

# The Apostolic Faith.

VOL. 2.

NO. 5.

June

1913

## *A Leaf From My Diary.*

*That Life Is Long . . . . . That Answers  
Life's Great End.*

*August 20, 1910.*

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This day is to me wonderful, because of God's great mercy. His love has been so mighty towards me, that it fills my being and o'erflows my heart.

God, the Great Almighty, is the One Supreme God to adore and worship, having given us His Son, our Savior, Redeemer, our Divine Healer, our Deliverer—the head of the Church; soon to come as the Bridegroom out of His chamber to receive the Bride from her closet to meet Him in the air; also the Virgins, her companions, to enter into the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Amen!

—M. T. P.



## The True Church. No.4.

H. W. SCHERMER



Feeling led, in the first place, to discuss this subject, I have tried to keep self out of the way as far as possible, and my intention has been to conduct the discussion in an unbiased way, appealing rather to the common sense and reasoning faculties our readers. That the articles, in a measure, at least, have done so, is attested by the letters received and words of encouragement personally tendered. The subject is by no means exhausted—rather the digging of the foundation, upon which depends the durability of the structure—which you know must be rearad upon solid rock and not upon shifting sands. How typical, indeed, is this symbol itself to the subject matter! The shifting sands (the various sects, constantly shifting) in comparison to the ONE CHURCH, built upon the rock, majestically undisturbed by the winds and earthquakes (criticisms and public opinions) which blow and quake to their own detriment.

Christ, the rock, stands unshaken today, although many centuries have passed, and must abide to the end; any dissembling or disintegrating means a destruction of the Christian faith, and leaves the world lost and undone without a hope or succor.

The imitation church, made by

man, to detract attention from the true church, is shifting in its very nature, and subject to changes, as is all of man's works. The hundreds and thousands of denominations are continually undergoing changes, are continually dividing and sundering, proving they do not enjoy the oneness necessary to the True Church. Nor can any one denomination hope to establish their claim that they are THE CHURCH, because they are not one. How many different Methodists, how many Baptists, how many Campbellites, and even the old Catholic church is divided and subdivided into factions, destroying the oneness, and proving their defectiveness and utter unreliability to figure as the one church.

Many believe way down in their heart that there is but one real church, but attempt to reconcile themselves with the belief that their little man-made concern is that church. They glimpsed sufficient of the Bible Church to understand that it is composed of holy people, and that the church is "without spot or wrinkle," and they know the measly bunch THEY train with will neves pass muster as the pure article required for membership in the True Church.

Making comparisons is an attri-

bute of the human mind, and you know that time and again you carefully and justly weighed your entire denominational membership and that you were never satisfied with your weights. You thought of old Bro. Tightwad as he groaned and prayed. You tried faithfully to fit the cloak of charity upon his attenuated and shrunken life, but you could not forget his extortionate principles and unscrupulous dealings. The cloak could not conceal the cloven hoof. Next you looked at old Sister Blister-tongue, and wondered if her long prayers and hysterical shrieks did not really stand for the real thing. Remembering her split tongue, it suggested the serpent and made you turn away with horror and loathing. Mr. Piety next photographed himself upon your mental film, and yet you knew, that regardless of the fact that he is your Sunday School superintendent, and stands for high and lofty ideals, your business dealings with him last week were destructive to your faith in him.

Bro. Bibber you know drinks a drop too much sometimes. Bro. Fancysox flirts with the girls too much and appears to be there for Society. Successfully in order comes Bro. Silvertongue, Sister Adultery, Bro. Gambler, Sister Frivolity, old Bro. Thief, Bro. Swindler, Sister Liar, and on through until your poor preacher alone remains to be weighed. Anxious to find one, at

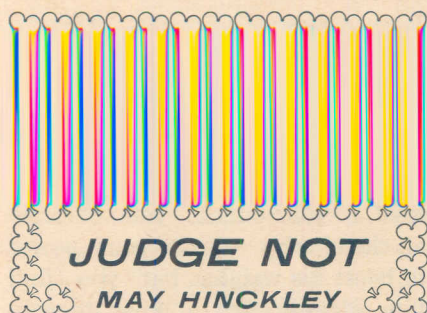
least, in your bunch, you exercise all the charity within your power to boost his weights, but you find him self-conceited, a great preacher perhaps, but utterly lacking in true Christian living so necessary to tip the scales properly. You are led to see that he is a time server, who studies fine sermons to preach on Sundays, but so far as mingling with the people or understanding their needs, or visiting the sick, or providing for the widows, or visiting the prisons, he is never in evidence.

