



Familiar Names & Faces.



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N. H. BYRUM.



ISABEL C. BYRUM,
Wife of N. H. Byrum

FAMILIAR NAMES AND FACES.



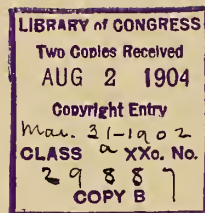
A COLLECTION OF CUTS, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, OF MINISTERS, GOSPEL WORKERS,
WRITERS, AND OTHERS, WHOSE NAMES ARE MOSTLY FAMILIAR TO THE
READERS OF THE GOSPEL TRUMPET, ACCOMPANIED BY THE CHRIS-
TIAN EXPERIENCE OF SOME, WITH POEMS, ETC.

ALSO A HISTORY OF THE GOSPEL TRUMPET PUBLISHING WORK, WITH CUTS REPRESENTING THE SAME,
AND OTHER THINGS OF INTEREST.

BY N. H. BYRUM.

GOSPEL TRUMPET PUBLISHING CO., MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.—1902.

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P R E F A C E.

THE object of this book is two-fold—to glorify the name of the Lord by its testimonies and words of instruction and truth shedding forth heavenly rays of light to the reader, also for the encouragement of the readers of the GOSPEL TRUMPET who will be inspired to new aspirations, and renewed zeal and vigor, for the spread of the gospel, as the leaves of this volume are turned. As they behold the familiar names and faces of those who have in years past written articles and messages of truth through that paper, it will bring fresh to memory many quotations of their writings that have imparted to the reader many spiritual

blessings, light and instruction by the Spirit of the Lord, which has been helpful along the Christian pathway. There are many readers of the GOSPEL TRUMPET who have never met any whose names and faces appear in this book, and, being unable to procure photographs of so many, this collection will undoubtedly be appreciated.

On account of the short space of time in issuing this work, we were unable to procure the photographs of many whose faces would otherwise have appeared. It will also be observed that some of those whose faces do appear have not proved true to the “faith once

delivered to the saints.” Notwithstanding their diversion from the truth, their names appear because of their past relations and work in the ministry. The hundreds of familiar names and faces of writers, workers, and ministers that do not appear in this volume are excluded only for lack of space and time to procure them.

With a firm belief that it will fulfill its mission of doing good, and bring blessings to all who prayerfully peruse its pages, without further apology it is hereby humbly submitted by the author.

N. H. BYRUM.

Moundsville, W. Va., Feb. 17, 1902.



“WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM.”

(2 Cor. 6:1.)

Pen ne'er can trace
How glorious was the rank of honor bright—
Which Christ possessed in heaven's regal light—
A ruler with the Father on his throne,
With Paraclete, the rightful lords alone
Of all the universe's vast domain,
A splendid monarch in a peaceful reign
For ceaseless ages vast ere e'en the earth
Was shaped, or Satan, cruel, sly, gave birth
To lies which cursed the human race.

And yet we know
That in a manger, low, of comfort bare,
Was born into the world the destined heir
Of sorrow, suffering, and shameful death,
A wondrous holy One, whose every breath
Was heavy with the fragrance of that love
Which flows in streams unceasing up above,
The willing sacrifice unto his Father's will,
Whose blood the sons of men could dare to spill—
Christ Jesus, humbled here below.

Thus came to earth
The One whose slighted wish was good as law
To ministering spirits, who in awe
Beheld in him their Maker and their King,
Whose praise angelic voices ever sing.
He came in poverty and lowliness,
To make us rich and great in righteousness;
The pains of Calvary in love he bore,
To give us perfect freedom evermore;
His death won life through Spirit birth.

The Christ who taught
These lessons great of love and fortitude,
Now claims from us, beside our gratitude,
The service of our hearts and lives for men,
To rescue them from sin and shame, and then
With them, his happy children, filled with praise,
To glorify our God through endless days;
And bids us follow him and leave behind
The things of earth, eternal wealth to find,
Which his great love has for us bought.

With grateful joy
 We here present the names and faces pure
 Of some who've found in Christ of sin the cure,
 And heard his Spirit-whisper, "Follow me,
 A fisherman of souls I'll make of thee."
 Our holy brethren, who've obeyed the voice:
 "Leave Babylon, and make the Lord your choice;"
 An earnest, faithful army, true, who bide
 The coming of the Bridegroom for his bride,
 In oneness Satan can't destroy.

And as you turn
 These leaves of paper, pure and white—
 Fit emblem of the souls that walk in light—
 We pray and trust their faces may inspire
 And urge you on to work and never tire,
 Until with joy we meet, if not before,
 In heaven bright, when finished is our war,
 Where arches high with halleluiahs ring,
 And saints and angels blest with rapture sing—
 In that fair land for which we yearn.

But see, alas!
 We turn the pages o'er, and now behold
 The faces of a few who've left the fold
 Of Christ, the Shepherd great, and wandered far
 On error's barren hill, and who now are
 Opposing God's own blessed, urgent cause,
 And turning precious souls from holy laws.
 Whom once we loved as brethren pure and true,
 The truth now fight 'mong Satan's wicked crew—
 O Lord, remember thou this class!

God's messengers,
 O soldiers on Emmannel's battle-field!
 To Satan and his hosts we ne'er must yield;
 Eternal destinies of numbers vast may rest
 Upon our trueness—if we do our best,
 There's many a hidden gem we'll bring to light,
 Which dear and precious is in Heaven's sight;
 And crowns of righteousness, with beauty rare,
 With all the wise of ages we will share.
 Oh, rapture sweet such prospect stirs!

Now comes our God
 In all the Holy Spirit's love and might,
 And floods the earth with glorious evening light.
 From out the dark domain of popish Rome
 He's gathering his scattered people home,
 To dwell on Zion's mount, with all the blest
 Who've fled from sectish gloom, to find the rest
 And pastures rich and green, where Jesus leads,
 That good and able Shepherd, who well feeds
 His flock, and guards with staff and rod.

God's city fair
 Now stands revealed in all her perfectness,
 And into it with joy the nations press,
 As at its portal grand they leave behind
 Self-righteousness, and sins of every kind,
 And vow allegiance to the King of kings,
 And Lord of lords, whose mercy brings
 The richest jewels of his wondrous grace,
 And crowns and raises them to princely place,
 If needed chastisement they bear.

Behold how good
 And pleasant 'tis for brethren of one sire
 To dwell in unity and feel the fire
 Of holy fellowship and love divine,
 Where all is harmony, with not a sign
 Of hateful variance, when all are hid
 With Christ in God, and dare to firmly bid
 The spirits of division and of strife,
 And all the foes that mar the Christian life,
 To flee at view of Jesus' blood!

The trumpet's blast
 May soon resound o'er every hill and vale,
 While hearts once stout as oak with terror fail
 At view of Him who has for sinners bled,
 But who as God then judges quick and dead.
 O brethren, let us live so in that day
 The glorious Lord may turn to us and say,
 "Well done, thou good and truly faithful man,
 Come enter joys prepared ere time began,
 In mansions that for aye shall last."

ROBT. ROTHMAN.

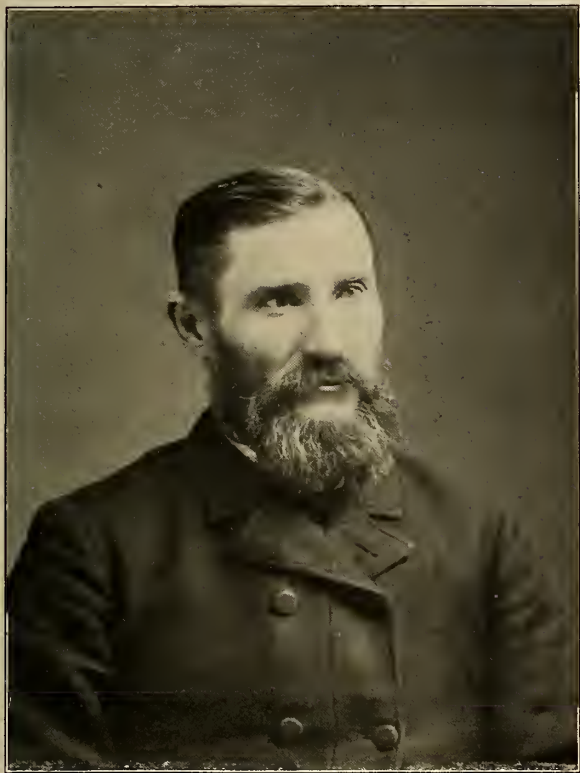
A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF D. S. WARNER.

THE name of D. S. Warner can never be erased from the memory of thousands of people. Long will his kind words of advice and admonition be remembered. Although his spirit has long since departed, yet his words, and the fruits of his labor continue to live in the hearts of men, and will so continue until time shall be no more. Through his efforts to save fallen man, thousands have been pointed to the One in whom they sought and found deliverance.

The subject of this sketch was born in Bristol, Wayne Co., Ohio, June 25, 1842. Not much is known of his boyhood days; but it is a well-known fact that his body was weakly and frail from his birth. From the begin-

ning, circumstances of an unpleasant nature seemed to obstruct his pathway, and sorrow, pain, and suffering were his companions. Although the enemy of souls tried hard to crush this young life, yet the watchful eye of God was upon him, and brought him safely through. He attended school what time he could, and also spent a short time in teaching.

He never shrank from what he thought to be his duty, and took a fearless stand for the truth and the right. During the great conflict between the North and South his name went down as one to help defend the Union flag. It is said that he went as a substitute to save his brother, who had been drafted, and was a man with a family. The kindness as shown in this



D. S. WARNER.



D. SIDNEY WARNER,
Son of D. S. Warner.

noble act was a noticeable feature in his life. The welfare of others weighed heavily upon his heart, and he was ever willing and ready to deny himself of some comfort or pleasure, that others might enjoy it and be benefited by the same.

Sin never dragged him down so far in degradation as it did many others, but while yet in early manhood he sought and found the Savior. Feeling that God had chosen him to carry the gospel to others, shortly after his conversion he entered the ministry; and ever after, until his death, his voice sounded forth the tidings of full salvation.

He served the Lord faithfully, and was true to the covenant he made with the Lord. At the time he surrendered everything to his dear Father in heaven he wrote in his journal the covenant that was made. This journal has been carefully preserved, and the words writ-

ten down on that day were also recorded in heaven, and never did he swerve from that solemn vow. The following is an extract from his journal at that date:

“I do most joyfully yield myself entirely to be thine, O God. Therefore, this soul which thou hast made in thine own image is placed wholly in thy hands. Do with it as seemeth good. This mind shall think only for thy glory and the promotion of thy cause. This will is thy will, O God; the spirit within this body is now thine; do with it as thou wilt in life and death. This body is thy temple forever; these hands only to work for thee; these eyes to see thy adorable works and thy holy law; this tongue and these lips to speak only holiness unto the Lord; these ears to hear thy voice alone; these feet to walk only in thy ways; and all my being is now and forever thine.”



D. S. WARNER AND WIFE. LIBRARY AND HOME.

Down at the foot of the cross was where he longed to be, and much of his time was spent in communion with his Savior. Through the careful study of the Word, he began to see the evils of sectarianism, and to realize that God never intended for his children to be divided. He saw the body of Christ, the true church, and felt that he must break loose from all institutions of men. Being then a member of the so-called Church of God, or Winebrennerians, he felt that he no longer could find a home with them, so boldly stepped out and declared his freedom in Christ Jesus.

God blessed him in the step he had taken, and he faltered not in crying out against the evils of sectarian confusion. He could not indorse their creeds, and he proved by the Word that they were wrong, and that the so-called churches constituted spiritual Babylon, and exhorted all God's children to come out of her,

lest they be partakers of her plagues. This was a wonderful stroke and came like a thunderbolt from heaven upon them. The devil and all the false religions became stirred with prejudice, and moved with envy against him for preaching a doctrine which they thought was new. Although it was as old as the Bible, yet they did not understand it.

Through this act was heaped upon him much bitter persecution, yet he never faltered nor turned back, knowing that under him were the "everlasting arms."

He now stood free from all the bondage and yokes of men, and realized that he was a member of the church that Jesus shed his blood to purchase. It was then that he could fully realize the import of these words which in after years he put in verse:



SAMUEL L. SPECK, CLAYPOOL, IND.



HERBERT M. RIGGLE, CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

Church of God, thou spotless virgin,
Church of Christ, for whom he died;
Thou hast known no human founder,
Jesus bought thee for his bride.
Sanctified by God the Father,
Built by Jesus Christ the Son,
Tempered by the Holy Spirit,
Like the Holy Three in One.

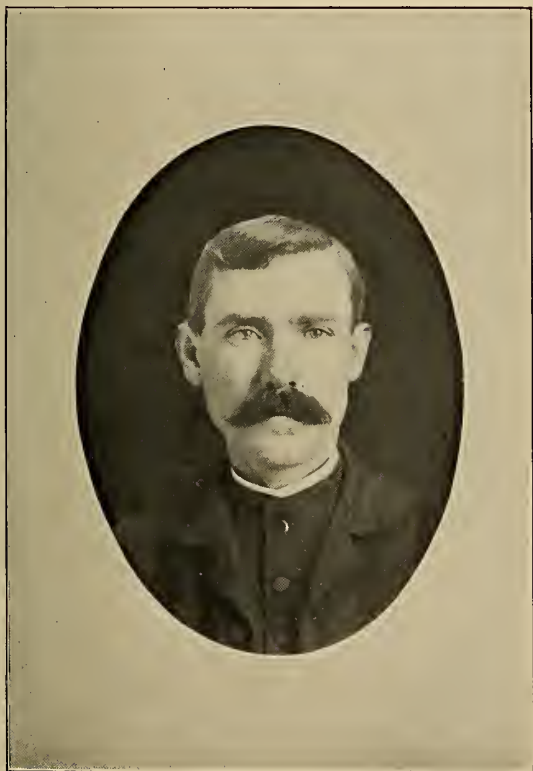
God himself has set the members
In his body all complete.
Organized by Jesus only,
Oh, the union pure and sweet!
Church of God, the angels marvel
At the music of thy song;
Earth and hell in terror tremble
As thy army moves along.

Church of God, "beloved city,"
Thou art of celestial mold;
Lo, from God and out of heaven,

Came the city of pure gold.
Stones of jasper, clear as crystal,
Is the building of thy wall;
And the Lamb thy light forever.
Jesus, Jesus, all in all.

God's own holiness within thee,
His own beauty on thy brow,
Glorified in his own image,
This thy wondrous portion now.
In thee dwells the triune fulness,
Blessing all thy pilgrim days;
All around thee his salvation,
And before thee gates of praise.

Church of God, in heaven written,
Thine the risen life of Christ,
And the treasures to thee given,
Never, never can be priced.
Far above this world's confusion,
Walking else by Jesus' side,
Leaning on his loving bosom,
Is the church, his chosen bride.



CHAS. E. ORR, FEDERALSBURG, MD.



WM. R. DUNCAN, PLATTEVILLE, COLO.

His mind was much drawn out to literary work, and he felt that God could be glorified through the use of his pen. A short time previous to the year 1880 he became connected with a paper known as the *Herald of Gospel Freedom*. Shortly afterwards this paper was consolidated with another paper of the same gospel principles, and the paper thus formed was called THE GOSPEL TRUMPET. With tongue and pen he thundered forth the truth against all institutions and doctrines of men, and set forth the church of God. He taught that men must be holy and pure in heart, and that this could only be obtained through sanctification, as a second definite work of grace, subsequent to regeneration. As fast as God revealed the truth to him he did not hesitate to tell it to others.

He labored faithfully for the salvation of men's souls. The salvation which he so much

enjoyed he wanted others to have a part in also. His pen gave forth the expression of his heart in words like these: "Salvation is more to be desired than all the glory and pleasure that the highest honors of earth can yield. Yea, it places the soul upon a plane so elevating as to receive the admiration and adoration of heaven. It places a man far above the highest object of earthly ambition. It gives him a kingdom greater than Alexander or Napoleon ever swayed scepter over, and places him in kingly triumph over all the elements of the world; over sin, fashion, and popular sentiments; and over the devil himself, who claims to be the ruler of the earth. A master of the situation of life, with a peace that nothing disturbs, and a joyful faith in God which sees all things working together for his good, and contributing to his happiness. Salvation is greater riches than all the gold, silver and



GEO. Q. COPLIN, ANTWERP, O.



ROBERT ROTHMAN,
Foreman Composition and Job Departments, G. T. Pub. Co.

valuable treasures of this earth summed up together; a treasure that never faileth; a wealth so great that to the happy possessor everything of earth is, in comparison, reduced to dust and dirt."

Although much of his time was taken up with editorial work, yet he traveled extensively in the gospel work and broke the bread of life to thousands of hungry souls. His efforts were not in vain. God blessed his labors. He preached the Word in all its fulness, and many who were yoked up in sectarian bondage heard and obeyed the call: "Come out of her, my people" (meaning spiritual Babylon). The church in the blessed gospel of the evening light was established in many localities. God soon raised up many precious souls to help sound the gospel to a dying world. Wherever he was he was either busy with his voice or pen. He was a great lover of poetry, and

during his travels many beautiful poems were written. While on a tour in the West at one time he wrote the following verses:

TO THE OCEAN.

Help me, O sweet voice of inspiration,
Help me sing one gentle lay
To the ocean's wide and deep creation,
Singing for us night and day.
And thou restless sea, with all thy wonders,
Touch my harp with melody;
For no bard can sing thy awful numbers
Uninspired indeed by thee.

'Twas a balmy evening in October,
As our train sped on its time,
That we came in sight of God's great ocean,
To the old Pacific brine.
Swiftly gliding down its ancient orbit,
The great monarch of the light
Dropped his golden smiles upon the water,
E'er he bid us all good-night.



G. TUFTS JR., INDIA.



EMIL KREUTZ, NEOSHO FALLS, KAN.

Now we ran along the sacred bound'ry,
Where the voice of God had said,
"Halt, ye billows, rushing, foaming, angry,
Hither be thy waters stayed."

And that mandate of the hoary ages,
Undecayed by lapse of time,
Still protects the feet of gazing sages,
From the breakers' threatening brine.

Hark! O sea! is it thy hollow moaning
That arrests my midnight dream?
Is there then no rest to thy wild foaming?
Ah! how false thy tranquil name!
True, 'tis only through thy ruder sister
That does business in the East,
And plays up her higher, wilder capers,
Thou art called *Pacific*—rest.

Thou a preacher art to all the ages,
And thy audience all the world:
Lo! we read thy sermon on the pages
Of the book that God unfurled.

And to all that tread thy sand environs
Thou dost thunder, yea, and show
How the human heart, in sin's dominion
Never, never peace can know.

As thy waves in ceaseless turmoil labor,
And in fury beat the shore;
As they writhe and moan and dash asunder,
Rise and fall forevermore,
So the blasting hopes, and guilty terrors
Of the sinner's wretched heart,
Restless, fearful, and despairing ever,
From his bosom never part.

Only one has sailed upon the bosom
Of the tempest-troubled sea,
Who could hush the winds and calm the bil-
lows—

He who spoke to Galilee.
Only He can break the storms of passion,
And rebuke the fears of hell;
Only He can calm the struggling spirit,
Speak the word, Be still, be still.



JENNIE C. RUTTY, MERIDEN, KAN.



MAHALA UBER, HORTONS, PA.

O thou awful sea! I love thy music;
Never from thee would I part;
Yea, I love thee, loving Him that formed thee,
He who strung the ancient harp.
My own Father fixed thy bounds forever,
Holds thee in his loving hand,
Spake thy dreadful monsters into being,
And he formed the spacious land.

Lo! thou bringest from thy sacred chambers
Pearls and shells of curious form,
Tinted with the rainbow's varied beauty,
And the gold of rosy morn.
'Neath thy billows lie yet greater treasures
Thou art waiting to restore,
When the dead shall hear the final summons,
And old time shall be no more.

Oh, I bless thy kindness, friend Pacific,
For thy temporizing breath;
For the climate wafted from thee, truly
Is an enemy to death.

Sweet and soft and balmy are thy breathings,
Keeping winter blasts away.
And I thank thee, Providence, that brought me
Here to San Diego bay.

Here with gratitude I feast on fruitage
So delicious and benign,
That 'twould seem no better and no sweeter
Ever grew on Adam's vine,
While fair Eden yet in love was blooming
And the peace of God was there.
We, kind ocean, to thy magic credit
This profusion rich and rare.

On this sea-coast I would fondly linger,
Where the zephyrs fondly breathe
O'er the vineyards vast, and lemon orchards,
Where the bright pomegranates wave;
And the golden orange, figs, and guavas,
Apples, pears, and prunes abound;
With delicious nectarines and peaches,
Blessing all the season round.



GEO. W. FRY, ADDIE AND DELLA FRY.



W. J. HENRY AND WIFE.

Where the ocean means its solemn numbers,
And the sun outpours its gold
On the clouds which hang, while twilight
lingers,
O'er the sea-waves rising beld.
And the glorious king of day, descending,
Bids the vintage toilers rest,
While he cools his fevered brow each evening
On the great Pacific breast.

The daily life of D. S. Warner was that of a Bible Christian. What he taught to others, he lived and practised in his daily walk. He was a man of great faith, and through his conflict for the truth and right had many occasions to have it tested. At the general camp-meetings and assemblies he was present whenever possible, and many came to Christ and others were helped in various ways by the sermons he preached.

Many beautiful songs were produced by his pen, and though they have been sung for years

yet they never seem to grow old, and no doubt will be sung for years to come. As God had blessed him with a talent for poetry, he at one time issued a book of poems entitled "Poems of Grace and Truth." He was also author of a number of books and tracts of various kinds. God used him in a wonderful manner in this way, and through the reading of his writings many were brought to the knowledge of the Savior.

About the time his editorial work began, he was married to Sarah A. Keller. To them was born a son, who received his father's name, and is known to many as Sidney Warner. After her death he was married to Frankie E. Miller. She being a stenographer was a great help to him in his heavy correspondence and editorial work. The last two years of his life were devoted mostly to writing, which he did at his home near Grand Junction, Mich.



D. O. TEASLEY, NORTH POINT, PA.



ORA HOWARD TEASLEY, NORTH POINT, PA.

He could not always stay with those who loved him, so on the 12th of December, 1895, God called him to that home above, having lived 53 years, 5 months, and 13 days. He was sick only a few days, and it seemed that God was through with him here, and those that were left behind had to resign to His will. At the news of his death many hearts were laden with sorrow. The following words from the pen of William G. Schell will help to show what love existed in the hearts of the people for this brother:

“Truly our heart is filled with sadness at the thought of the departure of our dearly beloved Brother Warner. For some days before his death we were filled with an unusual sadness, as though God were giving us a presentiment of some awful event soon to transpire. And on last Wednesday evening, when we assembled with the church at Castine, O.,

to preach the Word unto the people, our heart was so overwhelmed with sorrow that I could not preach. We communicated unto the church a knowledge of our feelings, and suggested that we spend the time of that service largely in fervent prayer, which we did. And while there earnestly calling upon the Lord, we felt the seal of God upon our heart to enable us to endure the coming blow.

“On Thursday morning, notwithstanding the sadness of our heart, we endeavored to preach on the subject of Advancement. About eleven o’clock A. M., when we had perhaps half completed our sermon, the chapel door slowly opened, and the form of the telegraph operator appeared in the door with a small envelope in his hand. My first thought was, “He has a sad message for me.” He paused just inside the door (as though he bore an important message, but feared it out of order



TOMB OF D. S. WARNER, GRAND JUNCTION, MICH.

to communicate it to me while in the pulpit), then advancing part way up the aisle dropped the envelope in the hands of Bro. G. W. Howard, at the same time telling him something in a whisper. Bro. Howard immediately turned his eyes upon me, which fully confirmed me in the belief that the message was for me, and I paused to receive it. Oh, what sadness filled our heart as we reached forth our hand to receive the envelope! As I was tearing it open, Bro. H. suggested that the church engage in singing No. 1 in "Echoes From Glory," while I was reading the message.

"Far away among the angels,
In the sweet celestial bowers,
Start the songs whose echoes gladden,
As they greet this world of ours."

Little did we think as they began to sing those beautiful words that the echoes that were

then reaching our ears from the glory world were of the songs the angels were just then singing to welcome our dear sainted Bro. Warner to his eternal rest in Christ. I read the message to myself. My heart was so overwhelmed with sorrow that I could not read it aloud at first. When I gained sufficient command of myself, I said, "Brethren, I can not finish this lesson now." After another short pause I read the message aloud: "Bro. D. S. Warner died this morning, be buried Sunday. Come preach funeral." Oh, my God, what a blow to our hearts! We fell upon our knees and called upon God to help us bear the burden of our sorrows.

The next day we took the train and came to Grand Junction, and how sad we felt as we looked upon the pale though sweet face we had so often greeted with a kiss of charity! O God! thought I, How can we spare this bold



J. E. FORREST, QUADRATE, LA.



B. E. WARREN, SPRINGFIELD, O.

witness for the truth? Again I thought, Who could chide the just providence of God, who has taken this lifelong sufferer for Christ to the rest he truly deserves?

The funeral services were held on the campground near Grand Junction, and he was laid to rest near his home where he last lived. The following verses were written by Bro. Charles Orr and read at the funeral services:

Once more we hear Death's angel step
Upon the path from heaven;
Swiftly he comes to execute
Jehovah's message given.

He marks the object of his love,
And comes with silent tread:
He stops in stillness of the night,
Beside the Christian's bed.

"Pilgrim, thy task on earth is o'er,"
He speaks in accents low;

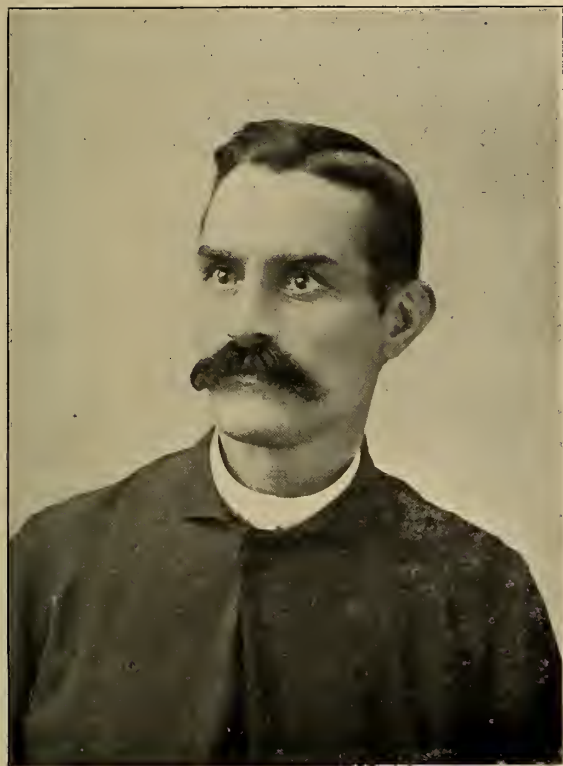
"I'll carry thee to a better land,
Above this world of woe.

"There in Abraham's bosom blest,
There to meet thy Lord,
And holy men of ages past,
Who humbly walked with God."

Our friend and brother dear, whose life
Made bright this life of ours,
Has passed away mid early snow,
Soon after Autumn's flowers.

