settled up here. All was settled up. No doubt in the mind of any one about his enjoyment. No questions. The thing on his mind was that his associates should 'wake up souls on their way to hell.' May God help us to wake up souls on their way to hell, as this is all our business here below, to cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'"

Before the friends took leave, "Up in Heaven," a selection from "Bible-songs of Salvation and Victory," the last book edited by Brother Knapp, was sung by a quartet consisting of Brother C. E. Weigele, Sisters E. D. Ferle, Belle Staples, and Mattie Elerick, Brother McNeil at the organ. Before the congregation dispersed, they sang, "We'll never say good-bye in heaven;" and many have expressed a determination to labor for God as never before, and meet our brother in heaven. Brother Wood says: "His last words to me were, 'See me again;' and, though I did not have the privilege of seeing him again here, I am determined to press on and see him 'again.'"

The services at the crematory on Clifton Heights were very short and simple. The first song, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," was followed by a prayer by Dr. Godbey.

UP IN HEAVEN.

BELLE STAPLES.

One of the new hymns in "Bible-songs of Salvation and Victory."

Brother Knapp loved it much.

Sometimes here the shadows fall,

But in heaven, but in heaven,

Sadness never comes at all,

Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Sorrow there can never stay,

God shall wipe all tears away

In that fair eternal day,

Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Here our loved ones fade from sight,

But in heaven, but in heaven,

We shall meet on plains of light,

Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Walls of jasper, streets of gold,

When the pearly gates unfold,

Bliss that never can be told,

Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Jesus is the blessed Light,

Up in heaven, up in heaven,

Shining in His glory bright,

Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Gates shall not be shut by day,

Night forever passed away.

O, I'm going there to stay,

Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Holy angels prostrate fall,

Up in heaven, up in heaven,

Crowning Jesus Lord of all,

Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Soon we'll join that happy throng;

Time is short, 't will not be long

Till we join the victor's song

Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Only those can enter in,

Up in heaven, up in heaven,

Who are saved and cleansed from sin,

Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Jesus died that you might be
Saved through all eternity,
Won't you come and go with me?
Up in heaven, up in heaven.

Mrs. Knapp thus records her soul experience during the scene of final earthly separation:

"Some weeks ago He led me to write an article on 'The Comfort of Jesus' for any in the big family who might be passing through sorrow and bereavement. Little did I dream I was writing it for myself! I want to tell you, I have found it true; for Jesus only can give the real comfort in such an hour.

"For days He gave such wonderful peace and rest, no burden to pray, that we thought God was going to heal him, when now we see He was only preparing us for the change. As he slipped into heaven so quietly on Saturday night, God came very near, and carried the heavy burden from our hearts; and ever since we have felt borne on the prayers of the people, and lifted up above everything, so that we can only see the glory side.

"On returning from the funeral in the carriage, I whispered to God I was coming home alone with Him, and would trust Him; and with the sweetest peace He assured me He would be with me, and that I need not look at all the great responsibilities piled up, but simply take one hour and one day at a time, and He would be right at my side for help, counsel, and wisdom.

"That night I wanted to be alone with Him. I locked myself in my room, and, as I walked back and forth, with folded arms, I promised Him that we, upon whom had been laid the responsibility of carrying on the work, would be true to the trust He had given, and carry it on the same line and in the same way, that

there should be no change, that it should be pushed on full gospel lines; and then the strength of God came into my soul. On Thursday after the funeral I was waiting in a lawyer's office for an hour or more. Leaning my head back on the chair, I closed my eyes, and my thoughts went up to the Mount of Blessings on the hill. I had had a burden over the sick ones there and one or two other things.

"Almost instantly I felt God bending over my chair, and O, how He comforted me! Then I felt He was brooding right over the Bible-school, and letting His blessing fall. Words can not express the sweetness of that hour; and the blessing still lingers. I told my companion of His blessing, and said, 'I believe God has been doing something up there while we have been gone.'

"On arriving at the house, the one to open the door was one of the girls who had been sick. I expressed surprise at seeing her, but, with her face beaming, she said, 'The Lord has healed me.'

"Passing in, I met two others who were rejoicing that God had touched their bodies, and they were perfectly well.

"We feel this is God's own work, of His own planting and watering, and that He is going to carry it forward and bless it as He never has.

"He has put dear Bessie in, and as clearly called her to the work as ever man was called to preach. She longs to pour out her life for God and souls. She will be associated very closely in all of the work,

"Under God the work will go on just as before.

"We crave your prayers above all, and your co-operation as in the past. All we want to know is God's will, and we will spring to do it. We are leaning only on Him. He is our Refuge and Strength."

CHAPTER XIX.

LIFE AFTER DEATH THROUGH A HOLY INFLUENCE.

“LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as a means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished: their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue. Write your name, in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.”

—T. CHALMERS.

Brother Knapp shines serenely on, like a star of the first magnitude, in the constellation of the heroes of faith. His luster is undimmed. As the darkness of night reveals the brightness of the stars, so his death has only caused us to realize more fully the transcendent glory of his life. He forgot self, and lived for others; and he will live on and live forever in those spiritual forces he originated that will be felt in all lands and in all times, until they sweep in eternity and reach the throne of God. What grateful tributes have come to this fallen “prince in Israel!”

• • • • •
“WHATSOEVER HE DOETH SHALL PROSPER.”

Psa. i, 3.

BELLE STAPLES

The psalmist, in describing the life of the godly, says, “His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in His

law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water: his leaf also shall not wither, and WHATSOEVER HE DOETH SHALL PROSPER."

Many times during the past year has this language come forcibly to my mind as being most wonderfully verified in the life of our dear Brother Knapp, now in glory.

It is nearly eleven months since God opened the way and led me in a plain path from my home in Kansas to the Mount of Blessings, Cincinnati. Since that time I have been in the office of God's Revivalist continuously, which is a most favorable point of observation from which to view the many lines of work carried on from this center, some rays of which reach clear across the briny ocean, and are bringing the light and joy of salvation to those sitting in heathen darkness in different lands.

"Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." The secret of it is that this man lived in the center of God's will, and honored the Holy Ghost. He was very careful to get the mind of the Spirit in everything, and when God spoke he moved forward to victory. There was no such word as defeat or failure in his vocabulary. It was all "victory through the blood of Jesus." God bestowed upon him the gift of wisdom, which saved him from the great mistakes in judgment which are so often made even by deeply spiritual people who desire to do everything to God's glory.

When, in addition to his almost numberless duties, God told him to start a Bible-school, he obeyed, and, notwithstanding the stringent rules which the Holy Ghost gave, bright, intelligent young people from the North and the South, the East and the West, came

pouring in to study the Word; and many of them, as the great searchlight of heaven was turned in upon their souls, found they needed to go down deeper in God, and came to the altar to seek and find real Bible-experiences that would stand the tests of the coming judgment.

Sometimes his messages were as the thunderings of Sinai, and we could almost see the forked lightning of God's wrath leaping upon those who reject light, refuse to surrender to Jesus now, in the day of mercy, and persist in neglecting this "great salvation."

Sometimes his messages were as the dew of heaven, refreshing the weary, encouraging the faltering, comforting the tried and tempted, bringing new faith and light and victory to all of God's little ones. In either case the message "prospered," the great deep of hearts was broken up, and souls sought and found Jesus in nearly every service.

The promised prosperity has been greatly manifested in his books and booklets and in God's Revivalist. Many a letter finds its way to the office, telling of souls being converted, sanctified, established, cheered, or profited through the reading of his publications.

One of his latest undertakings before leaving us for the glory world, and to which God gave marked prosperity, was the salvation services and Thanksgiving dinner for the poor. The first time he mentioned it in public was in one of the afternoon services of the Bible-school; and while he was yet speaking, a dollar-bill was laid in his hand for that purpose; and from that time the money quickly flowed in. The Revivalist readers already know how God honored the efforts of the day, and that many came to Jesus and found peace.

Since Brother Knapp has gone home it has come

to us with a new beauty how he claimed nothing as his own, but ever considered himself as simply God's agent to carry out His plans for a time. It was "GOD'S Bible-school," "GOD'S Revivalist," "GOD'S Tabernacle." O yes, it was and is ALL GOD'S, and He is STILL at the helm, and is going to carry on His own work, in His own way, to His own glory and the salvation of precious, never-dying souls.

"Peace, perfect peace,[?]
The future all unknown,
Jesus we know,
And He is on the throne."

LOYAL UNTO DEATH.

J. B. MARTIN.

It has been asserted by some of the Dowie people that the death of Brother Knapp was a judgment sent upon him because he spoke against the claim of Mr. Dowie that he was the "reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah" and the "messenger of the covenant," etc. The same thing could be said of any other saint that dies, if that be true; and to say that of all good people is too absurd for credence of any intelligent person. Brother Knapp has always been frail, and his physician told him twenty years ago that he could not live long; so that he has been, in some sense, anticipating his translation; and, no doubt, his desire to accomplish a great deal while he should live for the cause of God and souls made him exert himself beyond his strength, and if, in so doing, he trespassed against the laws of nature to such an extent as to impoverish the nerve-centers and reduce his vitality, like any other person, he would naturally become an easy prey for any disease.

His zeal in God's service used his excessive mental-

ity, and caused him to undertake a work of supererogation that was too much for his limited endurance.

In the postmortem examination the doctors said that Brother Knapp had literally worn himself out. So his death was a legitimate effect of a legitimate cause, and we must not charge God foolishly in his taking off. He has allowed many another saint to go in the same way. God allows things to be sometimes which He does not order or ordain, and which is the result of man's free moral agency and freedom of choice while on probation; but such things always come under the head of "all things" working together for good to them that love God. He tells us in His Word that "He makes the wrath of man praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He restrains." The word "wrath" is a comprehensive term, and means all adverse conditions touching man's life in this world, and permits them just so far as He can use them, or overrules them for good, and then says to Satan, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." So God "works all things together for good to them that love Him"—all His direct and indirect providences. Only those who rebel under them are really worsted, but to them who are properly "exercised" under the chastisements and bereavements of this life, "afterward" will find them "yielding the peaceable fruit of righteousness." This has proved true already in Brother Knapp's case, as in the meetings many have testified to greater unction of the Holy Spirit and greater determination to be faithful to the end of the race. The Holy Spirit has not left us, and will not, as long as there is a loyal heart to respond to His touch of fire; and God's Bible-school will see greater things in the near future than it has yet witnessed.

The members of the Home and Revivalist family

loved Brother Knapp as few men are, and his loyal, courageous spirit will never cease to inspire them to the conquest he has so triumphantly won.

THE CREMATION.

W. B. GODBEY.

Our precious brother was cremated, as a matter of his own choice, earnest, and persistent request. The family yielded reluctantly. It was my first attendance of a cremation. Instead of going from God's Tabernacle, where we held the funeral services, to the grave, we went to the crematory, and there closed the funeral services after the manner of the old-style interment of the dead. It seemed to go all right. In reference to a cremation I would simply observe that chemistry has long ago settled the identity of burning and disintegration by decay. The highest scientific authority certifies that the results are precisely the same. So, after all, cremation is nothing more nor less than a speedy process of disintegration. When I was wandering amid the sepulchers in the Holy Land and the catacombs of Egypt, I could find nothing at all except in the cases of Egyptian mummies. I was confirmed in the fact that the entire human body, in the process of time, utterly disintegrates and returns to dust. Cremation does nothing but expedite the process of disintegration. We may also observe that it was the most common method of putting away the dead during the Roman ages. When a student in college, I read this statement from the pen of a reliable Roman historian, "*Apud Romanos mortui plerumque cremabantur*" ("Among the Romans the dead were generally burned.") It has never been discontinued in Eastern and Central Asia. It is now be-

ing revived in Europe and America. Though quite a novelty, it may soon become common. Brother Stephen Merritt, our good, sanctified preacher, whose father was an undertaker, and who has been somewhat engaged in that business all his life, as I am informed, has a crematory plant in the suburbs of New York City. Of course, this is a matter of simple option with people, the great and important concern presenting itself, "Are you ready to die?" It is superfluous for me to tell you that Brother Knapp left the world in glorious triumph. The immediate cause of his death, so far as human observation extends, was typhoid fever, which he had but a few days, and passed away. Physicians, upon a post-mortem examination, decided that he was physically worn out, his brain power and nervous energy always having been too great for his physical ability; hence he did his work, and got away to heaven at the early age of forty-eight. Let us all profit by his saintly and heroic example, and be sure that we join him in the glory land. It is pertinent here to state that he left his better half—dear Sister Knapp—his successor in the vast work which he pressed with so much life and energy for the glory of God. Hence all correspondence will come to Mrs. M. W. Knapp. The business in all departments will go on as hitherto. The training-school is in a very flourishing condition, well provided for in every respect, delightful quarters in the second and third stories of God's Tabernacle, as well as the Training-home. The Revivalist will go right on as hitherto. Let all the readers and friends pray for Sister Knapp and the workers in our brother's institutions. Sister Knapp understands his policy on all lines, and will faithfully, with the help of the Lord, perpetuate it. His work was always on the faith line—not faith that does not work, but the faith

that works with all the power of body, mind, and spirit, influence, and financial ability. Brother Knapp was a wonderful financier and a marvel on every line of business management. From what I can learn, all of his institutions are in a healthy and prosperous condition. He never did pay salaries, nor assume financial responsibility in any way. The Lord always supplied him with good workers, so that his enterprises on the different lines have never suffered, but moved forward as the hand of the Almighty alone can give life, energy, and prosperity. The amount of work that the dear man carried was simply paradoxical: publishing more holiness books than any other man in the world; sending holiness literature to the ends of the earth. He has missionaries in Africa, Japan, and India. Sister Finney and Sister Ferle are booked to sail, January 15th, for South Africa. Be sure you pray for them. His missionaries all go on the faith line, involving no financial responsibility. The Training-school numbers eighty to a hundred. They all seem to be full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The hand of the Almighty is certainly on the institution. They are all preparing to go out and preach the living Word and save souls. The school is well supplied with good teachers. God is wonderfully carrying it on independently of human responsibility, so far as financial obligation is concerned. We mention these facts to inspire your sympathies and your prayers for this work. Let the Revivalist family and all readers of the holiness books published by our glorified brother take hold of God with the grip of a giant, and hold on night and day for His hand of mercy, power, and wisdom in behalf of these institutions and enterprises which are certainly unequivocally His. All religious denominations are connected with this work.

It is avowedly and practically and unconditionally interdenominational, and not, as some have supposed, undenominational, as nearly all the students and workers are members of some branch of the great Protestant Church. The idea that some entertain of a new denomination started here is utterly untrue. There is nothing here really new on the Church line except the organization of a New Testament Society for the benefit of the students and converts who have no membership in denominational Churches. Of course, such a religious society, organized on a purely New Testament basis, is, in fact, a primitive Church, apostolical and evangelical; but they do not consider it such, nor call it a Church. It is simply an organization on the New Testament basis, much after the manner of a holiness band or association. All denominations are interested in this work, co-operative with it, and, so far as we know, friendly and sympathetic with it. It is, upon the whole, simply an integral part of the great Holiness Movement, built up strictly on the New Testament lines—i. e., an effort to drop back to first principles, and find the Lord in His glorious, full salvation, and labor faithfully to lead others into the experiences of a clear and satisfactory regeneration and entire sanctification.

N. B.—The camp-meeting is established annually to open Thursday evening preceding the third Sunday in June, and close Monday evening following the fourth. As this date is earlier than most of the meetings, it will consequently be unincumbered with competition. This camp has become one of the greatest, brightest, and best in the world. Let the Revivalist family and the holiness people remember the date, and, if possible, attend, and, if not, join with us in prayer for another Pentecost such as God, in His great mercy, has given us in

bygone years. Rev. Seth C. Rees, your humble servant, and others whose names are in the Book of Life, will be with us, D. V.

Do not forget this work in all of its ramifications. It is not Brother Knapp's, but God's. The paper is beautifully named God's Revivalist. The Tabernacle is superscribed in large letters on the front, "God's Tabernacle." Rely upon it, God has raised up this institution. His hand is on them. Our noble brother was simply a humble instrument. God calls His workers home, but carries on His work. So take these enterprises and institutions, with which God is so wonderfully pleased, on your heart to a throne of grace, and plead night and day that God shall continue the mercy and blessings of bygone years, perpetually setting His seal upon this work in all its ramifications. It has no hobbies of any kind. It is perfectly free, and knows nothing but God's truth and holiness.

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The following tributes are from the facile pen of Bessie:

"HOME LIFE.

"People who saw Mr. Knapp only in public, and heard him thunder forth the warnings of Sinai, little dreamed that he wept and prayed and loved the sinner as few people ever do. He was like Jesus. I have heard him preach the most awful truths that would fairly make people shake in their seats, because of the guilt on their souls; but no sooner would they relent and kneel humbly at the altar, sincerely seeking God, than his whole demeanor would change, and he would cry over them and pray over them in a way that they

could not help but know that he loved them. There were times here at the Mount of Blessings when it seemed as if the lightnings of the judgment-day had settled upon us; but no sooner would people confess and begin to make right than we could see Calvary, with the sunlight streaming over it. It was wonderful the way God led him to deal with souls. He surely had the gift of the discernment of spirits in a most marvelous degree. His flashing black eye could seem to look through and through a soul, and read the thoughts and intents of the heart. Many a boy, many a girl, many a man and woman, have been surprised beyond measure to have him tell them what they were thinking about. I remember an instance where there was a certain man, apparently a friend of the work, claiming to be saved and seeking the baptism with the Holy Ghost. He was possessed of means, and gave liberally, and apparently was honest in his search for the light; but he never came into a meeting that Mr. Knapp, if in charge, was not led to preach against and denounce the sin of adultery, and this man would wince under it. One day, Mr. Knapp made the remark to us: 'That man is guilty. He never sits down in a meeting but what God begins firing me up along that line and making me preach on that subject.' Yet the man apparently was walking circumspectly. No one could accuse him; no one could bring anything against his name. But this past summer the whole story came out, and God had shown Mr. Knapp just the truth in the case. This was only one instance among hundreds, until people who were claiming to be right, and hiding secrets in their hearts and lives, as they thought, from the world, were afraid to go around him. He believed and preached and taught that that verse in the Scripture, where it says

to 'pluck up, to break down, to destroy, and to overthrow, to build and to plant' (Jer. i, 10, R. V.), means just what it says, and that God wants to make every preacher do just this work for Him. But as we said before, those who saw Mr. Knapp only in public little knew the real man—intense, loving, strong, firm, yet withal as tender as a woman, loving his wife and children with a love that few men possess. Often he would thank God that he had trusted him with the jewels. Stern he was when duty demanded it; and yet when he was forced to correct Lucy, the little one, it was far harder on him than it was on her. I have seen him bow his head and cry because he had been compelled to punish her, and he sought only the love of God and the good of the child. Sometimes, when she had been naughty, he would take her in his lap with a look of ineffable tenderness, press his cheek down against her, and hold her tight in his arms, and tell her how grieved Jesus was, and how grieved papa was, until the little one's heart would ache. Then they would go down together and ask Him to forgive her. Even when he seemed the very busiest, the patter of little feet would arouse him when nothing else would; and he would stop just long enough to take her up and press her close against his heart and kiss her and put her down again. John, now fourteen, was his mainstay. He loved him as few fathers ever loved their children, and anybody who had seen him rub his hand caressingly over John's face, and look into his eyes, would have realized the depth of love he had for him. He called him his 'comfort' and his 'blessing.' He was always so considerate. Never thought of himself, but always of others. The children grew up with a knowledge of what it really is to serve God, with an example such as few

ever have,—honest, straightforward, unflinching where a question of right was considered, indomitable, earnest, and yet, withal, with a gentleness and consideration which was wonderful.