Isn't it a fact that you have all had this experience, until your hearts ached and you felt constrained to cry: "Are there none, Lord; not one?"

On the other hand, admitting you should find one or two, or even a dozen in a large congregation, does it prove it is the church? If you have a hypocrite among you it is not the true church, for God adds the members, and such a "critter" never enjoys God's endorsement, hence, it is self-evident that you are in the wrong crowd.

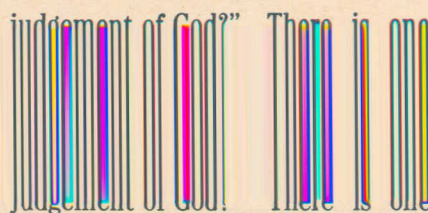
The day is coming when people will be led to see these things, and when that time comes the world will have advanced a step toward that Millennial Church which will shine as the sun after all the imitations have sunk into oblivion and are forgotten of men.

God grant us membership in His own True Church in which all is purity, piety and fellowship.



BELOVED, I believe God is talking to his people very much along the line of judging one another. There seems to be a spirit of judging and fault finding oppressing God's children today, or at least is in our midst. Dear ones, Jesus tells us as he told the multitude in his sermon on the mountain: "Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged." These are not the words of some common man that we should treat them lightly, but they are the words of one that gave his life for us, and his words are true. Jesus said what he meant and meant what he said.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." It seems that we are always measuring other people's lives with the Word to see how far they fall short, but forgetting ourselves; finding their faults but forgetting our own. Right here we are in a fault, for Jesus said this should not be, and he said it *shall* be measured to you again; not may be so, but he says it *shall*. "Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things. . . . Thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, and doest the same, that thou shalt escape the



judgment of God?" There is one thing sure, we cannot escape the judgment of God for he knows the heart and he will render unto every man according to his deeds. The Word says God is no respecter of persons, but judges according to every man's work, and it will be a righteous judgement; we will not be able to beg off at the judgement bar of God; there will be no excuse for we have the Word of God to read and Jesus has promised us the victory over all uncleanness. How careful we should be! We should pass the time of our sojourning here in fear. In fear of man or the devil? NO! But in fear of God, lest we do some of these things of which he has just been warning us. God says: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

God is calling his children into a oneness, but he cannot get us into that place until we get this spirit of judging and fault finding from our midst and ourselves individually.

Now you may say: "I don't really judge anyone. O, of course, I say little things once in a while that perhaps I should not have said, but I don't believe God holds that against me." Your thinking that way does not make it so, and your ideas does not change the Word of God. Just begin to examine your heart and see if you do not feel a little condemnation.

Remember, beloved, we do not get the fullness of any spirit all at

once; the Devil is a sly old fellow, and he knows just how he can get in. He knows if he presented himself in a large form you would not let him in; so he just presents himself in some little, simple thing that amounts to nothing. We may look at a little plant as it comes up through the ground, and not take much thought about it; but if we water and cultivate it, it grows and becomes a large plant. So it is with the spirit of the enemy; he presents himself in a very light form on the start and we think very little about it. But little by little we cultivate that spirit until it grows and becomes a monster in our lives. We should be very careful along the line of judging and fault finding.

The Word says in one place to "stir up our pure minds" Do you know it is hard for God to stir us up when we have such impure minds, always thinking evil of our brothers and sisters. We sometimes imagine things so much that we get to believing it and telling it for the truth, when it is our own filthy minds. We need to get our minds sanctified. God will purify our minds as well as our hearts, and he wants to cleanse our tongues from all evil speaking. Then we will quit judging.

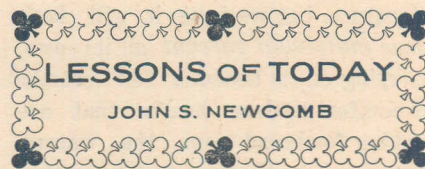
Judge not! Well, but you say, by their fruits ye shall know them. True, but will you show me a place in the Bible where we have any right to say anything about the fruit, whether it be good or bad? God gives us eyes to see, but does not tell us to tell of the rottenness

we see in others; but he tells us if we see a brother overtaken in a fault, to restore such a one in the spirit of meekness. It means something for us to have the spirit of meekness; so let us be sure we are in the right place before we undertake any such things. But above all things, let us get rid of this old spirit of judging one another. It seems to be everywhere you go.