No days of lingering sickness came
To warn us of his death;
No vision from the silent land,
To tell of parting breath.

The light's gone out, but brighter burns
In a holier, happier sphere,
Calmly, suddenly, peacefully,
Like the falling meteor.



J. N. HOWARD, PAYNE, O.



H. W. HECHLER, HEDRICK, IA.

But has the light gone out? Ah, no!
But like the meteor's glare,
Though suddenly falling from its place,
Bright rays still linger there.

Bright rays from a life so pure and fair,
Shall shine forever on,
Till time shall cease and be no more,
And all are lighted home.

As the peaceful river in her flow
Doth cheer us with her song,
So in example he doth live
To help the pilgrim on.

His gentle words and kindly acts,
To us in trial's hour,
Were like the summer's evening dew
Upon the drooping flower.

His face was read as one may read
A pure and holy book,

While truth and right and honesty
Were stamped on every look.

His holy, happy walk with God,
Cheers us to onward go,
And fight the fight of faith and love,
And push the battle through.

But he is gone; that face we'll see
No more on earthly shore:
Only in memory can we view
Those sunlit features o'er.

The voice that often spoke to us
In sermon and in verse,
The story of the humble cross,
Is now forever hushed.

We'll miss him in the hour of prayer;
His voice of praise we'll miss;
But sweet to know his praise is heard
In a land of purest bliss.



CAMP GROUND AND LAKE NEAR GRAND JUNCTION, MICH,

Long may his pure devoted life
Rebuke the raging wrong;
His joy and hope and faithfulness
Bids us in God be strong.

May heaven's grace sustain the wife
In this sad hour of grief,
And lift her heart and hopes above,
And keep her soul in peace.

And may the boy, his only boy,
Remember father's God,
And serve him in his youthful days,
As he was taught he should.

O Father, fold them in thine arms!
May the departed be

A messenger of love between
Their lonely hearts and Thee.

Sinner, the exhortation heed,
He gave thee oft in word:
Forever leave thy wicked way;
Prepare to meet thy God.

To-day we lay him in the tomb,
His narrow house of clay;
'Twill there in peaceful slumber lie,
Awaiting that great day

When soul with body reunite,
Come forth from out the tomb,
And soar away in radiant love
To happy, endless home.



GEO. W. BAILEY, CRESTON, WASH.



JOHN H. MERICA, GRAND JUNCTION, MICH.

HISTORY OF THE GOSPEL TRUMPET PUBLISHING WORK.

BY A. L. BYERS.

WE live in an age of great facilities for the publication of literature. The art of printing having been brought to an advanced state of development, it was long since made an auxiliary in the evangelistic work, in the fulfillment of the divine commission: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Also, as Roman civilization in the time of the Cæsars had become favorable for the advent and spread of the kingdom of the Messiah in its pristine glory, so has the literary spirit of the nineteenth century brought into use and perfected the great mail system, printing machinery, and the various applications of steam and electricity to the printer's art, thereby making favorable conditions for

the extensive publication of those prophetic messages of truth which were to mark a great reformation in the last days, carrying with them the judgments of God upon all false religions, and bringing the light of full salvation and unity to all hungry souls in the bondage of sin and sectarian idolatry.

It can therefore be easily seen that the publishing work is a potent factor in the great spiritual reform of these latter times.

As a general perusal of this book will give the reader considerable information regarding the doctrines and features of the reformation of which we speak, it will not be necessary to give full explanation here. But because the reader should clearly understand, and be-



TRUMPET FAMILY, 1895.

cause, further, many references to some feature or other of this mighty movement would naturally be interwoven with a history of the publishing work, so as to become a part of such a history, it might be well to give a few remarks on this subject.

A GREAT HOLINESS MOVEMENT.

Going back into the seventies of the last century, we find a great holiness agitation in many of the various denominations. It was from God. It was the ushering in of a dispensation of judgment upon the apostate religions of the day. Those who were at ease in Zion began to realize a disturbance of their carnal security. It was the beginning of a great day of decision, when the corruption of men's hearts was to be so revealed that they could not endure the burning truth, but were compelled either to accept and walk in the

light, or take their stand against the same, and in many cases become filled with a double portion of carnal wickedness, even to the extent of displaying the manifestations of demons. A great crisis had come, which should result in the gathering of God's people out of the various places where they had been scattered and held captive by the creeds of men.

GOD'S PEOPLE LEAVING THE SECTS.

We have the statement by the Critical Commentary (Jamieson-Faussett-Brown), in comments on Rev. 18:4, that "false Christendom, divided into very many sects, is truly Babylon, i. e., confusion." It also states that "in every apostate or world-conforming church there are some of God's invisible or true church, who, if they would be safe, must come out; especially at the eve of God's judgment on apostate Christendom." Thus it is ac-



A. J. KILPATRICK, PAYNE, O,



H. C. WICKERSHAM, PORTLAND, IND,

knowledge by one of the best commentaries in the land, that the words, "Come out of her, my people," uttered by the voice from heaven, apply to God's true people scattered in the various sects. This is exactly the case, and the last two decades have witnessed an obedience to that voice in thousands leaving the bondage of spiritual Babylon and receiving the liberty there is in Christ alone. Praise God!

Perfected holiness in the heart accomplishes the destruction of all sectarian elements. Entire sanctification, therefore, makes God's people one; as our Savior prayed in behalf of his disciples, "Sanctify them through thy truth * * * that they all may be one."

COUNTERFEIT MOVEMENTS.

The deliverance of God's people became the real theme and object of the holiness

reformation. Satan, anticipating this, soon had his forces in the field. The great counterfeiter of the ages, he was still capable of working out his deceptions. A kind of sectarian holiness arose. Associations were formed in which the members could still retain membership in their respective denominations. False holiness became more plentiful than the true. The idea of leaving the churches (so called) began to be strongly denounced by the very teachers who had accepted holiness. The "come out" movement was also counterfeited. Many came out of the sects who were false representatives of the truth, some opposing sanctification as a second work of grace, others opposing the ordinances—some clustering around one antichrist doctrine and some around another. The whole began to appear as a disgusting spectacle, and come-out-ism, as it was odiously called, bore



E. E. BYRUM.
Editor GOSPEL TRUMPET.



RHODA K. BYRUM. MABEL GRACE,
Wife of E. E. Byrum,

no convincing testimony of the truth of God. In this manner thousands have been and are still deceived.

A TRUE REFORMATION.

But does such a state of affairs disprove the fact that there was a true reformation of God? There exists no counterfeit without the genuine. There were those in whom existed the real spirit of truth, whose teaching had the right ring, and whom God honored with the anointing of power and glory in the salvation of souls, both by word of mouth and by the medium of the pen. The various associations and bodies that had arisen to misrepresent the real reform movement also had their respective periodicals. But in the midst of these there arose one that was willing to proclaim the judgments of God without compromise.

It was but natural that a paper publishing

the genuine messages of truth, making war on all religions that do not come up to the Bible standard, should bring upon itself a continued siege by all the hosts of the devil's kingdom in their efforts to crush it out of existence.

Accordingly, as we trace the progress of the Gospel Trumpet publishing work, we note a constant struggle against the opposing forces of the enemy. Satan, Herod like, endeavored to crush it in its very infancy. But the truth always prevailed. This work is of God. Man's responsibility consists in humble submission to God, consecrated fully to his service. "I have commanded my sanctified ones, I have also called my mighty ones for mine anger, even them that rejoice in my highness." Isa. 13:3. Amen. Every one that is wholly sanctified is chosen to take a part in the work of this glorious and last reformation.



GOSPEL TRUMPET OFFICE, GRAND JUNCTION, MICH., 1889.



TRUMPET HOME, GRAND JUNCTION, MICH.

The Gospel Trumpet publishing work is also connected in its history with the life of D. S. Warner, he being instrumental in its start and progress, so that its earlier history becomes, in part, a record of his own life. In 1880, before the GOSPEL TRUMPET was started, he published a book of 493 pages entitled, "Bible Proofs of the Second Work of Grace." It was printed at the Gospel Banner office, in Goshen, Ind., and sold for \$1.25. It was highly recommended by holiness writers and readers of the day, some prizing it next to the Bible. A few copies are yet in existence.

ORIGIN OF THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

On Jan. 1, 1878, a small paper was started at Wolcottville, Ind., called the *Herald of Gospel Freedom*. It was the organ of the Northern Indiana Eldership, a split-off of

the Church of God (Winebrennerians). The next year D. S. Warner, who was then a member of the Eldership, became associate editor. In two years from the time it started, the paper came fully into his hands, with the place of publication changed to Rome City, Ind. This town, destined to be the birthplace of the GOSPEL TRUMPET, was situated on the bank of a beautiful lake of the same name. The *Herald* was devoted to the promotion of Bible holiness and the unity of all believers. Near the close of the third year of its publication, the Eldership expressed their willingness to consolidate the paper with any other paper advocating the same gospel principles. Arrangements were made to consolidate with a small paper called *The Pilgrim*, published at Indianapolis, by G. Haines. Accordingly, D. S. Warner and G. Haines became the joint



ALLIE R. FISHER.



J. C. FISHER.

One of the publishers of the GOSPEL TRUMPET previous to 1887.

publishers of the GOSPEL TRUMPET, Bro. Warner being impressed that the paper should be called by that name.

The first number was issued Jan. 1, 1881, at Rome City. Its object is stated as follows: "The glory of God in the salvation of men from all sin, and the union of all saints upon the Bible." It was a five-column folio, size about 13x20 inches, issued semimonthly, with a subscription price fixed at 75 cents per year. At Haines' suggestion, the volume numbering of the *Herald* was continued on the GOSPEL TRUMPET, the first issue being numbered Vol. 4, No. 1, instead of Vol. 1, No. 1. At a later date this was corrected, and the volume number of the TRUMPET made to correspond with the number of years of its publication; as, to use Bro. Warner's own words, "When a person is clean out of Babylon, that should be the beginning of months and years to him."

After two issues at Rome City the office was moved to Indianapolis. Bro. Warner had been gradually getting the light which forbade him being associated with the Eldership or any other society with human rulings. He was thus led to take a clear and decided stand in reference to the church question.

One of the chief events of note while the paper was published at Indianapolis was the dissolution of partnership with Haines. Bro. Warner bought out Haines' share for the sum of \$100.00. The following quotation referring to H. is from the TRUMPET dated June 1, 1881:

"We went to work in good earnest, published two papers at Rome City, and then shipped the office to this city. But before it arrived we found ourselves bound to a chilling iceberg, an austere, worldly complaining, and mere money policy. Though rather incongen-



GOSPEL TRUMPET OFFICE, GRAND JUNCTION, MICH., 1898.

ial to our feelings, we thought it probably all for the better and were willing to go ahead, but ere long the Spirit of God clearly indicated to us that we should not work together.”

In June of that year J. C. Fisher became associate editor, taking a half interest. Later his name appeared as corresponding editor, his home being in Michigan. For several years he and his wife, Allie R., took a share in the responsibilities of the publication of the paper.

We have thus noted the origin of the GOSPEL TRUMPET. Like the kingdom of Christ, which it boldly represented, it came not with observation, not with worldly fame or show. It was unheard of and unrecognized from a worldly standpoint. Yet its power and light were to be felt and seen by individuals of every nation under heaven. It was to penetrate into the recesses of sin and make war

against the devil's kingdom in lands beyond the seas, where hungry souls, fed by its messages of salvation and liberty, would be made to rejoice.

ITS HUMBLE INFANCY.

As an illustration of its humble infancy we note the following from June 1, '81, under the heading “An Office for the Trumpet”: “As we have over half a mile to walk to our office and have to pay \$5.00 per month rent, we felt led of the Lord to try and build an office on our own lot. We had a small stable that would afford some material, and, trusting that God would send help, we began to tear it down in the name of the Lord. So the other day a dear old saint, who is a carpenter, came to inquire what we had to build with. We told him, when he said he had some old lumber to add, also door and plenty of



LEROY SHELDON AND WIFE.

windows which he would give very cheap, and give work also. Glory to God! We are now looking to God for some means, perhaps \$30.00, to buy shingles and some other material."

We also give a quotation from H. C. Wickersham's excellent "History of the Church," selected from the chapter on THE GOSPEL TRUMPET:

"During the first few years of the publication of the GOSPEL TRUMPET, the outfit was a very small affair. Sometimes the paper was printed on a job press, sometimes on a larger one. Occasionally, through extreme poverty, opposition, and persecution, it would seem that it was almost wiped out of existence; but, as the old adage says, 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again,' so it was with the GOSPEL TRUMPET, which probably after a few months silence would find its way to the readers, and

be read with great rejoicing and praises to God, while its opposers would receive it with contempt and disgust and be made to rail out against the truth. Sometimes the editor alone was the only one to write the articles, set the type, do the printing and mailing, and these under the most adverse circumstances. But while it was coming up through great tribulations, God had the same in remembrance, and the messages from time to time went forth declaring the word of the Lord and his power to save to the uttermost in pardoning sinners who came in humble repentance, and sanctifying believers; and God began to increase his work and gather together from various parts of the earth his faithful ones."

From the issue of Nov. 15, '81, we quote: "The TRUMPET will go on. God has blessed us with excellent health and strength. Praise his holy name! We can work without appar-



AUDITORIUM WHERE ANNUAL CAMP MEETING IS HELD AT MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

ent fatigue from 5 A. M. to 11 P. M., and we propose doing so by the continued help of God. We feel that the gates of hell can not stop the truth. And if we can not issue the paper regularly every two weeks, we will issue as often as we can, and give everybody his or her full number of papers. The Lord holds us to this work, and he can not forsake us in the work wherennto he has called us. Let all the readers of the TRUMPET obey the voice of the Spirit of God, and there will be means both to enlarge and carry on the paper for the glory of God."

As an apology for its doctrine and mission we have from the issue of Aug. 15, same year: "The reason why the TRUMPET, as a holiness paper, gives prominence to the evil of sectarian divisions is because we simply stay in God's hands and allow him to lead us. We are in covenant bonds to God, and to the work of promoting thorough holiness."

OFFICE AT CARDINGTON.

The next year (1882) the office of the GOSPEL TRUMPET was moved to Cardington, a town of perhaps a thousand inhabitants at that time, located in Morrow Co., Ohio. Here the paper was printed sometimes on a job press, the larger press being in poor condition. On the job press only one page could be printed at a time, necessitating four impressions for a folio. Sometimes the printing was hired done at a neighboring printing office.

By this time the work began to be embarrassed with debt, rent had to be paid, and there was no money. A removal to Bucyrus was contemplated, as it was a place near which there were saints in various directions, and a place where the office could be free of rent. But there was no means at hand to help out of present difficulties. We select the following from one of the papers printed at that time:



H. A. HCFFMAN, CONOQUENESSING, PA.



JAMES PINE, MOUNDVILLE, W. VA.

“Some of our dear brethren have in love censured us occasionally. We find generally these two points, sometimes in the same letter; namely, ‘Why do you not send your paper out more frequently, and more regularly?’ The other, ‘I think you have not been on your guard enough to keep out of debt.’ Well, there it is. We could have kept entirely out of debt if we would have issued fewer papers, and we might have issued every two weeks had we gone more in debt. But no one of our experience could possibly have issued more frequently, with our income and slow facilities.”—May 1, 1883.

MOVED TO BUCYRUS.

While Bro. Warner was in prayer pleading earnestly with God for help, three teams drove up. It was the brethren from Bucyrus, who

had come to move the office to that place (it being only twenty miles distant), and also to help it out of financial difficulties. There was great joy in Bro. Warner’s heart, knowing that God had answered prayer, and sent help. One of these brethren, D. Johnston, assisted in the matter of finances. He purchased a lot and furnished material with which to erect a building. His name appeared as publisher Aug. 1, 1883.

Bucyrus was a town of about five thousand inhabitants, located in Crawford Co., Ohio. The move was made in May, ’83. About that time the first good press was purchased. It was a rebuilt Country Campbell, allowing either belt or hand power to be used. It cost perhaps \$600.00. In the anticipation of the paper being enlarged and raised to louder blasts, the following hymn was written:



F. SCHWIEGER, ROCKFORD, OKLA.



J. F. LUNDY, SHOUP'S FORD, N. C.

LOUDER, LOUDER.

Onward moves the Great Eternal
 In the order of his plan;
 Louder, nearer rolls the thunder
 Of his awful word to man.

CHO.—Louder, louder, halleluiah!
 See the glorious fountain flow;
 From the midst of heav'n proclaim it,
 Oh, it makes me white as snow.

Since by sin this earth was blighted,
 God has whispered of his love,
 Dreams and visions by his prophets,
 Breathed of mercy from above.

Louder speaks his love in Jesus,
 Heaven sweetly chants his fame;
 Earth receives its glorious Savior,
 Halleluiah to his name!

Yet the world is wrapped in slumber,
 Louder raise the TRUMPET's blast;

Oh, in mercy let it thunder,
 Ere the day of mercy's past.

In the cages of deception
 Souls are pining to be free;
 Quickly sound the proclamation
 Of the glorious jubilee.

God is calling, "Come, my people,
 Haste, oh, hasten to escape
 From the sin of seetish Babel,
 Lest ye perish in her fate."

Louder, Savior, by thy blessing,
 We will call thy people home;
 For we feel thy near approaching,
 Come, O blessed Jesus, come.

At this place the publishing work seemed to hang in the balance under the most trying circumstances, and D. S. Warner passed through the severest trial of his life. At an assembly meeting held near Bucyrus in the



A. RADEBAUGH, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.



W. W. TITLEY.
Subscription Department, Gospel_Trumpet Pub. Co.

autumn of 1883, Satan mustered a host of false, boisterous, unclean, seducing spirits, teaching doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy, etc. The fearless, uncompromising stand the TRUMPET had taken on the truth that was agitating the religion of the day, produced many enemies. Satanic forces under the guise of holiness, but teaching anti-ordinance, anti-sanctification, and other anti-christ doctrines, gathered for an attack upon the truth, if possible to destroy the humble but powerful instruments in God's hands of publishing it. So fierce was the contest between truth and error that the assembly divided, and two meetings were held in one house. God was bringing his true ones through the fire, only to make their glory all the brighter.

In January, 1884, came the hardest trial. Many accusations had been hurled against Bro. Warner. His own wife, who had been

his companion in the warfare for God, fell a victim to seducing spirits. She and a certain deceived preacher, by the name of Stockwell, in whom Bro. Warner had had confidence, did their best to accuse him of not being right in his Christian experience, and dictated as to the teachings of the TRUMPET. The poor man, who chose to suspect himself in error rather than his wife, or the preacher whom they had both loved, partially yielded to their influence, and knelt for their prayers in a prayer-meeting at a brother's house in town. In this attitude of consecration, blinded by accusations, he was asked if he was willing to sell the GOSPEL TRUMPET, and was told that one R. wanted to buy it. He could only answer that if God willed, he was willing to sell it or give it away; that if God showed him to do so he would consent to sell it. They then told him that perhaps he was not where God could show



S. S. MOYER. LYDIA MOYER.
Bookkeeper G. T. Office. Wife of S. S. Moyer,



MARY COLE. GEO. L. COLE.
Superintendents Faith Missionary Home, Chicago, Ill.

him; that he should submit to their decision; that the scriptures demand "all to be subject one to another," etc. He then said they could telegraph for R. at once, and that he would sell the paper unless God should forbid him to do so before R. arrived. In this, of course, he had taken a step too far, making the circumstances such that God would be compelled to intervene or the TRUMPET would be gone. At this decision the laughs and devilish manifestations on the part of his enemies told that they felt some degree of satisfaction. Those who had apparently been true and had stood with him, were speechless in this meeting. Some seemed to be dying with distress, others were cramped, their hands drawn out of shape. Thus raged the awful battle of that evening.

This meeting left his mind in confusion. He was not awakened to the devilish intent

of the proceedings. He retired at twelve o'clock, but not to sleep. The awful experience of that night, as he wrestled with demons, will never be known. At one time he seemed turned into stone, or a metal four times heavier. Then he seemed as large as a horse, and would be almost crushed to death with the pressure of his own weight. He wondered that the bed and the floor did not break down. He could not pray, and had no access to God, though he tried to pray with every breath. In this furnace of trial some of his hairs were turned grey.

But God, who is merciful, and who remembered his faithful and humble servant, gave him deliverance in the morning. Suddenly God sent the Holy Spirit thrilling through his soul, and, to use his own words, "instantly all the pope's bull of the previous night was swept away. I saw it was all of the devil. I



PRIVATE OFFICE OF E. E. BYRUM.



BOOK STORE AND ORDER DEPT., GOSPEL TRUMPET OFFICE.

could not keep still, but praised God. I ran to the office as soon as the kitchen fire was started, and my soul was ushered into a bright morning. The day star had arisen in my heart with beams of sacred bliss. I fell on my knees and thanked God for deliverance." On the evening following there was prayer-meeting again, and the powers of hell were present to continue their work. Stockwell tried to preach, but could not. Bro. Warner rebuked their spirit in the name of the Lord, and the strange manifestations instantly ceased. Their meeting was a failure, and did not result as they had hoped. Thus he was made to see the infernal plot that hell had laid to silence the truth. Only the hand of God had given deliverance.

But his wife had forever turned against him, having previously (at the close of the

assembly meeting) gone home with those whom her deceived spirit could fellowship. At the time of the events just related, she returned with S. and others to assist in carrying out their designs. As we have already mentioned, this was the greatest trial of Bro. Warner's life. Though he had come through with victory, it was at the sacrifice of his dear companion. His poem, "Meditations on the Prairie," gives full description of his experience in this time of trial. It is published in his "Poems of Grace and Truth." Another poem, entitled "To the Alien," we will give here.

Three years have passed since billows wild
Wrecked our domestic bark,
And chilled your love for husband, child,
'Mid waters cold and dark.



A. T. ROWE, JOHNSTOWN, PA.



JNO. E. ROBERTS, DENVER, COLO.

How wonderful the mystery!
Astonished! men exclaim,
That hearts so knit in unity
Could ever part in twain.

But some of them that understand—
In Daniel we are told—
Shall fall, alas, in time of end,
Though white, and tried as gold.

Thus wisdom speaks in thunder tones,
O earth, behold his signs!
The end is nigh, the Savior comes,
How perilous the times!

Our precious boy, so sweet and pure,
Has lost a mother's love;
His little heart could well endure,
Were she but gone above.

One mother only nature gives
To every child of earth;
But others now supply the place
Of her that gave him birth.

O happy day, if ever grace
Shall melt that heart of thine,
That son may see within thy face
A mother's love, divine.

We suffered some adversities,
A portion all must find,
When compassed round by devotees,
Whose creeds we'd left behind.

When pressing to the harvest field
Of everlasting truth,
And just before the golden yield,
Alas! you turned aloof.

Oh, how I wish that you could share
In these ecstatic days—
Enjoy the light of God so pure,
And help to sing his praise.

My soul had longed for more of God,
More glory in the cross,
But never dreamed that it must come
Through such a bitter loss.



THOMAS HANS.
General Foreman, Gospel Trumpet Office.



WM. EBEL, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.
Editor Evangeliums Posaune.

I can not chide His providence,
But count it all the best;
For in each storm of violence
I sink to sweeter rest.

'Tis good to learn in furnace flame
What Christ the Lord can do:
Oh, blessed be his holy name!
He gently leads me through.

'Twas not a rival filled thine eyes
With colored fancies rare,
But Satan came in deep disguise,
And wrought the dread affair.

Thus came the fiend in Eden fair,
The woman's heart to win;
With charming words of wisdom rare,
He plunged the world in sin.

And so betrayed Delilah to
The Philistines of old
Her husband; when yet feigning true,
His secret did unfold.

Again in hell the council sat,
Renewed the cursed plan
That Adam saw, and Samson met,
To overthrow the man.

An instrument adroitly used,
A plot infernal, black,
To quench the burning present truth,
And turn deliv'rance back.

Loud rang a shout of Babel jey,
Supposing truth had died;
But forth she came, without alloy,
The better, being tried.

We still are joined in Eden's bond
Of matrimony true;
While life endures yet undissolved,
It binds my heart to you.

No court of man, or Satan's power
Can disannul the tie;
Though spirits rent, in evil hour,
One flesh are you and I.



FIRST HOME OF TRUMPET FAMILY IN MOUNDSVILLE.
 GROUP OF WORKERS, TRUMPET HOME AND OFFICE, 1900.
 PRESENT OFFICE, GOSPEL TRUMPET PUB. CO.

No face so fair, no heart so warm,
Upon this verdent sod,
Shall alienate with rival charm.
The wife received of God.

So I will walk with God alone,
And bless his holy name,
Till he shall bring the alien home
To dwell in love again.

In vision of the night I saw—
And woke to joyful praise—
True nature reimprint her law.
That ruled thy former days.

From nature's pure affection then
Grace led to love divine;
Then heaven's bliss alone can bound
Our mutual joy sublime.

God grant that this may real prove
Through coming years of time,
And in his shining courts above,
An endless crown be thine.

The hand of God alone can take
The broken chords of love,
And knit them in a union sweet
As love's pure reign above.

Here I will close my present rhyme,
But ever pray for you,
That God may give you back again
The heart of woman true.

Then, touched by sweet seraphic strains,
With all the heavenly throng,
I'll shout aloud my Savior's praise,
And sing another song.

Bro. Warner did everything in his power to get his wife to return, but did not succeed. She afterwards sued for a divorce, gained one by false oath, was remarried, and in the spring of 1893 died in Cincinnati.

Before the office was moved from Bucyrus, one Mrs. Booth claimed to have a vision in



DELLA F. BYERS.
Wife of A. L. Byers,



ANDREW L. BYERS.
Office Editor GOSPEL TRUMPET.

which she saw herself caught up with one thousand dollars (which she had in the bank at Medina, O.). Stockwell interpreted her vision to mean that if she ever got to heaven she would have to give the one thousand dollars to the TRUMPET. This she finally agreed to do, and gave the money to Stockwell, who took it and paid off much of the indebtedness of the office, which transaction Bro. Warner knew nothing about till afterward. In a short time Mrs. B. returned with her husband and some lawyers to recover her money, which Bro. Warner gave back to her by a mortgage of \$500.00 on the office and press, and by borrowing the rest. Thus the matter was settled.

OFFICE MOVED TO WILLIAMSTON.

Some brethren in Michigan were desirous of having the office moved to their locality.

Progress had been made at Bucyrus, but it was through the furnace of trial rather than any extension of influence. But doubtless all this experience was necessary as an equipment for greater usefulness.

The move to Williamston, Ingham County, Mich., was made in April, 1884. The first number of the paper published there was dated April 15. From its columns we quote the following greetings:

“We are happy to greet your ears once more, beloved, with the sound of the trump of God. The devil has spent all his infernal powers in vain to crush this work of God. We have thoroughly learned his attitude toward us. In his hellish clamor about us for many days, saying, ‘You must give up the TRUMPET,’ he has clearly committed himself against this cause, and all who are against this dissemination of the light of God we



FANNIE B. MARTIN.
Matron Trumpet Home.