“BUSINESS METHODS AND PROSPERITY.

“In a wonderful manner God’s hand has rested upon the work from the very beginning. It was sown with prayer and fasting, watered with tears, and an agony of desire that God alone might be glorified, and He has answered and increased it a hundred-fold. In every case the will of the Lord has been learned before any new step was taken. In the multiplicity of business complications which the rapidly-increasing and wide-spreading work have involved, Mr. Knapp relied upon Christ as his wisdom, and the Holy Ghost as his Teacher, Quickener, and Illuminator, and the cry of his soul was, ‘Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall tread down our enemies.’

“When he first began publishing the Revivalist God told him what kind of a paper it was to be. It was to be clean and pure, held strictly to full salvation lines, no stories or religious fiction, and no worldly advertising (which is the chief source of revenue to even religious papers, many of them). No paid advertising of any kind has ever been taken by the Revivalist. When the paper was made a weekly, Faith had to stand on tiptoe, but she reached high enough to touch the arm of an omnipotent God, and He abundantly answered. No bills have ever become due so far but what there was money with which to meet them. The subscription-list has continually increased, and for weeks together, this winter and spring, there has been an average of four hun-

dred new subscribers recorded weekly, with comparatively very few discontinuances. God laid it upon Mr. Knapp's heart to give the paper free for one year in many instances, where parties were desirous of the paper and were unable to pay for it, and we had reason to believe would really appreciate it; and as this has been done, God has touched the hearts of some of His stewards to send in the money for this specific purpose, verifying the promise 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given him will He pay him again.' (Prov. xix, 17.) A notice has been published in the Revivalist continually, asking those who did not receive their paper promptly and regularly to notify us; and if there has been any mistake on our part in any way, care is taken to rectify the same at once, sending missing numbers or whatever the case required. In the past few years Mr. Knapp has published a large number of books and booklets on full salvation lines, but has refused all others. No promise of publication is made until the manuscript is first received and examined carefully, and if there has been any doubt as to its being to the glory of God and the advancement of His kingdom to publish it, the manuscript has been refused, no matter how great the money consideration, and large numbers of books have been turned away on this account. Right here it might be well to mention that Mr. Knapp entered into a covenant with God long years ago that all proceeds there might be from the work over and above the actual economical expenses of the same, should be turned into the treasury of the Lord at once, and be used to still further advance the work, laying up nothing for himself and family, and this has been strictly carried out. Although we advertise that we are not re-

sponsible for books lost in the mail, yet invariably, where people have paid the money and the books have not been received, and notice has been sent us of the same, Mr. Knapp has had them resent at his own expense. In this way many, many dollars have been lost to God's work, but as the responsibility was the Lord's, Mr. Knapp felt clear in the matter. Then, too, there are thousands of letters in a year coming to us from people who are hungry for salvation, for sanctification, for Divine healing, for comfort in trouble, for Divine guidance, for light on certain subjects, etc., etc. These requests have never gone unheeded. Mr. Knapp's heart would be so touched over many of them that he would groan and pray God to give them just the needed help; then some one who had personal touch with God, and knew how to reach the Throne, and had the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost, would write them a letter of sympathy and encouragement, asking God to give the message Himself and prepare the heart to receive it, and in many instances a booklet covering the especial need would be sent free. In this way we have distributed thousands of the colportage booklets free, but God has bestowed His blessing upon the work, and it is increasing abundantly.

"God has marvelously used these books and booklets and the Revivalist in the salvation, sanctification, and upbuilding of souls, and the healing of bodies. Continually letters are received from persons who were led into the light through reading 'The Double Cure,' 'Out of Egypt into Canaan,' or some other of these books or booklets, or the Revivalist. One sample copy of the Revivalist has repeatedly been the means of leading a number of souls into the light of salvation, or into closer touch with Jesus, and setting in motion waves of Holy

Ghost influences, the outcome of which will never be fully realized until we reach the eternal shore. Many a struggling soul reaching after higher heights and deeper depths of a Savior's love, surrounded by proud, worldly Church members having the form of godliness and denying the power,—many an honest soul with such surroundings has written us, saying: 'The Revivalist is all the spiritual food I get outside of God and His Word. I love it, and could not do without it. I prize it next to my Bible.' It goes as a beacon of light into jails, prisons, slums, rescue homes, tenements, the abodes of the poor and the rich. It wends its way across the ocean into a number of foreign lands among the missionaries, carrying the tidings of a full and free salvation. To God alone be all the praise.

"Years ago, Mr. Knapp made a covenant with God that himself and workers would give their time to Him as a glad free-will love-offering, claiming the promise, 'My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus,' and 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' God has spoken to stenographers and other efficient workers for the office and to gifted schoolteachers for the Bible-school, when hundreds of miles away, who had been used to receiving salaries for their work, but whose hearts were burning to fully follow Jesus, and whispered to them: 'My child, I have for thee a more excellent way than thou hast ever known. Follow Me to the Mount of Blessings, and I will teach thee lessons for which thou wilt praise Me through all eternity.' And they have simply looked up and said, 'Yes, Lord, I'll go with Thee all the way,' and He took them by the hand and led them here, and said, 'Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it;' and entering that open door they

have found a realm of soul prosperity and victory and blessedness beyond anything they could have asked or thought. O glory! One of the office-girls said the other evening, 'O, I would rather be here than to be in a worldly office with a salary of \$100 a month,' and she meant it from the depths of her soul. These workers are not like those to be found in worldly establishments, where clocks are watched and everything ready to be dropped the moment the clock strikes a certain hour; but they have the work at heart, and realize that they are doing it unto the Lord, and not unto men; so they work on into the evening as long as the needs require or strength will permit. O hallelujah for the way of the cross! It is full of glory.

"Mr. Knapp was indefatigable in his labor. He was at it from early morning until late at night, generally rising at five o'clock in the morning and studying and praying until six; then morning prayer service until a quarter till seven; then at his work in the office, sometimes so engrossed with the King's business that self, loved ones, meals, and sleep were utterly forgotten. Many times some one has spoken to him and asked him if he was not going to breakfast, and he would answer, 'Why, I forgot all about it.' At 3 P. M. he would come into the Bible-recitation service with his quick step and animated manner, and take hold of it with a fervor and zeal which could not help being an inspiration to the class. The Holy Ghost gave him an originality of manner and method in his teaching which was intensely interesting, and calculated to stir up and arouse his hearers to greater zeal and diligence. He had a way of cornering students who were not right with God, until there was absolutely no way out for

them but to get down at the foot of the Cross and confess and repent, or to leave the place. The Holy Ghost would lead him out on some line that was evidently bearing hard upon somebody, until he would describe their case exactly; then he would remark, Now some one is saying, 'There, Brother Knapp is after me again; why can't he leave me alone?' then he would smile and say: 'Yes, you are just the one I mean, if you think I am after you. There are people here who *know* I do not mean them. But it is the Holy Ghost that is after you, and not Brother Knapp. The Holy Ghost is trying to dig you out and help you.' No matter how much the persons were displeased about it, they would have to keep still about it, unless they were willing to confess and get right, as a word of complaint would be to give away the fact that they were just the parties so accurately described.

"The coming of twilight never ended his work. Nine, ten, eleven, and even twelve o'clock would sometimes find him bending over his desk, or engaged in some line of work. Many a time we have seen the light burning in his private office at two or three in the morning, and several of his most beautiful hymns were written in the dead of night when every one else was asleep. In addition to his other work, for several years past he has had a daily service at half-past two every afternoon, in charge of either himself or one of his workers. When the 'Bible-school and Missionary-training Home' were changed to 'God's Bible-school and Missionary-training Home,' and the name of the Revivalist to 'God's Revivalist,' several wrote him not approving of thus using the Divine appellation. He did not make this change until satisfied that God was leading in it, and would always answer, 'It *is* God's Re-

vivalist. It is God's Bible-school and Missionary-training Home.' Do not men name buildings and institutions after themselves, thus taking the honor to themselves. Why not let God have the honor for what is truly His? As long as the work is kept pure and clean and has the Divine approbation and benediction resting upon it, we want to give the honor where it is due. I want people to know that there is one place, one paper, one school where God is honored as the chief Head, and where the work belongs absolutely to Him. It is not a Knapp work, or a Rees movement, or any other man's, but God's. We are simply God's agents that He in His providence has permitted to carry on the work for a time. Since his departure this truth has been wonderfully manifested. If it had been a man-made movement it would have died and been buried in the casket with him; but it is of God, and is sweeping on, 'as fair as the moon, as clear as the sun, and as terrible as an army with banners.' "

Look what a poor minister without a dollar of capital has been able to accomplish in the name of Jehovah. Where is there a parallel to these glorious achievements recorded below?

"GOD'S WONDERS.

"For years backslidden holiness preachers, carnal professors and ecclesiastics, have been prophesying the downfall of the work here; but, like Nehemiah, we have gone on building up the kingdom. Although Brother Knapp was a timid, bashful boy, God's grace so changed him that the Holy Ghost used him to live and teach and preach and write full salvation, until thousands have received the light, and are walking in it.

“During his sanctified life, principally in the last nine years, God has led him most marvelously. The following is an exact list of books and booklets published by him, and now in circulation preaching Jesus:

“BOOKS.

No. Printed.		Price.
1,000.	‘Bible Readings,’ B. S. Taylor	\$1 00
20,671.	‘Christ Crowned Within,’ M. W. Knapp	75
	‘Commentary,’ W. B. Godbey:	
8,357.	Vol. I, ‘Revelation’	1 00
5,630.	Vol. II, ‘Hebrews Jude’	1 25
4,357.	Vol. III, ‘Ephesians-Philemon’	1 00
3,500.	Vol. IV, ‘Corinthians-Galatians’	1 50
3,037.	Vol. V, ‘Acts-Romans’	1 50
3,026.	Vol. VI, ‘Gospels’	1 50
2,017.	Vol. VII, ‘Gospels’	1 50
7,047.	‘Faith Papers,’ S. A. Kean	40
2,562.	‘Fire From Heaven,’ S. C. Rees	1 00
3,570.	‘Footprints of Jesus in the Holy Land’ (A companion volume to the Commentary), W. B. Godbey	1 00
2,556.	‘Food for Lambs; or, Leading Children to Christ,’ A. M. Hills	80
2,378.	‘From Romanism to Pentecost,’ J. S. Dempster	50
2,083.	‘Holding Out,’ E. P. Ellison	35
3,810.	‘Heart Talks,’ B. Carradine	1 00
4,831.	‘Holiness and Power,’ A. M. Hills	1 00
501.	‘Holiness Triumphant,’ M. W. Knapp	80
1,526.	‘Holy Land,’ W. B. Godbey	40
8,485.	‘Impressions,’ M. W. Knapp	50
1,032.	‘Jesus Only,’ Carradine, Rees, and others	80
4,030.	‘Lightning Bolts from Pentecostal Skies,’ M. W. Knapp	1 00
1,000.	‘Memorial Papers—Life of S. A. Keen,’ Mrs. Keen	80
25,492.	‘Out of Egypt into Canaan,’ M. W. Knapp	80
1,999.	‘Pentecostal Sanctification,’ S. A. Keen	30
1,042.	‘Pentecostal Papers,’ S. A. Keen	50
4,572.	‘Praise Papers,’ S. A. Keen	30
510.	‘Pentecostal Light,’ A. M. Hills	50
15,000.	‘Revival Tornadoes,’ M. W. Knapp	1 00
6,665.	‘Revival Kindlings,’ M. W. Knapp	1 00

No. Printed.		Price.
1,517.	'Shining Way,' H. T. Davis	\$0 75
1,822.	'Sweet-smelling Myrrh,' Life of Madame Guyon. Abridged. Abbie C. Morrow	60
1,015.	'Spiritual Gifts and Graces,' W. B. Godbey	25
6,182.	'Salvation Papers,' S. A. Keen	35
6,581.	'Soul Food,' G. D. Watson	50
1,028.	'Trumpet Calls to the Unsaved,' Byron J. Rees	50
4,052.	'The Better Way,' B. Carradine	75
4,066.	'The Sanctified Life,' B. Carradine	1 00
1,000.	'The Old Paths,' Mrs. Vorn Holtz	1 00
2,005.	'The Old, Old Story,' Abbie C. Morrow	80
1,000.	'The River of Death,' M. W. Knapp	50
2,000.	'The Double Cure,' M. W. Knapp	40
5,040.	'The Ideal Pentecostal Church,' S. C. Rees	50
1,919.	'The Heart-cry of Jesus,' Byron J. Rees	50
1,541.	'The Gibeonites,' B. S. Taylor	30
516.	'The Whosoever Gospel,' A. M. Hills	50
1,710.	'Victory,' W. B. Godbey	40
1,524.	'Word and Work of David J. Lewis'	1 00
10,000.	'Wrecked or Rescued,' A salvation chart. Key to The River of Death, M. W. Knapp	60
2,065.	'Work of Faith through Geo. Müller,' Abbie C. Morrow	50

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	'Tears and Triumphs,' Nos. 1 and 2, Combined :	
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12,800.	Round Note, Board, per dozen, prepaid	4 00
	Round Note, Board, per 100, not prepaid	30 00
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15,450.	Round Note, Muslin, per dozen	3 40
	Round Note, Muslin, per 100, not prepaid	25 00
	Shape Note, Board, each	35
	Shape Note, Board, per dozen, prepaid	4 00
	Shape Note, Board, per 100, not prepaid	30 00
	Shape Note, Muslin, each	30
	Shape Note, Muslin, per dozen, prepaid	3 40
	Shape Note, Muslin, per 100, not prepaid	25 00
	'Salvation Melodies.' Choice selections from 'Tears and Triumphs,' 10 cents ; \$6 per 100, not prepaid	

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6,000.	'Death, Hell, and Judgment,' B. S. Taylor	10
3,057.	'Electric Shocks from Pentecostal Batteries,'	20
2,000.	'Electric Shocks, No. 2'	10
4,030.	'Flashes from Lightning Bolts,' M. W. Knapp	15
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8,000.	'Soul Rest,' as taught by John Wesley, 'Sin and Repentance in Believers,' and 'Other Sermons'	10
4,514.	'Sparks from Revival Kindlings,' M. W. Knapp	10
14,078.	'Spiritual Gifts and Graces,' W. B. Godbey	10
4,000.	'Soul Laws in Sexual, Social, and Spiritual Life,' F. S. Heath	10
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4,524.	'Sweet-smelling Myrrh.' Life of Madame Guyon. Abridged. Abbie C. Morrow	20
2,032.	'The Better Way.' Abridged. B. Carradine	10
22,500.	'The Double Cure,' M. W. Knapp	10
8,205.	'Thé Sanctified Life.' Abridged. B. Carradine	10
6,031.	'The Spirit of Jesus,' E. H. Dashiell	10
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10,007.	'The Gibeonites,' B. S. Taylor	10
4,025.	'The Canaanites,' B. S. Taylor	10
2,038.	'The Holy Nation,' R. L. Selle	10
4,000.	'The Ideal Pentecostal Church.' Abridged. S. C. Rees .	10
500.	'The Old, Old Story,' Abbie C. Morrow	25
5,000.	'The Return of Jesus,' Godbey and Rees	10
5,007.	'The Work of Faith through Geo. Müller,' Abbie C. Morrow	20
6,033.	'The Heart-cry of Jesus,' Byron J. Rees	10
2,046.	'Trumpet-calls to the Unsaved,' Byron J. Rees	20
5,117.	'Types of the Spirit,' G. D. Watson	10
16,723.	'Victory,' W. B. Godbey	10
4,000.	'The Whosoever Gospel for the Unconverted,' A. M. Hills, .	10

"Besides the above books and booklets, millions of tracts, and last year over 1,188,000 copies of God's Revivalists have gone forth.

"We receive now on an average of 300 letters a day, and write about 350.

"Besides this, God has called, prepared, and sent forth from this work missionaries to India, Africa, and Japan, and He has here in the Bible-school, preparing for foreign fields, about twenty-five more.

"His blessing has from the first rested upon the work. In answer to prayer, He has sent in over \$17,000 in cash and nearly one hundred boys and girls from all parts of the Union to be trained for His harvest-fields.

"But, beloved, the work does not stop here. God is leading on to greater victory. By June 20th, the opening-day of Salvation Park Camp-meeting, the Rescue Home will be completed, and the girls' dormitory, containing forty-four bedrooms and a dining-room seating four hundred will be well under way. O, God is back of this work! His hand is on every part.

"Not one worker receives a cent of salary. We trust God to supply our needs. We are pouring out our lives on the work, giving, many days, from fifteen to twenty hours, and always from ten to fifteen hours. The love of God so constrains us that we feel it would be a great privilege to just die in the work if only souls shall be saved and sanctified and healed.