Judge not! If we disobey in one commandment we are guilty of all. O, how Jesus must be grieved, having spilt his own precious blood that we might be redeemed from such things, and we still continue in them.

God is able to deliver us from these things; so let us rid ourselves from such a spirit, for there is power in the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all uncleanness.

JUDGE NOT!



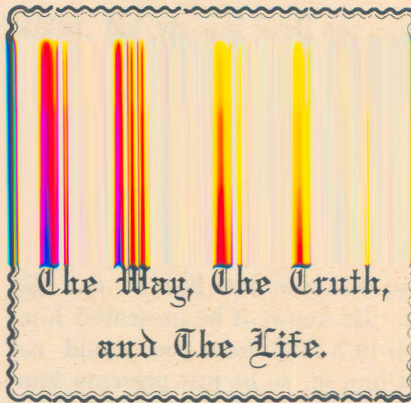
Some writers have done untold harm by flooding the world with a deluge of theoretical ideas, religious, scientific, political, and even financial. They have written them, preached them, and in some cases enforced them, to the detriment of all concerned; they have expounded and set them forth as *current* literature. Muddy currents they have proven to be. Always unsettled, never clear; so mixed with specious untruths and

misleading statements that any moral

screen would become hopelessly  
clogged if it were used to clear out  
the tailings, to use a mining phrase.

There are those who continually and everlastingly throw mud into the stream of life. If they cannot find enough present day mud, they will hunt away back for ten or twelve years or more, and rake up all the old dry scraps of their memorized mud-holes, and cast it forth at the call of the tempter and plaster a double coat of imagined nastiness on the good name of the victim of their personal spite. They are gleefully backed up and reinforced by the old Devil himself, while he takes good care that those who do his work are surely besmirched themselves.

What we write may not be *current* literature, but we hope it will have some *individual current* all its own, carrying on its bosom a few crumbs of comfort to dear hearts that are looking for bread upon the waters. It may not be the best, but hope that it will be fresh and refreshing to some needy soul, and may it be *light* enough to float on the crest of the wave, and sweet enough, so if some old sinner gets a taste of it that his soul will wake up with a consuming appetite for the good things of the kingdom. Sundry would-be workers try to float bricks and stones along with their bread-crumbs and the miserable stuff generally sinks and only fills up the channel.



The world, the flesh, and the Devil,  
Are linked as with shackles of steel,  
Forged hot in the fires of hatred—  
The curse all earth-life must feel.

Not blindness of eyes, yet seeing;  
Alive, yet are dead as they live,  
In trespass and sin, in soul blindness,  
Not having the sight God can give.

Willfully blind, in their sinning,  
Are captive, in bondage, a slave;  
Not having the gift of the Spirit,  
Nor the sacrificed life Jesus gave.

There is healing today for the nations,  
Through Jesus, our Savior divine;  
He'll restore to the blind a clear vision  
By ingrafting us into the Vine.

The Vine giveth life to the branches  
To bring forth an hundred fold,  
Drawn from the deep living water,  
Fruits richer than silver or gold.

Purged clean, to grow with new vigor,—  
Disease, sin and death hath no place—  
By our Father through Jesus, the giver  
Of eternal life by His grace.

The victor o'er death is our Saviour,  
The Way, the Truth, and the Life;  
The Word, made flesh, our salvation,  
In him is our rest, free from strife.

His body was broken for sickness,  
And by his stripes we are healed.  
His blood all our sin has covered,  
Precious life, for our souls, did he yield.

When we meet in his name in communion,  
 To partake of the bread and the wine,  
 Do we see his dear broken body,  
 Or his blood in the fruit of the vine,

Discerning our Lord's broken body,  
 Broken there for our *physical* health?  
 The blood-washed sinners becoming  
 Joint-heirs to his kingdom and wealth.

His work he has gloriously finished  
 By his death, for our sin, on the cross;  
 Accepted of God, our Redeemer,  
 We believe, and are saved without loss.