J. B. MARTIN.
Business Manager, Gospel Trumpet Pub. Co.

know are on the devil's side, either wilfully or ignorantly. Oh, how hell has poured forth upon us! Night after night we had to leave our bed at two, three, and four o'clock, and go to the office and cry unto God to drive away the hosts of hell that had encamped against us. And every time the power of God dispersed these infernal spirits of darkness, the Lord recommissioned us to blow the TRUMPET in Zion, and sound an alarm on his holy mountain, and we were made joyfully conscious of his approving smile, for not having backed down before the legions of hell. But the devil having drawn to his side the best agents he could ever expect to use against us, was fierce and determined to hush the trumpet sound of freedom from all sin and Babylon yokes. Oh, halleluiah!

“During this terrible combat with the powers of darkness, we had to do more fighting than

working, hence the work went on slowly. We were ready to print about the first of February, then the Lord called us by telegram to Kalamazoo, Mich. The next day our printer accidentally spoiled the rollers, so that he could not print. So the work lay until our return. After looking to the Lord until he assured us that the office would be cleared from the mortgage, we ordered new rollers, and went to work again in the name of the Lord. About the time we were ready to print, God sent Bro. Thomas Horton, from Williamston, Mich., who paid off the \$500 mortgage, some other debts, chartered a car, loaded us up, and moved office, household goods, Master Willie and ourself to this place, wife and child having remained behind to visit with friends. Moving just at the time caused a few days delay in this issue, but now we expect to greet you regularly. Praise the Lord! ‘The Lord



FRONT VIEW TRUMPET HOME, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord!’ So said Job. If it was the devil that took it away, he had to get a permit from God before he could do it, therefore it was of the Lord, and ‘blessed be the name of the Lord’; for when he permits the devil to take anything away he has given to his children, he always returns fourfold. Glory to God! We have understood this principle long ago, and have thrown it in the face of the devil every time he has showed his teeth at us. Blessed be God forever and ever! And thus hath God done unto us again. We left an office where we were hampered up in 14x26 feet, and here hath God furnished a building two stories high, 28x84 feet, all of which is dedicated to the Lord. It contains a large meeting hall, and plenty room for office, and all families connected with it. It is however under repairs, and we have taken temporary quarters for a few weeks.”

Of course, every change that was made gave occasion for new hopes for the advancement of the publishing work. Accordingly, we read, in the first issue at Williamston: “After one more issue we expect steam power, and there is no telling what God will yet do for the TRUMPET if the devil don’t quit his hellish opposition.” His expectations were not fulfilled quite that soon. The work moved forward slowly, but surely. Thomas Horton’s name appeared as publisher at this place.

One of the first duties it became necessary for Bro. Warner to perform at Williamston was an explanation in the TRUMPET, setting forth the facts of the matter concerning his wife. In the various holiness papers she had published many things in justification of her conduct that were false. As the TRUMPET exchanged with other papers, no fewer than eleven of these, containing statements about himself, reached Bro. Warner’s hands. Thus



J. R. HALE, INDEPENDENCE, KAN.
At present in Business Dept., Gospel Trumpet Office.



F. G. SMITH, LACOTA, MICH.

he was compelled to take up an unpleasant task, in this particular.

PROGRESS AT WILLIAMSTON.

At this place an actual and gradual advance of the publishing work made brighter prospects. The Lord began to bless his cause, his people, his ministers, and his press. The truth began to be accepted in new fields, the light began to spread more extensively, and hungry and thirsty souls became satisfied. "For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water." The number of subscribers reached nearly one thousand, with a steady increase. The price of the paper was now one dollar per year—free to the poor. Tracts on the Church, Sabbath, and other subjects were published.

THE FIRST SONG BOOK.

At Williamston J. C. Fisher and wife became more personally connected with the affairs of the publication office. They also were instrumental in getting out the first song-book. It was entitled "Songs of Victory," and was ready to send out in January, 1886. The words were mostly by Bro. Warner, and the music chiefly by J. C. Fisher and H. R. Jeffrey. Many of the songs were very inspiring, and when sung by the Spirit-filled saints, were very effectual in the salvation work, though the written music was very poor and could scarcely be sung as it appeared in the book.

THE TRUMPET FAMILY.

The number of workers at this time was small. We here give them as Bro. Warner makes mention of them in the TRUMPET dated



GEO. P. TASKER, PEEPAHUN, ONT., CANADA.
At present in Business Dept., Gospel Trumpet Office.



ARTHUR S. POTTER, PITTSBURG, PA.
Business Manager, Gospel Trumpet Pub. Co., in 1899.

Jan. 1, 1885: "Here is our dearly beloved and faithful yokemate in the gospel and self-sacrificing Joseph C., with his kind companion, Allie R. Fisher, ever ready to sing the gospel in the Spirit of God. And we must mention our beloved Bro. William N. and Sister Jennie Smith, whose labor of love often goes beyond their strength for Christ's sake. Then by our side stands the mild Jeremiah Cole, whom the Lord brought all the way from Missouri to labor with us in the vineyard, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Next, but chief at the case, is our beloved Bro. John Spaulding, whose faithful toils in the TRUMPET office are only interrupted by the necessary moments to eat and sleep and to shout the loud praises of God. Next in the spiritual family circle is the spotless child, Rhoda Keagy [now wife of E. E. By-

rum], recently brought by the Lord from Battle Creek, filled with the love of God and holy modesty, whose willing hands help either in the office or kitchen."

The workers labored very hard from early till late. An engine was purchased during the first year at Williamston. It was a three-horse-power, costing \$200.00. Before this was purchased, and many times afterward when something would be wrong with the engine, the press had to be run by hand by turning a large wheel fitted with a handle. This sometimes became the duty of the girls, Rhoda Keagy and Celia Kilpatrick, as they were the only ones to do it. The incessant toil of the faithful workers caused a breaking down of the health in some instances, but their lives were consecrated, and they were laboring for the Lord.



GEORGIA C. AND B. F. ELLIOTT.
SOPHIA HINES. DECEASED.
Missionaries in Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico.



A. B. PALMER AND WIFE, BANGOR, MICH.

ANOTHER MOVE CONTEMPLATED.

For several years there had been a wonderful and growing interest in the southwestern part of the state. Near Bangor, in Van Buren County, was a yearly camp-meeting of the saints, where God's power was wonderfully displayed in the salvation of souls and the healing of the sick. Sister Emma Miller, of Battle Creek, Michigan, was healed of blindness. There were many saints in this vicinity and near Grand Junction, seven miles north. At the Bangor camp-meeting held in June, 1886, the subject of moving the TRUMPET office to that locality was considered. It seemed to be the mind of the Spirit and of all the saints that the removal should be made, the saints proposing to greatly lighten the expenses of publishing salvation by giving fuel, provisions, etc. A commodious and sub-

stantial building in the town of Grand Junction was offered for \$800.00, or about half of its worth. The saints agreed to purchase the property, and money was raised to pay moving expenses. One difficulty in the way was an encumbrance on the machinery of a debt of \$500.00, which it was necessary to pay. But this difficulty being satisfactorily met, and the building purchased, it was decided to move. One freight car held the entire outfit of office material, machinery, and household goods.

AT GRAND JUNCTION.

This place, "where two lightning tracks lay crossing," was a small town of a few hundred inhabitants, the junction of the Chicago & West Michigan (now the Pere Marquette) and a branch of the Michigan Central Railways, situated in the northern



LILLIAN M. BOLDs.
Wife of Otto Bolds.



OTTO BOLDs, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

part of Van Buren County, ten miles from South Haven on the lake, and thirty miles west of Kalamazoo. It was in the midst of a rather swampy section of country, with small lakes in nearly all directions. This became the permanent home of the GOSPEL TRUMPET during twelve years of its history, with which was connected the earnest toil of many consecrated workers whose memories recount numerous incidents that transpired there.

Before the move to Grand Junction was made, Bro. S. Michels, of South Haven, Mich., assumed with his means a portion of the financial responsibilities. Being thus directly connected with the publishing work, his name appeared as publisher, which position he held until relieved by N. H. Byrum in 1895.

After the publishing work was permanently established at Grand Junction, and printed matter began to be sent out in every direction,

the following poem was written by Bro. Warner:

THROWING INK AT THE DEVIL.

At Wartburg Castle sat a son of thunder
Dealing heaven's dynamite,
When, lo, before him 'peared an apparition,
Fury threatening demon sight.

The piercing words of truth, so long besmothered,
Flashed the burning wrath upon
The devil's patent monk and pope religion,
Which confronts the dread reform.

* * * * *

Before the dauntless, lion-hearted Luther
Forth the hellish monster stood,
Drawn from his prison by the scattering theses
'Gainst the Romish viper brood.

He lifted up his eyebrows knit with thunder,
To the hellish specter said
With stern address, "*Du bist der wahre teufel*"—
Hurls an inkstand at his head.



DEPARTMENT OF BOOK BINDERY, GOSPEL TRUMPET OFFICE, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

How potent proved the doctor's splatt'ring
missile,

Hist'ry leaves us no memoir:

But ink he threw on paper at the devil,
Battering down his kingdom more.

Still on in mercy moved the Great Eternal,
Reinstating Heaven's truth;

Long fallen in the filthy streets of Babel,
Trampled under foot, forsooth.

A season passed of mingled light and darkness,
Counted neither day nor night;
With each reform broke in more gleams of bright-
ness,
Giving Satan more to fight.

But now at last the fogs and mists are scattered,
And the sanctuary purged—
The hidings of the devil thus demolished
By the hail he's sorely scourged.

The dragon forced to open field of battle,
Driven from his final trench,

Can not throw up another line of Babel,
Thence from storm of truth to flinch.

He would, 'tis true, whitewash his sect divisions,
Pass them for the holy bride;
But truth uncaps the wicked corporations,
And her founder can not hide.

The light reveals her blood in every quarter,
And she's strewn with dead men's bones—
Remains of souls that long have fed her slaughter.
Hell with many a victim groans.

Thus chafed to anger like a beast of fury
When denied a skulking den,
And tantalized by thunderbolts of fire,
Satan writhed within his pen.

At last he breaks the chains of self-possession,
Does his best what time he hath,
Well knowing that he's but a little season,
Comes he forth in utmost wrath.



WM. N. SMITH AND WIFE.



C. E. HUNTER, PAUL, AND NORA HUNTER, AKRON, IND.

Now loosed, his imps o'er all this earth are swarm-
ing,

But retreating toward the brink,
Driven back by truth in thunder rolling,
And the rapid flying ink.

Not as did the sturdy Wittenberger
Flying an inkstand at the foe,
But by the mighty force of steam, much faster
We the battle ink can throw.

At a point where two lightning tracks lie
crossing,*

Northward, southward, east, and west,
God has planted there a Campbell mortar,
Firing ink at Satan's crest.

This enginery by modern skill constructed,
Hath a strong capacious fount,
Whence ink, by rollers to and fro conducted,
Into ammunition count.

The ink rolls o'er ten thousand silent voices,
All in rank and file complete;

*Grand Junction, Michigan.

When touched, each one prepares his trump for
sounding,
But refraining, tells the sheet.

The sheets borne round by a cylindric motion,
Take the type's impressive kiss,
Inspiring them with love and truth's great
mission,
And salvation's perfect bliss.

Not only toward the main fourwinds of heaven,
Sin consuning ink is shot;
But right and left in force 'tis outward given,
Striking sin in every spot.

When round Mansoul Emanuel plants his army
To retake the famous town,
On Eyegate hill he plants this mighty engine,
Till surrendered to his crown.

If chance a pilgrim's shield of faith is drooping,
And his heart with fear oppressed,
Then comes the ink-winged angel, trumpet sound-
ing,
And his soul anew is blest.



JULIA R. CROWELL, BREEDSVILLE, MICH.



MARTHA E. DAVIS, HAMMOND, LA.
Formerly Mitre's Trumpet Hon.

CHANGE IN THE PUBLISHING STAFF.

From the time that J. C. Fisher began to take a personal part in the publishing work at Williamston, he had chief charge of the business affairs, as well as a share of the editorial cares. He continued to hold his responsible position until June, 1887, when a change became necessary. He had been a useful man in the work of the Lord, not only in helping to publish the TRUMPET, but also as a minister of the gospel. But he was led into the error that a man has a scriptural right to put away his wife and marry another, and thus became deceived by the devil. In spite of faithful warnings and admonitions he kept getting worse in his deception, until it was plain that some one would have to supersede him as a publisher of the TRUMPET. On account of Fisher's intention to carry out

his idea of marrying another wife, Bro. Warner saw that he could not thus be associated with a man who was not straight for God, and declared he would never publish another issue of the TRUMPET in that way, though he himself felt called to that work. This was when the last issue of the paper was published just before the Bangor camp-meeting in June. We here quote from H. C. Wickersham's history:

“At this time it was not known where a man could be found who was fitted for the place and who could take the responsibilities, and who was consecrated to take up the work without salary or any remuneration for his work, as it had thus far been carried on, and also there was nearly one thousand dollars to be paid; and in the critical situation of affairs the outlook was dark for the continuation of the publication of the GOSPEL TRUMPET.



C. W. NAYLOR, MARION, O.



J. W. BYERS, LODI, CAL.
JENNIE BYERS, WIFE OF J. W. BYERS.

Those upon whom the burden of the responsibility of the work lay heaviest went in fasting and prayer before God. Near the beginning of the meeting two young men who were students from Otterbein University of Westerville, Ohio, attended the meeting, whom the Lord had moved upon to help in this time of need. One of these brethren, E. E. Byrum, entered the work as publisher and business manager; the other stayed a few months as a helper in the office. E. E. Byrum had never met D. S. Warner; however, he had received the light on the word of God a few months previous to this time, and was in full harmony with the teachings of the GOSPEL TRUMPET. A few days after the beginning of the meeting D. S. Warner felt directed to speak to him concerning taking the position. The situation of affairs was set forth, a prayer-meeting held, after which E.

E. Byrum told them that whenever the Lord let him know he would let them know concerning what course he would pursue. After waiting upon the Lord in earnest prayer alone with God, he informed them that he would accept the position, and immediately after camp-meeting, June 21, 1887, he took up the work as publisher and business manager."

The interest in the publishing office held by J. C. Fisher was accordingly sold to E. E. Byrum. From that time D. S. Warner spent most of his time in evangelistic work, traveling in many states and also in Canada, holding camp and grove meetings. Bro. Byrum took up the duties of office editor and had the general oversight and responsibilities of the publishing work. His brother, N. H. Byrum, who came to the office in July, 1887, took an active place in the business affairs of the office, which he still holds.



SIDE VIEW TRUMPET HOME, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

Bro. E. E. Byrum made purchase of a residence adjoining the large office building, and he opened this as a home for the TRUMPET workers. Previous to this the second story of the office building was used for living rooms. The family then consisted of about five workers. As the work enlarged the number of the workers had to be increased accordingly. The Lord would generally move some new worker to come about the time more help was needed. The workers all gave their services free unto the Lord, receiving in remuneration only that which supplied their needs, such as board, clothing, etc. They ate at one common table, and were as one family of brothers and sisters. Many times they would be called upon to pray for some urgent need, or perhaps in answer to some telegram or letter from some afflicted one requesting their prayers. It being largely a faith institution,

the workers had good opportunity for the development of their faith. Especially was this true of those having charge, and who therefore felt the greater burden for the prosperity of the work.

REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

On the 23d of December, 1890, fire destroyed a barn which was situated about thirty-five feet from Bro. Byrum's residence. A strong wind was blowing towards the residence from the fire, taking the flames directly upon the house. The house had caught fire in spite of all efforts to prevent it, and from a human standpoint all hope of saving the building had ceased. At this point the miraculous hand of the Lord was manifest. While endeavoring to put out the flames Bro. Byrum was calling earnestly upon the Lord to save the building. He felt that it was fully conse-



SIMON A. YODER, WEST LIBERTY, OHIO.



S. P. M'CULLY, PORTLAND, ORE.

crated to God's service and could not see where He could get any glory in letting it burn. He therefore stood firmly on the Word and held the Lord to his promise to answer our petitions. One side and end of the house was on fire and the blaze reaching high up into the air. Suddenly the Lord caused the wind to change, and turned the direction of the fire away from the house so that what remained could be extinguished. The fact of the wind taking an opposite direction was a remarkable answer to prayer and was a great encouragement to faith. We shall relate other instances of the hand of the Lord manifested in the progress of the work.

PROGRESS AT GRAND JUNCTION.

After the publishing house had become established at Grand Junction, the progress made in the publishing work became more

rapid and extensive, and did not cease during all the twelve years of its location there. In August, 1888, the second song-book was published. It was called *Anthems from the Throne*, and contained 148 songs, 90 with music. It was edited by D. S. Warner and B. E. Warren. It contained some beautiful melodies, though the written harmony was very poor, owing to the author's lack of knowledge of that subject. His gift of composing melodies was a marvel.

During the year 1889 several tracts were published, comprising the subjects of the Church, the Millennium, Marriage and Divorce, and the Second Work of Grace. In September of that year a wire-stitcher was purchased, costing \$300.00. It greatly facilitated the publication of tracts and pamphlets. A free-tract fund was talked of. Previous to this time there could only be a few thousand



JOHN W. WHITE, AKRON, IND.
At present in Shipping Dept., Gospel Trumpet Office.



EARL THIEL, NEW LATHROP, MICH.
Proofreader, Gospel Trumpet Office.

free tracts sent out occasionally, and about \$100.00 worth of TRUMPETS free every month.

In February, 1890, a book called Bible Readings was published. It consisted of the various Bible subjects outlined, with scriptural references. It sold for 75 cents. In March a stereotyping outfit was procured, costing \$255.00 including freight charges. The old Campbell press needed new springs, and was repaired at a cost of \$140.00. The amount expended for postage began to reach two and three dollars per day. In July Bro. Warner's Poems of Grace and Truth was issued, being a collection of the poems he had written. The price at first was \$1.50, but later it was reduced. In December the Holiness Bible Subjects, by H. C. Wickersham, was ready to send out. It was a work similar to Bible Readings, but contained the scriptural passages printed out in full. It was a book

of 376 pages, for which a price of \$1.25 was charged. In this same year the tract, Must We Sin? and a tract on the New Testament ordinances were published.

A CHILDREN'S PAPER.

There had been a growing need for a publication of some kind for the children, something that was pure, untainted with sectarian and unscriptural teachings. In June, 1889, Bro. C. L. Kaumeyer, of Chippewa, Ont., began the publication of a small paper called *The Guide*. It was a semi-monthly, and the subscription price was 30 cents per year. It was afterwards issued free, but its publication ceased in a few months. In January, 1891, Bro. E. E. Byrum began to edit and publish THE SHINING LIGHT, at first a semi-monthly, issued on the 1st and 15th of each month, price 25 cents. After a few years it was issued



A. B. STANBERRY, WEATHERFORD, OKLA.



E. F. HOUGHTON, STAFFORD, KANS.

regularly every two weeks, and in January, 1898, it was enlarged and made a weekly, price always the same.

In 1891 a new mailer was purchased. It was a machine for the purpose of printing the subscribers' names on either the papers or wrappers, and was operated with the foot. The narrow galleys containing the subscribers' names set up in type, were run through this machine, and one name printed with each motion of the foot. It has been superseded by smaller and handier machines which stamp printed labels on the papers or wrappers.

The number of workers comprising the TRUMPET family increased to fourteen in 1891. Usually after every June camp-meeting one or more new workers would remain. The few departments into which the publishing work at first arranged itself had been gradually subdivided into more. The subscription list of the GOSPEL TRUMPET had grown to several

thousand names. Before a paper-folder was purchased, every issue of the paper had to be folded by hand. Generally on Wednesday or Thursday this would be done, as these were the mailing days. A number of tables would be arranged, the work in other departments would sometimes be dropped, and a number of hands would set to work folding papers. This would make a busy scene, all in one large room; and, with the singing of songs, it generally would be a pleasurable change of employment for the workers. The work of keeping the subscription books assumed such size as to become a distinct department. And as the number of tracts increased, and thousands of copies had to be folded, stitched, and trimmed, there came to be a distinct tract department, requiring an overseer and several hands. In like manner the stereotype, proof-reading, and other departments arose.

The expenses for a year, as stated in 1891,



ELIZABETH A. HILL, CHICAGO, ILL.
Business Department, Gospel Trumpet Pub. Co.



LODEMA KASER, TEEGARDEN.

were approximately as follows: For paper, \$500.00; ink, \$40.00; type, \$100.00; repairs, 200.00; taxes, \$60.00; postage, \$300.00; book and tract work, \$400.00; wood (fuel), \$200.00. By the close of the year it became impossible for the old Campbell press to meet the demands made upon it in the publication of an increased amount of literature. Consequently there was needed

A NEW PRESS,

and also a new engine, boiler, and paper-cutter. The beginning of the year 1892 witnessed the purchase of these, by an expenditure of \$1400.00 and trading in the old machines. The press was a Babcock, capacity 1600 to 1800, or about a third faster than the old one, besides taking in a form twice as large. The engine was a four-horse-power, and the boiler a six.

THE TRUMPET ISSUED WEEKLY.

The first of the year also marked the beginning of a new era of progress from another standpoint. The long expected time when the TRUMPET could be made a weekly had arrived, and its thousands of readers rejoiced when they realized that the frequency of its visits would be more than doubled.

In January of this year the number in the TRUMPET family was nineteen. The tracts, Questions and Answers on the Church, and The Great Tobacco Sin, were published this year; also the book, Divine Healing of Soul and Body, containing 248 pages, was published in April. Price, cloth, 75 cents, half morocco, \$1.10. The publication of literature in German was talked of. By November the tracts on the Church and the Ordinances were translated into German, and in December the



G. T. CLAYTON AND WIFE, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.



J. L. MITCHELL AND WIFE, PENTON, ALA.

work of translating the book on Divine Healing was begun.

The June camp-meeting was held this year on the new camp ground, one and one-half miles north of Grand Junction, instead of on the old Bangor camp ground. A tract of ground containing 66 acres, partly wooded, just over the line in Allegan county, was purchased, and a pavilion 40x70 erected. The yearly camp-meetings brought many visitors to the publishing office and had more or less influence on the progress of the work.

The year 1893 was one of continued prosperity. Several new books were published; namely, Biblical Trace of the Church, in June; a new song-book, entitled, Echoes From Glory, in July; and the Boy's Companion, and Masonic Salvation, in December. The song-book contained 220 pages, with elementary instructions. It was edited at Springfield, O. by D.

S. Warner and B. E. Warren, and the price was 50 cents, afterwards reduced to 40 cents. The tract, What is the Soul? and other smaller tracts were issued. The tract work kept increasing from year to year until the new tracts became too numerous to mention. During February about one thousand tracts were sent out daily, and the mailing expenses for that month were about \$70.00, while in July the expenditure for postage was about \$113.00. Tracts and papers went all over the world. Some were distributed on ocean vessels and carried to foreign countries. A stray tract here and there, perhaps rejected by some one who opposed its teachings, would be picked up and read by some hungry seeker after truth, bringing light and victory to his soul. In this way many first received the reformation light and were led into the establishing grace of full salvation, severing all sectarian



FRANK W. SIMMONS, DECATUR, MICH.



S. M. HELM, STAFFORD, KANS.

ties and remaining connected only with the body of Christ by virtue of their spiritual life. The German work continued to grow in interest and activity. William Ebel, a German brother from California, arrived in February, and has ever since been active in the publication and spread of German literature. There was yet no German periodical, but tracts and books were translated and published.

TESTS OF FAITH.

An hour of prayer, every Tuesday, was held for the success of the publishing work. It was observed by the entire TRUMPET family, numbering at this time about twenty-five. Some indebtedness had accrued, which will be explained in the following quotation from the TRUMPET of April 5, 1894, by E. E. Byrum:

“Two years ago the Lord moved upon us, while in very trying circumstances, to pur-

chase a new press and other machinery. After fasting and prayer to be sure that it was the Lord moving regarding the matter, with only a few dollars in our pocket we went to Chicago and purchased machinery for the work of the Lord, to the amount of over \$2,000.00, to be paid in thirty days. Having no money in the bank, and none at home with which to pay for the same, yet knowing of a certainty that the Lord had directed, we were confident that he would in some way supply the means. When the day of settlement came, by borrowing \$900.00 we were enabled to pay off the whole amount. For \$700.00 of the money borrowed we mortgaged our dwelling house, which is the home of the TRUMPET family. Since that time the mortgage has been released and the whole amount borrowed reduced to \$600.00. These are the debts we have been led to ask God to remove, and we are confident

the time is near at hand, although we do not know where it will come from or in what way he will bring it about.

“Thus we know the Lord is moved to answer when his true children come to him in fasting and prayer. A few months ago we had several hundred dollars to raise more than our usual expenses, and after much prayer to God we were led to have the machinery stopped, and all the workers and members of the family to gather together at the busiest hour of the day on Tuesday and have a prayer meeting to ask God to supply the means. One week passed by with only about the usual amount of means sent in, so we held another prayer meeting at the same hour on Tuesday. Another week passed by with about the same success as far as money was concerned, so we gathered together the third time for prayer; we realized that over thirty workers sacrificing an

hour in the busiest part of the day, and meeting with one accord, would surely move God to answer, and we announced that we would spend the hour in a praise meeting, thanking God for hearing and answering prayer. The enemy of souls knowing the effect of such, tried to throw a pressure over the meeting to keep us from feeling thankful when we had yet seen no fruits in answer to prayer, but we all thanked God with grateful hearts, in faith believing. A few minutes later the mail train came in and soon a letter was brought in that read as follows: ‘Enclosed find a bank draft for \$100.00 to be used to the glory of God.’ This was soon followed by other donations, orders for books, etc., for which we were thankful to God.

“Within the last few months we have added a new engine and boiler room, a ten-horse-power engine and a fifteen-horse-power boiler,



NORA DEBOLT DODGE, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.



C. O. DODGE, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.
Mailing Department, Gospel Trumpet Pub. Co.

and other machinery, and steam heating, which has all been paid for. The Lord has supplied us with a large force of good consecrated workers, who willingly give their services free, as unto the Lord.

“The constant financial pressure in which we were obliged to daily trust God for means to carry on the work, also for daily food and raiment for a family of nearly forty persons, has been a real drill of faith, which has only more fully fitted us for other lines of gospel work.”

From the TRUMPET of Dec. 27, 1894, we quote part of another article by Bro. Byrum:

“Three years ago the Lord made known by his Spirit that an advance of the publishing work was near at hand. Our type was nearly worn out and we needed about \$200.00 to buy new type. As we were then in debt and had several large bills to pay, we were at a loss

to know what to do regarding the matter. After fasting and praying for two days that the Lord would clear away some of these bills we received witness that he was moving in the matter. The next morning I met a man whom we owed \$98.00, which he had not been expecting us to pay for two weeks yet; but he said he had a payment to make that day and asked if we could help him with the amount due him. Having only about \$15.00 in my pocket, and the promise of God for the remainder, I told him that I would try to pay him the full amount that afternoon. On going to the post-office there was a letter from a man who lived a thousand miles away, whom the Lord had been talking to about the spreading of the gospel work, who sent \$85.00 to be used to the glory of God. The bill was paid with much thankfulness to God. The type was ordered, and the Lord showed us



DAVID LEININGER, AKRON, IND.