"Beloved, because of the great responsibility and magnitude of it, we need your prayers, your love, your co-operation. Shall we not have it?"

Of his own books one hundred and thirty-eight thousand were published. He was joint author with others of us in books that had a circulation of twenty-six thousand. This was besides his song-books, of which some three hundred thousand were published. It is all a marvelous story of heroic achievements by a little man, weak physically, and often an invalid, with no money, and NO PARTNER BUT GOD.

CHAPTER XX.

OUTPOURINGS OF SYMPATHY AND SORROW.

“This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrowed most :
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead !”—TENNYSON.

“God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us ; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas !
In grief I am not all unlearn'd.
Once through mine own doors Death did pass ;
One went, who never hath returned.”—TENNYSON.

I think the saddest telegram I ever received but one read as follows :

“Cincinnati, O., December 8, 1901.

“*Father went to Jesus at midnight. Memorial service,
December 19th.* John F. Knapp.”

I was only one of thousands around the world to whom this news brought great sorrow. When a man's life was spent in works of benevolence for the honor of Jesus, and he touched others only for good, and then his departure is greatly mourned, one may know it was

an unselfish sorrow, and that the mourned was great. Kings might be mourned by the court favorites who basked in the sunshine of his favor. Moneyed princes might be mourned by those who fed upon his bounty or lived in his service. But such a man as Knapp, who touched men only spiritually; who fed not so much their bodies as their souls; who made no appeal to self-interest,—when such a man is translated, and is greatly mourned at home and abroad, over continents and across seas, it means much.

The following are but samples of hundreds of letters of condolence and expressions of grief at their loss:

“Blanchester, O., December 10, 1901.

“Dear Sister Knapp,—May the God of all comfort be with you! is my prayer. I can not tell you how shocked I was to hear that Brother Knapp had left us. It seems that his work must have been finished, or God would have healed him. Yes, I *know* He would. I know it seems that we can not get along without him; but God knows all about it, and we are so glad that we can leave it all with Him. I am praying that, all this hour, while you are having the service at the chapel, the blessed Holy Spirit may so hover over you and that Jesus Himself may be manifestly present. I should like to have been with you to-day, but my father's health is such that I do not leave home only for a few hours at a time.

“The people of Blanchester are praying for you to-day. I extend my deepest sympathy to you, and the children, and Mother Knapp. May you find Jesus a ‘very present help in time of trouble.’ I hope that all the other sick may soon recover. Indeed, the holiness people feel like sheep without a shepherd; but the Chief

Shepherd will send us some one to carry on the work. Though we will miss dear Brother Knapp, we know it will not be long till Jesus will come, and Brother Knapp will be with Him, and the multitudes of saints. May you feel the Everlasting Arms about you! May the dreadful disease not get any more headway on Mount of Blessings!

“Your sister in deepest sympathy and perfect love.

“Julia F. Randolph.”

“Sunday Eve.

“My Dearly Beloved in Him,—‘As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.’

“How I thank Him for the knowledge that He can and does comfort as no other can! My heart has been much with you all day, and thought I would have written again ere this; but, precious one, you can not know what a blow the going home of my dear, dear brother in Jesus was to me. I had the letter in left hand reading it, and when I saw what it said my left hand could not hold the letter, but just dropped down by my side, and, as I read on, my whole left side was strangely affected, and I had to have a doctor by the afternoon. I can’t begin to tell you how I have suffered, and did so earnestly ask Him not to let you suffer in that way. I am sure, surrounded by so many loving hearts, the volume of precious prayers that continually go up to the Throne are heard graciously, and are sustaining your heart. My love and sympathy has been going forth as never before; it seems nothing has ever touched me so deeply as this strange dealing of God. I am still dumb in silence, and do n’t know what to say or think; just have a queer, dumb feeling. I stand in silence before Him.

“But He has made your sorrow my sorrow. How very sweet and precious to be able to weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice, bound in the same spirit, thus bearing one another’s burdens and fulfilling the law of Christ! How I long to just fold you close in my arms, and just love your pain all away. While that love is too deep for words, it has been a real trial to me in trying to sympathize or tell you in feeble words how truly I have entered into your loss, your sorrow, your responsibility, knowing that it will be so hard on the dear, tired body and nerves.

“But in it all I feel He has made manifest His love and strength in a new way, and so I can trust His hand so strong, His love that so planeth naught but good. My poor heart has almost given way; especially much crying always upsets it. For days, I have had the doctor twice; for, darling, my very mind is so affected that I can not even trust, just can’t use my head enough. And His blessing on the doctor’s coming was so marked that we feel that it was approved of Him who knows my heart and desire to trust Him fully. Do tell dear Veda, precious child, that I thank her for that beautiful, beautiful letter, and that her love is all returned, and that I love her dearly in Him who maketh us one, even though not seeing each other in the flesh. I had said so many times of late to my dear one, ‘How I wish I could spend Christmas with Brother and Sister Knapp!’ My heart has so longed to go. How I wish I could still go and comfort your heart in these coming hard days! But He will go before thee; and so it is all going to be right, and I so thank Him for it. I must stop now; but my love and prayer continues.

“Yours in Him, Noah.”

“To Mrs. M. W. Knapp,—The Holiness Church of Havana, Ill., sends these words of condolence to Mrs. Knapp and children, to the mother of Brother Knapp, to the students and teachers of the Bible-school. We feel like calling after him, ‘My father, my father!’ as Elisha did after Elijah when he was taken up. (2 Kings ii, 12.) We trust that some one will take up his mantle, and, in a measure, supply the deficiency. And while we say, ‘How can it be?’ God’s Word comes to us: ‘Blessed in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.’ Jesus comes to comfort all that mourn. ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye My people.’

“Mena B. VonHolt, Secretary.

“Edward VonHolt, Pastor.

“T. J. Fuson, Elder.”

“Denver, Colo., December 13, 1901.

“Dear Sister Knapp,—It was a great shock to this home and to our hearts when the Revivalist reached us yesterday, announcing the fact that the Editor, our beloved Brother Knapp, had gone to live with God. It is our loss, but his gain. Heaven has received another martyr. We mingle our tears with yours, and ask that the Everlasting Arms may sustain you in this hours of grief. Lovingly, Mrs. Kent White.”

“Normal, Ill., December 18, 1901.

“My Dear Sister Knapp,—It was not till Monday night the intelligence of your husband’s transfer to glory reached me. I have hardly been so surprised, and not often more deeply moved. Surely there never was a case of more literal transfer from labor to reward. I

have had a profound confidence in Brother Knapp's integrity, and his activities for God seemed a fascination. I know of no one who seemed more perfectly absorbed in his own business. My heart is sensibly bereft, and I wonder at this striking dispensation. Surely this world can not but have been made better by contact with his burning soul. His intensified sympathy with Christ in the recovery of the lost has left on your hands and heart interests which God only can enable you to carry. Be assured of Christian love for you in this great bereavement, and prayer for unearthly power to be given you. The Lord, even Jesus, bless and keep you and your children, and the precious souls under your care!

"Yours in holy fellowship, M. L. Haney."

This is from Rev. William Taylor, who, with his wife, writes:

"Merrill, Mich., February 15, 1902.

"Dear Sister Minnie,—Yours of January 9th, with request to write of Brother Knapp's life, is a difficult task for me. In the first place, I dislike to write, and since I have been on the farm I have scarcely written anything. My mind and memory are not what they were when I first knew you, and mental effort is very exhausting in its effects upon me. I never could endure the strain of work as Martin could. My first acquaintance with Martin was while visiting at the Glenns'. I was then perhaps most impressed by his modesty. No one at that time, I think, would or could have divined the mighty forces that were latent in his active mind. Upon acquaintance with him and his good wife, our friendship grew. He chose the work of the ministry under the leading of the Holy Spirit, and went to his first appointment in the Michigan Conference at Potterville.

His appearance at this time was not calculated to make a very favorable impression upon a congregation ready to criticise the first appearance of a new pastor and preacher. He owned no horse or buggy; but Brother Glenn had fitted him out with one not very stylish, but answered very well. He rode through and entered Potterville in a drenching rain; was wet through; found a place to stay and dry his clothes. In the morning they were all wrinkled, shirt stained, and collar limp. In this condition he stood before his first congregation, took a big text, and preached what seemed to them a small sermon. There was great disappointment. They talked of not receiving him. When this was made known to him, he quietly but firmly notified them that he was there, not of his own choice, but by appointment of the Michigan Conference, and should stay until the bishop relieved him. Something, I think, in those earnest eyes caused them wisely to conclude to await further developments. His wife, a sweet singer, came. He soon got his bearings, stood the full-time limit, revived all on the circuit, finances well up, and much regret was expressed that he could not continue his work among them.

“Some time before our friendship commenced, I experienced the blessing of entire sanctification. Martin used frequently, when with us, to ask questions in regard to the experience; what it would do for you. The Bible statements he found for himself. I can not tell how long a time was thus spent, but long enough to get very hungry for the enduement of power, the baptism with the Holy Ghost. I received a letter from him while he was pastor at Elsie, requesting wife and self to come and assist in some holiness-meetings. We went, and there he gave in, wholly consecrated all to

the Lord, and the Holy Ghost took full possession. From that time until life ceased, supereminent energy manifested itself in all he did or said. We worked together often in those days, laboring hand in hand and holding sweet communion together. Rev. B. W. Day sent him a request to come to Bettsville, Ohio. He wished me to accompany him; we had a blessed time. This was at the commencement of his evangelistic work. The Spirit of God was leading, and he obediently followed. Even then the idea of using the press, training work, was taking shape in his mind, and I have often wondered how so intense a nature could wait; but he knew when the appointed time came, and, so far as human vision can see, did not fail to measure up to what the Lord committed to his care. Doubtless ere this he has heard the 'Well done!' of the Master. It could be well said of Martin, 'He spared not himself.' Often, when we were together, he would work to exhaustion. Once I went to the depot to take him to my home. He lay stretched out upon the seat, looking sick enough to be in bed. I said: 'Martin, what made you come? You are sick.' He said, 'I had fever all night, and Lucy thought I ought not to leave home; but I make it a rule to go as far as I can. I am here, and think I can preach to-night.' And he did, looking almost like a dead man, except for those burning eyes. But the Lord blessed the message; for the people thought if a man, evidently sick, felt it important to deliver His message, it was also important that they listen to it. His was a wonderful life, and marvelous results followed, because he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. We loved each other, and our friendship and communication were sweet. I

am in my seventy-third year, and not very far from the city whose Builder and Maker is God. I think there will be a shout in glory when we meet one another again. Now I must stop. My head throbs like a hammer beating, with just this little scrawl.

"We think Martin made no mistake when he left the paper in your hands. It is excellent in matter and make-up. We pray for you that, amid your toils and cares, God may abundantly bless and comfort you. Our love to John, Martin's mother, Anna, and Lucy, whom we have never seen. I do not know that what I have written will be of any use to you. If not, burn it up.

"I am ever your brother in Christ,

"Wm. Taylor."

"Lincoln, Neb., December 16, 1901.

"Dear Sister Knapp,—Just read to-day of the translation of Brother Knapp. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! God has some greater and more important work for him to do in the heavenly world, or He would not have taken him, in the prime of his earthly life, from the great work he was doing on earth. He has put in operation wonderful movements for good that will go on forever. He did the work of several men. Overworked, without knowing it, he fell under the heavy load. But he fell all covered with glory. While you mourn, you have reason to be religiously proud of the brilliant record your noble husband has left behind. God bless you, my sister! God bless the Bible-school and God's Revivalist. May the mantle of Brother Knapp fall upon his successors!

"Your brother, W. T. Davis."

“154 Bon Bazaarst, The Apostolic Bible-School,
“Calcutta, India, January 7, 1902.

“Our Dear Sister Knapp and Bible-school,—Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. May His rich grace be upon you all! This is the earnest prayer of your unworthy brother so far away.

“The Revivalist, with heading stating our dear brother’s translation to the skies, has just reached us, and we hasten to pen you a few lines. Our own feelings are mingled with tears of sorrow, and yet of gladness, too difficult to explain; but we wish we were in your midst this morning, to speak heart to heart with you of the many beautiful things God is giving us regarding the same. From our standpoint we can but feel sad and sorrowful to think of one whom God was using so extensively, and who was proving such a valiant hero of the Cross of Jesus, and who was an inspiration to those of us who have met him, to be true to God, to leave us at this time, when the battle seems the hottest and the enemy is raging. Yet we must gladly say ‘Amen’ to the will of our God.

“God knows I heartily sympathize with our dear Sister Knapp and the children, and my heart went up to God in earnest prayer that He would sustain and comfort and keep you all, as only our God can, and that you would remember that all His many promises for those in like affliction and sorrow ‘can not be broken.’

“I never shall cease to thank God that He ever let me meet two angels of mercy in the darkest hours of

all my life—Brothers Knapp and Rees; and I will carry with me throughout eternity one little message given me from the lips of Brother Knapp, that served to change the whole course of my life for God's glory; and at this time God knows how sadly I feel his absence, as I had counted on him as one to whom I could write for counsel, and who would understand me as few others could. But, glory to God, our loss is his gain, and we sorrow not as having no hope; for to us death is no longer death. It is a portal of a fuller and higher life! It is the arctic chamber of the King's palace. It is to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. It is to leave behind the companionship of temptation and suffering, and to grasp the hands of angels, and to sit down with the saints of God above. What a glorious prospect! The suffering now is out of all proportions to the glory hereafter. One hour in that blessed home above will outweigh a lifetime of trial. Brother Knapp's departure will give us all a keener longing for His presence and kingdom. Home is brighter and more attractive to me to-day than ever before. Hallelujah!

“And now let me exhort you all to take courage. Take courage, Sister Knapp. Take courage, Mother Knapp. Take courage, students at the Bible-school. The work that God has begun He will perform. While awful battles are to be fought, and cities to be taken, and the truth heralded in every part of the globe, yet glorious victories await us. The gates of hell shall not prevail against you. More than that, you shall prevail against hell. I want to say to you, there is n't a demon that can stand before you. The Son of God gives you authority over all demons, sicknesses, yea, all manner of diseases, I care not what they are. I am satisfied, if you and I will go to the uttermost parts

of the Bible in our life, and stand upon John x, 35, our God will, through the students at the Bible-school, go to the uttermost parts of the world with a pure gospel as in the days of the apostles. I am sure the spirit of Brother Knapp would say to us to-day, yea, the Holy Ghost does say, 'Go forward.'

"The Church at Calcutta sends messages of sympathy, and echoes of victory to you all.

"I am your brother and servant, S. Bufes."

"Greencastle, Ind., December 10, 1901.

"Dear Sister Knapp,—Yours of yesterday, conveying the intelligence of the departure from earth of your precious husband and our dear Brother Knapp, just received.

"I like the way you express it: 'Called home to be with Jesus, whom he so dearly loved and served.'

"Loving him, we rejoice for him; for to depart and be with Christ is far better for him than to abide in this tabernacle. Loving him, we sorrow not even as others which have no hope. The last time I saw Brother Knapp was in Chicago last May. I was in attendance at the Holiness General Assembly. The house was crowded, and I was content to find standing-room. But Brother Knapp, seeing me, instantly vacated the chair he was occupying beside the pulpit, and insisted upon my taking the seat while he sat down upon the floor at my feet. See the picture. Such an act of Christian courtesy and brotherly kindness was greatly appreciated by me, especially because of the peculiar circumstances then surrounding us. It showed a true heart and fraternal spirit in Brother Knapp, and will never be forgotten by me.

"Your letter reached me too late for me to be able

to get to you in time for the funeral services, or I would surely have been with you. I am certain that Jesus is present—very present—a very present Help in this your greatest time of trouble. May His grace prove sufficient for you and yours and his!

“In and for Jesus, E. F. Walker.”

“Tokio, Japan, January 20, 1902.

“Our Dearly-beloved Sister,—We find ourselves face to face with a loss of words, and our pen fails to say what is in our hearts. We do love you, dear Sister Knapp, more, and more, and more. We shall never be able to tell you what you and dear Brother Knapp have been to us; what strength and encouragement have your letters been to us this first trying year in a heathen land. His words of encouragement have made us take fresh hope through man a testing hour. But he is not; for God took him. Amen.

“I can just imagine how up in glory, on December 7th, the angels were putting the last finishing touches to a mansion, while one was summoned to go quickly to Mount of Blessings. Perhaps there was to be a great Convention, and Wesley and Fletcher and Moody and Paul thought Brother Knapp ought to be there. O glory! Death, where is thy sting?

“By God’s grace we mean to be true until Jesus comes. Our faith is in Him. We learned long ago that we live by faith, and not by joy. There is not a shade of fear in our hearts. He who sent us will care for us. ‘Lo, I am with you always.’

“We expect to see Mount of Blessings grow and grow; for it is our Heavenly Father’s planting, and shall not be rooted up. Our prayers are continually with you. We know God will give grace for every

trial, and wisdom for every duty, and money for every need. We believe it, for He is just the same God in America as in Japan.

‘We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll,
Fastened to the Rock that can not move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior’s love.’

“We know our Father will be more to you than He has ever been. Sometimes I think He permits us to walk through lonely paths that we may lean more heavily upon Him. He is so anxious to see these heart-vines bear luscious fruit, and sometimes He prunes most deeply, and often around its roots must be laid the ashes of the dearest and best-loved. But as one version renders it, ‘Lo, I am your companion every day.’ Praise His dear name! Our best love and sympathy is with you; underneath are the Everlasting Arms.

“Give our love to dear Mother Knapp. We know how heavy the trial at her age. And please tell her Isa. xlvii, 4, for me.

“Till Jesus comes,

“Charlie and Lettie Cowman.”

Mrs. Cowman says:

“ ‘God’s plans like lilies pure and white unfold:
We must not tear their close shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal their calyxes of gold.’ ”

“When the Mount of Blessings’ large family are all gathered home, perhaps some day Jesus will sit down in our midst and tell us why He could not wait longer for Brother Knapp.