*Written for The Apostolic Faith by John S.  
 Newcomb, Oceanside, Calif., May 31, 1913.*

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## TEMPLE, TEX.

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Temple, Texas,  
 June 3, 1913.

To The Apostolic Faith and all  
 the Saints:—

Praise God, we hear the sound of abundance of rain. We tried for three weeks to get someone to come and hold a meeting here, praying God to send the right one. When our faith had been tried, Bro. Ditto, of Alvin, Texas, came to our help. He commenced preaching last Tuesday night and God is already beginning to save. The church members and preachers are fighting as they cannot understand the deep truths of life, death, the new birth and holy living for soul and body. In spite of all they can say honest sinners are seeking God and better prospects are hard to find.

Pray for Temple that the truth may be established here, as there

has been so much fanaticism in this place. The dark cloud of fanaticism has already begun to disappear and we believe that the long heart cry of God's children is about to be answered, when the original Apostolic Faith teaching will be rooted and grounded in this place. Both crowds and interest are increasing.

Bro. Bunyard and Bro. Wilson and wife of Killeen, Texas, were with us Sunday and we enjoyed the day much in service together. We would like some tracts and papers every month. Will send donations as God leads; may the blessing of God continue on the little paper.

G. E. Condrey,  
 Joe Blackburn.

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## THE KAISER'S LONG PEDIGREE.

[London Chronicle.] Among the curiosities of the New Palace, Potsdam, which has been the scene of a fire, is a genealogical tree showing the name of King David engrossed at the root of it, with that of the Kaiser at the top, the descent being traced through his mother's family.

According to this genealogy the reigning house of Great Britain is descended from David through the eldest daughter of Zedekiah, who fled to Ireland in charge of the Prophet Jeremiah, and eventually married Here-mon, King of Ulster. Apparently the Kaiser is fond of gazing upon this proof of his ancient lineage, for it occupies a conspicuous position in his study.

THE APOSTOLIC FAITH. *the Spirit of the blessed Christ. I*

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**TESTIMONY**

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Sour Lake, Texas,  
June 1, 1913.

Dear Bro. Parham:

From my real spiritual self I extend greeting and love to every Prince and Princess of the Royal Kingdom assembled with you today in the beautiful park in Baxter Springs. In spirit I am with you, for what I think and feel is what I really am. My thoughts and feelings are not only of you, but with you, welded together in unity thru

am indeed "sitting with you in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

Your songs and your testimonies reach me, for in God we live, move and have our being, and as He is the center of everywhere, we can all be together, don't you see. As I say this, the royal grandeur of it all vibrates through my very being and thrills of joy vibrate in unison with yours, and yours with mine. And why? Because we are keyed to the same pitch and our tuning fork is Jesus Christ. Insofar as the mind of Christ dwells in us we are a unit, for we see according to the TRUTH. Having laid aside our glasses of various false beliefs, we now see things without the carnal colorings; and under this clarified vision we have seen where to cut the strings of ignorance and false education that bound us down to the material, and sometimes to the carnal; but in proportion to our knowledge of the truth we have been made free.

We all have within us—by divine birthright—the very elements, inseparable from our inner self, made in God's image, but until we learn to put ourselves in line to receive the many blessings God wants us to have we are unable to soar, and having eyes we see not, and having wings we fly not, all because we have not learned that God's ways are the only ways for us, are the only ways of pleasure and happiness; to reach, in our experience, the line where all we desire to know about any matter is to know what God our loving Father says—



to reach the place where our wings are brought into delightful activity, and we soon discover that we are leaving the clouds of doubt and fear, and are soaring into the ethereal blue heavens of eternal delight, and can then understand how the good, old Methodist poet felt, who wrote:

"I rode on the sky, freely justified I,  
Nor did envy Elijah his seat,  
My glad soul mounted higher than a  
chariot of fire,  
And the moon it was under my feet.

It is a blessed experience, and can only be understood by those who have had the realization of this in their inner consciousness. Let us praise God that all those who have been born into this royal kingdom of grace are headed for all these good things that others have reached. Yes, and a great many more, for we are only finding out what wondrous things God is longing to give to those who follow on to know and understand and obey. We should all rejoice with joy unspeakable, that we are living in this glorious age when the fullness of the Gentiles is at hand, and the light from the glory of his near coming is revealing unto us many of our charter rights and privileges, and leading all who will be led into the exercising of their God-given dominion—dominion over all that in anyway touches their lives—and proving to us that we are the architects of our own fortunes, and the controller, through Christ, of every environment.