R. N. GAST, AKRON, IND.

that the increase of the work so near upon us could not be accomplished with our old press, as it was getting worn and was too slow in motion. After praying over the matter Bro. Warner and myself felt led to go to Chicago in the name of the Lord and purchase the machinery needed. Having only a few dollars in cash, and no money in the bank to rely on, we followed the directions of the Spirit of the Lord, and selected the machinery to the amount of over \$2,000.00. The salesman told us their terms were half cash when the machinery was set up in our office, the remainder in ninety days, and asked if that was satisfactory with us. Having been earnestly looking to the Lord for guidance we replied that it was all right. They offered a large discount for cash payment of the whole amount, and wrote up the contract in that way. If we took their sample press in Chicago they would charge

us \$55.00, which they had paid out for shipping and setting up the machinery, and if we had one shipped from the manufacturers the \$55.00 would be deducted.

“After our return home we concluded to have them to send us one from the factory, thus saving considerable freight. It was almost one month before the machinery arrived and was ready for work. In the meantime God was moving many hearts to send in their mites to help along the work. Subscriptions for the paper and sale of books increased wonderfully, and the Lord enabled us to borrow \$700.00, which arrived a day or two before the time of payment, as we felt God wanted us to borrow enough to pay the whole amount. We were yet lacking considerable money of having the whole amount. Finally the day of settlement came and we hardly dared count the money, but was positive that we had almost



JAMES S. M'CREARY, PITTSBURG, PA.



J. W. DAUGHERTY, COCKRELL, MO.

enough if the firm had deducted the \$55.00 as they agreed.

“That morning on my way to the bank, instead of counting the money, I said, ‘O Lord, increase it.’ Upon arrival at the bank and making inquiry the banker stated that he had received no notice to deduct anything from the account, and the papers had been in his possession for several days, and asked what we would do about it. Knowing that God was directing the business, I told the banker that we would go ahead and transact the business and perhaps he would yet receive the notice. After looking over the papers a few minutes and at the same time reminding God of his promises and considering them true in this case, we were just about ready to begin counting out the money when a letter was handed the banker stating: ‘Deduct \$55.00 from the GOSPEL TRUMPET account.’ Although it was

a test of faith, yet God did not fail us, and to him we give all the glory. We had enough to pay the bill and a few dollars left.

“We speak of this only for the glory of God and the strengthening of the faith of others. This is only one of the multitude of tests of faith which we have had. A faith work can not be carried on without an abundance of chances to have tests of faith. Many times our faith has been tested to the utmost, but the Lord always got glory out of it in some way.”

CONCERNING THE OWNERSHIP OF OFFICE PROPERTY.

From the same issue of the paper we quote the following:

“Now a few words concerning the property and who has the ownership of the same. Money sent in here is put to preaching the



MARY TUBBS, WIFE OF C. H. TUBBS,



C. H. TUBBS, GRAND FORKS, N. DAK.

gospel immediately. The increase of the office does not go into the hands of any member of the firm to be used for himself, and should there be any change made in the firm it does not affect what others have invested by way of donation, as a member of the firm from any cause leaving the work can only withdraw the amount invested by himself as stock, and even what he himself has donated can not be withdrawn, nor anything collected for wages. Here we give some of the articles of agreement of the firm:

“1. We all freely give our entire labor in the publishing work without charge or salary, save our food and raiment.

“2. All income by the publishing business shall be used in publishing and sending out other matter, and no part shall be placed to the stock of any member of the firm.

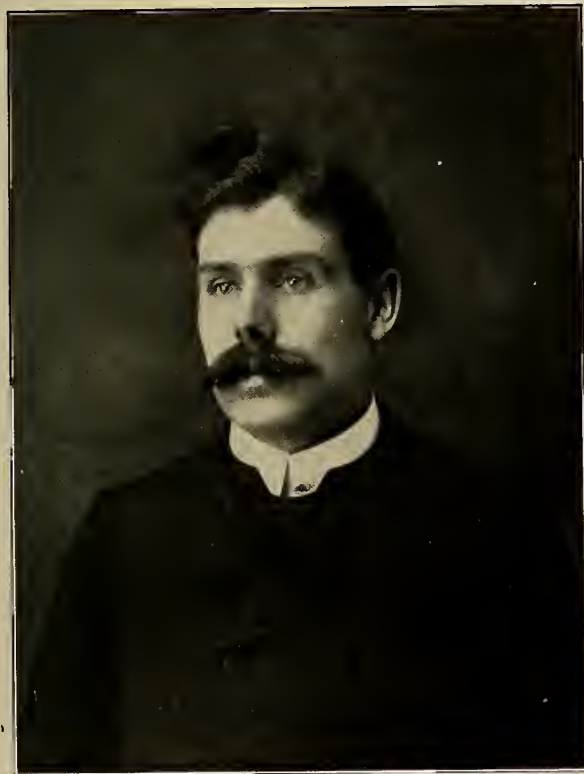
“3. All donations made to this office by which the valuation of the same is increased,

either by the addition of machinery of office improvements, shall be held only in trust by the firm, and no part of the same shall be placed to the individual stock of any member, or in any way become personal property.

“4. In case of the withdrawal, or removal by death of any member of this publishing company, neither he (nor she), his (nor her) heirs, nor assignees shall be allowed to draw out of the same anything over and above the amount put into the business by himself (or herself). And no interest shall be allowed on the amount he (or she) may have invested.

“5. Any one desiring to deed, will or bequeath property to be used in spreading the pure gospel can have the business transacted in the name of the Gospel Trumpet Publishing Company, Grand Junction, Michigan, in trust of the business manager, or the publishers and their successors.”

The name of the firm came to be, Gospel



HARRY W. NELSON, FOREST, ONT., CANADA.



I. S. M'COY, DESIRE, PA.

Trumpet Publishing Company, and it was painted in large letters on the east side of the office building in Grand Junction.

The circulation of literature had increased considerably during the year. People in India, Africa, China, Japan, South America, and the Oceanic Islands, besides many in Europe, were reading and regularly receiving the GOSPEL TRUMPET. The postage in November amounted to over \$158.00. From 500 to 800 letters were received weekly. A pocket edition of the song-book, *Echoes from Glory*, consisting of words only, was issued, also a word edition of German songs, and a word edition of Spanish songs.

A GERMAN PAPER.

The year 1895 marked the commencement of a German periodical, *DIE EVANGELIUMS POSAUNE*. Arrangements had been made with

Fred L. Hahn, of Milwaukee, Wis., to edit the same. He had a short time before come out of the Baptist sect, in which he had been a prominent minister. He held the editorship a few years, when the responsibilities of that office were left with Bro. William Ebel. The hearts of the German people were gladdened by the teachings of the GOSPEL TRUMPET coming to them in the language of their own tongue.

MONDAY NIGHT MEETINGS.

During this year the regular Monday night prayer-meetings were established. These were held in the parlors of the Home. The entire Trumpet family gathered for the purpose of considering and praying for the needs of the work, and for discussing family affairs in general. These Monday night meetings are still kept up.



R. I. AUSTIN, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.



CHAS. J. BLEWITT, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A FEW STATISTICS.

The amount of printed matter came to be so great that to fold all the tracts, books, and papers by hand was too slow and laborious a process. A folding machine was needed. In August, 1895, and also in October, articles were printed in the TRUMPET giving an idea of the amount of literature printed at that time. 7500 copies of the TRUMPET were printed each week, 3,000 of which went to paying subscribers. The remainder were sent out free. There were also printed semi-monthly 3,500 copies of the SHINING LIGHT, and 800 copies of the PO-SAUNE. Over 60 different kinds of books and tracts were published. Within the year ending in October 1,670,615 tracts, books, and papers had been printed on the big press, and 449,740 sheets of paper on the job press. \$2,957.57 had been paid out for paper, and

\$1,244.49 for postage. Within eleven months over 21,000 letters had been received through the mail. By October there were enough unfolded books and tracts on hand to make a stack of paper 150 feet high. It can easily be seen that a folder was needed. There were thirty-five in the family, which made quite a large force, but it was still inadequate to the amount of work necessary to be done. The large office building being too small for the demands of the work, an addition was begun in October. When this was completed, part of it three stories in height, the amount of room was doubled.

DEATH OF D. S. WARNER.

On Dec. 12, 1895, D. S. Warner passed from his busy cares to his everlasting rest. He had been editor of the TRUMPET from its start, and his death was mourned by thousands



ADENA SCHELL, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.



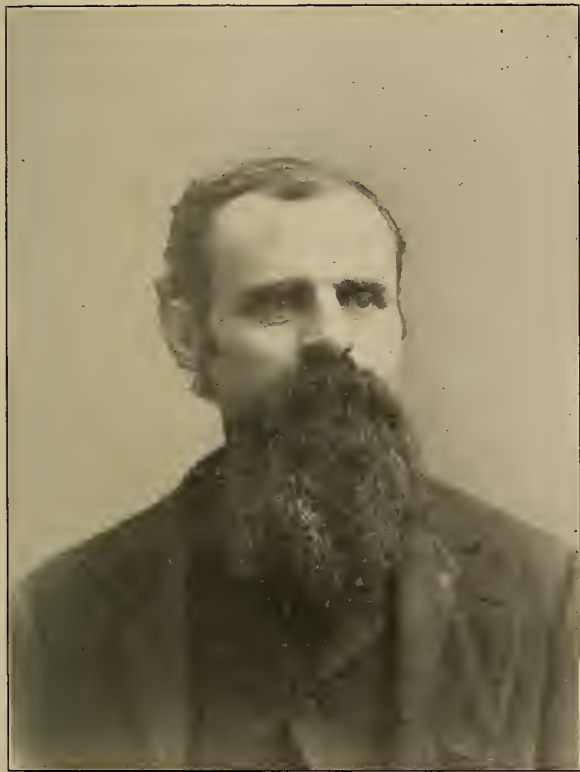
WM. G. SCHELL, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

of the readers, many of whom had personally met him either in his travels abroad or at the June camp-meetings. He was a wonderful instrument in God's hands of spreading the reformation light and truth, and the draped columns of the TRUMPET showed that one of its supporters had fallen. It seemed that he could not be spared; but God who knew best, still owned and blessed the work, and therefore it continued. In like manner the great reformation itself did not depend on Bro. Warner, neither do those who enjoy this latter-day glory count themselves followers of D. S. Warner, and therefore the great movement continues as distinctly of God as it was in the start. It is the age in which the pure church is again visible, and its glory like that of the morning of the gospel day. As this is the evening time of the gospel dispensation, the light which has succeeded the cloudy and

mixed stage of sectarian confusion, is sometimes spoken of as the "evening light." (See Zech. 14: 6, 7.) Bro. E. E. Byrum received the editorship at the death of Bro. Warner and has continued the same till the present time.

A DEXTER PAPER-FOLDER.

On Christmas day, 1895, a new Dexter paper-folder was placed in the office. Hundreds of thousands of tracts had been printed but lay unfolded for want of sufficient help to fold by hand. Thus the new folder was much needed. It was suitable for tract work and also for folding the papers published. The tedious process of folding all the papers and tracts by hand was at an end. The machine cost \$650.00. The last day of 1895 witnessed the complete removal of the indebtedness of the company much prayer having been offered



W. A. DAVISON, CAYUGA, IND.



CHARLES BRIGHT, IUKA, KANS.

for that purpose in the family meetings. But as expenses constantly increased and the work had to move on, there were times afterward when the indebtedness amounted to considerable. The postage for 1895 was \$1,278.28. When these figures are given as the amount paid for postage on the publications just to send them through the mail, they show some idea of the magnitude of the work.

Bro. Warner's last book, *Salvation*, was ready to send out by February, 1896; and in May *The Secret of Salvation* was issued, containing over 400 pages; price, cloth 75 cents, half morocco \$1.50. This year the TRUMPET was sent to readers in every state in the union and over twenty foreign countries.

In the summer of this year (1896) another folder was purchased. It was also a Dexter, and was adapted especially for small tracts. In the Monday night meetings the matter of

purchasing this folder had been considered and prayer offered for means to make the purchase. In one of these meetings Bro. Byrum stated that the price of a machine adapted to the work in hands was quoted at \$500.00. Not knowing where the money was to come from, but considering that the machine was a necessity, he requested prayer that God would by the following day either send in the means or make known what to do regarding the purchase. Prayer was offered and God witnessed that he would answer. The next day a message came by telephone from a brother inquiring whether the folder had been purchased. Upon being informed that it had not, he replied that he would give \$400.00 towards it. Bro. Byrum took the next train for Chicago. Calling upon the firm he was informed that the manufacturer from the east had been there and just left, and had said to them; "If those



EMMA I. COSTON, MUSKEGON, MICH.

Gospel Trumpet people want that folder, let them have it for \$100.00 less." Thus the machine was purchased for \$400.00, and God had answered prayer.

BOOKBINDING MACHINERY.

In November of this year some much needed bookbinding machinery was purchased and set to work. An embosser, backing machine, some hand sewers, book presses, a corner trimmer, outfit for laying gold leaf, etc., costing over \$1,200.00, were purchased second hand for \$400. The Lord wonderfully helped in this purchase, in answer to prayer. An outfit for binding books had been a long-felt want. Books always had to be shipped to Kalamazoo, Fort Wayne, Chicago, or some other distant place to be bound, and sometimes at considerable expense. The binding of the first edition of the Secret of Salvation

cost \$1,200.00. The freight alone on the shipment both ways was over \$50.00. A sewing machine and trimmer were still needed to complete the bookbinding outfit. These were purchased at a later date. By the close of the year there were fifty in the family, and, with the increased facilities, the workers were ready to carry on the business still more extensively in the new year.

There were few times when there was not something needed to keep up with the advance of the work. Progress had brought the business up to where the capacity of the Babcock press was not sufficient for the demand upon it, and a new press was talked of. The one in use, purchased five years previous, was also getting pretty well worn. Improvements were constantly added. For the accommodation of steam heating another boiler had been purchased, so that there were now two boilers,



THE FLOATING BETHEL, USED FOR SEVERAL YEARS ON THE OHIO RIVER FOR EVANGELISTIC WORK BY
G. T. CLAYTON AND COMPANY. BURNED DEC. 16, 1898.

one of fifteen and the other thirty-five-horse-power. There was a need of a twenty-horse-power engine to replace the one of ten-horse-power then in use. A new twenty-horse-power engine was purchased the following summer.

By April, 1897, the family numbered between sixty and seventy. Postage for the month of March amounted to \$229.45. About \$200.00 worth of books were sent free to various parts of India, and made many hearts glad in that dark country. Rolls of TRUMPETS had been sent to post-offices in many new localities in this country. These were kindly distributed by the postmasters, and thus the paper fell into many new hands. An enlargement of the TRUMPET was contemplated, as there had been many suggestions from its readers expressing their wishes that the paper might be enlarged. In May a new and valuable book by Jennie C. Rutty was issued, en-

titled, *Letters of Love and Counsel for Our Girls*.

ANOTHER SONG-BOOK.

For two months preceding the June camp-meeting Bros. B. E. Warren and A. L. Byers were in Chicago busily engaged in the preparation of a new collection of songs, entitled, *Songs of the Evening Light*. It was issued in the summer. It contained a number of new songs, and a good selection from the previous collections as well as from books by standard writers. It was a book of 224 pages and sold for 35 cents.

In August a second-hand sewing machine was purchased for the bookbindery for \$400. It did the work of eight or ten persons, and in three months its usefulness had almost equalled its cost.

Toward the close of the year the publishing



W. O. WILLIAMS, HURST, FLA.



J. A. WILBER, LANCASTER, WIS.

work seemed to stretch for a greater advance than ever. This could be told by its needs. An enlargement of the TRUMPET would mean more workers and greater facilities for setting type. The constant increase in the number of workers would soon require a new large boarding house. Arrangements were made for the purchase of a new press and a typesetting machine. During the nine months ending with September \$2,500.00 had been invested in paper. Special offers were made on the TRUMPET. About the middle of September a special offer was made to send the paper to new subscribers till Jan. 1, 1898, for 20 cents. In October another offer promised the paper till Jan. 1, 1899, for \$1.00. These special offers increased the number of subscribers. By this means and the sending out of thousands of copies for free distribution the paper went into many new hands, carry-

ing the light and truth of full salvation. We quote the following from the TRUMPET of Oct. 14, '97, by Bro. Byrum:

“ONLY A TRUMPET.”

“It was ‘only a TRUMPET’ mailed by some hand to a place where this truth was unknown, where the darkness of sect confusion had never been broken by a ray of this glorious gospel light; but it reached that soul just when it was most needed. He had wondered and prayed over the evils of sectism. This little messenger of truth brought him the knowledge of something better, for which he had been longing. He read it, sent for more, and declared his freedom in Christ Jesus; and ‘only a TRUMPET’ was God’s instrument of bringing this about.

“Again, a TRUMPET was handed to a man on the cars. He read it, became interested,



PAUL V. CLIFFORD, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.



YENS M. WELLING, JENSON, WIS.
At present in Book-binding Dept., GOSPEL TRUMPET Office.

came to Michigan to investigate the truth. He got some of the brethren to go to his locality and hold a meeting. A precious church was established, calls came in from the surrounding country for meetings, many precious souls were saved, and now several of them are engaged in spreading the truth to others. It was a very little thing—'only a TRUMPET'—yet it pleased God to make it an instrument for the salvation of scores of souls.

"Again, a little tract *Must We Sin?* found its way to the far West. It was handed to a man and he handed it to another. That man had been professing, yet sinning more or less every day. He read it, was convicted of its truth, and sought and obtained the experience it taught. Then he wrote us a letter of gratitude, saying, 'That tract was the means of the salvation of my soul.'

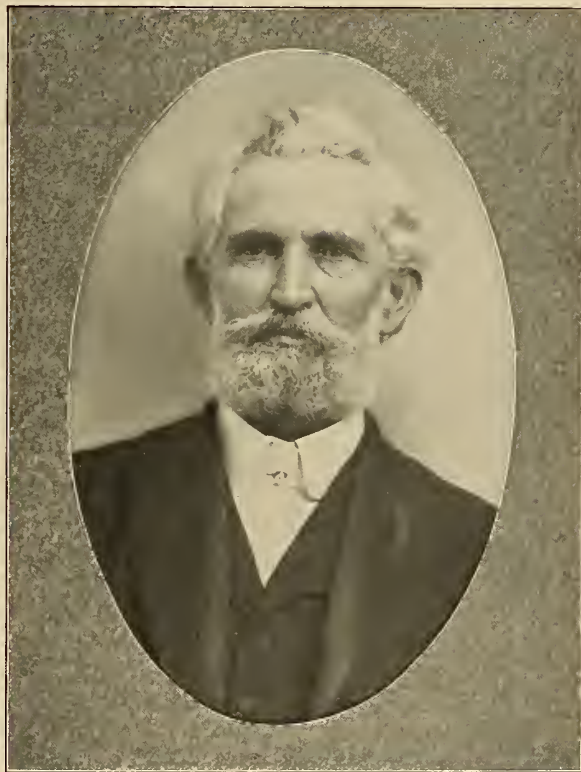
"In sending out TRUMPETS to new places

from the office one was sent to a Virginia town. It bore no address but that of the post-office. It fell into the hands of a blind man. He took it with him wherever he went, asking people to read it over and over to him. One day he asked a young man to read it to him; that young man became interested, subscribed for the paper, and is now a worker in the TRUMPET office and mails your paper to you every week.

"These are but a few of the things that are being done by a tract or a TRUMPET. Thousands of souls to-day are rejoicing in full salvation, who would be in sin and sectism, had not this truth reached them through the literature God is helping us to send out. Yet many wonder why we say so much about increasing the work, and are constantly pushing forward to greater things. In places churches have been raised up through read-



W. A. DOWNER, GLASSBORO, N. J.



GEO. E. BOLDS, BRICE, MO.

ing the TRUMPET, without a sermon being preached, and in hundreds of places it has as John the Baptist prepared the way for Him who should come after. We are doing all we can, and will you do likewise? They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever."

A TYPESETTING MACHINE

was purchased, and also a thousand pounds of type, for \$2,070.00, to be paid in thirty days. It was an Empire, and arrived in October, 1897. There were in reality two machines, one for setting type and one for distributing the type after being set and used. To run these machines it required three persons: one to operate the keyboard, which caused the types to fall in one continuous line, another person to "justify," that is, arrange the type into columns of the proper width; and a third

person to tend the distributor. But it was a much more speedy process than setting by hand. It was adapted to book as well as paper work, and was a great improvement in office facilities. A few weeks later there was

ALSO A NEW PRESS

purchased for the sum of \$3,360.00, with a discount of \$860.00 for the old press, leaving \$2,500.00 to be paid when the machine was placed in the office. This press was a fine large Miehle, adapted for book and job work as well as newspaper work. It took a form over twice as large as the old one. It arrived about the middle of December and was immediately put to work. About 20,000 copies of the TRUMPET were printed every week. Another special offer had been made, promising the paper Dec. 1 to Feb. 1, '98, for 10 cents.

The year 1897 had been an eventful one in



J. J. FRAME, FRESNO, CALIF.



W. B. GROVER, GRAND JUNCTION, MICH.

the way of added facilities for publishing the truth. The postage for the year amounted to \$2,200.00, while the money paid out for paper alone averaged \$10.00 per day. Part of the time the machinery had been kept running night and day.

During the next year, while the nation was at war with Spain, the glorious doctrines of the reformation were spreading with increased rapidity, and continuing the warfare more effectively against the devil's kingdom.

TRUMPET ENLARGED TO EIGHT PAGES.

The beginning of the new year (1898) marked the enlargement of all three of the periodicals. The SHINING LIGHT was also made a weekly, having previously been issued every two weeks. The TRUMPET was enlarged from four pages to eight pages, though the pages were somewhat smaller. A new style of

heading was used, which, with the new size, gave the paper quite a different appearance.

THE TRUMPET FAMILY.

The growth of the TRUMPET family, in size, kept pace pretty well with the magnitude of the work as it constantly increased, though many times the working force was scarcely sufficient. It not infrequently happened that the workers were overtaxed. The confining labor of some of the departments would tell on the general health, and those members of the family who had spent years in the work were compelled to observe some regulations pertaining to diet, sleep, working hours, recreation, etc., and to see the necessity of advising all to do the same. Their services being consecrated to God, there was some danger of their zeal causing them to work harder than their physical and mental powers



WM. H. CHEATHAM.



ANNA CHEATHAM.

would long permit. Seldom was there any sickness, and then it was perhaps caused by a weakening of the body through protracted and confining work. They knew how to trust the Lord for their healing, and there were many instances of their being touched with his healing power.

The entire force of workers were as one family in respect to their associations and manner of life. Until the size of the family would no longer permit, they all ate at one table, and participated in family worship together. Along with the comforting thought that they were working for the Lord was the added enjoyment of their associations together as children of God. All had an experience of salvation as a rule, and besides their faithfulness in their work for the Lord they lived together in a peaceable way, which has long been a marvel to sinners and to those who

do not understand how God makes his people of one heart and soul.

The workers came from various parts of the United States and Canada, and were mostly young people. There were young men whose hearts the Lord's saving grace had turned from a life of sin to his service, and who willingly turned away from opportunities for successful worldly business and decided to spend their time, talents, and energies for the Lord. There were young women who, having forsaken the follies of sin and worldliness, were likewise willing to give their energies to a consecrated service for the Master, trusting the future with him. As a striking example of the nature of the reformation in the work of which they were engaged, many of the workers had formerly been members of sects, the number of sects thus (un)represented making quite an interesting list. Here they



J. G. NEFF, MENDON, MO.



J. D. HATCH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

were as one body, united in Christ on the Bible, and therefore divested of all the former opinions and creeds that had divided them. Endeared to each other by the mutual sharing of the great responsibilities of the publishing work, the older workers have many pleasant recollections of incidents transpiring during their past associations together. Never have we heard of one looking back with regret at the time spent in the GOSPEL TRUMPET work. We will here present a poem by Charles W. Naylor, written while absent from the family, while the office was located at Grand Junction.

TO THE TRUMPET FAMILY.

I'm sitting to-day by the screen-covered window
And watching the rain-drops as swiftly they fall,
While memory brings up many sweet recollections
My heart dearly loves o'er and o'er to recall:

But dearest of all things that I can remember,
The dearest of all I can think of to-day,
Are the workers who labor so true and so faithful,
Whom God, in his wisdom, alone can repay.

As my mind wanders back to the work at the
"Junction,"

I seem to see each one again as of yore,
Still working for Jesus, to spread his great gospel—
To tell the glad tidings from shore unto shore.
And now as I gaze on the "family" picture
And see every face so familiar and dear,
My heart yearns to see you, to feel your warm
hand-clasp,
And all those loved voices again would I hear.

I'm here in this cold world by sin all surrounded,
With souls going onward to hell in despair;
So few who can tell of the love of the Savior,
So many crushed down by oppression and care.
It makes the heart sad and the tears come unbidden,
To see precious souls for whom Jesus has died
Going on to destruction in such awful darkness,
While some the dear Savior would even deride.



A GROUP FROM THE CHURCH IN LIVERPOOL, ENG.—1894.

While onward I journey, the awful sect darkness
I see, in some places, is driven away;
A tract or a "TRUMPET" has borne Heaven's
message,

The seed has sprung up and is growing to-day.
Wherever this light shines 'tis "God bless the
TRUMPET!"

" 'Tis next to the Bible in leading us on."
And many the prayers that are daily ascending
To God for the workers. Oh, dear ones, press on!

Then, courage, my brother, my sister, take courage;
You see not the good that your labors can do,
And yet you are spreading the light unto thou-
sands;

Then ever to God and his work remain true.
A crown with bright jewels is waiting in glory,
And they who turn many to righteousness here
Shall shine as the stars in the heavens forever,
And dwell evermore in that city so fair.

Each day your deft fingers are sending God's
message
To perishing souls who know not of the way

Which God is now opening up to his people
In this evening time of the great gospel day.
If you could but hear as I hear, how the people
"Praise God for the TRUMPET," your heart
would rejoice:
Then never repine, but be ever encouraged
To spread this great gospel with heart and with
voice.

The seed you are sowing will bring a rich harvest.
A harvest of souls for the Master above,
Which will be, when 'tis gathered securely in glory,
A fitting reward for your labor of love.
Then, onward, press onward, the foe is retreating!
The banner of Jesus lift high as you go.
First pure and then valiant, the truth is prevailing,
A host's rising up the pure gospel to sow.

There being an absence of trees in the im-
mediate surroundings of the TRUMPET office
at Grand Junction, and the soil being of a
hot, sandy nature, the conveniences for recrea-
tion were poor. But a stroll to the more dis-



LORENZO COCK, NORTH STAR, O.



A. J. POULSON, WEST DULUTH, MINN.

tant groves or lakes was generally satisfactory. As before mentioned, there were numerous lakes in the vicinity of Grand Junction. These afforded opportunity for boat-riding, fishing, swimming, or enjoyment of the pleasant shade of the trees growing on their banks. These lakes are a characteristic of Michigan, and will never be forgotten by those of the TRUMPET family who enjoyed pleasant visits to their shores.

We are about to record another removal of the TRUMPET office. The quiet little town of Grand Junction will no more be its home, and the workers will cease taking their accustomed trips either to Lester lake or to Saddle lake. Before taking leave of the place that had for years been the scene of their earnest labors, their trials, as well as their joys, there was planned a family visit to Saddle lake. Busy as they were in preparing to move the im-

mense plant to far distant quarters, they could afford to spend a day of recreation by the lakeside that had so often refreshed their weary spirits. They took their dinners and spent a profitable day.