“Father, we do not understand; but it is all right; our faith is firm in God. He it was who sent us, and

He will never leave. He who feeds the sparrows will feed and clothe us as we need; so do not be anxious about us, for God will provide. He will take care of every part of the work begun, and carry it through to its completion. Mount of Blessings was Divinely planted, and will go on. We have no fears. I mean to be true to God, and carry out here, as faithfully as I know, just what God would have me, and what Brother Knapp would have wished."

Brother Hirst writes:

"We are glad you did not cable, as it would have kept us a whole month in suspense, not to speak of the cost, which is considerable. I was completely carried away with grief for a couple of days; but the cable of Divine love was only drawing taut. It holds secure. And we realize in a deeper, tenderer way the truth of Sister Storey's comforting exhortation on the margin of the letter. Brother Knapp is gone, but Jesus is still on the throne. We now look up and smile through oft-gathering tears, and look more earnestly for the coming of the Bridegroom. He can now say:

“ ‘With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He moves,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered by His love.

I bless the Hand that guided
I bless the Heart that planned,
Now throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.’

"Somehow it seems that he is much nearer us than he was at the Mount of Blessings. O what an inspiration to walk through the world and have one so near dwelling in the heavenlies! Surely, beloved, after

looking back on us all, he has started off to explore with angelic escort the territory that is all ablaze with the glory of the Lamb. He has dropped all weakness and pain, and can now scale the Beulah Heights of glory with no weariness. I dare say he can sing now with voice as well as pen. Glory to God!

“We are all cast upon God for the development of that princely faith he so exemplified and fathered in us all. I had a presentiment before I left home of his early departure, but would not heed it.”

“Hoodstock P. O. Cape,
“South Africa, January 8, 1902.

“Dear Sister Knapp,—Who is a Rock like our God? Little did I think, when Mabel came dancing in this morning with letters from home, that in a few minutes our eyes would be full of blinding tears and our hearts well-nigh overwhelmed. There is time before the mail goes only to send a few words, and I am not fit just now to say much either.

“Dear Brother Knapp! I did not realize before how much I loved you. I was hoping and longing for the time when you might come out here for a season; but henceforth our fellowship must be in heaven.

“O let us sink down in the will of God. He knows there is no rebellion in my grief. Last week we were filled with joy over our dear sister coming, that we might not be utterly cast down now. How good is the Lord to temper the wind to shorn lambs! My heart goes out to you all. God bless you all. May the Divine arms sustain thee, my sister! The remembrance of thy faith and love sheds a rainbow on my tears. Even now I can say, Bless the Lord! Put your arms around John, and give him a kiss for me. Tell him to be of

good courage. How vividly I recall my own father's going away! Dear John, I look up after thy father's track to the skies, and my heart cries out, 'My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!' O that a double portion of his spirit may rest on thee and me! Yes, on us all. We are grateful that dear Brother Godbey and Sister Storey were with you. Our hearts will all be closer together in the precious love of Jesus, and we will more closely follow our beloved as he followed Jesus. It will not be long, Sister Knapp, it will not be long. We gaze up through our tears and understand, as never before, the rapture and the meeting in the air when Jesus comes. My heart has been comforted in writing. May you be comforted with the comfort wherewith I am also comforted of God!

"God bless you all richly. Shall we not reckon among the 'blessings' of the Mount the blessing of sorrow? O, I am glad that Sister Ferle and Sister Finney knew before they started.

"Thine is the tender love of Jesus.

"Wm. N. Hirst."

"The following words from Brother M. W. Knapp, coming, as they did, so recently, and so short a time before the announcement of his death, will be read, no doubt, with interest by all our Herald readers. In a business communication to the office under date of November 20th we have the following:

"Dear Brother Richmond,—May the Lord abundantly bless and prosper His work in your hands. I thank you for your kind words of brotherly love. If there is anything in this world that encourages me to go on, it is to know that there are a few of God's

children who are backing me by their love and prayers. God is wonderfully blessing and giving us victory. I do not know when the Lord will let me come your way, but shall be glad to come and see you. When you are in Cincinnati, do not forget the Mount of Blessings, and that you will always find a hearty welcome. The Lord is wonderfully settling the students in Himself, and constantly giving us souls saved and sanctified.'

"Personally, I must say that I feel greatly bereaved in the death of Brother Knapp. For some time I had had an intense desire to meet him and enjoy the blessed fellowship that I felt for him in the noble work the Lord was accomplishing through him. To be denied all hope of this blessed privilege seems a sad affliction, indeed; but I still have to praise God for the better hope of yet enjoying with him a more precious fellowship beyond this vale of tears, where joy will be unending and friendships ne'er be severed. R."

"The Revivalist, published by M. W. Knapp, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is one of the very best weekly holiness papers extant. It probably contains more solid spiritual reading matter than any other holiness paper now in the field. We commend it to all readers of the Herald. We offer it with the Church Herald, both papers one year to all new subscribers, for only \$1.25. With renewals to the Herald, \$1.50. Both must be ordered at the same time. R."

"Saratoga Springs, N. Y., December 13, 1901.

"Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"Dear Sister in Christ,—Three years ago last August it was my privilege to meet your beloved husband at Tipton, Ind., where I labored with him in a blessed

camp-meeting. I loved him before I met him, having learned to do so through his pungent writings, but have loved him more intensely since meeting him. By his death you have lost as noble a husband as woman ever had, and the Holiness Movement has lost a real knight, and heaven has received a prince. We shall all miss him, but no one will feel his loss so keenly as you. May the God of all grace comfort and sustain you in this your great bereavement! is the prayer of

“Your brother at the feet of Jesus sanctified wholly,
“L. C. Pettit.”

“Saratoga Springs, N. Y., December 10, 1901.

“My dear Mrs. Knapp,—We have just heard this morning the sorrowful news that Mr. Knapp has passed away. Beyond the bare fact we know nothing, but we hasten to send you a few lines of sympathy, to tell you we are praying for you, that Jesus may sustain and comfort you in this terrible bereavement. How sad to think a man just in his prime and so useful should be taken away! But God knows best. His will be done.

“Words express but poorly the tenderness of our hearts toward you at this time; but please accept our sincere sympathy.

“Your friends,
“B. S. and Lillie E. Taylor.”

“Sioux City, Iowa, December 13, 1901.

“Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio:

“Dear Sister,—I have just read those lines at the top of the Revivalist, saying Brother Knapp has gone home. My heart is aching with a sense of loss. It seems to me that he belonged to us all. I ask myself why I feel this so personally, for I never saw him; and

then I know how great a place the Revivalist has in my affections, and how his life has shone forth in his paper. We may well mourn for one who has held up so high a standard of religion, and caused so many to forsake sin and turn to Christ. It seems that he was called early in his career; but if we measure men's lives by the good they have done, I believe he has lived out the full term of years.

"While I know your will is in harmony with God's will, still I know, also, that your heart is full of sorrow, and I wish I could say one word that could cheer the grief; but in his life's work he left the greatest consolation that could come to you, and you know that he will welcome you when you shall meet him in 'that day.' 'With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the King's palace.'

"Your friend and sister, Ida Wetmore."

"Wednesday, 11 A. M.

"My Precious Darling One,—I am struck dumb with grief on receiving the sad, awful news that my best-beloved brother stepped away to God so suddenly.

"Darling, there is no use in my trying to tell you how I feel; it would be impossible any way. I've been on the bed ever since the first mail that brought the sad news, and when I saw the envelope among others, I quickly tore it open, saying, 'What does this mean? Something is wrong;' and was so overcome, as I saw the first few lines, I almost sank to the floor. Poor child! how my heart just covered you all up with love and with burning tears, which I can not control. 'Poor Mrs. K., precious darling, how she must be suffering, too, under the blow!' I kept on saying.

"I feel helpless, darling sister, to tell you how my

very soul goes out to you. We all feel it; but my heart feels it more keenly, you know; for we know each other so well, so bound in the Spirit of Jesus.

“My little darling, husband sees Jesus only, and rejoices. I rather grieve somehow, for you only know how precious Brother Knapp was to me, what a true friend and brother. I will miss him so; but, then, I think how your dear heart will miss him. How happy I am that the Lord let him give me that little visit! We both felt then he was a very much overworked little man; but he has now entered into His rest, and the blessed fact is that his works will not stop or cease; but his works will follow him, and go on throughout all ages, and a dear blessed record and work to follow him too. Let this comfort your dear heart, darling, that his work will never cease. My heart is so full, words seem so meaningless, and I am just bowed with you. It seems just so much as if it were my own. I have prayed that the Lord will fill up the vacant places and comfort you like a mother. My head has been splitting ever since the news this morning, but I felt I must just come to you any way. God fold you close in His arms. I know He is doing so, and praise Him for it.

“Yours in much prayer.”

“Fitchburg, Mass., December 9, 1901.

“Dear Sister Knapp,—My very heart weeps with you this morning. Can scarcely make it seem possible that the message announced at the Boston Convention yesterday is verily true. How far beyond our understanding are His ways! Yet this is one of the ‘all things which work together for good to them that love God.’ O may the loving Father, who has been your

strength these years, prove abundantly sufficient for this most trying hour! How beautiful to know that, though the strain and stress may, even in God's service, prove too much for the physical, yet the Spirit flies to Him where weariness is unknown, and all is one glad song of praise to Him who has redeemed us by His precious blood! Such is, beyond a doubt, the blessed realization of him who has been so faithful over a few things; hence he will be made ruler over many things. Have thought much of a son of whom he spoke when in our home last August, who was just stepping into young manhood. May the mantle of the father manifold rest upon that son! God bless you, sister! We are so glad that you can rest upon the bosom of Him who alone can give solace. May you realize each moment that 'the eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms!'

"Sincerely your sister for Him and the work,

"Mrs. J. H. Sparling."

"Vandalia, Mich., January 23, 1902.

"Dear Sister Knapp,—I have been thinking of your request about Brother Knapp's life. I can not recall anything striking in the way of incidents or special experiences. That which is of greater importance to me was the spirit of entire devotion to the Lord's will and work which he always manifested, just as though he were living a great sermon from the texts: 'This one thing I do;' 'The zeal of the Lord hath eaten me up;' and these always from the theme, 'Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, forever.' I think my personal acquaintance in close contact with him was in 1885, at the Whitehall Grove meeting. It was soon after my experience of entire sanctification, and I appre-

ciated so much his teaching of holiness. At that time he printed a pamphlet, 'Fire from Above,' containing incidents of that meeting, with experiences of some present, among them my own and that of my wife, Lucy Kellogg Beach. Then, while I was president of the Big Rapids District Camp-meeting, at Reed City, for three or four years, during Brother D. W. Parson's presiding elderate, Brother Knapp had the eight o'clock morning meeting. He was always like a live coal fresh from the altar near the throne. They were always seasons of marked power in the sanctification of believers and conversion of sinners. Only eternity and God's records can reveal the results of those years of victory on that camp-ground and their influence throughout that district. His work at that time, too, was, most of it, done when he was in great physical weakness. The altar scenes of these meetings came to me vividly, when scores, and sometimes hundreds, sought cleansing from all sin after his most searching presentation of the truth. As the years passed, the Lord widened the circle of his ministry, making him a flame of fire to burn up formality and worldliness in the Churches, and kindle in them the fire of full salvation. Now he is among those who go forth to the presence of the Lamb.

"May the Lord guide you by His counsel, and support you by His grace, even according to the abundance of His riches in Christ Jesus our Lord!

"Fraternally and very sincerely,

"John C. Beach."

"St. Catharines, December 14, 1901.

"Mrs. M. W. Knapp:

"Dear Sister in the Lord,—No doubt you will receive many letters of sympathy from kind and loving

friends who are perhaps much better qualified to write a letter of condolence. But I feel I am one of the Revivalist family, and, being led by the Holy Ghost, I will also write a few lines, praying that the Holy Ghost, the ever blessed Comforter, may make it a blessing to you. I never had the privilege of meeting dear Brother Knapp in the flesh; but I know I shall meet him in the glory-land. When I received my paper, the Revivalist, I at once noticed extra printing on the top. I read it over and over, and thought I must have made a mistake in the name. I asked myself, 'Can it be possible that God, in His great wisdom and understanding, should remove such a brother, that is so useful, and, as we would look at it, needed at this time so much, just as he had started such a grand work, and the Lord surely was pleased with it and so wonderfully prospered it?' These are mysteries we can not solve. But one thing we do know, Father never makes a mistake. We will leave it with Him.

“ ‘Not now, but in the coming years,
 It may be in the better Land,
 We ’ll read the meaning of our tears,
 And there some time we ’ll understand.
 We ’ll catch the broken threads again,
 And finish what we here began;
 Heaven will the mysteries explain,
 And then, O then, we ’ll understand!
 We ’ll know why clouds instead of sun
 Were over many a cherished plan,
 Why song had ceased when once begun,—
 T’ is there some time we ’ll understand.
 God knows the way, He holds the key,
 He guides us with unerring hand;
 Sometimes with tearless eyes, we ’ll see—
 Yes, there, up there, we ’ll understand.’

“Your sister in the Lord, S. Medden.”

“Battle Creek, Mich., December 12, 1901.

“Dear Sister Knapp,—How shocked we were when we read Brother Wood’s letter, telling us the sad news! It was so unexpected, and, to human vision, it looks so dark; but when we look to God, how it brightens! God never makes any mistakes; and while our hearts ache and our tears flow, yet we can say, ‘Thy will be done.’ Dear Sister, I need not tell you where to look for help and consolation; you know the way perfectly; but let me add my testimony to all the rest. God never fails us in our time of greatest need. He will be a husband unto you. O praise His dear name! We have great cause to remember Brother Knapp. When friends were few and brother ministers turned their backs upon us, Brother Knapp was Christ-like, and had a word of encouragement, and extended the helping hand. O you do n’t know how much it meant to us! Eternity alone can reveal it. His work is done; the battle has been fought; the prize has been gained, and to-day he is among the bloodwashed throng who came up through much tribulation. We are still on the battlefield among the foes of Christ. May we all be faithful to the end as he has been! I almost envy him. I get so tired, not of the way; but strength almost fails; and O, dear sister, we have had a face-to-face fight with the devil this past year! But God has kept us. I’ll not weary you with our burdens. Did not mean to mention them. You have many friends near and dear to write to you. I am almost a stranger to you; but my heart so went out towards you in your sorrow that I wanted to speak a word to you. I am so glad I had the privilege of meeting you both at Chicago. God bless and comfort you as only He can comfort, and make you a wonderful blessing to others!

“Your sister in Christ, Anna R. Kolp.”

"Tobasco, Ohio, December 10, 1901.

"Mrs. M. W. Knapp and Family, Cincinnati, Ohio:

"My dear Sister,—Our hearts were made to mourn yesterday, when we learned of our dear Brother Knapp's leaving us to join the ransomed in our Father's home, and especially so for you, whom he has left. But how glorious comes the thought to your sad, lonesome hearts, that he was only waiting, and had only to close his tired eyes in this world, and open them in the ever-joyful land! Our Minnie praises his life for leading her into the fullness of joy of our Savior's love. My dear friend, words fail to express what I feel in my heart this morning. While there is sadness, there is joy; and I know that you, deeper in God's love, have the same experience, and can wholly look to Him for relief and protection.

"We extend our sympathy in this hour of affliction, and pray God's richest blessings upon you and the work.
Elma Upperman."

"Oakland, Cal., December 16, 1901.

"Dear Sister Knapp,—We have seldom received such a shock as your letter gave us. I can scarcely make it seem real yet. When we lived in Albion, and Brother Knapp was so poorly, his death would not have surprised me at any time. After he got stronger, and we were gone, he wrote me that he expected to live fifty years to fight sin and Satan. Somehow I had settled down to the thought that he would live to a good old age, and that the grass would be green over my grave before he would lay down his sword. So it all came over me with a strangeness and a startling suddenness. The feeling of loneliness increases, and I

think of little else but him. Away back yonder we first met in Albion. A friendship sprang up. We studied one day in his room, the next in mine. Out in the activities of life, I went to his home to live while teaching. In the pastorate we labored together, first on his charge, then on mine, in revival work. 'David and Jonathan' they called us at Conference. Later in evangelistic work we were associated. Our paths there diverged geographically; he went south, I west. While we were far apart, measured by miles, I knew he was there, though our messages to each other were few. But now he is gone, and yet heaven is not far away; the end of the journey is not far ahead of any of us. We pray for you all. We can enter into full sympathy. It is all right. He doeth all things well. His love is unailing? The backward look will reveal it all, and make it all right.

"Your brother, Rev. B. E. Paddock."

"Salem, Oregon, December 17, 1901.

"Mrs. M. W. Knapp:

"Beloved Sister,—We noticed the announcement of dear Brother Knapp's translation, and we all who are at Pentecostal Training-school send Christian love and condolence. It was a great shock, but at the same time the Father witnessed with us that all was well, and you were receiving strength and help from Jesus.

"We are more zealous than ever to stand for the truth and push 'holiness unto the Lord.' We know God will raise up some one to continue Brother Knapp's work, and we pray that He will preserve it blameless unto His coming.

"Yours in holy war, M. L. Ryan."

“Fruitland Park, Fla., December 17, 1901.

“Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio :

“My dear Sister in Christ,—You certainly have my heartfelt sympathy in your sad bereavement. O there is deep sorrow in your home among all the dear ones; but deeper is the sorrow in your own heart, for I know your heart is almost crushed. O dear one, cling to the cross of Jesus for help and strength. I have been praying for you that your strength fail not; but O, that vacant chair will no more be filled by our beloved brother! He has gone home to live with Jesus; but we had learned to love him so well for the good spiritual food we gathered each week from the Revivalist. God may raise up another in his place; but his place can not be filled by another. We shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair. O I know the great burden he had to bear was too heavy for him—indebtedness of Mount of Blessings and Tabernacle; then planning for the Rescue Home, besides so many other burdens. They certainly must have been a very great strain upon him.

“O let me live the life of the righteous, that my last end may be like his, glorious! Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. Glory be to His name who died to redeem us all! Not one need be left out; for God has hidden all mankind to come and partake of the water of life freely. I came to that fountain, and was cleansed from all sin. To-day I can look up and rejoice. Why? Because His blood cleansed me from all sin. How good that we can know this for ourselves, and not another! Jesus shows His smiling face in so many ways, so we may know. Is He not precious to us all, especially in sickness? He seems nearer to us then because we trust Him more fully.