Christ proved his power over sin,

sickness, poverty and the elements; in fact, every thing that needed to be changed or annihilated, and then told us that what he had done we could do, and it is all true because he said so. Many in various parts of the globe are demonstrating its truth in their own lives and are learning new and wonderful truths from the daily study of God's word.

I am so glad to know that in this Royal Kingdom there are no big "T's" and little "u's," but that all who will may partake of these luscious fruits of the spiritual life. Also, am so very glad that being heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, we are not only entitled to all these wondrous powers and privileges, but that we may have them now—right in this life—*right now*. We need not wait til our testator dies, for He can never die, and with Him there is only the *now*.

As we understand this wonderful truth, I am sure we will at once mount to the rung from which we may receive it and show to the world God's wonderful provisions for His children; and we will desire to come immediately into the proven possession of our property. When we do this we can ask and receive, knowing it was ours all the time. O, the boundlessness of this wonderful plan, the long hidden mysteries of the Gospel now so fully revealed! O, beloved Apostolic brothers and sisters, aren't you getting hungry for more of this real Apostolic power? I am, and when we get in line to receive, it will be as easy as "rolling off a log," and

we will actually wonder why we

had not been there for years.

George Muller saw it was his charter right to receive from God whatever he wanted, and without even asking a cent from anyone, or even letting anyone know what he needed, he prayed to God for means and it always came—never failed—and in answer to his prayers one building after another was reared for the maintenance and education of thousands of poor orphan children, until (I think) as many as seven mammoth buildings now stand in England as monuments to the love and power of a prayer hearing and prayer answering God. The memory of what George Muller wrought through faith in God should be an inspiration to us all, and is enough to cause us to hide our faces in the dust, that we believe so little. There has never been given us in our day a quarter demonstration of the power of prayer than was given to this godly man. God is waiting to make us demonstrators of his loving power, some in one way and some in another, and there is growing within me a desire to show forth to the world his wonderful goodness to the children of men.

We all realize how necessary God is to us, but have failed to understand how needful we are to Him as chosen avenues of expression for Himself. We are the highest work of His creative power and we have been chosen as His representatives, by our godly life to reveal Him to those who have not yet tried Him. And when by our

lives of carelessness or neglect we

fail to do this, we hide from the world the vision of His loveliness and must in consequence bear our pro rata share of responsibility justly attaching to us. May the dear Lord help us all on this blessed day and at this blessed hour, to cut loose from every fetter that is in any way binding us, that we may on our wings of love and obedience, soar in a bee-line to the work God is calling us to do, and waiting with His loving, eternal patience for us to begin.

Beloved, you have met to honor one to whom, through God, you owe so much. He has indeed been an example of love, godly love, of unwavering faith in God, and of letting go of all earthly things that he otherwise might, and no doubt would have accumulated, and has trusted in God not only to guide, but to provide for him and his family; he has generously measured out to others of what God has given into his hands, never hoarding any and never lacking. We cannot all do what God has called him to do, but we can hold up his hands in many practical ways, and make him feel that his loving, sacrificial service for humanity is appreciated. We can all shake the fraternal hand of loving Christian fellowship, and say, "Bro. Parham, God bless you!" I am sure you could in no way celebrate this day that would give him more real satisfaction than to consecrate yourselves anew, from this time on to show forth to others that God saves you to the uttermost, for

it is a shame to our profession to be sinful, sick or poor, for all these are foreign to the spiritual kingdom. I so long for our Apostolic people to be known for their purity of life, for their great God-like love to suffering humanity, for their love to God and and each other, and that we may all be vehicles of expression of what it means to have "God's will done on earth as it is in heaven." I am sure every heart is saying, "God grant it."

I heartily join you in the prayer, and with you vow to God that I will seek anew to have His will done in me here on this earth. Expect to be with you at the coming Camp Meeting, and will bring with me my organized tool of expression and will not bother anyone to read my testimony. Am sure I have consumed more of your time than courtesy allows, but beloved, if you only knew how many good things I have shut off, and they were vigorously crying for expressoin, I am sure you would all say, "Well, the dear child, let's forgive her."

Sara L. Rothrock.