One prominent feature of the general appearance of the publishing office as well as the Home and the workers has always been cleanliness. As compared with other publishing houses the GOSPEL TRUMPET quarters are always bright and clean. The fuel used at Grand Junction was wood, except during the last year or two, when coal was used for heating the steam boilers that supplied the buildings with steam heat. The diet of the workers was generally plain and simple. During a pinch for lack of means the diet was as inexpensive as possible; thus, during the month of July, 1895, the family, thirty-five in number, lived on less than \$40.00. Deaths have



CORNELIA BATEMAN, WICHITA, KANS.



LENA COOPER, ATLANTA, GA.

been very few. The number of marriages averaged about one per year, the married workers generally going to house-keeping by themselves.

TWELVE YEARS AT GRAND JUNCTION

had been spent in sending holiness literature over the world. The reformation had been gradually and surely extending itself. Missions had been started in the large cities, from which immense quantities of free literature were being distributed. The truth was planted in foreign countries, where churches were raised up and depots for supplying printed matter were established. The publishing business had multiplied to many times its size when located at Williamston. The workers with their families, numbered upwards of ninety. In February, 1898, the readers of the

GOSPEL TRUMPET were surprised by an editorial in which there was

ANOTHER MOVE CONTEMPLATED.

The publishing work had greatly outgrown the conveniences in and around Grand Junction. A splendid opportunity opened up for locating at Moundsville, W. Va., as we shall see in the following editorial, under date of Feb. 17, 1898:

“From the Chicago meeting we went to Moundsville, West Virginia, in answer to an urgent call from Bro. G. T. Clayton concerning locating the TRUMPET office at that place. Arriving there and meeting Bro. Clayton, we visited the place, which is a city of about 6,000 inhabitants, situated on the east side of the Ohio river, twelve miles from Wheeling, by street-car line. There is a large and beau-



R. H. OWENS, SHERWOOD, LA.

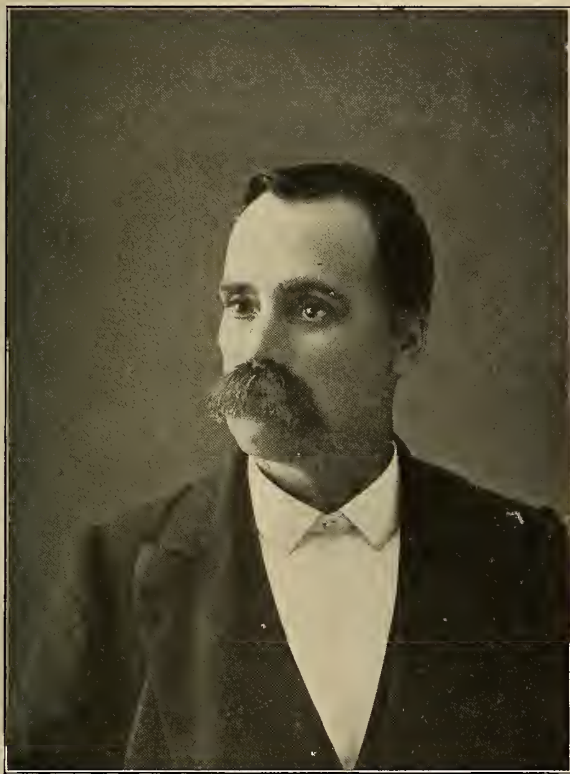


JAMES D. FERRILL.

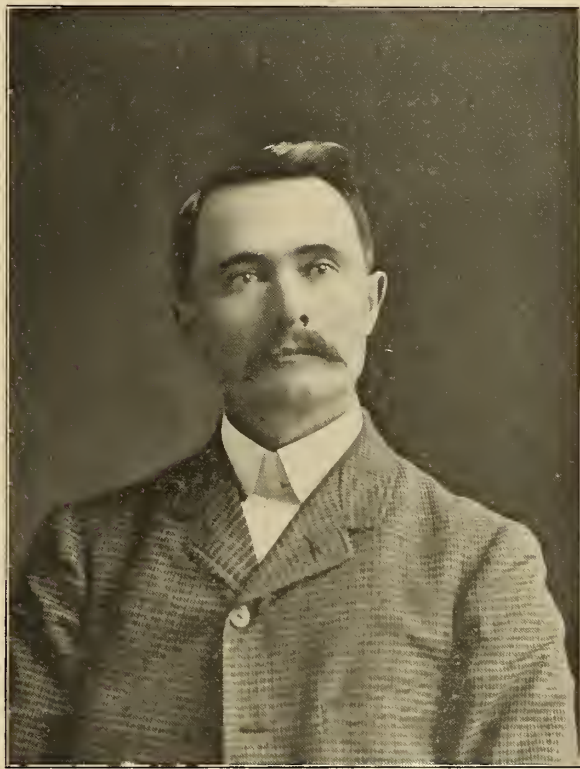
tiful camp-ground at this place. A large new brick building with engine, boiler, shaftings, pulleys, belts, ready to move into, and well suited for an office building, is offered for \$2,500.00, which is much less than the building alone cost. Coal (slack) for running the engine will be delivered at this building for 35 cents a ton, or the best coal as it comes from the mine, delivered for 70 cents a ton. There are many other advantages. Where our office is now located we are paying nearly six dollars a ton for most of our coal. Soft coal costs us from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per ton. As the wood in this vicinity is about all gone, our expenses for fuel here will soon be about \$1,500.00 a year. This is only one of the many items of consideration. If we remain, we will be compelled to build a large office building to meet the demands of the enlarging work, which will cost us more than the brick building mentioned.

“There are many things to consider on both sides. However, we have closed no contract, but have counseled the Lord and a number of the brethren, and are now awaiting the directions of the Lord. Although we have learned to love the quiet little town of Grand Junction, yet we realize it is only a matter of time when the demands of the work will require a removal of the office to some other locality. And we are ready to say amen to the will of the Lord regarding whatever his directions may be. Pray that the will of the Lord may be clearly made known.”

The ministerial brethren at the Chicago assembly meeting, referred to, seemed favorably impressed with the idea of removal. A letter from a brother in the East read as follows: “Since we read the item in the GOSPEL TRUMPET concerning a change of the publishing house from Grand Junction to Moundsville, W. Va., our prayers have been going up to



S. G. BRYANT, NEOSHO FALLS, KANS.



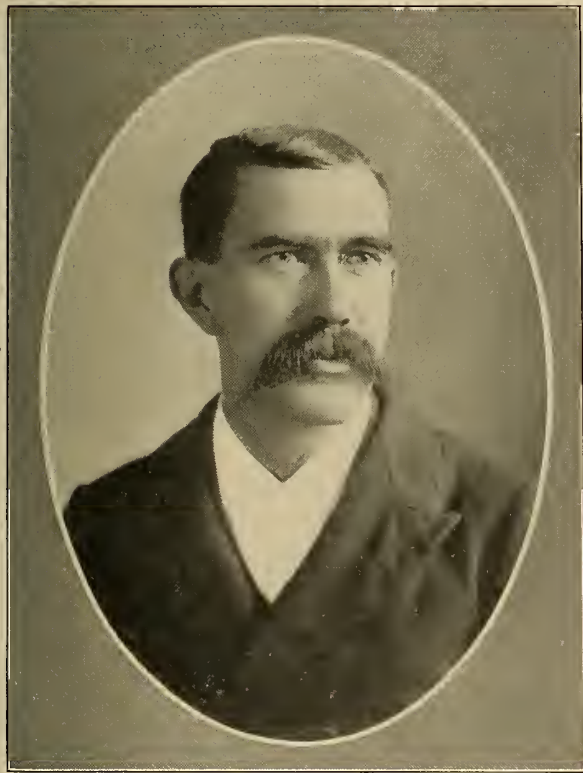
WM. H. MERRITT, CLOVERDALE, MICH.

the God of knowledge to take hold of the beloved saints at Grand Junction, and guide the affairs of the Most High aright. God bless you in the undertaking. It seems to be a great leap, but God can carry all things across. And, dear brother, we have felt for some time it would be more to the glory of God to have his publishing house in a more business part of the country; and if Moundsville is to be the place, we can say amen, and in anything we can do we are ready to put our shoulder to the wheel. You have our petitions going up to a God of wisdom."

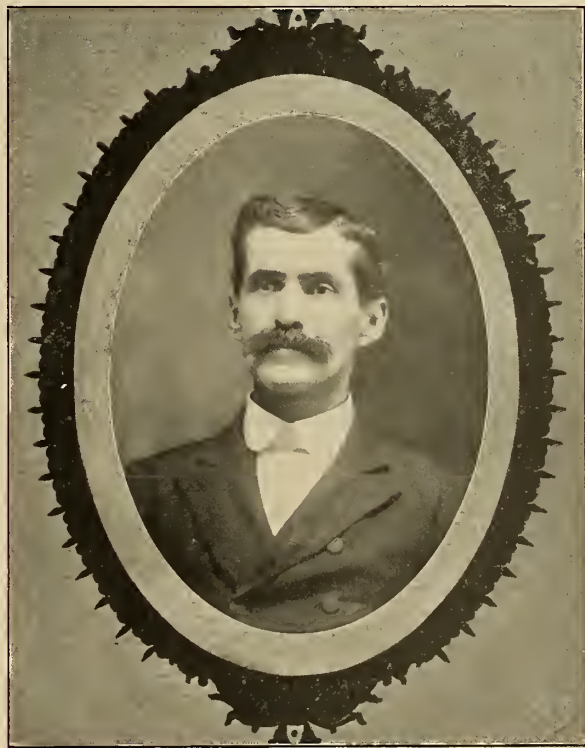
It must be remembered that the publishing office is the common property of all the saints of God. Therefore they were interested in the idea of moving, and had a right to express themselves. There seemed to be a general satisfaction expressed in regard to the move to Moundsville.

At Moundsville, about three years previous, a large brick building 40x70 feet, three stories and basement, with boiler room attached, was erected at a cost of over \$5,000.00. In this was placed a forty-horse-power boiler and also an engine of over twenty-horse-power, together with several thousand dollars' worth of first-class machinery for the manufacture of shoes. The factory did business for a few months and then ceased, the machinery remaining idle and the building unused until sold at sheriff's sale. This building with all the machinery and appurtenances, and five lots, were offered for \$2,500.00 on sixty days' time. \$10.00 were paid to hold the contract, and by special offers on the paper and books, enough money was raised to make the purchase at the expiration of the time.

The workers lived in joyful anticipation of the change, although in one sense they were



W. J. BALDWIN, SPOKANE, WASH.



B. F. WEIKEL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

loath to part with the old familiar town of Grand Junction. Some would write the new address of Moundsville, W. Va., after the name of the company to see how it would appear. All seemed generally pleased with the prospect. Immediately after the June camp-meeting all hands were busy packing for the removal, many articles being disposed of at a public sale. It took several days to get everything ready and stored in the freight cars. On the 28th of June, at two o'clock, P. M., the train was ready to leave. The crowd of town people and neighbors who had assembled on the platform, many with tear-decked faces, knowing that our departure was final, told of the respect they had for the TRUMPET family and the publishing institution. A number of the saints in the vicinity had also gathered. As the train began to move, the workers sang, "God be With You

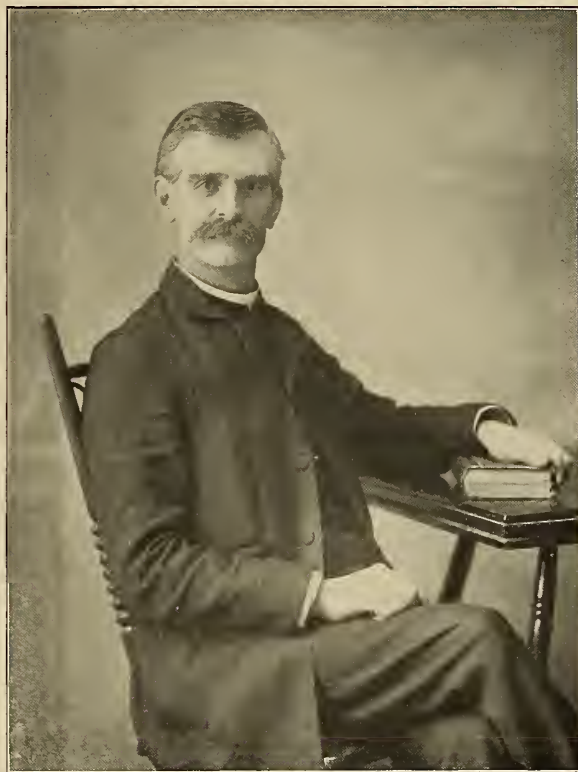
till We Meet Again," and, with many a farewell waved with the handkerchief or otherwise, the town of Grand Junction was left behind. The following is part of an editorial dated July 7, '98, entitled,

FROM GRAND JUNCTION TO MOUNDSVILLE.

"Immediately after the close of the Grand Junction camp-meeting we began taking down our machinery and packing our office and household goods ready to ship, and on Tuesday, June 28, at two o'clock, all things were ready, and the TRUMPET family bade farewell to Grand Junction and the people of that community as the train departed. In all our preparations to move the blessing of God was upon us, and we realized his help in all things, and departed with the praise of God in our souls. The railroad company ordered a special train of two passenger cars, one baggage



JOHN C. BLANEY, LEMIEUX, ONT., CANADA.



S. P. STRANG, NAPPANEE, IND.

car, and nine large freight cars. This enabled us to go together as a family, making it quite pleasant, which all enjoyed. About one hundred large scriptural mottoes were attached to the sides of the freight cars, heralding gospel truths to the people all along the line. We also distributed about 100,000 tracts and papers along the way, thus leaving a line of truth all the way along.

“As our train went by way of Grand Rapids, we passed through Williamston, Mich., where the TRUMPET office was moved from twelve years ago. At that time the entire office outfit and household goods were shipped in one car to Grand Junction, and this time we passed through with twelve cars heavily loaded, giving God the praise and glory for the increase of the work. We had also sold about three car-loads at the sale and left our large engine and boiler in the build-

ings. Sixty-nine persons were aboard the train, two others of the TRUMPET family started the same day on bicycles, and thirty had gone to visit their friends or take a vacation, and quite a number were already at Moundsville working faithfully; while twelve years ago at Williamston, the TRUMPET family numbered about six or eight persons. We arrived safely at Moundsville on Wednesday evening.

“As we stepped from the train a telegram was handed us stating that the office buildings and two of our large dwelling-houses at Grand Junction had been burned down that afternoon, the fire having caught from a passing train. This was a loss of \$3,000 or \$4,000. There was no insurance on any of the property that was destroyed. As we read the telegram this passage of scripture came vividly to our minds: ‘All things work together for good to them that love the Lord’; and



WM. DREW. GEORGE M. BOYER,



J. M. HARRINGTON AND WIFE, MILTON, MO,

while we could not at the same time see what all the Lord intended in permitting them to burn, yet we are confident that it will result to his glory, and we could only rejoice in the 'spoiling of our goods,' realizing that all bridges were burned behind us; or, in other words, no difference what adversity we might have to pass through here, there would be nothing to return to at Grand Junction. Thus the TRUMPET family was left homeless. But as we arrived at what was to be our new home all were highly pleased with the place."

The TRUMPET missed no numbers on account of the move, though the first two issues at Moundsville were late on account of the delay of a car-load of paper which had been ordered. The cost of the car-load of paper was \$1,163, and this and the expense of moving, besides other increasing expense in getting properly settled in the new location, swelled the indebt-

edness to a considerable amount. An elevator was purchased for the building, as a place had been left for one and it was greatly needed. The elevator cost something over \$500.00.

For the accommodation of the workers, buildings had to be rented. Some suitable building for a boarding house had to be either rented or built. A building that had been erected for a planing mill was rented and used for a boarding house, where the workers would gather for family worship and meals, most of them having rented rooms in other buildings.

Moundsville, encompassed with hills, was in striking contrast to the little town of Grand Junction, with level surroundings. The scenery and varied landscape is interesting. While it is a city not well improved in some respects, yet there are many advantages. Here may be



WM. A. SUTHERLAND, GREENVILLE, TENN.



WM. P. LONG, ST. CLAIR, TENN.

had the best and cheapest fuel in the world. Not only is coal abundant, but also the best quality of natural gas. It is a town that probably has a great future before it, and manufactories are locating here. The banking advantages are something that the publishing company was not privileged to have in Grand Junction. A switch of the B. & O. railroad passes the door of the publishing house. Natural gas was at once adopted as fuel and electricity for lighting. On the whole, the publishing work started in its new location on a more extensive scale and plan than ever before. The first general event of note was the

INCORPORATION OF THE COMPANY.

One of the greatest forward movements in the reformation was to get the publishing work upon a substantial business basis. A stock

company had been thought of by Bro. Warner and others of God's ministers nearly ten years before, but the capital then amounted to only a few hundred dollars, and the brethren were unable to decide upon a proper plan for such an arrangement to be perfected, and the matter was dropped. Now the capital had increased to \$25,000.00, and a necessity was felt for having this amount placed upon a firm basis, so that there might be no possibility of it becoming the property of any private individual, which might have been the case had the publishers been unfaithful, or had they died and the charge of the work fallen into the hands of unscrupulous successors.

According to the plan of a stock company the property is held by a board of trustees and the danger of the capital ever being controlled by private individuals is precluded.



BYRON WOODEN, HORSESHOE, MICH.



GEORGE VIELGUTH, SLATE, KANS.

To have the business conducted on a safe financial basis was desirable, further, as removing any lack of confidence on the part of those who should desire to make donations or bequeathals. Thus, chartered by the state, the company would be in position to transact its immense business with other firms upon a more creditable basis.

The formation of a stock company was talked of and decided upon at the last Grand Junction camp-meeting before the removal was made. Accordingly, on Oct. 3, 1898, seven of the well-known ministers met at Moundsville and formed a board of trustees (stockholders). They then elected a board of seven directors, who in turn elected officers from among their number; namely, E. E. Byrum, president; A. L. Byers, vice president; N. H. Byrum, secretary and treasurer; and A. S.

Potter, business manager. John B. Martin now holds the office of business manager.

The life of the charter is fifty years, and the authorized capital \$100,000.00. Shares are issued at \$1.00 each, but no dividends are declared, the company differing, perhaps, in this respect, from any other, so that the purchase of stock is in reality a donation, irrevocable during the life of the company.

A HERESY.

We have perhaps noted the progress of the work from a standpoint of prosperity rather than speaking of any opposition or adversity against which it has struggled. We remember that the trials and difficulties encountered at Bucyrus were projected by those who had professed to be of the truth. It is generally from apparent internal sources that injury



CHLOE MICHELS.
Wife of S. Michels.



SEBASTIAN MICHELS, SOUTH HAVEN, MICH.
Superintendent Old People's Home.

has been wrought against the reformation which the publishing work represents; also there is most always that lethargy and inattention to its interests that the work encounters from many of those who should contribute of their means to its success. The devil has opposed it in one form or another nearly every step of the way, but in spite of all difficulties the work has gone forward.

In the spring of 1899 an attack was made upon the truth by means of a heresy known as Zinzendorfism. The intent was to destroy the doctrine of sanctification as a second work of grace wrought by the blood of Christ subsequent to regeneration. For a year or more this heresy was developing. When the crisis came, and a stand had to be taken against its propagators, who had once been faithful ministerial brethren in this reformation, it became the duty of the GOSPEL TRUMPET to renounce

all who after repeated admonitions still held and taught the erroneous doctrine. The devil succeeded in deceiving a number of saints through his agents. Many afterward saw the error they were unfortunately led into, renounced the same, and again obtained the victory of the inheritance of the saints in light, though not without a desperate struggle. Some of those who were chief advocates of one form or another of the Zinzendorf heresy are still in the deception, having never fully renounced their error nor come back to the truth they once proclaimed. Those whose names and photographs are in this book are W. A. Haynes, J. E. Chase, G. P. Keeling, Fred Husted, J. A. Smith, and E. G. Masters. These have figured in this reformation work in the past, but at present are not of us.

The devil knows that the doctrine of sanctification as a second work of grace is a vital



OLD PEOPLE'S HOME, SOUTH HAVEN, MICH.

one. Destroy sanctification, and unity is destroyed, for sanctification is what perfects God's children in oneness. The advocates of the heresy immediately started a periodical, which of course opposed the TRUMPET and its teachings. This attack upon the truth only caused its light to shine brighter. Having come in contact with the heresy, the doctrine of sanctification became more definite than it had been in recent years.

While in this connection we will also mention the name of Gorham Tufts, Jr., who, though not implicated with the deception mentioned above, has taken a position antagonistic to the unity of this movement which God has placed on foot, so that he also is no more recognized in this work.

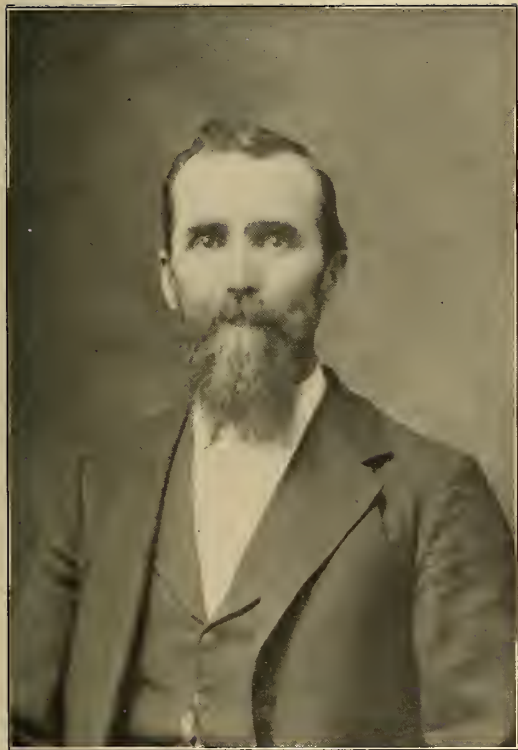
INCREASE OF BUSINESS.

Established on a larger scale at Mounds-

ville, the publishing work experienced a proportionate increase of business. The expense for postage for the whole year 1898 was \$2,200.00, but for the month of December alone it averaged over \$10.00 per day. For 1899 the amount paid for postage was \$4,000.00. Besides the literature sent by mail, there were tons that went by express or freight. Nearly \$7,000.00 was expended for paper in one year.

The books published in 1899 were Grace of Healing, or Christ Our Physician, in February, written by J. W. Byers; Mothers' Counsel to their Sons, by Jennie C. Ratty, sent out in June; a German song-book in October, also a book by H. M. Riggle, entitled, The Kingdom of God and the One Thousand Years' Reign; and The Great Physician and His Power to Heal, by E. E. Byrum, in November.

Toward the close of the year the press was



WM. H. BRAGG, SWEETSER, IND.



G. R. ACHOR, MARION, IND.

kept running day and night. On tract work this would amount to nearly two million pages in twenty-four hours. Yet more machinery was needed. Over \$2,000.00 worth of new machinery was added to the bookbindery, consisting of a large embosser, and a Dexter folder for book work. A free-literature fund was established in October, by which literature is sent out according to the amount of money donated for that purpose. This has been an effective means for the circulation of tracts, papers, and books that teach the doctrines of the reformation. Within five months over \$5,000.00 worth of literature was sent out free. In January \$1,000.00 worth of books were placed in the state penitentiary at Moundsville. Other state prisons have also been supplied. Hundreds of dollars' worth have been sent to India, China, and other foreign countries.

THE NEW TRUMPET HOME.

In the spring of 1899 a tract of land containing nearly six acres was purchased for \$6,000.00. It contained a large Prohibition tabernacle which had been erected at a cost of \$4,500.00, with a seating capacity of 4,000 or over. On a portion of this land ground was broken for a new boarding house for the TRUMPET workers, to be known as The Trumpet Home. This was ready to move into by the middle of November. It is built of veneered brick, 148x168, the main part three stories, with garret and cellar. It contains 104 rooms, one a large dining-room 34x75, in which, during a single camp-meeting, over 10,000 meals have been served.

Adjoining the dining-room are the kitchen, kindergarten, bakery, and laundry rooms. Besides these there are rooms intended for



E. G. MASTERS.



E. G. DELOE, VINTONDALE, PA.

reading-rooms and the reception of visitors, also the chapel with a seating capacity of about 200. Bath and toilet rooms are on every floor.

The building is fitted with city water (warm and cold), steam heating, and electric light systems, and is connected by telephone with Wheeling, Pittsburg, and other surrounding smaller towns, as well as local offices and residences in Moundsville.

FINANCIAL CONDITION IN 1900.

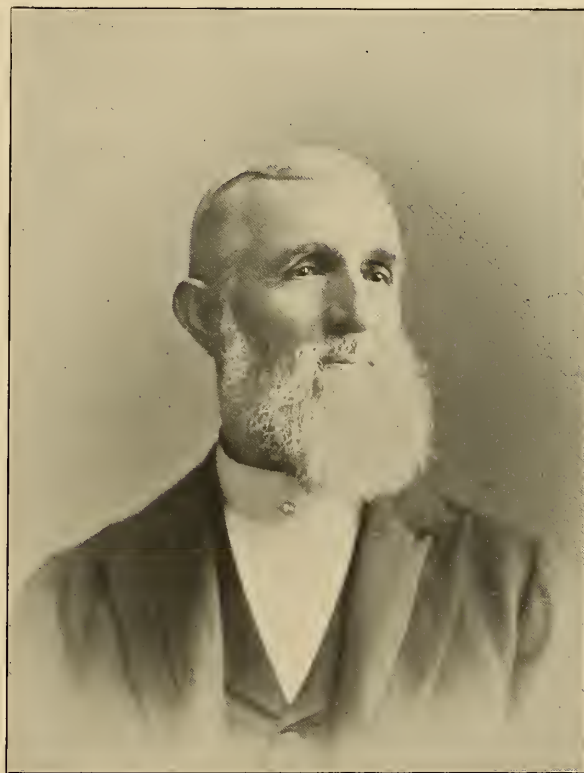
In January, 1900, a book of 400 pages written by W. G. Schell was published. It was entitled, *The Better Testament*. This was the only new book published this year. The expenses incident to the erection of the new Trumpet Home, as well as those of other needed improvements, amounted to more than was expected, and placed the company under

an enormous debt. As there was a large stock of books and tracts on hand, it was thought best to suspend further publication for a while so as to avoid expense, and work off the stock already on hands. Accordingly, the work in some of the departments was stopped, and those of the workers that could be spared left for a time. The close times that followed when the large bills became due was a season of much trial of faith, and required skilful management of the business affairs. It occasioned much prayer to God, who in turn gave the encouraging assurance that he would carry the work through to victory.

During these trying circumstances, much literature was going out free, which was blessed of the Lord. A fund was established for the relief of the India sufferers in the dreadful famine there raging, and thousands of dollars were sent them. In July a special



JOHN E. SMITH, FENWICK, ONT., CANADA.



DAVID H. MOYER, VINELAND, ONT., CANADA.

offer entitled, "Millions of Tracts at Half Price" was placed on the seventh page of the TRUMPET. In September the TRUMPET was offered to new subscribers till Jan. 1, 1901, for 10 cents. For a time over one thousand new names per day were received, and within a few weeks over 26,000 of these ten-cent subscriptions had been sent in. Thus, while the work in some of the departments was suspended, the publications sent out were reaching more readers than ever, and the year 1900 was a fruitful one in getting the truth before the people. The postage for this year was over \$5,000.00.