“Yours lovingly, Mrs. E. C. Harner.”

“Washington, D. C., December 16, 1901.

“Our Dear Sister Knapp and Family,—God bless you! Words would fail to express the deep love and sympathy we feel for you in the great sorrow that has come to you through the sudden translation of your dear husband, son, and father, our beloved brother.

“When the news came to us from my father in Ohio, our hearts were possessed of grief mingled with joy; grief, through the very great loss which so many, many will feel, and the joy of his and Heaven’s gain, the thought of him really being with Jesus, whom he has so long loved and served so faithfully. What a blessing he has been to so many souls! How we individually praise God for him, and that we had the privilege of being in such close touch with his blessed life! Truly his death makes heaven more real to us than ever before; and now we do feel that our Jesus is surely coming back soon with him and the great company, to gather us up to meet with them in the air. O, he has just stepped into the chariot a little ahead of us, and will be permitted to come back with Jesus. He has been so faithful and self-denying, he was worthy to get to see Jesus ahead of us. ‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.’ We pray God that a double portion of his spirit rest upon the Revivalist family. May dear Brother Knapp’s mantle fall upon the right one to lead the Lord’s hosts on to eternal victory!

“There was only one dear Brother Knapp. His place can not be filled; but God will see that his nobly-begun work will move on till Jesus comes.

“We imagine the solemnity that pervades the Mount of Blessings. Our hearts are bowed with grief when we think of the lonely hearts, especially of the dear companion; but how glad we are, as the sympathizing

Jesus, who wept with Martha and Mary, lives there in the person of the blessed 'Holy Comforter!' What an appropriate name!—for truly He is a Comforter.

'There's not an hour that He is not near us;
No, not one; no, not one;
No night so dark but His love can cheer us;
No, not one; no, not one.'

"How glad we are for the experiences we had in the dear Bible-school. Long may it live to be a blessing to those on whom the Lord has His hand. With much love and sympathy, we are yours in Jesus.

"Your sister and brother,

"Jessie and James Hundley."

"'Look up, your redemption draweth nigh.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

A STREAM OF HOPEFUL SORROW.

“I watch thee from the quiet shore ;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more.

O days and hours, your work is this :
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain and after bliss ;

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet ;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundred-fold accrue.”—TENNYSON.

It will be remembered that Knapp was told, when an insignificant-looking young man, that if he were buried in the straw-stack he would not be missed. If that speaker is living now, and is intelligent enough to know what is going on, what does he think of this stream of grief that poured over the land and world when our “Hero of Faith and Prayer” went to the skies? It reveals how he had touched with benedictions a multitude of hearts.

“Dallas, Texas, December 12, 1901.

“Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio:

“Dear Sister,—I learned the sad news yesterday through friends, and read in God’s Revivalist to-day, that Brother Knapp, my friend and dearly-beloved

brother in Christ, was taken from his earthly friends and relatives, where we can no longer hear his voice nor receive his weekly messages here on earth through God's Revivalist. O how sad my heart is this day to know that his voice and pen is stilled, and how much we shall miss him! I have been a wrecked and ruined man, and it is largely due to Brother Knapp's influence that my soul is saved now. It has been his boldness to strike down the powers of darkness and label the imps of hell as such, and to fearlessly hold up Christ, the Prince of peace, as being able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. Four years of infidelity destroyed my faith in God and all mankind; but seeing the boldness and assurance with which he approached the throne of Grace Divine for spiritual as well as temporal needs, inspired my drooping faith and spirits heavenward, until now, glory to Jesus, my mind is staid on God, and I have the peace of God that passeth knowledge.

"Sister Knapp, God bless you and your dear children! The same God whom Brother Knapp served and trusted these many years is your God. I know that you will find in Him the warmest, dearest, sweetest Friend you have ever known, and in this, the dark hour of death in your home, thank God, the stormclouds can't hide Jesus' smiling face. Bless His dear name! I have suffered so much heartache and found such coldness in the bosom of earthly friends, until—bless His dear name—I fly to Jesus, the great Burden-bearer, and cast my cares upon Him, remembering that He is the great Sympathizer and Comforter of hearts in the Holy Ghost. My dear mother left this world two years ago, with seemingly mighty little prospects of heaven, if we judge

the life; and O, I never heard such sighs and saw such a discouraged and hopeless look on a human face as was her condition for three or four days before her death; but, Sister Knapp, God gave me grace to sing over her poor, lifeless corpse at the grave. (I led the song service; no others could do it.) I am glad that Brother Knapp lived in my day. I feel like doing more now than ever since we have met with such a loss. I wanted to let you know that a friend in Texas weeps with you in your great trial. Hurry and give us the details of his demise. Many anxious hearts are waiting in hopes of hearing of a triumphant translation.

“Your brother in Christ, H. E. Malone.”

“Adair, Ind. Ter., December 15, 1901.

“My dear Sister Knapp,—The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee grace.”

“Words can not express the sorrow I felt when I opened my Revivalist and saw the note to ‘the Revivalist family.’ May God comfort and bless you in this your deep sorrow! We know ‘that all things work together for good to them that love God,’ and may He help you to look up and say, ‘Thy will be done.’

“I can not see who can fill Brother Knapp’s place; but praise the Lord for such a blessed man as Brother Knapp! Have remembered you often in prayer, and will continue to hold you up at the throne of grace.

“May God bless and comfort you and keep you by His power! With much love from

“Your sister in Christ,

“Mrs. R. Vandiwort.”

“523 Lord Street, Indianapolis, Ind., December 9, 1902.

“Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio :

“My dear Mrs. Knapp,—My heart goes out to you in this most trying hour. May the very God of peace comfort your heart and sustain you! is my prayer.

“When Brother Bacon told me yesterday of the sudden call, I thought immediately of God’s work, begun there by Brother Knapp, of how he had been about his ‘Father’s business,’ and had certainly proven himself worthy, and God had promoted him to a more exalted position. It makes me have a deeper longing to be true in every sense, and to make use of every opportunity for good. May God bless, comfort, and keep you! “Yours in Christ, Della Brown.”

“Cleveland, Ohio, December 13, 1901.

“Sister Knapp,—Just received the very sad news of the departure of your devoted husband and my devoted friend, which made me feel exceedingly sad. I do not know of the departure of any religious worker which was as hard for me to give up as he. It was under his preaching that God awakened me for the blessing of holiness, and I know that there are many who have the same testimony. He is truly numbered among those that are shining forth as the stars in the firmament; for God has certainly used him in turning many to righteousness. Remember that God doeth all things well. Since He has promoted, or, rather, translated him, our loss is Heaven’s gain; though our tears fall thick and fast, we will remember our Burden-bearer. I trust that your burden may not be so heavy, since there are so many who are sharing it with you. When I was in sorrow some years ago, Brother Knapp comforted me with these words that ‘God and time’ only was the cure. Now

may his precious words comfort his wife, mother, and children, also all of us who feel the loss.

“For you my prayers ascend, and may He use you in carrying on this great work!

“Yours in His fullness, J. C. Turner.”

“Greensboro, N. C., December 18, 1901.

“My dear Sister in Jesus,—Your letter at hand, and glad to hear from you. Sad to hear Brother Knapp had left us; was a shock to us all. We loved him as a father, and I shall miss his words of counsel. In the great battle of life, and oft-times when the enemy was after me, and no one near who could give me a word of comfort, how I would appreciate his letters with a ‘God bless you, Brother Hodgin.’ The three days he was with us, two years ago, was such a benediction to our home. How we shall miss him! But we were able to say, ‘Glory to God! the Lord’s will be done.’ He is safe now, and, by the grace of God, we shall meet him.

“I know you miss him more than any one else. Remember, you have our love and sympathy; also remember that hundreds of prayers are going up to God in the South for you and the work there. Keep the Revivalist hotter than ever, and we covenant ourselves anew to do our best to make it so.

“The Lord comfort and keep you forever! Amen!

“L. C. Hodgin.”

“New Burlington, Ohio, December 12, 1901.

“Dear Sister Knapp,—We are just in receipt of the news of your husband’s death, our brother, beloved Brother Knapp. How we loved him, though apart, yet so blessedly near, as the work of his hands united our spirits in a Holy work for the Master, co-workers with

him. We extend to you, dear sister, our Christian love and sympathy. Earth can not hold heaven's treasures.

"Your brother and sister in Jesus love,
"Rachel K. Jones and E. Townsend Jones."

"Methuen, Mass., December 17, 1901.

"To Mrs. M. W. Knapp:

"Dear Sister in Christ,—Please accept many thanks for your kindness, also my sincere sympathy in your bereavement and sorrow. God alone knows what the heart can bear, and 'His will, not ours, be done.'

"It was a great shock, and seemed to me as though one of my own family had gone; and indeed was it not, for are we not all of one great family?

"Your sister in Christ,
"Mrs. Myra Richardson."

"Providence, R. I., December 10, 1901.

"Mrs. M. W. Knapp,—It is with a sad heart I am looking for the next paper. It seems as if I had lost a father for a second time. It may be too much to write to you this way; but I feel I want you to know how the Providence people at the Church of Emmanuel felt when they heard the sad news. I think there were not many dry eyes in the house.

"Mr. George S. McKay (a subscriber to God's Revivalist) said, as he spoke of Mr. Knapp's illness (Mr. Pennington being at Boston), that he thanked God for having seen and heard him, and the help he had been to him in the paper.

"Blessings have come to my own soul as I have received letters from him, and I shall never forget his pleasant little talk with me at Portsmouth last summer,

when he advised me not to stay with anything like a dead Church. And I can truthfully say that hardly a day has passed for the last two years that he has not come into my mind.

"The Lord bless you and John! It must be hard for him; but I feel sure the presence of the Holy Comforter is with you all there, and Grandmother Knapp, whose testimony I always like to read.

"Please excuse me for taking up your time to read this.

"I know such men as Revs. Rees and Ferguson must feel the loss greater than I, and, of course, the students; but, as I said before, it is a personal loss to me, the least.

"Pray for me, that, as one of the Revivalist family and one of the soldiers of the Holiness Army, I may keep the fire burning in my soul. Heaven seems nearer this week, and more real as the days go by.

"Again, the Lord bless thee. As you are so busy and will have to write to so many others, I will not expect a reply.

"Respectfully yours, Herbert L. Henry."

"Mt. Vernon, Ill., December 14, 1901.

"My dear Sister Knapp,—God bless you in this trying hour! I do sympathize with and pray for you that God will give grace in this time of need.

"I was so shocked and surprised to hear of Brother Knapp's death. God knows best, and, no doubt, his work was done, though, indeed, it looked so different from our point of view. His ways are not our ways.

"I know that, while you are given up to God's will, and bow in submission to Him, yet, after all, there is

a bleeding heart that no one can comfort but Jesus. We are not machines; we are human. Some seem to think, because we are sanctified and given up to God, that we need no sympathy, and that we are unlike others. Well, indeed, in one respect we are unlike other people; and in another sense we are a good deal alike.

"May God bless and strengthen you for the work, and give you grace and victory, and lead you in the way of life everlasting!

"Would like to be at the memorial services. Do n't know yet whether I can be, or not, afraid not.

"I will do all in my power to help you in the work.

"Love to dear John and the little darlings; love to the school.

"As ever, yours in holy love,

"E. A. Fergerson."

"Texas, N. Y., December 12, 1901.

"Dear Sister Knapp,—This noon I mailed a business letter directed to Brother Knapp, not dreaming that it was the last one I would send so directed; but the returning mail brought me the *Revivalist* with the news, both sad and glad, that Brother Knapp had gone home to be forever with the Lord.

"While we have never met in the flesh; yet, for about twelve years, I have been more or less in touch with Brother Knapp, through books, papers, and correspondence; and, some way, there has been such a union in spirit that *I had become attached to him as to no other man on earth whom I have not personally met; and I think I can truthfully add, equal to almost any one I have ever met.* I did not know I loved him so much. How dear and how precious are those who are kindred in spirit, al-

though not related by blood ties, and, sometimes, not even personally acquainted!

“Since receiving the Revivalist to-night I have wept and wept again, as I rarely weep at the death of any one; yet, withal, comes over me such waves of blessing and assurance that I feel I would not desire it to be different. It must be God’s way, or it would not be so. I know God will comfort you and all the dear ones at Mount of Blessings, while your grief will be shared by the whole Revivalist family.

“I have had such an intense desire to meet Brother Knapp and the rest of the saints at Mount of Blessings; but it is not to be, not just yet, any way. It may not be long, however, until Jesus will come, or until some of us shall meet him in glory.

“No other editor, no other evangelist, no other pastor would I miss more than I shall Brother Knapp; unless it be the one who is my own brother in the flesh, as well as in the gospel. It would seem to us he could not be spared; but God has His eye on the one or ones upon whom his mantle is to fall, and will carry His work while He promotes the worker.

“Brother Knapp once wrote me expressing the hope that I was still pressing the battle, unless God had something better for me. I think of it so much. Now God has something better for him, and I am still left to work for Jesus a little longer.

Please pardon this long letter, but my heart is full. I feel I owe so much, under God, to Brother Knapp; God has used him so much to help me, and also I have watched with rejoicing, as God led him to make the Revivalist more and more radical and clean-cut, and saw the light shining clearer and clearer in its glowing

pages. God richly bless and comfort you and the children, and make this trial a means of added blessing! You have our prayers.

“One of the Revivalist family,
 “M. D. Warburton,
 “Pastor Wesleyan Methodist Church.”

“Vandalia, Mich., December 12, 1901.

“Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio :

“My dear Sister,—Brother Wood’s letters both received to-night, forwarded from Lake City.

“How our hearts go out to you in this great sorrow! ‘Jesus wept.’ Yes, His was real sorrow; His was a real life. Why should not we weep also? It is God’s way for us. You loved him, and the measure of that affection is the immeasurable chasm made by his departure. I loved him well; there has been a great vacancy in my Conference life since he did not meet with us; but I have thought of him as about the Master’s business elsewhere. Is he not still about the Master’s business? Certainly; he in the upper courts, as we below. I am sure the God of all comfort is comforting your heart with the same comfort wherewith we also in like manner have been comforted. We are bearing you to the Throne of infinite grace. Of Brother Martin Wells Knapp it can be said as of but few, ‘The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.’ He held nothing back from God. He constantly, instantly, joyously, wholly served his Savior.

“Truly may we say with Charles Wesley :

“ ‘Servant of God, well done !
 Thy glorious warfare’s past ;
 The battle’s fought, the race is won,
 And thou art crowned at last ;

Of all thy heart's desire
 Triumphantly possessed ;
 Lodged by the ministerial choir
 In thy Redeemer's breast.

In condescending love,
 Thy ceaseless prayer He heard ;
 And bade thee suddenly remove
 To thy complete reward

With saints enthroned on high,
 Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
 And still to God salvation cry,
 Salvation to the Lamb !

O, happy, happy soul !
 In ecstasies of praise,
 Long as eternal ages roll,
 Thou seest thy Savior's face,

Redeemed from earth and pain,
 Ah ! when shall we ascend,
 And all in Jesus' presence reign
 With our translated friend ?

"There! it needed it all to voice my heart to you. It would be a great satisfaction to be at the Memorial the 19th; but that is not within our ability. We have one common mercy-seat, and there will we meet, and let our faith unite with yours. There comes to me so vividly that gathering at your mother's home when Conference met at Lansing. What a gathering in the home above! May we all safely enter! Your brother,
 "John C. Beach."

"I, EVEN I, AM HE THAT COMFORTETH YOU."

"New York, 490 Broadway, December 26, 1901.

"My Precious Sister,—Your kind note reached me while I was spending a few days in Springfield, Mass.

"So your beloved has pushed aside the curtain and

slipped out of your sight for a little while ; but not out of your presence. You won't look ahead, and you will not grieve, I know, but just enter into the heavenlies with him.

“ ‘Bright smiles, not tears, to welcome
This glad triumphant morn !
For every foe is vanquished,
And death of terrors shorn.

O, shining is their pathway
Who that dear country win !
Fullness of joy their portion,
And he hath entered in.’

“O, I know how you have felt the new touch of His love, and how He has been with you :

‘ When thou passest through the waters,
I will be with thee !
Sure and sweet and all sufficient
Shall His presence be.’

“Have you written to Mother Mossman, and did you send her the same paper you so kindly sent me? I thank you so much for it, and for your sweet note. How good you are to me! If it is in His plan, I shall indeed consider it a privilege and a joy to meet you at the place you speak of, and shall be much pleased to see you if you can call upon me at 221 West 44th; only you know I might possibly not be able to stop only a few minutes here, but I might be free to visit half an hour or so. He will lead you just right. To think I shall not see your beloved now until we meet over there where Jesus will be seen face to face. You will not feel any separation. You can not; for you both are so close to Jesus it keeps you close to each other.

“If we could only know, somewhat as John must

have known after his vision, the presence of God into which our friend enters on the other side, the higher standards, the larger fellowship with all his race, and the new assurance of personal immortality in God,—if we could know all this, how all else would give way to something almost like a burst of triumph as the soul which we loved went forth to such vast enlargements, to such glorious consummation of its life!

“God bless you more and more, and yet more!

“How about your physical testings? Are they all gone, and are you strong and well? I hope so. If anything should cause you not to come to New York, can you let me know when you know?

“Yours lovingly in Him forever, Hope Alvord.”

“Merrill, Mich., December 20, 1901.

“My Dear Minnie,—On the human side, we offer sincerest sympathy and sorrow in and for your great grief and bereavement. It is not only your and our loss in Brother Martin’s death, but to us it seems the great work he was doing must suffer as the mighty energy of his little body is forever still. He has done the work of a lifetime in the years he has been spared to us and the world.

“How we love the truth, purity, and unswerving loyalty to God of our brother! We took sweet counsel together. Brother beloved, farewell! We shall meet again, blessed be the Lord! There is a brighter and diviner side. We congratulate you in the midst of our tears that, for our brother, the battle is gloriously ended, and for him work is done. He has heard the ‘Well done’ of Jesus, and entered into rest.

“May his life and death be to us who knew and loved him an inspiration to be more like our blessed

Master our remaining days, until we, too, join the blood-washed company of those who have gone before! May the Lord comfort and strengthen you, our dear bereft one, as far as may please Him, to carry on the work dear Martin has laid down!