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Sister Rothrock could not be present with us for the birthday anniversary meeting, but sent her testimony to be read in the meeting, and we herewith print it for the benefit of all.

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### **A TRAGEDY**

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June 12, 1913.—Today I attended, in a beautiful and costly church, the funeral of a man who

was only a poor, old drunkard. He had at one time been a Christian, and while in life he had a great big warm heart, today he lay dead, slain by his own hand in a fit of despondency, caused by the demon that possessed him. His deeds of love and mercy to the poor and needy were many, and it was the theme of conversation at the funeral that he would be greatly missed by the poor of Webb City. Many a poor widow and little child can thank him that he ministered to their needs when the fire was low, food gone, and clothes scanty.

This man fought desperately with the demon that held him fettered and bound and led him captive at his will. He despised himself because he could not control his appetite; his nature rebelled against the stuff that made him to become brutish and devilish, but the demon held him in an iron grip and gave him no rest. He sought help from the different church ministers and was advised to take a course of medicine in some institution. And here the thought comes to me, "Has the Gospel of Jesus Christ lost its power? Is the arm of God shortened or his ear heavy that he cannot hear? God forbid! He who cast out the devils from the two men at the tombs in the country of the Gergesenes is just the same today; his power has never waned or diminished. He never commis-

signed a man to preach the Gos-

pel that he did not also commission him to cast out devils and heal the sick. The atonement was made on Calvary for sin and uncleanness, and God stamped upon the name of Jesus an intrinsic value, and gave us weapons that were not carnal whereby we could defeat and cast out every foe.

If God is true to his word, then this man's defeat must be laid to the shepherds who failed to appropriate the power of the Gospel for his deliverance, for God has said, "In my name shall they cast out devils." At the name of Jesus devils shall flee and tremble, but it must be pronounced with authority and in faith believing, neither doubting nor wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven and tossed.

Verily "there is power in Jesus' name through faith in his name." But today the worldly church is sitting at ease in their beautiful edifices, while the devil is binding his victims with strong fetters that can only be broken by the power of God, and are saying by their actions, "We are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing." And the voice of God comes thundering down the ages, "Know ye not that ye are miserable, and wretched, and poor, and blind, and naked."

M. E. Walkenshaw.

SAYS CHRISTIANITY

### HAS DARK OUT-LOOK

#### *Declares Non-Christian Population of U. S. is Unbelievably Large*

DETROIT, MICH., May 25.--"A study of twelve large American cities shows that in but one of the number do the communicants of Christian bodies—Protestant and Catholic combined—equal the non-Christian population."

This was one of the statements which Rev. Lathan A. Crandall of Minneapolis made today in the annual sermon to the Northern Baptist convention, in session here.

"The efficiency of the church as conditioned upon the experience of God," was Dr. Crandall's theme. He dwelt for some time on his declaration that the non-Christian population of the United States has attained almost unbelievable proportions

"Dr. John Clifford, an incurable optimist, is reported as saying in his annual review of the Christian work for 1912, 'the outlook is dark and threatening for organized Christianity,'" said Dr. Crandall. "According to the most reliable data obtainable, only 2 per cent of the rural population of Minnesota is found in the membership of Protestant bodies, exclusive of the Lutherans, and only 15 per cent of the population is identified with the churches of all Christian faiths.

"These facts do not apall him who believes in the Eternal and His purposes, but stimulate to renewed exertion. We must discover a way of bringing into the conflict divine forces not now utilized. Only spiritual power can effect spiritual renewal."—Kansas City Journal.

### **BENTONVILLE, ARK.**

The meeting that has been in progress at Bentonville, Ark., for

the past six weeks, conducted by John Holt and co-workers, has been one of much interest and success, there having been eight conversions and others seeking the Lord. A goodly number are coming into the light and faith, and expect to attend the National Camp Meeting at Baxter Springs in July. Bro. Parham spent a few days with us last week, giving some good lessons and a wonderful message on the street Saturday evening that was much enjoyed. The revival closes here June 15, and our next field of labor will be at Centerton, Ark.

Greetings to all the saints.

John Holt.

## NOT A WORD

D. M. STEARNS

Not railing for railing, not a word. How much is lost by a word! Be still; keep quiet; if they smite on one cheek, turn the other also. Never retort. Hush—not a word. Never mind your reputation nor character—they are in His hands, and you mar them by trying to retain them.