PUBLICATIONS IN 1901.

During the autumn of the year preceding, a new song-book was prepared by B. E. Warren, A. L. Byers, C. E. Hunter, and D. O. Teasley. It was called Salvation Echoes, con-

tained 224 pages, and was published in January. A book entitled, Behind the Prison Bars, written by E. E. Byrum, was published in July. Price, 50 cents. In October a book was issued for H. M. Riggle and F. J. Ebeling, entitled the Ebeling-Riggle Discussion, being a religious discussion involving the doctrines of the Latter Day Saints and the doctrines of this reformation. Following this was H. C. Wickersham's Church History, issued in November. A book entitled, Is the Negro a Beast? written by W. G. Schell, in refutation of Prof. Carroll's theory, was published in December. Price, 60 cents.

In August a sewing-machine costing \$1,200 was purchased for the bookbindery, the old machine having become useless. In December a fine up-to-date piece of machinery in the form of a Mergenthaler Linotype, costing over \$3,200.00, was placed in the composition,



T. E. ELLIS, ST. JAMES, MO.



EDWARD ELLIS, BRUSHY PRAIRIE, IND

or typesetting, department. Thus the facilities for the Lord's work in the way of machinery are of the best.

On the first of October a ministers' fund was established, by means of which money is received specially for the supply of free literature to ministers who in turn distribute it to the people.

In February, 1902, a second hand Cottrell press, with folder attached, was purchased for \$600.00. It has a speed of about 1,400, and is quite an addition to the company's capacity for printing.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PUBLISHING WORK.

We have followed the history of this work down to the present. The GOSPEL TRUMPET, starting in 1881, has not swerved from its policy of preaching a gospel of full salvation from sin and sectarianism. It carries no se-

cular advertisements and is clean for God. This work has been a faith work from its start, and God still owns it as his. He has led it through dangers of various kinds, and in spite of the enemy's enraged attacks upon it, it triumphantly publishes the truth as before. The devil has not yet quit his "hellish opposition," and until he does we can look for a continual prosperity of the right kind.

Thousands have received light into their darkened hearts by a tract or a copy of the TRUMPET falling into their hands. One woman found a TRUMPET in her dooryard. It had been in the rain, and her dog had played with it until it was badly mutilated. Pasting it together she read it, became interested, and was led into the light. One brother got saved by reading a tract on sanctification, which he found in an old cupboard while helping to clean house. A sister in the South was led



A. J. ELLISON, HAMILTON, MO.



E. J. AXUP, CLEVELAND, O.

to Christ by reading the TRUMPET for a colored woman who could not read. How many more of such incidents might be related!

The company handles many books besides those which it publishes itself. Thousands of Bibles and over twenty thousand Testaments are purchased annually from the various Bible houses of the East.

Many requests for prayer are received from parties at a distance desiring healing. There has accumulated a pile of over four hundred telegrams from thirty-three different states, Canada and Mexico; and there are also cablegrams from Europe. Over six hundred appointed handkerchiefs were sent in 1901 to those requesting them. (See Acts 19:12.)

DEPARTMENTS.

The departments of work at the publishing office might be mentioned as follows: engineer-

ing, printing, composition, job, proof-reading, stereotyping, tract, mailing of second class matter, bookbinding, business, stenographic, bookkeeping, copying, editorial, subscription, mailing and shipping, German, nightwatching, and the department of teaming and general outside work. Some of these departments are arranged in several subdivisions. We also name the departments of work at the Trumpet Home—kitchen, dining-room, baking, sewing, laundry, janitor, shoemending, general housework, and the department of general outside work. A matron has the oversight of the work at the Home. Visitors are always welcome and have the privilege of visiting all the departments in both places. The number of working hours in the publishing office run from seven to nine, according to the kind of employment. The TRUMPET family now numbers about one hundred.



JOHN L. WILLIAMS, DESIRE, PA.



THOMAS NELSON, GRAND FORKS, N. DAK.
Editor *Die Evangeliske Bazar*.

The German paper, DIE EVANGELIUMS POSTAUNE, will soon be made a weekly. It has an issue of 2,200 copies. THE SHINING LIGHT issue averages about 4,500 copies per week. The regular weekly issue of the TRUMPET is at present about 14,000 copies, sometimes a less number, and sometimes reaching 20,000 and upward.

THE PUBLISHING WORK IN OTHER PLACES.

From April, 1896, to April, 1898, a monthly paper called *Tidings of Healing* was published by J. W. Byers, at Oakland, Cal., in the interests of the doctrine of divine healing. A small paper is published at Guaymas, Mexico, by B. F. Elliott. It is called *El Evangelio*, and bears the doctrines of the present truth in the Spanish language. For several years Bro. A. D. Khan, of Calcutta, India, has been

publishing the literature in English and also in the native language of India.

In the last few years there has arisen a need for the GOSPEL TRUMPET teachings in the Scandinavian language. In February, 1901, at Muscatine, Ia., Bro. Thomas Nelson began the publication of a semi-monthly periodical called *Den Evangeliske Basun* (The Gospel Trumpet). From a small beginning and amid many severe trials its work has gone forward. The Lord has prospered the work in providing faithful workers and supplying the necessary means. In October it was moved to Grand Forks, N. Dak., at which place the paper is still published, being in the midst of a Scandinavian settlement. About \$1,500.00 worth of machinery and other necessary articles have been purchased. The Scandinavian work has a promising future.



PLACE OF PUBLICATION OF THE GOSPEL TRUMPET IN THE SCANDINAVIAN LANGUAGE, GRAND FORKS, N. DAK.

FINANCIAL SUPPORT.

The GOSPEL TRUMPET publishing work has been only partially self-supporting. Did it do a large advertising business it would probably be wholly self-supporting, and be run as are many other publishing institutions. But only from the sale of its own literature does it derive any support when we except donations, loans, bequeathals, etc., that are sometimes made in its behalf. Individuals

who are desirous of placing their money where it will work for God frequently do so by placing it where it will contribute to the support and advance of the publishing work. To a considerable extent the work receives its support from such sources. Thus while God demands the exercise of faith and trust for its prosperity, he also moves upon those who have means at their disposal to consecrate their substance unto the Lord. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."



SAMUEL M. ALISTER AND WIFE, EL DORADO, KANS.



ROBERT JARVIS AND WIFE, LAHORE, NORTH INDIA.
Superintendents Faith Orphanage.

EXPERIENCE OF MOTHER SARAH SMITH.

I am still praising God for Bible salvation. I believe God will be glorified by my giving to the public some of my experience. For many years I have been telling it, but God has done so much for me that I have always failed to tell it all, nor do I now expect to write all of it, but by the leadings of the Spirit of God I will give what he desires me to write.

I was born in Summit Co., Ohio, Sept. 20, 1822. My maiden name was Sarah Sauer. I was raised strictly moral, and was taken into the Lutheran denomination when fourteen years of age, but knew nothing about the forgiveness of sins, having never heard a sermon preached on justification until after my conversion. My education was limited. Until I

was twelve years of age I had never gone to school. After that time I attended a German school for about four weeks where I learned to read a little; some time later I went a few days to an English school, the whole, perhaps, not amounting to three months.

I never went to but one show, and never danced in my life, and never used profane language. There was a disposition in me to be good, but I did not know how, and with all my good desires and morality I was a sinner; and when God convicted me of my sinful condition I felt as if I was the chief of sinners. It was in a wonderful and mysterious way that God convicted me of my sins. He permitted a great wind-storm to sweep through the coun-



LUCINDA BYRUM, UNION CITY, IND.
Mother of E. E. and N. H. Byrum.

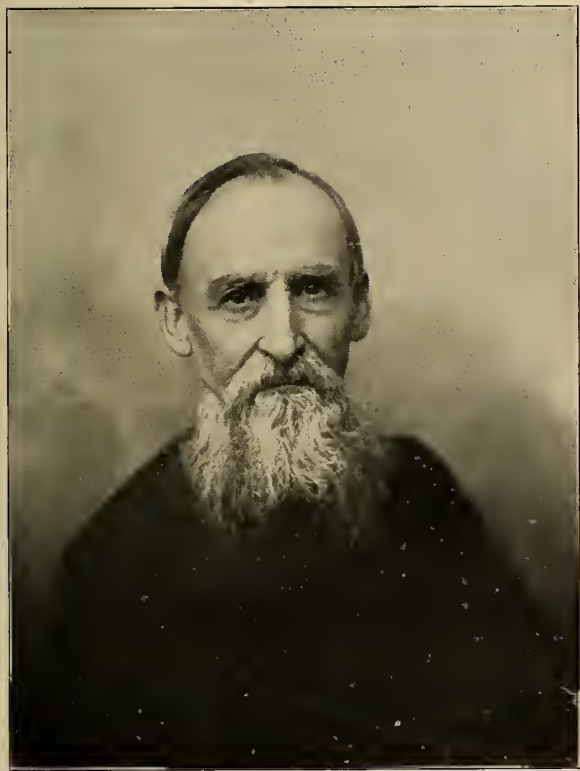


MOTHER SARAH SMITH, TROMBLEY, OHIO.

try. It was one Friday night in the year 1842, and as the storm raged I did not know but what I would be killed, and felt that, should my life be destroyed, hell would be my doom. In the midst of that raging storm I cried to God for mercy. Upon my fingers were a few rings, and I stripped them off and opened the stove door to throw them into the fire. But the devil said, "Don't throw them into the fire." He knew that if I did so it would be the last of them, and he could not persuade me to wear them again. I just want to say the devil made a failure, for when I took them off, they were never to go on again; so he made a fool of himself in his first effort in my case. Praise God for victory!

On Saturday, after God convicted me on that Friday night, I received a message that a brother of mine was at the point of death. The Lord convicted him of his sins; so we sent

for a minister and an uncle of mine that was converted, and they prayed and labored with him all afternoon on Monday, but he did not receive anything. And, oh, how I wished them to pray for me! but they did not do so. The prayer of my heart was that I must be saved, or I would be lost. I felt that I could not wait for a meeting. In the evening the neighbors gathered in until the house was full, that they might see my brother die. He was so low that he could not speak above a whisper, but he was praying in my heart, when suddenly he opened his eyes and leaped from his bed praising God, and went leaping and shouting through the house, preaching and telling sinners to get saved or hell would be their doom. When he came to me he threw his arms around my neck and said, "Sarah, you must repent or be lost." I fell upon my knees and called unto the Lord for mercy, asking him to save



FRANKLIN ROSENBERG, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.



WM. H. MILLER, JERRY CITY, OHIO.

me from my sins. When the awful burden of sins was taken from my heart and God spoke peace to my soul, I sprang to my feet, seeming as light as a feather. Oh, how God did fill my soul with joy and glory and such sweet peace that I walked the floor praising God! One man said he just happened to look at the clock when I fell upon my knees. He said it was fifteen minutes till nine, and while the clock was striking nine I sprang to my feet a new woman. Oh, halleluiah!

I feel that same sweet burning spirit in my soul just now, and can not refrain from praising God for his wonderful love and mercy and his goodness that he has shown to me all my lifetime. The man who watched the clock said he asked a neighbor going home that night what he thought about such work. He replied, "I think and think and I do not know what to think." And the man that watched the clock said he would watch the fifteen-min-

ute religion, and if it would hold out he would be convinced that there must be something in it. He used to say in his testimony that he had been watching that fifteen-minute religion for years, and it was growing brighter all the time. Praise God! I received such an experience in my justification that the devil never undertook to make me doubt for a single moment. I received the witness that I was God's child, although the devil tried in many ways to discourage me by persecution and turning friends against me, by saying all manner of evil against me falsely for Christ's sake. He was just foolish enough to fail to know that he was driving me nearer to God by turning some of my nearest friends against me. When the Lord saved me from my sins, he did so much for me that I would have laid down my life for Christ's sake before I would go back into sin again.

My name was soon cast out of the Lutheran



JULIA MYERS, ST. JAMES, MO.



LENA L. SHOFFNER, CARTHAGE, MO.

sect when I prayed and lived a Christian life, for they would not have any one but the preacher in their sect that prayed. He did the praying and the members had to do the paying. Then the Evangelical sect preacher took my name without my knowing it. We were taught by these blind preachers that we must have a home in some church, as they thought. We did not know that we were already in the one church where Christ is the door, as we read in St. John 10:9, 10: "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill." 1 Cor. 1:18 says, "But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him." Oh, the awful blindness and deception that is in sectarianism! Well, they took me in to give me a home, as they thought, but a poor home it was. If I had not

taken the Bible I would have died spiritually.

Soon after being saved from my sins I found another element in my heart that gave me much trouble. For seventeen years I did not hear a sermon on sanctification—did not know that I had carnality in my heart; but I found a spirit that was warring against the Spirit of God that was bearing witness to my spirit that I was his child, and when I would do good, evil was present. I was naturally timid and very bashful, and that was not taken out of my heart when God saved me from my sins, yet the Lord put such a determination in me to go through all the opposition and all the persecutions the devil could bring against me. Never for a single moment did I have a desire to go back into sin, but was always wanting something that I had not received when I was saved from my sins.

For seventeen years did I hunger and thirst



G. W. CAREY, OLETA, OKLA.



OSTIS B. WILSON AND WIFE, WALNUT GROVE, MO.

to be filled. Matt. 5:6 says, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." As time passed, my persecutions at home became greater, so that I was forbidden to go to prayer meeting or to pray in secret. I was locked out of the house for going to meeting. About that time I was asked if I was ready to promise that I would never go to meeting again, but the Lord did help me wonderfully. I said I would promise, but he would have to promise that he would stand for me in the day of judgment and answer for me if I was lost. In these trials and threatenings I never gave up praying in secret. Praise God, I could always find a secret place to pray.

I can truthfully say that sectism was no help to me in the way of salvation; for when I needed help I had to go to God in secret prayer and he would always fulfill his precious promise.

He has promised that he will never leave nor forsake those that put their trust in him. Sect preachers could not tell me what my soul was longing for. Paul says in Rom. 10:14, 15, "How shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" If God did call a man to preach the gospel, they thought he would have to join some sect and conference and then he would be sent by man before God sent him; and if God did fill a man with the power and the Holy Ghost, sect preachers would work him over.

A great many years ago I knew a young man who was happily converted and felt a call of God to preach. He had only a common education, therefore he felt his entire dependence and help must come from God. He went to God in secret prayer till he was sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost, and he preached one year, having wonderful power with God



FRED HUSTED.



J. A. SMITH.

and with man. The M. E. Conference stopped him from preaching and he was sent to college to get an education. When he came from college he was void of salvation and has been a formal M. E. preacher for many years. To find a home in a sect is just like moving out of a beautiful mansion into a little old log house where you can not keep from freezing or starving. An M. E. minister once said to me that if I would join their church he would give me a circuit and license to preach; but I said no, I was free to go where God would send me. They never got the sect yoke upon me, but what I would break out and go to work in every meeting. Where God was working and souls were being saved, there was my work. Praise God they never got a sect or party spirit in me. God kept me free.

Sectarianism was always a mystery to me. I could not see why the people of God should

be so divided. I saw in Eph. 4:4-6 where he says, "There is one body, and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." I never could see three modes of water baptism. My parents had a little water sprinkled on me by a Luthern preacher when I was a little babe; but when God saved me from my sins and I would read the Bible I soon found from the light of the gospel that was not the way John baptized. I met with opposition when I wanted to be immersed. I saw feet-washing was a command, so I asked one of the preachers why they did not obey that command of feet-washing. He just made light of it by saying, "If your feet are dirty, wash them." Oh the blindness and darkness there is in the sects! Truly the prophet Isaiah in the 47th chapter foresaw this



B. E. WARREN. NANNIE KIGAR. FRANKIE MILLER.
D. S. WARNER. SARAH SMITH.

when he said there shall not be a coal to warm at, nor fire to sit before it. There never was a sect preacher that could preach the whole Bible, and there never will be.

I said in a revival meeting that I never expected to see an M. E. nor a U. B. nor an Evangelical in heaven. All these names will be left outside of heaven, so you see how mysteriously God was leading me by walking in the light as he would let it shine on my pathway. I also asked one of our preachers where they had Bible for sprinkling water upon little children and calling it baptism. He said that infant baptism was instituted in place of circumcision. I told him that Christ was our example and he fulfilled all the law. The circumcision now is the circumcision of the heart. You see I never received help in the sect. Praise God forever, my salvation came alone from the Lord, and I give him all the praise

and glory, for of myself I am nothing. Some may think this is boasting of myself. No, no; I am just showing what the Lord will do for us if we take the whole word. Praise his holy name forever and forever!

In these seventeen years I was hungering and thirsting for the fulness there is in Christ, but did not know how to obtain it. I would read the word of God, but my spiritual eyes were not opened to see and understand. I never heard a sermon on sanctification as a second work of grace until I enjoyed the spirit of perfect love. I read the word of God in 1 John 4:18, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." I was very timid and fearful. I sought for perfect love for several years, and had an altar of prayer in the woods where I would seek for perfect love; and the more I was determined to have it the worse I felt. But I was living up to all the light I



A GROUP FROM CALCUTTA, INDIA.

had and also had the witness of the Spirit that I was living a Christian.

The devil became alarmed. He knew that perfect love would destroy his work. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. In August, 1859, as I was one day going to my place of prayer, the devil said, "You must quit seeking for perfect love or you will lose what you have." I stopped to see where it came from; so I said, How can this be, while I am all the time seeking for more? Then he commenced reasoning like this; "You will never be free from the fear of man." He also said, "You have never seen that person who has perfect love." That was very true. In the seventeen years I had not seen one that had the experience of perfect love, or sanctification, but I said the Bible says so and I must have it. Praise God, by seeking and

persevering in faith and prayer I received it. Oh, halleluiah for the victory I received!

Before receiving it I had reached such a state or condition that I thought I could not live. By not having any teaching on sanctification the Lord was leading me in his own way. It was in August of the same year that one day as I was going to my place of prayer I never felt so solemn. Had I followed all my friends to the grave, I could not have felt any more solemn. It seemed as if the sun were shining dim, and the trees were sad, and the grass under me was mourning. As I was walking through the woods to my place of prayer, I said, Lord, I am going to the woods for the last time, I must feel better or I will stay until I die. I did not know what death it would be. And when I came to my place of prayer I sat down and looked up through the tree tops and said, Oh Lord, what more can I



LENA SHOFFNER. HATTIE RUPERT. J. H. RUPERT.
THE GOSPEL VAN, BIRKENHEAD, ENGLAND.—1894.

do than I have already done? Then the Lord consecrated me by His Spirit, by asking me to give up all for Christ, that is, my life, friends and children. I could say yes to every thing until God said, "Are you willing to work for me?" Then the devil saw his last chance and said, "If you promise to work for God you will have to leave home, and your husband will not let you go." It was then the death struggle commenced. There I was, as it were, between heaven and hell, or life and death. Oh, halleluah! when the death struggle was over and the body of sin was crucified and destroyed, then followed the glorious resurrection and I was filled with power and the Holy Ghost and such boldness. All that man fearing spirit was taken away and my heart was overflowing with perfect love that was so unspeakable and full of glory, that I could never tell it. Oh, halleluah, for what God

has done for poor unworthy me! Oh, praise God, praise God! I feel that same burning love in my inmost soul. As I am writing, tears of joy are flowing. Oh, I must praise God!

Well, the devil was so completely defeated that he never undertook to make me doubt my salvation for a moment. I enjoyed this wonderful experience four years before I heard a sermon on sanctification. Everybody that knew me before I received this great blessing knew how fearful I would be, and then when I came out with such boldness, everybody, preachers and all, that knew me before were astonished and wondered how I came into such a blessed experience. I could not tell them any more than I was seeking for perfect love, and that has made me free from the fear of all men and devils. Praise God! When I would give my testimony at camp-meetings, people would come to me and desire a private



F. M. WILLIAMSON, HAMMOND, LA.



WILLIS M. BROWN, HICKMAN, KY.

talk with me. One man said to me, "When we hear you talk we just feel as if we never had any religion"; and another man said to me, "Your testimony is like lightning and thunder." He said it would strike in every corner. Well, I said it was not I, it was God speaking through me.

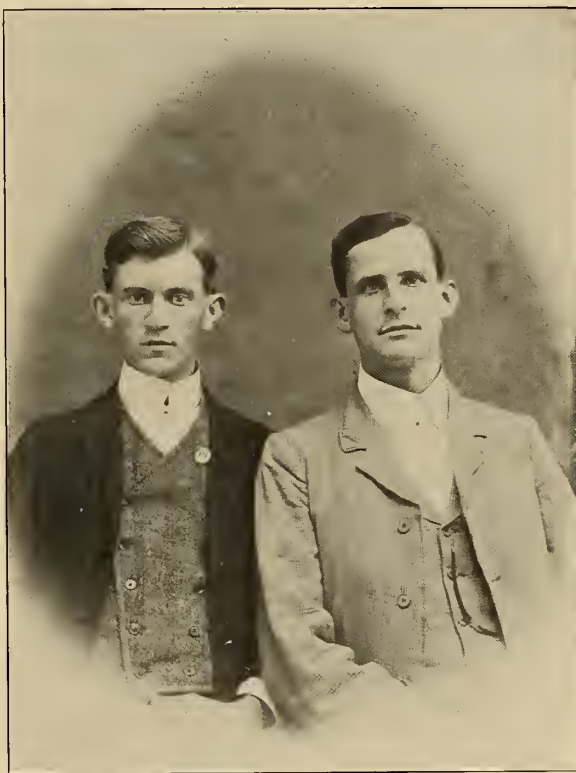
In August, four years after I received the experience of perfect love, I came to a camp-meeting and there was one preacher who was sanctified. He was the first I met who had the same experience I had. He preached a sermon on sanctification as a second work of grace, and oh, the light I received in that sermon! In the four years of my experience in perfect love I never could tell it as a second work of grace. I did not know it was a second work of grace till I received light on it, and I did not have much opposition. But when I testified of it as a second work of grace

then the devil was stirred in many people. But a good many received the experience of sanctification, and many professed it when they did not have it. God was leading me in a wonderful and mysterious way and I walked in the light as he would let it shine in my soul through the Holy Word. When he saved me he saved me from habits, such as conforming to the world, tea and coffee, idle words, for which I give him all the praise and glory.

Denominationalism always was a mystery to me as I have before said. When I was saved from my sins I was born into the church, which is Christ, the head of the body, and the door. God took me in and I was satisfied. But the sect preachers were not so. One of the Evangelical preachers took my name on his class book without my knowing it. Our spiritual eyes were not opened. We could not see the one church on account of



F. N. AND SUSIE JACOBSON, COLFAX, WASH.



J. E. CHASE. W. A. HAYNES.

sects, and the preachers would say we must have a home in some church, and then the converts would be persuaded to join here, and some there. And soon the unity of the Spirit was broken, and some preachers were jealous insomuch that they would not have their members work in any church but theirs. That was a mystery to me. I never felt like that. I never could see why there should be such a difference between Christians. One of the preachers from the same denomination that had stolen my name, said to me when I was helping in an M. E. meeting, "Sister Smith, you must not be so liberal as to help the M. E.'s and U. B.'s, you must work at home."

I can say that I never had any prejudice or party spirit; God was leading me. He wonderfully used me in revival meetings. The M. E. and U. B., and Evangelical preachers

preached so near alike that it did not make any difference where I labored. God showed me little by little that the sects were not the church. Finally the holiness people joined themselves together in a holiness association, and would take members in from the different denominations. I thought that would bring God's holy people together in one body, so I joined that; but it was not long till God showed me that it was not according to his word to have our names in a sect. My Bible said, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." 2 Cor. 6:14. Well, there we were yoked up with those who did not believe in holiness. Then God began to show me the ungodliness of these secret-society preachers. The M. E. sect opened their door wide enough to let in the Free Masons and Odd Fellows by the wholesale. It was not long until the Evangelicals opened their door. I heard one



I. B. BENNETT, ST. JAMES, MO.



SAMUEL MARTZ, PITTSVILLE, PA.

of their preachers say that if we do not take them in they will all join the M. E.'s and we will lose members. Well, the U. B.'s stood out against this ungodly evil the longest of these three sects, but they came to the same conclusion as the others and opened their door, and then it was not long until about nine out of ten of their preachers belonged to the secret society; and they have been sending more souls to hell than have ever been saved by their preaching. If ever Bishop Foster spoke the truth he did so when he said, that it would only be told in the day of judgment, of the millions of souls that the M. E. church had sent to hell. Oh, what an awful confession, and still stay in that God-forsaken sect!

One time after having testified that all the shore lines were cut and I was out in the ocean of God's love, where the water was pure and

the atmosphere was clear, and that I had no fear of death, one man arose and said he would like to see a man step up with a loaded gun to see if she would not shrink. I told him to try me; I said my consecration went to the burning stake or chopping block. When God sanctified me he took all the shrink and all the fear of death and hell, men and devils out of me. I received the boldness of a lion and the meekness of a lamb. Praise God forever for a Bible experience whereby we can stand against all the gainsayers and all the powers of darkness! Oh, halleluiah!

Well, the devil always made a failure in my case. One time I had a fever sore on my leg, and for fifteen weeks could not walk. One Sunday as I was lying upon my bed all alone in meditation over my condition, the devil began reasoning with me like this, "You had better give up praying, for you have



PANDITA RAMABAI, A CONVERTED INDIA WIDOW.
Superintendent Faith Home and School for India widows. Poona, India.



MARY HELDENBRAND, JUNITA, NEB.

lost the use of your leg, and can never walk again." This seemed very reasonable, and I commenced weeping and said, O Lord, help me in my condition. The Lord seemed to say, "Be of good cheer; it shall be well with you." Oh, praise God, the devil was defeated again and I proved him to be the father of lies. Oh, halleluiah!

After joining this holiness association they were banded together in bands. There were about thirty-five members at Jerry City who professed sanctification, and I was put in as leader. I would search the Scriptures and ask God for help. When I would read where Christ said, "I am the door, by me if any man enter in he shall be saved," and "God added to the church such as were being saved," I began to see the clear light on denomination-ism; but the mist of Babylon was not all cleared away, I could not see clearly, but God

was leading mysteriously. One brother had one of Bro. Warner's first papers sent to me with the first article on The One Church, and he asked me after I had read it what I thought of it. I said I would not dare to say a word against it, for that was just what I was looking for. I made this more emphatic; I said I was at home among God's people, I did not care what they called themselves. I did not expect to meet a United Brethren or a Methodist or an Evangelical in heaven. I said all these names would be outside of heaven. So you see how God was leading me little by little, and step by step. Oh, the blessed evening light!

God was showing me the evils of sectarianism, and more by reading his word. I read in Isa. 55:2, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" God by his



ARTHUR AND EMMA TUFFORD, JORDAN, ONT., CANADA.