“Your loving brother and sister,

“William and H. E. Taylor.”

“Greenville, Texas, December 16, 1901.

“Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio:

“My dear Sister in Christ,—Your very kind letters are at hand, and contents noted.

“The news of dear Brother Knapp’s ‘slipping off to heaven’ smote our hearts with sadness that he should be no more among us in the flesh, but rejoicing to know life’s work and weariness is over with him, and he has gone to be with Jesus, whom he loved so much, and for whom he lived, and labored, *and died*.

“I am sorry I never knew him in the flesh. I feel almost as if I did, and feel personally bereaved. I rejoice to know I could be of some help, comfort, and encouragement to him in his trials in life’s rugged way. It was so unfortunate, and to me seemingly very unkind and unbrotherly in ——— to prod him so amid all his toils and cares, when he had all and more than flesh could bear up under any way. I was so pleased with the meek, Christly spirit with which he received and bore it all. It drew me nearer to him, and has been an inspiration to me. It is possible for one to live like Jesus in this world. Praise God for it! I shall always praise God for dear Brother Knapp and his life and work in this world. ‘And he being dead yet speaketh.’ I am so glad that you know so well the source of comfort, strength, and wisdom. I rejoice to

know that God led him to arrange everything, and that his heaven-appointed work is to continue. 'God buries His workman, but carries on the work.' May He give you and your helpers a double portion of His Spirit and wisdom, and make the latter building more glorious than the former.

"God bless, sustain, keep, and greatly use you for His glory!

"Your brother in Him, C. M. Keith."

"Boston, Mass., December 9, 1901.

"Dear Sister Knapp,—I know words seem empty just now, but please permit me to express my profoundest sympathy with you and yours in this trying hour. My own heart is stricken beyond expression, and it would just fly to Cincinnati if it were not for the brethren who say I must not leave my command. We are in one of the greatest fights of my life; but O, how it adds to my awful sorrow not to be at his funeral! I long to look upon his silent face. I did not know that I did love him so much. God bless you forever, and comfort you now.

"Mrs. Rees feels this to be an awful blow. She will write you.

"Tenderly, your unworthy brother,

"Seth C. Rees."

"Chicago, Ill., December 9, 1901.

"Our dear Sister Knapp,—'Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort [bless His name!], Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them

who are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.' (2 Cor. ii, 2-4.) These words are more precious than ever during the past few hours. While we were at the Metropolitan Church yesterday morning, enjoying the blessed testimonies, songs, etc., in the class-meeting, Sister Harvey whispered the news of our dear brother's departure. At first a holy calm settled down over buoyant spirit, and we felt sad, and then glad. We thought of you in your sorrow, and of Brother John and dear little Lucy, and we felt that you were 'leaning on the Everlasting Arms,' and nestlings close to the great, sympathizing heart of Jesus. How precious these words will be to you: 'I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you!' (John xiv, 18.) You have lost a loving, thoughtful husband, and a kind, tender father. The school has lost a wise and faithful instructor. The Revivalist will mourn the loss of a fearless and uncompromising editor, and you will have the sympathy of twenty thousand of its readers. Brother Knapp has gone, but his works do follow him. He has fought his last battle, shed his last tear. No more weary nights; no more heartaches and weepings over sinners; no more fastings. He has laid aside the armor, and put on the white robes. The last feeble step has been taken, the last hill climbed, and his trials all ended. Glory to God forever! 'Gone where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' He has passed through the gate, and has seen his Lord face to face. The Master has welcomed him to His palace, and given him his harp and crown, and said, 'Well done.' He has fed the hungry and ministered to the sick and needy, comforted the sad and heartbroken, and encouraged the disheartened; and now he sits at

the table of the King, feasting on the delicacies of the Celestial City. Nevermore will men hale him to the judge and accuse him of disturbing the peace. Never again will the court pronounce him guilty.

“The toils of the road are all ended, and he is basking in the glory of heaven. No doubt he has found the dear ones gone before—the saints he knew so well while here. And O, it is so sweet to think that we, too, shall soon be there, where sorrows are unknown and partings never come! We are so glad that the dear Lord privileged us both to be at the camp-meeting last summer and meet him. Little did we think that, ere another year passed, he would have left us and gone to be with Jesus. When he was here a month ago at the Convention, he looked worn and tired. The dear Lord saw that he needed a rest, and granted it to him. How happy he must be to-night in his heavenly mansion! The Church here prayed much for you and the dear workers there during the services yesterday. Our hearts were all strangely warmed and melted, and the tears would come at times. We have all faith in God for the work there, and believe that it will prosper and grow with amazing power, silencing for a time the enemies’ guns. God is at the helm, and doeth all things well. He knows where the deep waters lie, and will guide the old ship safely. Hallelujah! Our hearts go out to you and yours in sympathy and love in these trying hours.

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.’ (Num. vi, 24-26.)

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;

and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. . . . For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' (Rev. vii, 17; xxi, 4.)

'Pray on, sad hearts, and some sweet day
Our God shall wipe all tears away;
You 'll meet the loved one gone before,
And dwell with Christ for evermore.'

"Lovingly and tenderly yours,

"Arthur F. Ingler,

"James H. Howell.

"Care D. M. Farson, 115 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois."

"Chicago, Ill., December 9, 1901.

"Mrs. M. W. Knapp: Dearly Beloved of God,—You have our prayers and Christian sympathy in the loss of our precious brother, your beloved husband. 'Truly he walked with God, and was not, for God took him.' He had finished the work, kept the faith, and has simply gone on to the crown. We feel ourselves bereft of a real companion. His voice, by pen, spoke to us each week in God's Revivalist by the Holy Ghost. The message will come now, and out of all will glow the purpose of God. He has promised, 'Surely I will go with thee.' This is yours in a deeper, truer sense than ever before. May the God of all comfort comfort you!

"We have just wired, and, if seems good and approved of God, hope to come down for a day of feasting in the house of mourning.

"Yours in the Holy Ghost, S. H. Bolton."

“Baltimore, Md., December 12, 1901.

“Dear Sister Knapp,—Greetings, in the name of Jesus. Never before in my life did I receive such a shock as when I received God’s Revivalist a few minutes ago, and read of Brother Knapp’s translation.

“How cruel death is! In an hour we least expect, and just when we feel we need them most, He comes and takes from us our loved ones. The flesh suffers, feeling the stroke very keenly; but the spirit is triumphant and victorious, and rejoices over the grand victory won by our husband, brother, friend, in his last conflict with the last enemy to be conquered.

“To say I sympathize with you in this last hour does not tell all. You have my prayers. May the God of all peace and comfort be with you, and take the place of him who has outstripped us in the race! God bless you, my sister, and give complete victory!

“Yours in Titus ii, 13-14, and on John x, 35.

“A. Lee Gray.”

“Indianapolis, Ind., 404 N. Illinois Street,
December 14, 1901.

“My Precious Sister Knapp,—How my heart aches at the thought of Brother Knapp’s having gone home! I loved him as a brother because he was a man after God’s own heart. I love those who stand firm and strong when the very hosts of hell are arrayed against them. I always loved to think of him in the work, and I always prayed for him daily. He has gone to live with our Father. How blessed! What a precious thought! I felt at first we could not spare him; but, as I wrote Sister S. A. Keen, I really believe God needed him as a general in heaven perhaps to get things ready for us. He was more than a Christian; he was a man of valor

and superior strength. How wise he was in his selection of trustees!

"I do wish I could be there the 19th. If it had been during the holidays I should have been with you. If we could see him as he is now, how our hearts would leap within us! You blessed woman, go on with the work. God will raise up friends and helpers. I never felt so near you nor loved you so much. I want you to pray for me at the Bible-school. I had an awful fall in September. Perhaps Charlie Weigele told you. My nerves are completely unstrung. I have taken the Lord for my Healer; but, somehow, I have n't entered in. I do not believe the Lord wants me to break down.

"Very lovingly yours, Kate Applegate."

[Telegram.]

"Boston, Mass., 12/8, '01.

"Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Young and Ringgold,—God has called His own. Sincerest love, sympathy, and prayers extended. F. M. Messenger."

"Chicago, December 11, 1901.

"Dear Sister Knapp,—May the God of all comforts comfort and strengthen your heart in this hour of trial, and may the remembrance of that glad day when we shall be caught up 'together with them' bring to you sweet consolation! May Jesus become more precious to you than ever before! is my prayer. I am simply bewildered at this news. It seems so incomprehensible. Of all God's men in this land, who, more than Brother Knapp, seemed to be necessary to His cause? I know of none; and yet—God knows best; so we must not only bow to His sweet will, but even praise Him, trust-

ing Him though He slay us. Glory to God! Take courage, sister; a little while longer, and then Jesus and our loved ones throughout all eternity.

“I feel the blessings of Brother Knapp’s influence even now, and am encouraged to love and serve our blessed Master more than ever. God bless you!

“My wife joins me in these feeble words of encouragement. May He make them a blessing! In the Beloved, Your brother, E. A. Kilbourne.”

“Martinsville, O., December 9, 1901.

“Mrs. M. W. Knapp: My Dear Sister,—The startling news has just reached my ears of the death of thy husband. I want to extend to thee my deepest sympathy and love in this thy greatest loss. While we rejoice that he is safely housed with Jesus our Bridegroom, there is always a pang at separation here, which all the Revivalist family will keenly feel, in the death of its beloved Editor. We can’t understand why he was called in the midst of his great undertakings for God, when there are so few these days who will trust God, and whom God will trust, to do exploits for Him. But some time we shall clearly understand when we see Him face to face. Jesus so sweetly showed His humanity when He ‘wept’ at the grave of Lazarus, and in the times of separation, while we can sweetly say, ‘Thy will be done,’ yet we can not keep back the tears.

“Dear Sister Knapp, God bless thee and give thee ‘abundant grace’ to carry on the noble work thy husband began in Jesus’ name, and may we not hope and pray that God will still give us the Revivalist that has fed and cheered so many hearts and homes?

“The God of all grace richly bless, guide, and keep

thee, and make His face to shine upon thee. How greatly we shall all miss Brother Knapp! But O, how beautiful that we, too, all soon will be where sorrow nor death can not enter! Thee has my earnest prayers. Again I say, God bless thee!

“Lovingly, thy sister in Jesus,

“Gertrude Moon.”

“Denton, Maryland, December 11, 1901.

“My Precious Sister Knapp,—We heard last night of Brother Knapp’s death, and you may know of our great surprise and sorrow. It is very hard for me to realize that it is a fact. You will understand perfectly how to accept comfort. Christ can not be less than a perfect Savior to you now, when you will need Him, O so much! There is a great deal I could say, but there is little that is necessary, since God, I know, will supply what you need of all things. I know dear Brother Knapp left you in His hands, expecting you to be cared for and protected. His spirit, life, present and future for each of us, seems a wonderful possibility. When we lay down the thoughts and feelings of this life we but take up those of the next; as if, in the day, time goes one, nothing is lost. The future is still as the present, both unto God and the soul. This is my faith and feeling in regard to the life of Brother Knapp. He may still trust his earthly friends and have confidence in them, and expect them to do their best. We must not disappoint him. I want my life here, from this time, to be more humble a success than it has been before. And finally we will all meet in heaven, where we will not be separated in any way, not by even a thought; for we shall then be as Christ.

“With much love,

Grace A. Fisher.”

“Prairie Depot, Ohio, December 11, 1901.

“Dear Sister Knapp,—Your letter just received, and, while I know you have friends nearer and dearer than I am, I can not refrain from sending you a few lines of sympathy in this your hour of bereavement.

“The news was an awful blow to me, and my first thought was, What must it be to his family and the Bible-school? We know that God doeth *all things well*; but, to our finite minds, it seems as if Brother Knapp was the most useful and most needed man to-day in the world. O, how I praise God for what he and the paper have done, under Christ, for my own soul! May He give you needed strength, and raise up helpers to carry on the work to His glory! O, my poor child, it is hard now, but a few more years and we shall all be together with the Lord forever.

“May God bless and keep you! is my earnest prayer.

“Your sister in Christ, Emily P. Carter.”

“Brooks, December 30, 1901.

“Mrs. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, Ohio :

“Dear Sister in Christ,—Both of your kind letters came duly to hand, the last one to-day. I thank you very much for your kindness and your trouble. As lightning out of a clear sky reached us the sad news of the departure of our dear Brother Knapp into a better world. O, I loved this dear man with my whole heart; though I never heard anything from him this last summer, being from Germany here, only one year in America. How sweet to know that all things that come upon us are according to the blessed will of our beloved Master, and that they all have to turn out a blessing unto us! May the dear Lord become more precious for you in these trials, and may He alone be

your Comforter and Counselor! Because He alone is able to comfort us, as a mother comforts her child, and His wisdom shall bring to naught the wisdom of this earth. We pray much for you and the work the Lord has put into your hands now, and the same for the whole Revivalist family.

“May the power from on high rest upon the dear brothers and sisters that are going on the Lord’s errand into the heathen countries, and may they be a bright and shining light in those dark continents. My brother and I are longing to come to Cincinnati once, to have a soul-refreshing time on the Mount of Blessings; but we are in the hands of the Lord, and for the first He wants us to stay here in the loneliness of the woods. The Lord is blessing His work here with victory. All glory and honor and might be unto Him! Four souls confess to have found their Savior here. Conviction is deeply resting upon the people. Glory be to Jesus—my Jesus! The Lord is blessing us richly here. As there came one sister and two more brothers of ours over from Germany this last December, we are here now one sister and four brothers, all saved by the blood of the Lamb and living for His honor and glory. Hallelujah! Another of our brothers is yet in Salem, Ohio,—saved too, praise the Lord! Our dear parents, both under the blood too, are living yet, with the rest of the family, in the old country. I have to beg your pardon for bothering you with so many perhaps uninteresting things; but you wrote such a nice letter to me that I thought it would, perhaps, be of some interest for you to get a little more acquainted with us. Would you please be so kind and explain occasionally, in the Revivalist, Eph. ii, 10, especially the second part of the verse?

"May the Lord bless you and His work in Cincinnati abundantly! Pray for us. Yours in Christ,

"F. Voget."

"Osceola, Neb., December 14, 1901.

"To the friends in Memorial service assembled we extend fraternal sympathy. Having known Brother M. W. Knapp in youthful days, we being in college together in the same class, and rooming in the same building, I am pleased to present my humble, unsolicited tribute to his memory on this occasion. Who could tread the halls of old Albion, and be under the loving, watchful eye of our beloved President Jocelyn, and the influence of that giant mind, Dr. Perrine, and others of that loyal Faculty, without an earnest purpose to be a noble man or woman? Among the minds most receptive of good stood our dear departed brother. Before his conversion he was manly, noble, and true, and we, his close associates, felt that in him we saw a man with only one thing lacking, and that Christ. Later he was converted, and married the one whom he dearly loved, whose name with his has been a household word in our home since we had a home of our own; one who had the Christian courage to say to the one she adored, 'Much as I might love you, I can not disobey my God and marry an unconverted man.' Would every woman take this stand, God would reward her as he did Lucy Glenn, and give her the strong support and love of the one of her choice, and he a devoted Christian.

"Brother Knapp's first work in the ministry was in my neighborhood, and, by his earnest appeals and the touching songs of Sister Knapp, I was led to turn Godward. Our hearts were then knit in much closer tie.

I moved to Nebraska, and for years had no trace of Brother Knapp, until, a few years ago, I accidentally, it seemed, but providentially I know, found the Revivalist in a home devoted to God, bearing the name of the editor. I wrote and found, as I hope, my old friend, renewed acquaintance, subscribed for the paper, bought several of Brother Knapp's books, and again, through his influence, had my spiritual eyes opened to the depths of God's love in sanctifying grace. So his hand and voice had a large share in all I have ever received from God in experience. Why should not his memory be precious to me? To the wife left to mourn his departure, whom we have learned to love by correspondence, we would say, We weep with them that weep, but rejoice with you in the blissful thought of the happy reunion in a better world than this, where God shall wipe away all tears.

"We realize the very fitting application to his sorrowing children of the words we once heard the son of Henry Clay Trumbull publicly utter in modest eulogy of his father, 'I am proud to be my father's son.' What a grand inheritance to leave our children—a noble fatherhood! To the hundreds of readers of the writings of Brother Knapp, in books and periodicals, we extend our sympathy. We have indeed lost a helpful friend, but are rejoicing to know he has received his crown among the stars. As we have been inspired by his life, so let us receive a new inspiration by his death, and go forth to profit by his example of untiring zeal, and do what we can to bring the whole world to Jesus.

"Yours for Christian service,

"Mrs. Myra Crozier, Evangelist,
"Iowa Holiness Association."

“Dear Sister Knapp,—Last evening, while reading the Advocate, I learned for the first time that Brother Knapp had been sick and was dead. To say that I was surprised would be putting it mildly. I was shocked. To be sure these providential dealings with mankind are going around about us all the time; yet, when it comes in our own homes and dear friends, it startles us. But how blessed it is to be able to have the Comforter with us, who enables us to say, ‘Thy will be done!’ I am sure you have Him, even before you tell me so. I know you are resting in the sweet will of God. May God bless and comfort you and the dear children! is my earnest prayer. I have known Brother Knapp for fifteen years, and he has given me good counsel more than once, and has encouraged me in my ministry, and I believe has always intended to be a true Christian brother to me and all the rest of mankind. To be sure, we did not agree on non-essentials; but we always did on the main line. I think I have always understood him, even better than some of his relations. I have no hesitancy in saying that I believe, without a doubt, that he is not dead, but more alive than ever he was on earth. I can say of him, This volume bound up, closed here, to be opened yonder, is a complete volume.

“Was his sickness and death, described in the Advocate, taken from the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, a correct statement? I have not seen the Evangelist. God is with us this year in our work for the Master in Michigan. I hope to so walk with God that I may meet Brother Knapp in heaven. Again I say, God bless and keep you!

“I remain your friend and brother,

“F. E. Morehouse.”