Do not strive, nor try, nor cry. Open not your mouth. Silence! A word will grieve, disturb, frighten away the gentle dove. Hush—not a word! Are you misunderstood? Never mind! Will it hurt your influence and weaken your power for good? Leave it to Him, His to take care and

charge. Are you wronged and your good name tarnished? All right.

Be it yours to be meek and lowly, simple and gentle—not a word. Let Him keep you in perfect peace; stay your mind on Him; trust in Him. Hush! Be quiet before the world and rest in Him. Not a word of argument, debate or controversy. Mind your own business; be still.

Never judge nor condemn, never arraign nor censure. Not a word! Never an unclean nor an unkind expression; never a doubt nor a fear; never a disparaging remark of another. As ye would others should do to the world, so do ye.

Pause! Be still! Selah! Not a word, emphatically. Not even a look that will mar the sweet serenity of the soul. Get still. Know God. Keep silent before Him. Stillness is better than noise.

Not a word of murmuring nor complaining in supplication; not a word of nagging nor persuading. Let language be simple, gentle, quiet; you utter not a word but give him opportunity to speak, and hearken to hear His voice.

This is the way to honor and to know Him. Not a word—not the least word! Listen to obey. Words make trouble. Be still. This is the voice of the Spirit: Take no thought for tomorrow; worry not about home, church or business cares. Cast all on Him, and not a word. We think so hard, pray so hard, and trust so hard, that we become unrestful, disquieted and noisy, and thus drive Him away.

Restlessness, fret and worry make

the place of His abiding unpleasant and He leaves. Not a word to anyone of your worries, nor of desire to know what to do. Take it not out of His hands. He is to keep in perfect peace; but do not go to another for wisdom or direction.

Not a word. I had a severe trial, long continued. I rode with a dear brother in the cars, and I opened to him my heart, and poured out my weighty busdens in his ears. I took his earnest advise to my heart. His voice was not the mind of the Spirit, and when I returned to my seat in the car, the Spirit gently said to me, "So you went to him? You could not trust Me?" It broke my heart. I apologised, was forgiven, restored, and determined never to take my case out of His hands again, and to take as my motto for my spiritual life, "Not a word."

Cease, beloved, from yourself; from your own things and works. Let the Holy Ghost have play; get still from restless activity, and give him a chance to speak and to do.

Not a word. Witness in love. Just a word for Jesus. "Ye are my witnesses," but that is all.

Surrender self to Him. Let your conquered spirit keep quiet. Let your lips be closed, your tongue be tied, your voice be hushed, your look be love. Let Him control, and a sound of gentle stillness will permeate your very being, spreading the sweet aroma of peace and delight upon all around. And while your heart is hushed and your mouth closed—in the sweet, small voice, like the dew of the morning, the gentle light of

sunshine, or the sweet breeze of evening, you will be quickly blessed by hearing Him in the hush of His presence and the joy of His delight, and you will be so glad that you uttered—not a word!—Sel.

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## RECORD TESTIMONY

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### An Account of His Trip Preaching The Gospel.

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In pursuance of plans, I left home on April 2, 1913, about ten o'clock, on foot. On my way to the depot I stopped in and had a pleasant conversation with our beloved Bro. Arnold, of Disciples Church, thence to the Union depot. I purchased my ticket and had my trunk checked. Then while waiting for the train, I wrote a very kind, instructing letter to a Holiness brother regarding a delegation committee. When train came I was ready to board and on we rolled toward the beautiful capitol city, Raleigh, N. C., which is indeed a picturesque town. As I was not allowed to work for our Union Transfer Society, I felt sad and disappointed, too; but passing the small places I soon came to my destination as previously invited. I went to see good old Bro. Smith and perfected arrangements to place my belongings in his rooms. I quickly arranged to have preaching at 615 Gaston St. hall (a store used for Holiness meetings) and let a few people know about the meeting. I then ate supper at Sister Baker's and went to the hall, preaching, singing and praying, and thence to Pastor