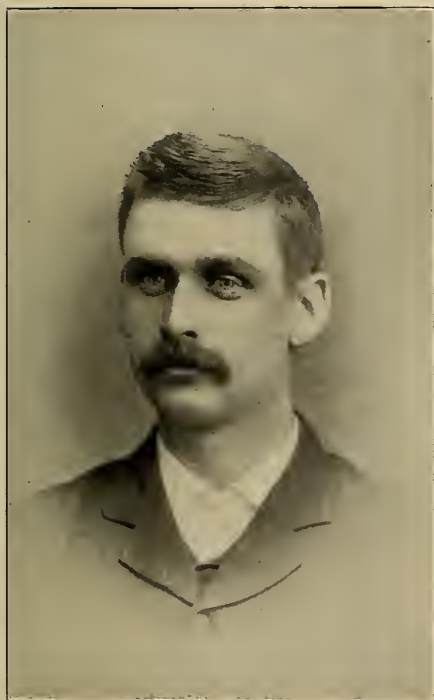


A. A. KINZIE, MILTON, MO.

Spirit and his word showed me that I could not pay his money to support these ungodly Free Mason and Odd Fellow preachers. I would read in 2 Cor. 6:17, 18, "Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you; and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." Also, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Here I was yoked up with saints and sinners. My name in a sect, in a holiness association, and on the class book in the holiness band with the rules how I should conduct these meetings. Praise God, I had no use for that; so that book went into the flames and we let God lead, and truly he was with us in wonderful power; and by his Holy Spirit and his blessed word he finally brought us out of the

sects and out of the holiness association and out of the band. Oh, halleluiah!

We had our meeting four times a week and God was leading us. I saw a light and I would tell the people that there was a light coming; what it was I could not tell, but I knew it was of God and if we would reject it we would go into darkness. I saw in Ezek. 34 where the shepherds would feed themselves and would not feed the flock, and in Jer. 51:6, "Flee out of the midst of Babylon." I was always ready to accept what was Bible. In January, 1882, in Bro. Miller's house, near Jerry City, O., we had a meeting never to be forgotten, which lasted until three o'clock in the morning. Truly God was in our midst in wonderful power. Rev. 19, Jer. 51, and Ezek. 34 were read in that meeting, which brought me to a place where I was like Moses when he came



JAMES WILLIS, GRESHAM, NEB.



N. S. DUNCAN AND WIFE, HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

to the Red Sea. That morning before I closed the meeting, I said I could lead them no further; but the Lord said, Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Praise God! We did not have to wait long.

In two weeks after that wonderful meeting the Lord sent Bro. Warner to Jerry City to teach us and show us what the 18th chapter of Revelation was, which he did by the Spirit and by the word of God. He proved what Babylon was, and how God's people had been kept until the time came when he called his people out of Babylon. He proved what he said by the Word. Some of our people said, "Beware of that man Warner, for he is a dangerous man," and that "he is a come-outer," etc. But I told them that he preached the Bible. Bro. Kilpatrick was also sent of the Lord to aid in backing up the truth. He showed the one body, the church, and proved

by the Word how wrong it was to be yoked up with these creeds. There I was yet yoked up with a sect and in the holiness association. The meeting commenced on Monday night, and on Thursday night as I stepped inside of the meeting house the Spirit of God said, Will you do it? I said, What, Lord? And it was repeated, and I said again, What, Lord? After I sat down the same was repeated again. I said, Yes, Lord, anything thou wilt have me do, not knowing what the Lord had for me. Just as soon as the sermon was finished the Lord had me on my feet and in front of the pulpit, and I raised both hands and said, "It has come, it has come, will we walk in the light?" I said, "As many as are willing to declare their freedom in Christ Jesus make it manifest by rising to your feet." Twenty arose. Praise God forever and ever, for that meeting will not be forgotten in this world



L. L. PORTER AND WIFE, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.



THOMAS CARTER AND WIFE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

or the world to come. Souls were sealed in that meeting. And the words of the prophet Joel 2:6 were fulfilled where he said, "All faces shall gather blackness." Truly many faces turned black in that meeting. One woman, who was there, said not long ago that Mother Smith would have to give an account in the day of judgment for breaking up that holiness band. Well, if that band had been founded on the rock where Christ said the gates of hell should not prevail against it, it would not have been broken up.

After I had declared my freedom from all the bands and straps of Babylon, the Lord began to show me that I must break up house-keeping and go into the gospel work. I had quite a struggle before I could give up to go. The Lord had to warn me in visions and dreams, and the call came so strong that I could not rest day or night until I would con-

sent to go. God showed me in broad daylight in a vision, a fanning mill. While I was in secret prayer I saw this with my spiritual eyes and God by his Spirit said, You must be one of the fanners where Jeremiah speaks of in Jer. 51:1, 2, "I will raise up against Babylon, and against them that dwell in the midst of them that rise up against me, a destroying wind; and will send unto Babylon fanners that shall fan her," and in Isa. 41: 15, 16, "I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth." Well, that sight that I saw and what God showed me made an impression upon my mind that will never be forgotten. When the wheat was fanned and examined there was but a small portion of pure wheat, but oh! when the other end of the mill was examined there was an immense heap of wheat with the chaff and straw, but it was too light for the gospel. It went



WM. E. WARREN, ST. LOUIS, MICH.



SAMUEL FORD, FIKETON, TENN.

out with the straw and chaff, and there could not a sound grain be found in all that large heap of wheat. Some was black, was mildewed, some was shrivelled, some cut in pieces. Oh, what an awful picture of Babylon! She is thrashed and fanned until she has no more wheat in her, especially where the fanners have gone through her.

The next vision was a large building with steps on the outside of it in front of a door. The building and the ground were white and I was robed in white, with a glass goblet in my hand, and in that was two colors of liquid, the one was the color of blood and the other of fire, and I was to go up these steps. I started and when I was half way up, the steps slipped to one side of the door, but when I stepped on the top step the whole stairway came loose from the building and it started to fall back. I gave an awful scream, then some men placed

the steps to the front of the door. God then showed me if I did not obey the call I would lose my salvation. The battle then commenced. There was another meeting at Bro. Miller's house, which will always be remembered. I laid on the floor on my face under an awful burden, weeping and talking with the Lord. I said I was too old, as my age was sixty-one, and I have no education, but the Lord told me what to do. I said who will take care of my husband? He said the children and he would care for him. Well, there I was between life and death, and light and darkness. The Lord had already opened the way to bring my oldest son and family to live with us. After I had the victory, I said, Lord, thy will be done and no longer mine. Praise God forevermore for an obedient heart! That evening I went home and told my folks what I would do, and in ten days I was on my way,



J. L. PIKE, ALLEGAN, MICH.



W. A. HAND, WOLFF, ALA.

cut loose from house and home, not knowing whether I would ever see my home again. When my husband took me to the station he asked when I would come back; I said I did not know, I was going like Abraham when he sacrificed Isaac.

After God showed me the vision of that building and those steps getting loose and falling back it gave me trouble. I seemed to see something in it, and I told a sister, who tried to console and tell me that she did not see anything bad about it. But I said it meant something. This was before I had the victory of consenting to break up housekeeping. I had told my husband that I felt more and more that the Lord had a work for me to do different from what I had been doing. It bore on my mind so much that my folks took notice, and they wanted me to go on a visit, thinking that it would wear off; but there was no wearing off. God had laid his

hand on me. My husband saw that I was in trouble, so he said to me that we would have to make a sale and sell everything so you can go. I said I could never do that, not thinking that I would have to do like Jonah when he tried to get away from God by hiding in a ship. I can not tell how wonderfully God has been leading me all along life's journey. And how I could see the hand of God in opening the way. After I had, as I said, lain on my face in Bro. Miller's house, weeping and talking with the Lord, he showed me what to do. So when I came home I was afraid to speak to my husband about it for fear he would say aught against it, although I had told the Lord he would have to open the way so no man could gainsay. It can not be told how mysteriously he did open the way. He showed me very clearly to make sale and sell everything but the place and let my son farm it.

Now I am just speaking of this to show



G. P. KEELING.



A. D. KHAN, CALCUTTA, INDIA.
A Converted Mohammedan.

how wonderfully God will lead if we are given up to do his will. So in the evening after my son and his wife had gone to their room I went in and unburdened my heart by saying, "Dan, I am done cooking for farming," and then I could say no more for weeping for a few minutes, so my son said, "Well, mother, if you have any other work to do besides cooking the sooner you get at it the better it will be." Then I told him what the Lord showed me and what to do. He was willing; so I said nothing to husband until at the breakfast table. I said to him, "I am done cooking for farming." He ate his breakfast and walked out, and came in and asked, "How soon will you have to leave?" I said in ten days or two weeks. So he said, "I will get you some money." Oh, praise God for his wonderful works! Well, in ten days everything was arranged and put in order, and I

bid adieu to house and home and went on my way for God and the salvation of souls. God had not yet made it clear to me what line of work he would have me to do. I was to go to Beaverdam, Ind., to an assembly of the saints, and from there the Lord would send me forth in the name of Jesus. I went trusting my all in him.

The Lord made choice of Bro. D. S. Warner to preach against sectism in this reformation, and the people and sect preachers soon bitterly turned against this way insomuch that but few would attend his meetings. The Lord moved upon a company of singers to sing the beautiful songs and then the people would come to hear the singing.

In 1884 the Lord sent forth the first evangelistic company in this reformation. He chose me as a mother in Israel in the company. I was old enough to be the mother of the oldest



THE CHILDREN'S HOME, GRAND JUNCTION, MICH.

one in the company; there were five of us in all; viz., D. S. Warner, Barney E. Warren, Frankie Miller, Nannie Kigar, and myself. This company traveled together a little over four years with perfect harmony. We were all of one heart and one mind and saw eye to eye. They were dearer to me than my own relatives. Even to this day there is an attachment that can never be broken. Oh, the many precious seasons we enjoyed together in the Lord were unspeakable and full of glory. Praise God for his wonderful love!

We met with much opposition. The devil did everything possible to overthrow the work as he did in the days of Nehemiah. "When Sanballat heard that we builded the wall, he was wroth, and took great indignation, and mocked the Jews. And he spake before his brethren and the army of Samaria, and said, What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify

themselves? will they sacrifice? will they make an end in a day? will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned? Now, Tobiah the Ammonite was by him, and he said, Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall." Neh. 4:1-3.

Praise God, the work has been going on for twenty-two years and a fox has not broken the wall yet. The Lord has fought every battle. We traveled over and visited different parts of ten states and Canada, and held many meetings. In every place we preached the whole truth, justification, Rom. 5:1, 2; sanctification, Jno, 17:19; Jno. 14:15-17; Rom. 12:2; 1Thess. 4:3, "For this is the will of God even your sanctification." We preached it because it was the will of God. We also taught the one church and the divine healing of the body, and saw many precious souls

O. A. CHAPMAN AND WIFE, COLFAX, WASH.



F. J. VAN VELDEN AND WIFE, LODI, CAL.

saved and brought into this blessed light. During our travels we saw some wonderful cases of healing of the sick by the power of God; devils cast out; blind eyes opened, and rain sent and withheld in answer to prayer. God protected through mobs and storms and gave us complete victory over wicked men and devils, and in answer to prayer he supplied all our needs. We never in all our travels took up a collection. Through our labors God established his church in many localities in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and Canada. Bro. Warner was marvelously helped by the power of God in preaching the gospel. He was very frail in body, but being filled with the power of God the Lord always stood by him in delivering the Word. He would often preach from two to three hours at a time while the people listened with great interest.

He preached from two to four times during the day and night, working at the altar with those who were seeking help, and also gave much instruction outside of meetings, prayed for the sick, wrote for publication, etc. He was a holy man and his life was without spot and blame. I am a living witness to-day for Christ. In 1881 the Lord delivered me from the appetite of drinking tea and coffee, and I have not taken a drop of medicine since 1878. The Lord has saved me, and healed me at different times, and now he keeps this body well and free from pain. To him be all the praise and glory.

It would no doubt be of interest for me to tell of the manifestation of the power of God in healing the sick. At one time when I was preparing to travel on the train to see a granddaughter who was lying at the point of death, I fell and received a severe injury,



SCENES ON THE BURKET, CAMP GROUND NEAR BURKET AND CLAYPOOL, INDIANA.

almost breaking my back. My son who was near by helped me into the house and placed me in a chair where I was almost as helpless as a child. I called mightily upon the Lord for help. Finally my son took me to the station, but I was in great pain. He and the conductor helped me on the train, and I was taken to the home of my son-in-law where the sick one was lying at the point of death. Oh, what pain I suffered for three days! I could neither get up, lie down nor walk without help. People would come and go to see her die, and would find me in such a helpless condition they would urge me to do something. I told them I was waiting on the Lord. On the third day between five and six o'clock they helped me to a chair, and I was telling of God's wonderful power of healing the sick, and God touched my body with a cooling sensation. It seemed to pass through my

back and took away all the pain and the burning fever. I sprang out of the chair walking and praising God. Oh, halleluiah!

My mind now wanders back many years ago to a time when God wonderfully answered prayer. It was when my name was still in Babylon. It is a striking testimony of a dying woman. I must first tell you how she rejected the Spirit of God. This was when God was saving souls, and the people were living up to all the light they had in sects. The M. E. denomination had a revival meeting in February, about the year 1869, and I felt that this woman must give her heart to God. Knowing that she was convicted of her sins, I would invite her to come to Christ, and she refused throughout that meeting. In March the Evangelicals commenced services in the same neighborhood, and she came to the meeting and was the same as before, under

conviction, but would not yield. I felt that she must come to Jesus, so I would invite her to come to Christ night after night, until the last night of the meeting. I went to her again and said, "What will you do? this meeting will close to-night and your soul is not saved; God only knows this may be the last invitation you may ever have, for God says his Spirit shall not always strive with man." She refused to give her heart to God, claiming her husband was in the way. With her head upon my shoulder she wept until my garments were wet with tears, and she refused for the last time.

Now comes her awful testimony while on her death bed. It is enough to chill the blood in the veins of every one. O my God! what a place of torment hell must be! O sinners, let me warn you in the name of Jesus, never reject the Spirit of God when it is knocking

at the door of your heart. This poor woman took sick in August, just about five months after she refused to give her heart to God. Her sickness lasted only a few days. I went to see her on Thursday, she was lively, not thinking of any seriousness in her case at that time. Ah, the dreadful time came. On Saturday evening a neighbor came to my house and said, you must go to see this sick woman; and while I was getting ready to go he said she was fighting devils. Oh, the horror that I met when I reached her bedside! She grasped my arm and screamed in horror, "O Mrs. Smith, do hold me, the devils are dragging me down to hell." She was in such agony and torment that she left the prints of her fingers on my arm where she held me. I told her to look to Jesus, for he was merciful, and also gave her words from the scriptures and pointed her to the thief on the cross. Oh,

she said, that was not for her. Then I asked her if I should pray for her. She said, "you may pray, but it will do no good." I knelt by her bedside, and my prayer did not seem to go above my lips; truly the heavens seemed like brass. Then she said to me, "Oh, if I had only given my heart to God when you wanted me to do so, but now it is too late. That last night of the meeting the Spirit of God left me, and it never came back, and now I must die, and hell is my doom." Oh, the awful, horrible agony which she was passing through is undescribable! The screams and shrieks that came from her lips were almost unendurable. Fighting the devils, she would say, "don't you smell the brimstone? don't you see the flames of hell?" Thus she continued all night. In the morning she lay quiet for a time. We thought she was dead, but she opened her eyes with an awful shriek,

and called for her husband. I said, "Do you want to see him?" She said, yes. So I brought him to her bedside. She looked at him and said, "I am lost, and you are to blame;" and in that awful condition she went into an endless eternity. O sinner, just think what an awful place hell must be in its reality, if only a foretaste is so terrible. Millions of poor souls are taking the same course until it is forever too late.

I once asked a woman to come back to God. She was then, and is to-day in a backslidden state. She said she could not keep saved, but remarked, "I know the way, and I can get saved just before I die." Many expect to receive a penny in the eleventh hour. Matt. 20: 6, 7. Here we have a parable of a man who went out early in the morning to hire laborers in his vineyard. Why did he do so? Because he wanted them to put in a whole

day's work. He invited some at the eleventh hour because they had not been hired before. Now God invites sinners to come unto him at all hours, and if they heed and obey they receive a penny; but there is a time coming when God's Spirit will not strive with man. Those who will receive a penny at the eleventh hour are only such as have never been invited, and who will yet make use of their privilege. They said, "No man has hired us." Oh, I do praise God that I obeyed the first call.

While writing these experiences I am asking God every morning to inspire my soul and bring to my mind just such things as would be for his glory and the good of precious souls, for I of myself am nothing. What I am God has made me, so all glory belongs to him.

As a warning to some I will relate a circumstance which happened a number of years

ago, and show the result of a terrible expression a doctor made while standing by the bedside of a dying man. The man was unconscious for five days. The doctor asked me if I had noticed whether he showed any signs of realizing anything. I told him I did not; he said that it was too bad that a man had to live and not know anything. Then he said he wanted to know everything when he came to die, but said he expected to live a thousand years. I reproved him for his saying, and said, "Doctor, don't you believe in a hereafter?" He said, "No; when I come to die I will stick my soul on a fence stake and let God Almighty and the devil have a race for it." Oh! the poor man did not think that his thousand years would come to an end in one year. Just one year later, in the same month, while driving along the road, his horse became frightened and jumped

over a picket fence, and left him hanging on the pickets. He lived three days, during which time he was conscious, and died cursing God. Truly God is not mocked.

After I came out free and clear for God, sect preachers became stirred and began persecuting this way. One preacher said, "What a pity that Sister Smith left the church; she has lost her usefulness." The poor man could not see the true church as I did. He has even lost that which he seemed to have. The president of the Holiness Association had some light on the one church, and made an expression something like this: he said he expected to see the day when God's holy people would all be gathered out of Babylon, and would all see eye to eye. But when the light came in its fulness it was with him as with some spoken of by the prophet Joel. His face gathered blackness, and his heart was

full of bitterness against the light. He said it was all of the devil, and he would stick to the old carcass, and if they kicked him out he would join again, having reference to the United Brethren sect, of which he was a member. He lost his salvation and also his mind became deranged, and he had to be sent to the asylum. Oh what an awful thing for a man to sell his birthright for a sect! "And for this cause, God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie." 2 Thess. 2:11.

It is a sad truth to-day that about ninety-nine out of every hundred sect preachers are not preaching the whole truth, even to the light which they have had. Why is it? It is because they have rejected the true light. Now this brings to my mind a vision which God showed me about the year 1869. One evening during the time of a revival meeting,

I seemed to be carried off to a beautiful city. I was permitted to see the beautiful robes of righteousness that were prepared for some people that had a good experience in justification. But I was taught that the time was coming when greater light would come and they would reject it. They had laid me on a bench, and when I came to realize my situation the meeting was dismissed and the people had gathered around me. I arose with tears streaming down my face, and oh, how I admonished them, until nearly every one was shedding tears. I have seen that come true the second time. Next year God sent a man to the same place to preach sanctification as a second work of grace. Some began fighting holiness as a second work of grace, and they lost what they had, and when this truth was preached at Jerry City, this came true when many faces "gathered blackness." I was

asked how I would let my light shine if I never went back into sectism. I said I would let it shine by staying away. I remember of hearing a Methodist preacher praying for God to scatter this work, having reference to this reformation, and that it might be scattered to the four winds of the earth. I said that was the best prayer he ever offered. And truly since then it has spread throughout the earth, but probably not in the way in which he meant it should scatter.

In the year 1876 I was helping in an M. E. meeting in Kansas, Seneca Co., Ohio. We were annoyed more or less every night by a saloon which was close to the church. One evening I asked the Lord in public prayer to lay the whole thing in ashes. I just asked and believed, and that very same night the entire building was burned to ashes in answer to prayer. Praise God for ever! In 1879,

in Jerry City, Wood Co., Ohio, I was again engaged in meeting, and there was trouble again with a saloon keeper. He was to close his saloon at six o'clock in the evening, but he was determined not to obey. He said he would break up the meeting, which he did in less than two weeks by inviting from fifteen to twenty-five young men into his saloon and giving them strong drink until they were devilish enough to do anything. They would get on their knees and have a mock prayer meeting, and also a mock testimony, and then he would bring his gang into the church every night filled with the spirits of devils; and that influence would kill the spirit of the meeting, just like water would kill a fire. On Friday evening of the second week of the meeting, the preacher asked me what he should do about the meeting. He said just as long as that saloon keeper comes with his gang we can do nothing. My reply was, Let the Lord lead.

He closed the meeting, and just before we knelt down to pray, here came the saloon keeper with his gang rushing into the house. The preacher called upon me to pray. Well, I had been praying for God to save him if he could be saved, so I just named him out in my prayer and said, "Lord, here is a saloon keeper who is not satisfied to go to hell alone; he is bound to take all these young men to hell with him. O Lord, if he can be saved, save him now; and if he will not be saved, remove him in thine own time and way." This was on Friday, and on Monday, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he died in a delirium fit. This caused great excitement, especially among those young men. Four weeks later we had another meeting in the same church, and sinners would come to the altar, until 65 claimed justification. All glory is given to God!

All this was in answer to prayer. Some

may say this is boasting; it is boasting in the Lord only. It is glorifying God, for we asked him in faith. Let us see John 14: 13, 14: "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." John 15: 7 says, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." We could give many more scriptures to prove that God wants his children to even ask largely for such things as we need. He says in James 5: 16, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." So it is the prayer of faith that brings the answer. We have seen many wonderful and marvelous things done in answer to prayer; devils cast out and hundreds of sick people healed by the power of God. Rain was sent and stopped in answer to prayer.

When we were coming from Denver, Colo.

we were overtaken in a terrible storm during the night and our train collided with a freight train. The engine was wrecked and had to be repaired, so we were left four hours on the track in the storm, not knowing what minute we might be blown off the track, but our trust was in God. During the afternoon, just before this storm, Brother E. E. Byrum, who was then at the Gospel Trumpet Office at Grand Junction, Mich., was writing a letter to Brother Warner. Suddenly he became very much burdened inasmuch that he was unable to write anything more or continue his work. Not knowing the cause of the burden he went to his room, and there alone began earnestly praying to the Lord to reveal the cause of the trouble. While there upon his knees the Lord by his Spirit made known unto him that Brother Warner and his company were either at that time or soon would be in great danger.

Not knowing the nature of the trouble, Bro. Byrum asked the Lord to take care of him and overrule everything to his glory, and protect them from all harm and danger. The Lord gave him such assurance that the prayer was heard and answered that he went to his desk and finished the letter, telling Bro. Warner what had happened him since the letter was begun. As soon as his letter arrived, Bro. Warner wrote him, saying, "Just after you were so burdened for us and our safety, we were traveling in the midst of a big wind-storm. The coaches of our train were swaying to and fro like a load of hay, and our lives were in peril. Our train collided with a freight train ahead of us, injuring the engine to our train, but not one of us was hurt. God had burdened you, while a thousand miles away, for our safety."

Oh, how true are the words where God says,

'I will let no evil come near thy dwelling; I will care for them that put their trust in me.' Our trust was in God through storms, mobs, and in the midst of wicked men, devils, and sect preachers. Praise God forever and ever!

When we were at St. James, Mo. the first time, we met some people who were influenced by some supernatural power, known as the jerks. They would hop about on one foot, twist their bodies into almost every conceivable shape and fall over in an unseemly manner. They also claimed to have those among them that possessed the apostolic gift of tongues and the interpretation of tongues. We all, with Brother Warner, took a stand against the spirit by which they were actuated, and ascribed their manifestations to the spirit of the devil, and forbid the devil in the name of the Lord to proceed any further with his work. Their manifestations soon came to

naught. Nearly everyone was delivered from that influence that had caused them to act so strangely. This defeat of the devil caused him to stir up the baser sort against us, and before the meeting closed a mob came upon the campground at a late hour in the night and demanded that all the saints take their departure immediately, which orders under circumstances had to be obeyed. The mob was under the influence of intoxicating liquor and led by a sect preacher. Never before did I hear such swearing. The ministers were sought for by the mob, but by the aid of the brethren and the great hand of God over us, we all escaped without harm. The next day the people came together at the home of a brother a few miles away and more souls were saved after they left the camp than before.

At Grover, Ind. we had a meeting in a schoolhouse and there the devil became great-

ly stirred, because his works were exposed that were carried on in the sects. So a mob sent us a shower of eggs, but God's great hand was over us that none of us were hit. Praise God! When they found that none of us were hit, they were going to give us a shower of stones. They asked a young man to join with them. He told them that if they undertook such a thing he would join them with stones, and stated that he would kill the first one he saw throw a stone. They, knowing that he meant what he said, did not carry out their intention. We praised God for protecting us again. The devil is a coward.

At Rising Sun, Ohio, we were again molested by a mob. The scripture was fulfilled at this place as mentioned in the seventeenth chapter of Acts, fifth and sixth verses. Oct. 14, 1886, at the home of Bro. Roush, we were again molested without harm. I could speak

of many more, but let this suffice. Praise God, this was all done against us for preaching the whole gospel; justification, sanctification as a second work of grace, divine healing of the body, the casting out of devils, the one body the church, with Christ the door, and that God was adding to the church such as were being saved and living free from sin. Such preaching would stir the sectarian people. One day in one of our meetings in Father Wickersham's building, after the sermon was delivered on the subject of a sinless life, one man arose and said, "I thank God I am a Methodist class-leader, and I sin more or less every day." In the evening before he went to bed he would ask God to forgive his sins. He said no man could live without sin. One of the preachers said it would be a blessing for that man to die in his sleep, for that was the only time he was not committing sin.

At any other time when he could do something he was sinning more or less; so he must be of the devil. 1 Jno. 3:8. "He that committeth sin is of the devil." We also preached and proved by the word of God what Babylon was, and that she was fallen, and had become the cage of devils. Rev. 18:2. We proved by our lives that we lived what we preached by living spotless and entirely free from this world.

Praise God forever and ever! When God sanctified me he took all the shrink and fear of men and devils out of me. And when he called me out into the company to travel, he put me on the blood and fire line. Isa. 41:15, 16. "Thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away." Oh, may all God's ministers be fearless of men and devils in

preaching the whole Bible, so that none will come up in the day of judgment with only a part of the Bible. If we love God above everything, we love to do his will and keep his commandments. "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." Rev. 15:2. The sea of glass represents the glorious experience of a sanctified life. Praise God! The life of a wholly sanctified person is just as smooth as glass. There is not a ruffle, a wave, a doubt, nor a fear, but the fear of God; no shrinking or giving away to temptation. Oh, praise God! The lightnings, thunders, and the voice of God heard are the flashing testimonies of God's children, sanctified ones. Their voices sound in the ears of formal pro-

fessors like thunder. We know of this from a blessed experience. We went to an M. E. meeting close where we were holding a meeting and heard them telling their death-bed, grave-yard, whining testimonies, which were so dead and disgusting that the preacher sat with his face covered in his hands. It seemed to me, as little religion as he had, he was disgusted with their testimonies, for he himself had no salvation. It was laughable when we testified to see them turn in their seats to see and hear where the voice came from. We were in the back part of the congregation, and it seemed to scare them when they heard the sound of a voice. Oh, praise God for voices in testimony, that are full of fire and power. Oh, halleluiah! The eyes that John speaks of represent light. When we are full of eyes then have we light. A house that has its windows open has light and has no darkness,

so is a heart that is cleansed from all sin, and from all unrighteousness. Such a house has no darkness, for God dwells in a pure heart and in him is no darkness. Praise God for a clear and glorious gospel which has driven away all the dark and cloudy days! Christ gives us the boldness of a lion and the meekness of a lamb. As he is so are we in this world.