“Dear Sister Knapp,—Thanks for your kind letter. Will carefully read book on ‘Healing,’ and write you. Inclosed find P. O. order for \$1.50—\$1 of which is for Godbey’s ‘Commentary on Revelation.’ The other fifty cents for little Dorothy’s ‘Do-without’ money. My dear friend, I am sure you will be glad to know how my little children love you; your page in God’s Revivalist is a delight to them. They do wish so much to see and know you. With God’s help I am rearing them for His glory, so we may all join hands in the beyond. How my heart and how my husband’s has bled with you in the going away of dear Brother Knapp! It is so sweet and such a revelation of the power and grace of God to read how humble and submissive you all are. Believe me, he and the dear paper have been a beacon-light to us this year when no other help was nigh, save the Comforter. O, how we feed on it! And we do earnestly pray for each part of the work at Bible-school. May God verify all promises to you, each and all!

“Yours sincerely, Mrs. H. Briggs.”

“Dear Sister Knapp,—Yours of December 15th received. I have known Brother Knapp for seventeen years. Our intimacy began from the time we roomed together in Grand Rapids at the annual session of the Michigan Conference, in 1884. God made him a blessing to me at that time, not so much by what he said as by what he did. His Bible was his constant companion, the first thing in the morning, rising early so as to have time to read and commune with God, and the last thing at night, reading and meditating upon the Word before a season of prayer. After we retired, the conversation was along the line of retrospection of work, methods which God had blessed, and plans for

usefulness in the days to come; no trifling remarks, nothing but what might have been said in the presence of the King. When we met after separations of months, his most emphatic inquiry was after the work, the progress in spiritual things, and the most usual form was, 'Been having victory, have n't you?'

"At the tent-meeting held in Bloomingdale, Michigan, when pastor, Brother Knapp preached a vigorous, healthy gospel, so different from the milk-and-water effusions that were quite acceptable to back-slidden officials, that he aroused the community, and poured conviction on the audience. At the holiness meeting in Immanuel Church, in February, 1901, there was a young preacher who came to me, and, calling attention to that meeting where Brother Knapp was also present, said he was then and there convicted. I never knew Brother Knapp to hold a meeting without results. God always used him, and he always delivered the message faithfully. When after much prayer he began the publication of the Revivalist, I was convinced from correspondence with him that the work was of God, and He had made known to Brother Knapp that He wanted him in it. I do not know of one single instance when he moved in advance of God's plans, but only, and always, after much prayer and waiting upon Him for His will to be made known. I believe that all of his work, the publication of the Revivalist, God's Bible-school, the Rescue Home, and the world-wide mission work will go on, to the glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls, until Jesus comes. May God bless you, Sister Knapp, Bessie, and Sister Storey, and enable you constantly to crown Him Lord of all!

"Yours in Jesus, George B. Kulp."

“One thing which, to my mind, was very prominent in the character of Brother Knapp was his faithfulness to souls. He was especially interested in the spiritual welfare of every one under his roof. He not only encouraged those who were right, but faithfully warned those who were in error. I do praise God, and shall praise Him in eternity, for what Brother Knapp has been to me. He was the best friend I ever had, because he told me of my faults. Several times, during the two years I have been in the Home, has he called me aside and plainly told me of wrong notions, false ideas, and mistakes he saw in me, which I had not been aware of, but afterward, I saw, had greatly hindered my Christian progress. He taught me lessons I shall never forget, and I have a determination in me to follow him as he followed Christ in dealing honestly with souls, and thus clear my skirts from the blood of all men.

Alice M. Beam.”

THE TRIBUTE OF AN OFFICE GIRL.

“I wish I might say something that would half express my appreciation of you and the work you are carrying on. I am so glad that, in answer to your prayers and Brother Knapp’s, God let me work in the Revivalist Office almost five years, during what was, without doubt, the busiest part of his life. I never knew his princely faith to falter, and God so trusted him with more and more that each year of labor for the Lord seemed fuller of soul-saving effort than the preceding. Yet I never saw him so preoccupied that he was not eager to help people; and he would often drop his work, when it seemed to demand his closest and immediate attention, to pray with some one who came to be saved

or healed. O, how many attribute their present healing, and, under God, will owe their final salvation to his instant and untiring zeal!

“While I was in Cincinnati his home was a haven of rest to me, and his presence was a benediction to all who would be right with God. In the light of the judgment, there will be nothing to fear if we follow him as he followed Christ. As to his worth, the value and extent of his good influence is beyond human calculation. Not a day passes but we are reminded of his loyalty and devotion to God, and it is always an inspiration to press forward. Florence L. Potter.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HERO PROMOTED.

“So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be;
How know I what had need of thee!
For thou wert strong as thou wert true!

.
As sometimes in a dead man’s face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness hardly seen before
Comes out—to some one of his race;

So, dearest, now thy brow is cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred to the great of old.”

—TENNYSON.

“On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.”

—TENNYSON.

The following tribute and poem was written by some one at the Boston Convention, whose name does not appear in the material sent me:

“IN MEMORY OF M. W. KNAPP.

“Last Sunday afternoon I was at Park Street Church, Boston, attending that glorious Convention

that Seth C. Rees and his vigorous band were holding. All at once there was a solemn sensation spread over the congregation, when Seth Rees, in a deeply impressive manner, told us that Martin W. Knapp was gone to be with God. My own soul was deeply moved. Some cried aloud. In the past few months I have received many letters from him [Brother Knapp], and have wondered how it was possible that this devoted brother could bear up under such an everlasting and increasing burden of work and responsibility. It seemed to be utterly beyond the power of human endurance. His soul was all aflame with Pentecostal fire and heavenly zeal. Indeed, we may truly say, 'The zeal of God's house has eaten him up.' He lived in the heavens. His pen as well as his heart was on fire. I have been especially called to notice those heavenly forms that were published in God's Revivalist. There was a heavenly fragrance about them.

"No wonder that there was a halo of glory about his bedside, when angels rejoiced while loved ones wept. He was no doubt a martyr to his work. 'He being dead, yet speaketh,' and speaketh louder than ever. I am fully resolved to devote myself anew to God and His glorious work."

" 'A GENERAL ON THE FIELD HAS FALLEN.' "

"[The above words fell from the lips of Seth C. Rees, as he arose in the presence of the writer and a large congregation at Park Street Church, Boston, Sunday afternoon, December 8, 1901, to announce the translation of M. W. Knapp.]

"A general on the field he fell,
 Where fiercest raged the fight
 Between the demon hordes of hell
 And regiments of Light,
 Where, with the keen Damascus blade
 Of God's unchanging Word,
 He battled sin, and trophies laid
 Before his conquering Lord.

A general on the field, who saw
 What millions fail to see,—
 The awful guilt of broken Law
 And bleeding Calvary ;
 The fixed gulf that yawns between
 The sinner and his God,
 When plunged into the depths unseen
 Without the sprinkled blood !

A general on the field, who spurned
 All compromise with sin !
 Whose very soul within him burned
 A fallen race to win !
 For love and truth and holiness
 His choicest gifts he gave
 Of tongue and pen, the world to bless,
 And dying souls to save !

A general on the field ! For him
 No bivouac of ease ;
 He 'd face the foe if forced to swim
 Through wild and stormy seas !
 His ardent spirit yearned to go
 Where shrieked the shot and shell,—
 A soldier true, face to the foe
 This ' Prince in Israel ' fell !

A general on the field ! He waved
 The victor's palm in death ;
 Cheered on the souls from ruin saved
 With his departing breath ;
 Caught strains of music floating sweet
 Where angel choirs sing,
 Flew to his waiting Savior's feet
 His golden sheaves to bring !

A general on the field ! Who will
 His falling mantle wear ?
 Whose arm shall wield his keen blade still ?
 What hands his standard bear ?
 A double portion, Savior, give,
 Of power from on high !
 'T were glorious such a life to live,
 And such a death to die !''

“TRIBUTE OF THE BIBLE COMMENTATOR, W. B. GODBEY.

“With Rev. Martin Wells Knapp it was my privilege to enjoy a happy acquaintance and intimate fellowship in the Lord’s work the last twelve years of his life. Meanwhile he shone like the sun in his noonday glory; but unlike the sun who declines from the zenith to the Occident till barely eclipsed by the Hesperian hills, but like the Morning Star who goes not down on the approach of day, but shines till the floods of diurnal splendor melt away his nocturnal glory amid the overwhelming grandeur and effulgent radiations accompanying the king of day.

“The fall of Brother Knapp at the early age of forty-eight was like the sun dropping from the zenith at noonday. What a blessed privilege simultaneously to cease to labor and cease to live, thus, in God’s signal mercy, delivered from all the decrepitude of declining years! My constant prayer is, ‘O Lord, Thy will be done.’ If consistent with His will, I certainly would hail it as a signal blessing to go suddenly from labor to rest.

‘Servant of God, well done!

Rest from thy loved employ;

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter thy Saviour’s joy.

But strew his ashes to the winds,

Whose pen and voice still bless the world.

And is he dead? Glorious reward!

Life’s thine on high.

To live in hearts we leave behind

Is not to die.’

“Brother Knapp will preach, shine, and shout in the nine books which God gave the world through his instrumentality till Jesus comes in the clouds, and then

on through all the ages of eternity, as many will rise up to call him blessed.

“His zeal was sublime, his doctrine Wesleyan, and his courage Napoleonic. He seemed to live amid sheets of cherubic light and flames of seraphic fire. He was a beautiful incarnation, exhibiting the love of John, the fire of Peter, the lightning of Jude, and the dynamite of Paul.

“Let all the saints pray that his mantle may rest on his son John with a double portion of his spirit. He was a marvel of intellectual brilliancy and nervous acumen, having the most active brain I ever knew. His thoughts moved with locomotive speed. Doubtless the preternatural activity of his mind wore out his body prematurely, like Hugh Miller, Dr. Munsey, and others. His enterprises were simply marvelous, girdling the globe with his missions in Africa, Japan, and India, and actually sending two evangelists around the world to encourage the work in all lands.

“God’s Revivalist, God’s Tabernacle on the Mount of Blessings, God’s Training-school, Salvation Park Camp-meeting, and God’s Rescue Home are living monuments of that indefatigable perseverance which characterized this wonderful man of God.

“W. B. Godbey.”

The following tribute is from the Holiness Advocate, Goldsboro, N. C.:

“M. W. KNAPP AT REST.

“By this time nearly everybody that reads a holiness paper or an anti-holiness paper knows of the departure of this devoted servant of God. He left earth, with all of its battles and strife, on December 7th, at half-past

ten o'clock. Brother Knapp was the most widely known and useful man in the holiness movement, especially in the independent feature of it. He was most abundant in labors. He was the author of nine books, the founder and editor of the *Revivalist*, the founder of a Bible Training-school for missionaries and other Christian workers and a Rescue Home in the city of Cincinnati, and mission work in Africa. He was in the prime of life, and none of us dreamed that his labors were so nearly finished. He was criticised by some on account of his aggressiveness and independency; and even his motives were questioned; but he has left monuments to his memory that will stand till Jesus comes.

"I never saw his face, but feel just like I knew him personally. I expect to see him and know him when that blessed meeting takes place up in the air at the coming of the Lord. It may seem strange to some of us that he should be called away just at this time, when the cause of true holiness so much needed his work and influence. But may we not forget that God can bury His workmen and still carry on His work! The Advocate extends its sympathy to Sister Knapp and the children in this their sore bereavement, and joins the host of their brothers and sisters at a Throne of Heavenly Grace in earnest prayer that our Heavenly Father may graciously lead and bless the devoted wife and children till they all meet at Jesus' feet, to part no more forever."

From the *Little Visitor*, Port Huron, Mich.:

"GONE TO HIS REWARD.

"No doubt every reader of the *Little Visitor* has heard of the departure of our beloved brother, Rev. M. W. Knapp, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Yet, this being the

case, we would not feel right if we should edit this edition without making mention of him. To me, personally, he has not only been a dear brother in Christ, not only a co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, but a real father in the Holiness Movement of Michigan. His words of advice, as well as of encouragement in our infant days as a Holiness Union are still ringing in our ears. His powerful sermons, his earnest prayers at our State camp-meeting at Dimondale last summer, are fresh in my mind, and bring new inspiration to my soul as I meditate upon them. Of him it can be truly said: 'He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at that day.' (2 Tim. iv, 7, 8.) While our hearts feel sad when we think of our parting, yet there is a wave of joy and gladness almost welling up into a hallelujah when we think of our meeting again, may be in the air, as we for the first time are dressed in a new tabernacle, not made with hands.

'O, hallelujah, it won't be long either,
A few more days, a few more years
To tell our Redeemer's story.
A few more crosses and a few more tears,
Then away to our home in glory.'

“ 'Peace to his ashes.' ”

From Zion's Outlook, Nashville, Tenn.:

“REV. M. W. KNAPP—A BRIEF SKETCH—HIS EXPERI-
ENCE.

“This indefatigable worker, fearless and devout soldier, laid his armor aside at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, Saturday, December 7th, at 10.50 P. M. While

typhoid fever was the immediate cause of his death, the post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he was worn out through overwork; hence, when attacked by fever, he did not have sufficient vitality to throw off the disease. He was a bundle of nerves and a prodigy of energy, and the delicate body could not bear the strain of such an active brain. Twenty years ago, physicians told him that he could not live long; but, despite their warnings, he did the work of two or three men, pressing the battle against sin with an intensity seldom seen until he fell at his post.

"The Holiness Movement never produced a more loyal and aggressive advocate of the Wesleyan statement of sanctification. He wrote, published, and distributed a vast amount of holiness literature. The Revivalist, which he established and edited, has a large circulation. The Rescue Home and Bible Training-school, both of which are located in Cincinnati, have been signally prospered. They also have several missionaries in the foreign fields.

"During his last sickness the ruling passion of his life was predominant; namely, the salvation of sinners, and he exhorted them to prepare for eternity. The work committed to his hands has had a phenomenal growth. In whatever work he engaged he did it with all of his might as unto the Lord. He often wielded a very sharp blade. He was radical in his convictions, and made no compromise with worldliness. The cause of holiness never had a more ardent advocate."

• "LIKE JESUS.

"BEATRICE M. FINNEY.

"A short time before Brother Knapp slipped away to heaven, one of the Bible students, speaking about the book, 'The Spirit of Jesus,' said: 'I never met any

one in all my life that I think has so much of the Spirit of Jesus as Brother Knapp; and when I read that book I thought, Surely Brother Knapp is like that.'

"He was truly a living epistle of Jesus, known and read far and wide; and no one realized it so much as those who knew him best; and while the young lady who made this remark had been in school only a few months, yet I, after having been more closely associated with Brother Knapp than any one else, with the exception of his family and two or three others, for the past two years, could conscientiously, and without hesitancy, add a cheerful 'Amen' to her strong statement. In meekness, in gentleness, in patience, in kindness, in humility, in temperance, in love, and in firmness in being true to his convictions from God, he certainly was an exemplification of Jesus. These fruits of the Spirit were in full blossom in his life, and the atmosphere was filled with their fragrance, not only in every room and hall at the Mount of Blessings, but in prisons, in slums, in homes of the poor and rich, their perfume was wafted by his consecrated pen, carrying with it such a delightful odor that all over men and women were attracted to and made hungry for more of Jesus.

"I never shall cease to praise God for the privilege of being under the white light of Brother Knapp's clear teaching for the past two years. I remember, before the Bible-school opened, when we were making out the rules, regulations, etc., for the school, he would always say, 'Let's have a word of prayer before we begin.' Then he would bow his head and ask God to give us wisdom and to give us His mind in what we were about to do, and so save us from mistakes, etc., so that I soon found only those who were most intimately acquainted with him realized how much like Jesus he really

was, how closely he lived to Jesus, and how entirely he depended on the Lord for even the smallest details of the work. Thus he taught not only the theory or the doctrine, but he put into practice by daily living everything he preached.

“There was no service too humble for him to perform; and when some of the boys were tried about pushing the mail-cart, he told them ‘that used to be his work when he first came to Cincinnati, until God filled his hands so full of other things he had no time for that.’

“I shall never forget the impression made upon my heart one morning shortly after the Bible-school first opened. I was looking out of my window, thanking God for the Mount of Blessings, when Brother Knapp suddenly came around the corner of the dining-room, with both hands full of groceries. His clothes looked old and worn. He walked as if his body was tired and very weary; and there was something so pathetic, so much like Jesus, about his very appearance that my eyes filled with tears. I thought of his wonderful mind and wisdom, and how he might be living in ease and luxury in a beautiful home, enjoying the companionship of his wife and children, and then of the contrast, how he was losing his life for others, denying himself of all the comforts of home-life, and working, fasting, and praying, in order that we might have a better knowledge of the Word of God. Thus God used him to preach sermons that will stay with us forever, not only by tongue and pen, but by holy living. As he lived, so he died, forgetting self clear up until the last breath, and thinking only of God and lost souls, as nearly the last thing he said was: ‘Wake them up! Wake them up!’ And when they inquired, ‘Who?’ he feebly whispered, ‘Lost souls going down to hell.’ He

preached as long as God gave him breath, because he loved to do it. Thus, when he went up in the mountains of Kentucky a few weeks before he died, he told us how he redeemed the time by walking down a steep mountain ahead of the stage, and printing on an immense rock, in large letters, 'Repent, or Perish!' and then how he hastened on into a humble home, where it was too dark to read his Bible, and where he told them about Jesus, and had a few words of prayer with them before the stage came along.

A few nights before he went to heaven he sent for me to come over and pray with him. When I went in, he seemed so much better that I felt sure he was going to get well. He said, 'Sister Finney, I want you to go to the General Health Department of the Universe, and inquire why I am not healed.' I told him we had been praying, and believed that he would be, but none of us could get the gift of faith for present healing. He then told me that for weeks he had been working under an awful strain, and, after making me faithfully promise that I would not say anything to the students, he said that sometimes right in the middle of an article some of the students would come to him with perplexing questions, which took consideration to decide, and his head would almost burst under the strain. I began to plead at once that he would just let me mention to the students not to take things to him unless it was absolutely necessary. He said: 'No, indeed, I can't let you do it, because I thought of doing it myself one afternoon, but when I went to the service it slipped my mind; so when I came back there was a timid knock on the door, and I was just on the point of saying, 'Very busy,' when the Spirit restrained me. I opened the door, and found a girl who had neither father nor mother, and I would

not have turned her away for anything; but I just tell you so that you can pray for God to help me hold all these things in mind. I want God to make a strong man out of me.'