Spence's house. Spent the night there; after breakfast I went out to sell books and get a permit from the mayor to preach on the streets. Getting a brother to identify me, I ventured before His Honor, pleading my case in my humble way, holding my blessed Bible in front of him. I obtained permission, thanking God and him too. I went out and preached three times, then went to the Holy Church on Bludson St. A lively lot of saints met me and O, what a time we had, singing, preaching, testifying, etc. Arising soon again, I preached two times and after supper preached again. I was up soon the next morning and preached two times and to a few that night. Up soon again the next day I preached near Ninth St., and thence to the Holy Church where I preached to a lively audience; thence to Fayetteville St. Hall, where I heard Bro. Spence preach. I then preached on the street and was invited by Bro. Spence to preach for him that night in Fayetteville St., Hall. Up soon the next morning I preached on the street and again that night while waiting for the train I finished up, and after a bit more tribulation, preparation having been made ahead, I mounted the train for home. Obtaining permission from the conductor, I proceeded with my transfer work and had fair success. After a pleasant gliding on the S. & R. line and viewing the spring scenery of our sunny south, I arrived in my home town; and after more tribulation I reached home and found my sanctified Annie wife happy in Jesus, and I was, too. All the children were

able to be up so I thanked God and took courage. Am waiting on God to open up the way for another such trip. Pray for me to do the sweet will of Jesus and keep humble before him.

Wm. R. Paul Ham,  
Goldsboro, N. C.

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### BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

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The birthday anniversary services held Sunday, June 1st., in commemoration of Chas. F. Parham's 39th, birthday, was well attended by people from different parts of the country, and an enjoyable day was spent by all. The meeting was held in the tabernacle in Spring park, where there was plenty of fine shade and water to make the day enjoyable. The morning service was spent mostly in a praise and testimony meeting, after which a bountiful dinner was partaken of.

The meeting was called together again at 2:30, and after song, prayer, and testimony, Bro. Parham delivered a sermon on the "Coming Kingdom," giving a history of it from its inception until it shall be established in all its fullness and glory. After the afternoon meeting there was baptismal services in the river, two being baptized.

At the night service a goodly crowd gathered and the subject for the night was "Divine Healing. The truth was given forth in a very convincing way, and was an eye opener to the people. A large dele-

gation was present from Webb

City, Mo., the scene of a recent victorious meeting.

## Victory.

To Him That Overcometh.  
Rev. 2. 7, 11, 17, 26; 3. 5, 12, 21.

*"Now thanks be unto that God who always leads us forth to triumph with His Anointed One, and who diffuses by us the fragrance of the knowledge of Him in every place."—II Cor. 2. 14. [Literal Translation.]*

When you are forgotten, or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile inwardly, glorying in the insult or the oversight, because thereby counted worthy to suffer with Christ - that is victory - overcoming.

When your good is evil spoken of, when your wishes are crossed, your tastes offended, your advice disregarded, your opinions ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence - that is victory - overcoming.

When you are content with any food, any raiment, any climate, any irregularity, any unpunctuality or any annoyance - that is victory - overcoming.

When you never care to refer to self in conversation, or to record your own good words, or to itch after commendation, when you can truly love to be unknown - that is victory - overcoming.

When you can stand face to face with waste, folly, extravagance, spiritual insensibility, and endure it all as Jesus endured it - that is victory - overcoming.

When, like Paul, you can throw ALL your suffering on Jesus, thus converting it into a means of knowing His overcoming grace, and can say from a surrendered heart, "Most gladly, therefore, do I take

pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in

necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake - that is victory - overcoming. [II Cor. 12. 7-11.]

To love equally as much the grace that comes through being "instructed how to be hungry" and to suffer, as you love the faith required to know how to be "full" and to abound in health - that is victory - overcoming. [Phil. 4. 12.]

When death and life are both alike to you through Christ, and to do His perfect will, you delight not more in one than the other - that is victory - overcoming. Through Him you may be able to say, "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." [Phil. 1.20. I Cor 15. 54.]

The perfect victory - overcoming - is to "put on the Lord Jesus" and thus to triumph over one's self. [Rom. 13. 14. Gal. 5. 24. Phil. 2 5-8.]

In all things "we are more than conquerors - overcomers - through Him that loved us. [Rom. 8. 37.] —Sel.

## A Thought

A liberty made so gentle by Love, that it is willing to become the servant of all, in order to bring them to the enjoyment of the same liberty ---such is Love.

—C. A. L. Totten.

Now is the time to prepare for The National Camp Meeting at Baxter Springs, Kans. Tell your friends about it. Come!