"I then laid my hands on his head, and prayed with all the intensity of my soul for God to reveal the reason he was not healed, and to give the gift of faith for present healing. When I had finished, he said, in his gentle way: 'Perhaps you made a mistake in dictating to God. You must remember, God's ways are not man's ways.' His kind voice was a rebuke to me; so I there and then asked God to forgive me if I had been over-anxious in claiming promises for his healing; but I could not get a present faith. I then told him that I was going to hold on to God for him. The last words he said to me were, Do n't pray all night.' When I got to the door, I was impressed to go back and shake hands with him, but I was afraid he might think I was letting down in my faith and would not do it. Two nights after that, and the night before he died, four of us were praying all night, but no one could get a burden. We had such a rest of faith that we thought it was the gift of faith. About one o'clock, Mrs. Knapp looked up, with her face shining like heaven, and said, in a half-whisper, 'O, I feel the angels in the room!' and sure enough, almost instantaneously we all felt their presence, and sat gazing at each other in silence too sacred to be broken even by a whisper for over an hour. While kneeling there silently in the presence of God and the angels, it came to me like a sweet voice, 'Pray the Lord's Prayer.' I began until I came to 'Thy will ge done.' Then the Spirit whispered, 'Are you willing for Brother Knapp to die?' I said: 'Why, yes, Lord; if you want him. But I do n't see who could ever take his place. I do n't see how

Your work can possibly spare him.' Then, like a flash, there was brought to my mind what he had said about God's ways not being man's ways; and then a vision of his poor, tired, aching head and weary body if he should recover, then the beautiful contrast of how our loss would be his gain, how glad the angels would be to welcome him, and his poor head would never ache again, and his weary body would be forever at rest.

'The tears streamed down my face as I thought how selfish of me to want him to stay, and I said: 'Lord, forgive me! I can say, "Thy will be done," from the depths of my heart.' When I said this, it just seemed as if heaven itself opened and flooded my soul. O, it was blessed! I can't begin to describe it. I only know that God and heaven have been much nearer since that night, and there slipped into my heart a deeper determination and a more intense longing to be like Jesus than ever before.'

"To the Tens of Thousands of Sorrowing Saints of the
Great Revivalist Family Throughout the World:

"Grace and peace be multiplied through the manifold trials and temptations which come to all of the truly sanctified. May the God of all grace teach you in these days of bereavement how to walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost! It is with a deep feeling of unworthiness that I have consented to write a chapter for this book. My only reason for doing so, is that I may, by His help, place emphasis upon some of the divinely-bestowed qualities of our precious, sainted brother, and thus magnify the grace of God, and comfort, strengthen, and establish the Lord's own.

"Martin Wells Knapp was my bosom friend. He was my wise counselor. I knew him more intimately

for the last few years than any other man of my acquaintance. To bury him, even at his own request, was the hardest duty of the kind which I ever have performed; but hardness must be endured as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Hardness develops rugged qualities, and fits us for greater conflicts.

“One of our greatest warriors is dead. A general has fallen at the front. He was hugging the firing-line, and was found with the armor on. He was in the Gettysburg of his life, and just as he reached the heights of the foe and shouted ‘Victory is sure,’ God said, ‘It is enough; come up higher,’ and he was given a command in the skies. Sudden and shocking as was his death to us, it was transcendently glorious for him. It was just what he wanted. No time lost; no years of superannuated life; quick time and close connection; no loss of power; no abating zeal; no experience without the edge; no old ‘has been;’ one day fighting here, the next day shouting there. O Lord, let my days on earth end like that!

“We mourn not for Brother Knapp, but for the work of Jesus Christ on earth, and for the people who need a leader, and the sheep who are without a shepherd. Our heads are fountains of tears, and our sorrow nobody knows except the real saints. Nobody suffers so keenly or knows so well the pangs of real sorrow as the sanctified. Brother Knapp fought just a little ahead of us, and has fallen on the breastworks of the enemy. We stop for an hour in this awful conflict to thank God for the victories won, and take courage and press to the front that we too may accomplish the whole purpose of God. Although Brother Knapp was an avowed enemy of the world and all forms of worldliness, it was not the world that killed him, but the thrusts of

a fallen Church and backslidden holiness professors. His delicate frame and sensitive nature went down under a shower of stones from those who should have held up his hands. How like the case of our Lord! I doubt if any man living stood closer to him or knew him better, and I know truly that he was a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. Let us also die in the harness, hugging the reproach that comes to a true soldier. And now, before I enter fully into this chapter of Brother Knapp's life, let me say to every soldier in the field, whether on the perilous lines of heathendom, on the frontier among the prairie wolves and the mountain lions, or in the slums and cesspools of sin, no difference where your post, tighten your belt and push ahead. God lives, and will give a great victory all along the line. We will lift up our heads and go forth to greater conflicts and greater victories. Brother Knapp was not an ordinary man. For many years he had been an extraordinary man, because he was God's chosen instrument for a very special and wonderful work. It was not his personal appearance, however. His personal and social position was insignificant. If you could take a look into the humble home of his childhood days you would see a frail, shrinking, bashful boy. You would not find much in the picture that looked like the germ of such a heroic life, and yet it was this man, under these depressing circumstances, whom God called to lead one of the greatest exploits of Christian warfare. He was not a born fighter as some have boasted, but as he has told me again and again he was a born coward until he was 'born again.' It was not natural but Divinely *supernatural* for him to stand so boldly and so erect, no matter what the opposition. He is another illustration of the fact that the

loftiest and most illustrious characters in the line of God's chosen heroes are taken from the humble walks of life, and educated in the school of trial and hardship. The heroes of the world have been produced under high pressure. Brother Knapp would never have chosen the publicity or leadership which his calling gave him. He did not seek the place; the place sought him. He did not attack sin in high places, or denounce false dignitaries and backslidden Churches because he was a pugilist, for he was far from it; but he felt the call of God upon him, and he must be true. His call was to an hour of awful need. God opened his eyes to see the awful darkness of these days, the pitiable and deplorable condition of the American pulpit, and the awful apostasy of Protestantism. It was the darkest hour of the world's history, when there was but one saint on earth, that Noah lived his life and testimony to holiness. It was in the midnight of his people's history that Moses came forth, turned on the powers of the skies, and broke the iron grip of Pharaoh and his throne. It was when infidelity and idol-worship were widespread, and Israel was rushing wildly to the very precipice of ruin, that Elijah blazed forth out of the darkness, and by his ministry of fire proclaimed a knowledge of the long forgotten God. During the dark age of the Judges, that some of the most brilliant men of the Old Testament are found like stars in the night. So the life, character, and herculean labors of our precious Brother Knapp shine out like a bright and particular star in the midnight darkness of these awful days. It was an hour of desperate need of God's own true and oppressed people, when Brother Knapp stepped forward in the Holiness Movement, and lifted high the banner of true holiness and Christian liberty, and

sounded long and loud the bugle-call for the Lord's redeemed people to throw off the yoke of a dead ecclesiasticism, and break away from the popery of a fallen pulpit.

"Through his fearless, faithful ministry and the multiplied thousands of books, booklets, and papers, which he has scattered throughout the world, he has led very many to see the apostate condition of the so-called Churches, and the great danger of complicity with them, by supporting them financially and bidding them God-speed.

"Tens of thousands rise up to day and call him 'blessed.' What will it be when he shall come back with our glorious Lord?

"The first and most prominent feature of his life was his Christian experience. This is always the most important thing that heaven sees in a man. A Bible experience is the Divine standard for the measurement of men.

"Brother Knapp not only had a clear radical regeneration, but he stressed the New Testament standard of repentance and regeneration until many who professed to be sanctified, discovered under his ministry that they were not saved at all.

"His Pentecost, by which he was sanctified wholly, was distinct and emphatic. He was deeply spiritual, intensely fervent, keen in discernment, tearfully tender, joyful in sorrow, and always abounding in labor. He stood like the everlasting hills for the truth of entire sanctification. He always taught that it was subsequent to regeneration, and that inbred sin, or the carnal mind, is destroyed in this mighty second work of grace.

"He saw clearly, and believed to the hour of his

death, that much of the so-called Holiness Movement of these times is backslidden and compromised. He announced again and again, and toward the close of his life with great emphasis, that any type of holiness that did not put emphasis on the Bible doctrines of Divine healing and the evangelization of the world was false.

“For his positive and pronounced convictions that this world is growing worse and worse, and that there will be no millennium until after Jesus comes again in the clouds of heaven, he suffered much; but, always true to his conviction, he was most unwavering, as you will see by reading one of his latest books, ‘Holiness Triumphant.’ He had profound convictions, and, thank God, he had courage to stand by them.

“God in heaven made him a true man; the edge of his sword never turned, no difference what the pressure.

“It is most refreshing, in these days of putty men and cowards, to find a man who is not afraid to go with the minority. The truth has always been with the minorities.

“Think of the multiplied thousands around this world who have been blessed and a blessing through the self-denial, fidelity, and daring of our brother, who pushed his way up the water-courses, and planted the banner of true holiness on territory where no other man had gone. He has pressed into the police stations, jails, and penitentiaries; into the hospitals and almshouses; into the orphanages and missions, slums and jungles; into the shacks and hovels of the poor, as well as the homes and palaces of the respectable and the rich. He had but one gospel and one standard for all.

“In self-denial I have never known his equal. There may have been many such; but it has never been my

good fortune to meet a man who was so unselfish, and who so constantly studied to deny himself for the sake of the kingdom of Christ.

“Beloved reader, we are nothing but dust and ashes ; but the God of battles who fought for the patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, has held our brother in all the hard places, and supported him to the end, and given him an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of Jesus Christ, and He will also fight for us, if we will be true to our glorious trust.

“Brother Knapp would surely have us close up by saying that, all he was, he was by the grace of God. And that to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be all the glory and honor forever.

“I am sure there are tens of thousands who can say with me that we shall be very much better forever for having come in touch with this pure, noble man. May ten thousand blessings be upon his bereaved widow and children! May the God of all grace keep us true to Himself until we, too, may go up to be forever with the Lord.

Yours and His,

“Seth C. Rees.”

There was but a little more than the width of two counties between Brother Knapp's birthplace and mine, both in Michigan. After nearly a quarter of a century's absence from native State, I moved back to become pastor of the Olivet College Church, within twenty miles of Albion College, under whose shadow Brother Knapp was then living. O, if I had then known the precious brother and felt the influence of his life! Little did I dream that one who would become so much to me, and whose biography I was destined to write, was only a score of miles away.

I want to call attention to some of the striking features of this beautiful character before we close this book:

I. Notice the predominating influence of women upon him. It was his *mother*, rather than his father, who molded him during the plastic years of life in the home. In college, it was not the college president or any professor that put the indelible impress upon his soul, nor his pastor, nor any male student; it was a pure-hearted, talented young *girl*, who was absolutely loyal to God; it was her conscientious, prayerful Christian life that stirred the deeps of his being, and helped him to become a Christian, a preacher and a soul-winner, an author and an editor.

When she, his precious wife, died, after a long sickness, he went through sorrows and trials that brought him into the Holy of Holies with God. The influence of not one man is more than mentioned during those formative years.

Then God gave him another blessedly helpful wife, an ideal mother to his motherless children, and so efficient as an assistant editor and co-manager in his entire business that she succeeds him in it all. With her he joined "Bessie" Queen, one of his assistants, and Miss Mary Storey, an evangelist, as trustees of his many remarkable and important enterprises—all women!

Throughout his entire career he was nobly appreciative of women, a benediction to women, and a companion of women in the work of his life; yet, withal, he was one of the manliest men I ever met. If female influence can produce such a character, O that women would all be like these sanctified women that surrounded him, and be about their Lord's business, fashioning Godlike characters of heroic mold!

2. I want to glorify God by calling attention to the *Divine element* as the predominating factor in this great life.

As usual, men are now trying to account for this man's marvelous success by magnifying his natural gifts and endowments. "O, Knapp was a born fighter!" "Knapp was an unusual, pushing business-man." "Knapp was a strongly intellectual man, and had naturally great enthusiasm." I protest against this utterly fallacious method of accounting for our beloved brother's achievements. When men are naturally so great, men *naturally* find it out. The neighbors have no difficulty in finding out what boy in the community is born a bold, aggressive fighter. College Faculties have no difficulty in discovering the great intellects. Presiding elders and bishops naturally discover the preachers whom nature makes great. But none of these people discovered Knapp, for the simple reason that he was not discoverable until the Holy Spirit made him what he became. The bishops sent him to obscure appointments, and the people resented his coming.

Nothing but the Spirit of God could take a youth so timid and cowardly that he could scarcely be induced to go on an errand to a neighbor, and make him so brave that he would confront the Discipline of his Church, and the wrath of men, and the devil himself, for the sake of a principle.

This is not the natural; it is the supernatural.

Of all the men that I have ever met—potential men, great men—I consider Brother Knapp the greatest surprise, the most truly Spirit-filled, Spirit-thrilled, Spirit-guided, Spirit-illuminated, and Spirit-empowered man I have known. There was in him relatively the least of the human and the most Divine. There is no

other rational solution of his career. Brother Godbey speaks of his "intellectual brilliancy," and very appropriately. His mind was all on fire, like a meteor sweeping through the sky; but nobody found it out, and he was not thus on fire until he was filled with the Holy Ghost. It was the Spirit who imparted to him the matchless courage that made him like a crested Achilles on the battle-plain, where forces of good and evil, light and darkness, heaven and hell, contended for eternal mastery. It was the Spirit who gave him the remarkable intuition, the Divine discernment, to look down into hearts until frauds and hypocrites and slanderers and pretenders winced and withered under his searching gaze.

It was the Holy Spirit that filled him with such a holy zeal, such a fire in his bones, such a consuming, Christlike passion for souls, that, as in the case of his Master, it found expression even in the hour of his death.

It was the Spirit that induced a delicate and already overworked man to add enterprise to enterprise, and burden to burden, and reach out in every direction as if he longed to lay the whole world at the feet of his Lord, and set every lost soul as a jewel in the lustrous crown of Christ. If this is all natural, what is the matter with thousands of ministers better educated than he, who do not win one soul where he won scores and even hundreds? Natural? Yes, it is the kind of "natural" that comes down from God out of the skies; that hit the apostles on the day of Pentecost; the natural that has a Divine prefix to it—*supernatural*.

It was the Holy Spirit that led him to say and to write the things that people *needed* to hear and read, but did not *want*, choosing to be pelted with stones rather

than roses, and crowned with thorns rather than with chaplets of flowers, and greeted with frowns rather than smiles. It was the Holy Spirit that enabled him to wrap the bloodstained banner of the Cross about him, and walk deliberately to the firing-line, follow who would, or run who might, and there, alone with Jesus, face the belching batteries of cowards and trimmers, dead Churches and ecclesiastics, and a Christ-hating world! Nothing human and natural here; this is the burning bush and holy ground, the superhuman and the Divine.

3. If this book is a picture of anything, it paints a "Hero of Faith and Prayer." What seemed to others speculative and misty and visionary, were to him more real and substantial than the rock-ribbed mountains. He did not doubt the great truths of redemption—conviction, conversion, regeneration, justification, the witness of the Spirit, followed later by instantaneous sanctification through the baptism with the Spirit. He no more doubted these truths and his experience of them than he doubted his existence. He was one of the few who could say, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded." To the proclamation of these truths he dedicated himself under the call of God; and rather than give them up, or disown them, or keep silent about them, he would have suffered himself to be thrown to the lions, to be torn limb from limb. In short, his life put him in the eleventh of Hebrews, in the sheep-skin and goatskin crowd, "of whom the world is not worthy."

He lived in the unseen realm, and communed with the Invisible. He prayed over great themes until he felt that God had given him a book, and then it poured through his mind and flowed from his pen like water

pouring through a crevice in a dike. He waited on God, and got his mind on his great enterprises, and then he ventured upon schemes that would have seemed to others visionary and chimerical; but to him, who had prayed them through, they were as certain as fate, and success was as sure as the promises of the ternal God.

He prayed over the books he was asked to publish. Under the illumination of the Spirit, he rejected many; but every one he accepted and published proved to be a success.

He led others because he was gifted to divine the movement of the enemy and where the battle-front would be, and he took possession of Round Top in the Gettysburg struggle ahead of time. He knew no defeat, for he found where God was, and took sides with him.

He was the very incarnation of unselfishness. God knew He could trust him, and led men to do it; and in a little more than two years people have voluntarily given him, in answer to prayer, more than twenty thousand dollars for his "Bible-school," and eight thousand dollars for his "World-wide Holiness Missions," and over six thousand dollars for his "Rescue Home"—about *Thirty-five Thousand Dollars!* And it is wise benevolence, that will bring to the donors big dividends in eternal glory.

The poor and the sinful and the outcast found in him a helper; the fallen woman found an asylum in his home; and the whole heathen world had a place in his Christ-like heart. He was the most prayerful, the most humble, the most teachable, the most earnest, the most courageous, the most aggressive of us all.

He was a heaven-inspired leader of the Lord's hosts, dead to everything but the interests of Christ's king-

dom, holiness, and God. In the fullness of a magnificent prime he fell, standing in his place fighting for truth and the enthronement of Christ. O brave, tender soul! thy life is a rebuke and an inspiration to us all. The world is lonely without thee; but the unseen realm is nearer and dearer.

“Heaven oped its gate before thy hastening feet,
And all the saints made haste a saint to greet;
Go, weary toiler, to thy well-earned rest;
We loved thee much; but Jesus loved thee best.”

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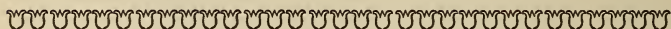
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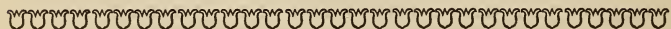
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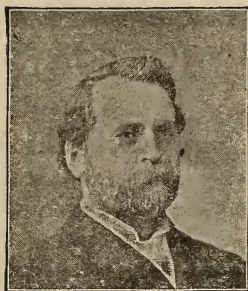
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