Now we have another glorious picture in which the flying eagle represents a true Christian. Flying means speed and great haste, and that is how God's ministers are flying through this world, having an everlasting gospel to preach to a dying world. The eagle also teaches another beautiful picture, whereby we may learn a glorious lesson. We are told that when he sees a storm coming he sails above the clouds where he is in the sunlight, and it does not matter how black the clouds are beneath him. He is in the sunlight

while he stays above the clouds. So can a wholly sanctified soul, who is dead indeed to sin and alive unto Christ. A soul that has this glorious Bible experience does, by the grace of God, stay above the black clouds of persecutions and everything that is of this world. We are living in the sunlight of God continually, and where God is there is no darkness. Now the eagle represents light and speed to travel and keep above the storms, for the clouds come up very quickly sometimes, just like temptations upon the soul. If we do not watch we will be overtaken. He is obliged to sail very fast to keep above them, and so must the Christian travel to keep above the storms and persecutions of this world. Speed means to run; and to run, we must be stripped for the race. The apostle in Heb. 12: 1, says, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which does so easily beset us, and let

us run with patience the race that is set before us." The sin is our inborn sin or carnal nature, which is not destroyed in our justification. God knoweth a proud heart, but he giveth grace to the humble. "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold." 1 Pet. 3:3. God's people are a peculiar people; they go neat and clean, they do not conform to this world, have no desire to go to fairs, church frolics, shows, dances, secret orders, and such like. They have no fellowship with worldly things. 1 Jno. 2:15, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." We live in the world, but we are not of the world. We can not mix oil and water; neither can a Christian mingle with the world.

I am praising God for the one church, which

has escaped free and clear from the dark age of sect Babylon. "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird." Rev. 18:2.

Now this brings to my mind a vision that God gave me a few years ago, and I believe he wants me to write it, for it comes in my experience. It seemed that I was brought to a mixed multitude in Babylon with their many names of blasphemy: "And I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet colored beast, full of names of blasphemy," and she is also the mother of harlots. Rev. 17:3, 5. In my vision I was walking and picking up some keys that were all along the way, first a small one and then a large one. They had all turned black, and I wondered what that would represent. The Spirit revealed to me that that represented

the holiness people who stayed in sects, those that rejected the light. When I got to the end of the line, I wondered what this should mean. I was directed to go back the same way and God would show me the awfulness of the mixed multitude of people, and oh, such a mess of rotten, moulded fruit, vegetables of all kinds, all mixed together in a large heap! Some were dried and black, others decayed, and some covered with mold. It was the most offensive heap of stuff I ever looked upon, but just on top of that filthy pile lay a beautiful ripe pear. I could not see any blemish upon it. I thought I could save it, and went around where I could reach it, taking great care that my clothes should not touch the pile of filth. I reached over and took the pear, but as I picked it up, lo, it bursted in my hands, and was also rotten within.

Oh, what an awful truth this brings to our mind! Only spirits of like character remain together. Babylon represents a fair exterior, but you may be assured that they are also spoiled if they are at home there. God showed me by his Spirit, the pear represented the professed holiness people in sectarianism, especially sect holiness teachers. I was then brought back to a great multitude of mixed classes of people; there I saw two roads leading off to my left. One was a great broad road, very pleasing for the eye to look upon. And I saw the mixed multitude of sinners and professors of all kinds, start out on this broad road. Then I saw another road not as broad as the first, but leading in the same direction, which also had a great many things on it that were pleasing to the eyes of the people. On this second way were the professed holiness people who were not yet out

of sectism. What a sight! They had holiness enough to take another road that was leading along side of a broad road, which must necessarily lead to the same place. This vision needs no explanation; it explains itself. It leaves sectarianism and formal Babylon in a bad condition, and they are left without a coal by which to warm.

Now comes the glory and beauty of my vision, a beautiful plain narrow path with here and there a traveler with his lamps trimmed and burning. This narrow path was leading to the right, away from the two broad roads going down to destruction. I went upon the narrow way and came to a fence. The rails were black just like the keys that I found. The Lord showed me those black keys were a representation of an experience of the people of sect holiness after they rejected the greater light, and the fence repre-

sents the fenced cities of sect Babylon and the narrow way was comparatively light and and not free from shade. Until I leaped over the black sect wall the light was not clear nor dark. The prophet Zechariah in the 14th ch. and 6th verse says, "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark: * * * that at evening time it shall be light." Oh, halleluia! When I got beyond the black fence I could see clear to the celestial city of God. Oh, the light was clear as crystal and the glory of God shone down from the holy city the whole length of the celestial way. Let all take warning and flee from Babylon.

During the time of the war the Lord also delivered me out of an awful trial. In the year 1861, three of my sons went to war. The next to the oldest was captured by the rebels and sent to that dreadful Libby prison, where

he died. Only God and the mothers that passed through the same experience know what I passed through during this time. Truly God did not say in vain when he said, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Shortly after the imprisonment of my son, he wrote me a few lines and said, "Mother, do not send anything for me while I am here, for I can not get a letter from any one." Oh, the sleepless nights that I spent are untold! I lost my appetite, and these things weighed so heavily upon me that my mind became weakened. Then the devil took advantage, thinking he could destroy my mind, and for three days I could not pray. I would go in secret, but I could not offer a prayer until the third day just at the setting of the sun, I went out and laid down upon the ground and cried, O Lord, deliver me or I perish! The Lord did deliver me and gave

me victory. It just seemed as if all heaven had come down to guide my troubled soul. Halleluah! Well, the devil was again defeated.

At one time the Lord broke up a dance in answer to prayer, and also a party of men who went to play cards in the same woods where my altar of prayer was located. One of the parties said, "We can not play," and all left the woods.

Once when were in Canada we held meeting in a large brick building, which had ventilators in the floor. The mice would come up through these ventilators and cause a sensation and disturb the meeting. We just asked God to destroy the mice, and it was done in the name of Jesus.

"I've seen the lightning flashing,
And heard the thunders roll;

I've felt sin's breakers dashing,
Trying to conquer my soul;
I heard the voice of my Savior
Telling me still press on;
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

"The world's fierce winds are blowing
Temptations sharp and keen;
I feel a peace in knowing
My Savior stands between;
He stands to shield me from danger
When earthly friends are gone;
He promised never to leave me,
Never to leave me alone.

"When in affliction's valley,
I'm treading the road of care,
My Savior helps me to carry
My burdens when heavy to bear;
My feet, entangled with briers,
Ready to cast me down,
My Savior whispers his promise,
'I never will leave thee alone.' "

WARNING.

Many people who reject the truth must soon after suffer the terrible consequences. I desire to sound a warning to the TRUMPET readers, and especially those who have it sent to them free of charge. The truths it contains are a savor of life unto life or death unto death. I will here give an account of a few awful cases, with which I am personally acquainted. They had the TRUMPET sent to them by a friend who loved their souls. The first took the GOSPEL TRUMPET and burned it and said it was not fit to have in the house. He burned it in order to keep anyone else from reading it. He went so far as to say it was not fit for a decent person to read. This man ended his life by committing suicide. The second one also said that he would not have it, and that it was not fit to read; so he threw them

away and it was not long until he lost his mind and had to be sent to the lunatic asylum. Be careful how you are dealing with God's work; take warning, the trump of God is binding souls for heaven or hell. It will be an awful thing to fall into the hands of a just God without Bible salvation.

In Rev. 17:4, 5 the word of God speaks of a woman, "And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH." Every name that stands at the head of a sect is a name of abomination in the sight of the Lord. He desires his children to be of one name and of one heart and of the same mind. He is the Father of all his children and desires them to be called by His name. In Col. 1:18 we read that Christ is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead:

that in all things he might have the preeminence. He never intended for his true children to have any stepfathers. Now see Eph. 4:4-6, "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all, and in you all." "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Eph. 3:15. Truly God had a foreknowledge of what Babylon would be. He says, I will avenge them speedily, nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth. Oh, what an awful condition this world will be in when Christ comes! So many kinds of beliefs without the living and saving faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. People have their names on some class-book on the earth. Some will say, where will he find faith? It will be only among those who have their names writ-

ten in the Lamb's Book of Life, which is in heaven.

There is another experience which I believe the Lord wants me to mention. At one time I was sick so that I could not be moved for twelve days. At the close of this time I was dying, the doctor and everyone else thought. Every one present said I could not live. I was growing cold just like a person when dying. I had made all arrangements to die and told them what to do, kissed the children good-by and admonished them all to meet me in heaven, telling them not to weep for me. I was conscious of everything that was being said and done. As the scene of death began to close in on me, my entire body became cold. The doctor was watching me very closely. I heard my father ask the doctor if he had done all he could. He said, "I have given her the last remedy; there is no

medicine that will do her any good." He said, "She is cold all over." My pulse ceased beating and I quit breathing. They folded my arms and closed my eyes. Halleluiah! Now comes the beauty and glory that I was permitted to behold while I was lying cold in death, as every one who saw me supposed. Jesus and a host of angels came to meet me, and oh, the glory and dazzling of the brilliant light of glory, and the beautiful song and music I heard can never be told! While I was beholding this heavenly vision, all at once I heard a voice say, "She can not pass over now." Then my eyes opened, and I sang so loud and clear that those women who had gone to make preparation to lay me out, heard me and came rushing into the room. Some of the people became convicted, insomuch that one gave her heart to God the next night at home, and the Lord instantly raised me up.

“In the rifted rock I’m resting,
Safely sheltered I abide;
There no foes nor storms molest me
While within the cleft I hide.

“Now I’m resting, sweetly resting,
In the cleft once made for me;
Jesus, blessed Rock of Ages,
I will hide myself in thee.

“In the rifted Rock I’ll hide me,
Till the storms of life are past;
All secure in this blest refuge,
Heeding not the fiercest blast.”

As I continue writing my experience this beautiful day in December, 1901, the Lord keeps me sweetly saved and preserved soul and body. In him I trust my all. He is my perfect salvation, and keeps me in perfect health. I have no aches or pains of any kind. Truly God has made me a wonder unto

many. Now this testimony may be read by many who have never heard me testify. It may encourage some to know how God did lead and keep me so many years from falling, just by trusting in him alone, through so many years of the dark age of sectism. I was saved from my sins in March, 1842, and sanctified in August, 1859. God called me out to travel with a company of workers in this blessed evening light in 1884, and to-day still finds me in this way, happy in the Lord. Praise God forever!

One Easter Monday in the year 1892 we had a terrible fire in the oil field. It was fearful indeed. It seemed for a while as if the whole country would be burned over. There had been no rain for several weeks, and it was very windy and everything dry. One man who had been pumping oil, set some waste oil on fire and the wind carried the

blaze into the woods, and then it rapidly spread just like fire does in a dry season. On it came until it reached our farm, and there was some timber and also an oil well and a number of tanks with several hundred barrels of oil, and the ground around these tanks covered with oil. The fire soon reached the oil on the ground and blazed up into the tree-tops. The wind was blowing a fearful gale and carried sparks across a ten-acre field and set the woods on fire across the road. My son and wife were watching the buildings and put fire out at different times about the straw stack. I made the remark that I did not care about seeing another such a fire until I could sail above it. The smoke was so thick and black that when it would go down we would have to close our eyes and hold our breath until the wind would raise it again. The men who were pumping oil on the farm

worked around those oil tanks until they were surrounded with fire, and seeing that it was impossible to put out the fire or protect the oil tanks they came back and said they could do no more. I was standing looking on, and saw that the tanks must go, for the blaze was all around them. When those men said they could do no more, then I said in my heart, Man's extremity is God's opportunity, and I rebuked the fire in the name of Jesus. In a few minutes the fire went down around those oil tanks. One man said to the others, "Do you see that fire go down around those tanks?" And they marveled and said they never saw the like before. It was not long until another gale of wind came and carried the fire in another direction. Then I said, "Now, Lord, this fire can not be put out without rain; now, Lord, send rain," and I started to the house just across the ten-acre field, and before I ar-

rived it commenced to thunder, and the clouds began to come from the west. My dinner was waiting for me. I sat down to eat my dinner, and before I finished it the rain was pouring down and the fires were put out.

Have faith in God, and give him all the glory. Praise his name forever! His ear is not heavy that he can not hear, and his power is not limited, that he can not help. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." "All things are possible to them that believe." And he says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do. If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." St. John 14:13-15.

Now I will give my present experience. I have sweeping victory in my soul over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Halleluiah! My soul is flooded with wave after wave of glory from the glory world. Praise God for-

ever and forever! I have spent the past summer mostly in the gospel work, and saw many precious souls saved and many sick healed. I attended the camp-meetings at Moundsville, W. Va., Grand Junction, Mich., and St. Louis, Mich. After visiting my daughter at Ithaca, Mich., and taking a rest for several weeks. I returned to my home in Ohio. When I arrived home a neighbor woman was lying at the point of death, and was wishing and waiting for me to come and visit her, as she desired to see me before she died. After she was laid away I spent one week at home, and then went to the Burket, Ind., camp-meeting, where there was so much altar work and so many came for healing that I had but little time to rest day or night. At the close of this meeting, after resting a few days, I attended camp-meeting at Payne, O., and meetings in other places. In all these meetings the power

of God was wonderfully manifested in salvation work. Sinners were converted, believers wholly sanctified, and the sick were wonderfully healed by the power of God. The word of God was sent forth in the power of the Holy Spirit, and wave after wave of glory filled the hearts of God's people, so much so that the holy fire of his love was kindled to a flame of glory, till the camp was filled with the shouts and praises of God. Halleluiah! I feel the same love burning in my soul as I am writing, with tears of joy flowing. Oh, how can I give honor due unto him, who has done so much and is still doing for me! It will take eternity to praise him. Halleluiah! God's will be done, whether I live a long time or go home soon, I am ready at any call. Praise God forever! Amen.

Soon I will go to my home, never to come to see you any more, and now will preach my

last sermon. When you take your last look at me and lay me away, remember your mother's tears and prayers, and follow me as I followed Christ. Remember there are but two ways spoken of in the Bible, one is the narrow way, the way of holiness which leads to heaven; the other is the broad road that leads to eternal destruction. Which one will you choose?

“Life on earth is but a vapor,
Soon we'll lay these bodies down;
But if we continue faithful
We shall wear the victor's crown.
Brighter than the stars of heaven,
Brighter than the dazzling sun,
We shall shine among the ransomed,
When our work on earth is done.

“We shall not abide forever
In this gloomy vale of tears;
For our life shall at the longest
Only last a few short years.

'Then we'll fly away to glory,
At our Father's own right hand,
Help to sing redemption's story
With the blood-washed angel band.'

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished
my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth

there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me in that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4:7, 8.

Good-by; meet me in heaven.



TESTIMONY OF MRS. JOSEPHINE E. COURTNEY.

THROUGH the providence of God I have the privilege of giving my testimony in this book, wherein I take pleasure in declaring unto the people what the Lord hath wrought.

I was converted in my twentieth year. In the bloom of youthful vigor, with social surroundings such as might cause one to anticipate a promising future, I sat alone one evening wholly absorbed reading a book. It portrayed the character of four young persons, two of whom had chosen "the better part," and the other two were drifting on in the paths of sin and folly. I weighed the issues at stake seriously, and, yielding to

my better judgment, I knelt before God in the silence of a midnight hour and promised him if he would spare my life until some two months later I would attend a camp-meeting near at hand, and would serve him the rest of my life. It was God's appointed way to draw me to himself.

I walked carefully before him from that time. It required much courage on my part to let my people and my young friends know that I cared to attend a religious meeting. However, I went, and at the first service took a front seat alone. When the preaching was over and the time came for testimonies I

arose, and, facing the congregation, said, "My friends, I have come to this meeting for no other purpose than to get soundly converted." Then kneeling at the altar I began to seek the Lord.

Day after day passed by. At nearly every service I expressed my determination to continue to seek the Lord until I found him. My heart seemed as hard as stone. I could scarcely eat or sleep at all, and my eyes refused to shed a tear. An agony of soul took hold of me, and for a time I suffered what words could not express. Then there came a soothing influence which encouraged me. As we left the camp to return home, I took one last look and promised the Lord that if I never found anything more than I had then I would serve him the best I knew how, and trust that he would let me into heaven at last. Another week had passed away when one afternoon

while in secret prayer the devil said to me, "You dare not ask your mother to pray for you." It was quite an undertaking for me, but I replied, "I'll show you whether I dare ask her or not," and rising with a holy vengeance ready to knock him in the head, I started for the kitchen where she was at work and asked her to go to the same place and pray for me.

This was about the end of the conflict. The next day, while in meditation and prayer, suddenly the light of life eternal broke in upon my spiritual vision, and I was made to rejoice exceedingly in a knowledge of the forgiveness of sins and the salvation of my soul.

About six months after I began to decline in health. I was attended by several of the best physicians one after another, but with little avail. My case was a mystery to them. I spent considerable time at a sanitarium,



JOSEPHINE E. COURTNEY, BAY VIEW, MICH.



EMMA J. BILLIG, GUYS MILLS, PA.

went to distant states for a change of climate, but found no permanent help. Finally, my eyes failed me from nerve weakness in sympathy with my failing health. I could not read or concentrate my sight on any near object, or keep them open, only to take a look now and then.

Five years had passed by when I consulted a lady physician, and ascertained that the original disease was an internal displacement, and after so long a time every organ of the body had become chronically disordered. I obtained a degree of relief from local treatment, but I was a physical wreck, and past hope of human skill.

My early aspirations, my every hope, were blighted. Yet, when my friends came to sympathize and pity me, I said to them, "I shall come out of this some day; 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'"

This weight of affliction had led me to seek the grace and the rest of entire sanctification. I was wonderfully comforted, a "shut-in" from the world.

In the course of time my sister (in the flesh), Mrs. Emma (Miller) Elwood, of Battle Creek, Mich., became the subject of a malarious affliction, and an inflammation in her eyes, which caused blindness for nearly three and a half years. She was here with me in my northern home much of this time, having been put in care of the conductors while coming and going three times over the road, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, in this helpless condition.

I was barely able to wait upon her, having to do mostly by the sense of feeling myself owing to the limited use of my eyes. She was converted and wholly consecrated to God during this time, and the Lord revealed to

her that the time was coming when he would open her eyes. As the appointed time drew near (some nine months after), she felt a pressing desire to return home, not knowing what was before her. She returned as before stated, and a few weeks later I received a postal card in her own handwriting, saying, "I am healed." The glad and surprising news quite overcame me. Could it be possible that my dear afflicted sister's eyes were open again, and that she could look upon our faces once more, and out upon this beautiful world? Yes, it was even so, and a few days later, in came a long letter with full particulars. Of course, I had to submit both card and letter to another hand to read to me because of my own affliction, and it seemed far more weighty than ever when I then realized (in a measure) what it must be to be set free.

Up to this time I had been a half-way invalid fifteen years, and it was nearly ten years

since I had had the natural use of my eyes. I reflected much on the loving-kindness of the Lord, that he was no respecter of persons, and he must know if ever a mortal under the sun needed to be healed it was myself, because of circumstances in my domestic relations. Three months later found me in southern Michigan at the same place, among the same people, having gone there on purpose to be healed. About a dozen happy saints assembled at an appointed place one morning where we were to wait upon God with fasting and prayer in my behalf. Satan came also, being represented in a crooked, perverse man, whose oppressive influence hindered the work until the latter part of the day. It was a time to be remembered, however, for the power of the Highest was with us, the Holy Ghost leading in such forms of worship as were conducive to bring victory at last.

Owing to the limited use of my eyes, I had

been obliged to rest the whole body, insomuch that the other afflicted parts were in a dormant state. I had fancied with the recovery of my eyes I would feel quite well. For this reason (and through God's permitting providence for a purpose) I did not say a word about any further need than for my eyes while with the saints.

I did not know anything of the way of (healing) faith, but I sought to get so close to the Master that I might but touch his garment and receive virtue thereby.

As the latter part of the afternoon wore on, I became so anxious and so persistent before the Lord that a holy desperation took hold of me, and I wrecklessly (as it were) reached for a fine print Bible which was lying near me, and I gazed upon its pages while I read two chapters of the Psalms, knowing full well that only for divine intercession the re-

sult would be awful. Thank God, my venture upon his promises proved to be his opportunity to show his faithfulness according to his word, for my eyes were healed. I returned to my home, and undertook the duties of the same, but I soon found that anything like ordinary labor stirred the old chronic diseases, and I was bound as if with fetters of iron. I undertook again and again only to find myself utterly undone, and filled with disappointment and sorrow of heart. I enjoyed the use of my eyes—the privilege of reading, but when my body was taxed beyond its ability then my eyes would sympathize for the time being. What could I do? I was two hundred and fifty miles away from any of my acquaintances who had a living faith for divine healing: I had prayed again and again the best I knew how. Sometimes I felt quite sure that my faith had prevailed, when the aches,

or pains, or weakness would come again, and I would think, "Surely I am not healed or I would not feel so."

Six weeks had passed away, when again I became very persistent before the Lord. It seemed that I could not endure such a life any longer. I knew the mighty God had the same power that he ever had, and why need I be hindered from receiving the benefits he had promised to his children. I at once purposed within myself that the next day should be a day of fasting and waiting upon God for an understanding as to what was in the way. I would do just as the saints did when my eyes were healed, and I believed in some way or other the Lord would deliver me. Accordingly, the next day, after my most needed duties were attended to, I took my Bible and sat down to read, supposing the Lord would give me an understanding through his word, but

I did not find anything that applied to my case. Then I thought, "Surely it must come through something else."

A new GOSPEL TRUMPET was lying on the table. I reached for it, and my eyes first rested upon a testimony from a sister who had been afflicted in the same way—only worse—not being able to sit up for three years. She said, "When the prayer of faith was offered for me, I had been in great pain all day, and during and after the hour of prayer I was still in pain, but according to God's word I was healed. His word could not fail, though my feelings might deceive me. I rose up in God-given faith and walked two or three blocks, and as I walked the pain left me. I had to believe that I was healed, and act out that faith, and then God let me feel the healing in my body.

"We must firmly believe it before we see it

or we are walking by sight and not by faith. I felt quite bad during the night. Many doubts came to me, and I had to cry to the Lord continually to deliver me from them. If I had given up when my faith was tried all would have been lost, but I clung to God's promise. I sat up more and more each day, and the third day I went to church. I know the disease left me that night, and my strength came as rapidly as I could claim it by faith. We must not ask God to heal us or give us strength and then sit and wait to feel the strength, but get up and act as if we had that which we asked for. I had many severe trials of my faith but the Lord was sufficient for me.

"At one time I suffered a great deal and did not seem to gain any. I cried unto the Lord to help me and show me what stood in the way of my improvement. The Lord showed me

that the pain was not from disease, but was a trial of my faith. So I did not lie down when it came on, and as I continued to believe the pain left me. The Lord also showed me that I ought not to get tired, that I had asked for strength and according to his word he had given it to me. I had only to believe that I had it. So I sat up all the time and worked, paying no attention to the feeling of weariness, and it left me while at work.

"Faith is the gift of God. Ask him to increase your faith continually. The ten lepers came to Christ for healing, and he told them to go and show themselves to the priests. This was to obtain a certificate from them that they were healed. We naturally would have said, 'Heal us first, and then we will go. What use is there in going now when we see the leprosy all over us?' But they started to go, and as they went were healed.

“Do not be guided by your feelings, but believe God’s word in spite of everything; believe that you are healed at the time you pray for it, not that you will be. If you put it in the future it will stay in the future. You may feel pain or weakness, but it is not the old weakness and disease. It will leave when your faith lifts you above your feelings. There will be many things that you will not understand at first, but God will give you light if you ask him.”

If an angel had been sent down from heaven to talk to me he could not have given me a plainer understanding. I read the article twice over, then I fell upon my knees with the paper in one hand, and said, “Now, Lord, I ask you to touch this body with your healing power and make it every whit whole. I claim an answer to my petition on the authority of your word. I am healed.”

I arose with no other evidence than his

word. That was enough. I started for the kitchen with a quickened step and a vigorous nerve. I undertook what I had not dared to do before, and my strength increased from day to day. I expected to be tested and tried as this sister had been, but I soared along in my happy freedom for nearly two months.

One evening as I was preparing a testimony of my healing for publication, suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my head. In an instant I thought, “That feels natural,” for I had suffered much formerly with congestion of the brain. I looked up and said, “Father, I am healed; test me and try me all I have need, but give me strength to proceed with my work.” Shortly another and another pain came, first on one side and then on the other. I continued my work just the same and it all passed away, leaving me to glory in the trial and the lesson I had learned.

Again, several weeks after, I was writing

a long letter to Sister Emma. Suddenly I felt a pain in my right eye. I was reminded at once that a trial was at hand. I looked up and said, "Father, I am healed; try me all I need, but give me strength to write." I continued just the same (giving no place to the temptation) till it was time to get supper, after which (as it had grown dark) I lighted a lamp and was about to resume my writing, when something said, "It would be very presumptuous for one to try to write by lamp light with such pains in the eyes as yours have had." I looked up again and said, "Father, I am healed; give me strength to endure this trial."

I finished my letter and retired for the night, during which I felt a pain once or twice, and on rising in the morning a tear flowed down my face from my right eye which would indicate extreme weakness. I cast the

care of it wholly upon the Lord—went about my work as though nothing had happened, and before the close of the day it came to my mind, "Why, what about that temptation?" for I had been so absorbed in various matters that I had forgotten all about it, and that was the end of the trial.

At the time of my general healing my faith was centered especially upon the original disease, supposing that all consequent effects would be included. But God (who worketh all things according to the purposes of his own will) permitted one feature of infirmity to remain—constipation of the bowels—which, however, had become a second nature, inso-much that I did not think of it so as to be at all concerned until a long time after. Sister Emma had come to spend the summer with me. From a child of nine years she had suffered much from this same infirmity. When

she was so miraculously healed of blindness; she passed through the entire meeting of ten days without an action in that way. Her condition had become more and more serious, and the crisis came at last. The forces of nature were exhausted; it seemed that an inflammation would set in and take her away very soon. I, too, was nearing the same condition.

It was a solemn time with us. I said to her, "Emma, you must die unless the Lord delivers speedily," for as yet we had no leading from the Lord. The next morning, as she was sitting on the front porch, and looking down the street, to her great surprise she saw Bro. E. E. Byrum coming. She said, "As soon as I saw him, I felt within myself there was help coming." He had never been in this part of the country before, and he was the last person we had reason to expect to see.

He came in looking a little bewildered, and after a joyful greeting he remarked, "I don't know what I am here for. Shortly after I took the train at Grand Junction, on my way to the grove-meeting at C. L., something said to me, 'Go on from there to Bay View,' and here I am." Like Mary, of whom we read, I pondered these things in my heart, but I said nothing. He went out for an hour or so to look around the place while I was busily engaged preparing the dinner.

When all was over we came together for a talk. I then rehearsed (from Emma's youth up) how she had suffered from this affliction, and of the extremity of her condition at that time, and of my own case also. I said, "Now, Bro. Byrum, from the fact that she has had special prayer and the laying on of hands more than once expecting to be healed, I want you to go alone before the Lord and inquire

of him if it is his will to heal her now." He stepped into an adjoining room and we sat in silence, waiting to hear the word. Coming out shortly, he said, "All I can get from the Lord is, 'These signs shall follow them that believe.' " An inspiration of faith stirred our hearts at once. Advancing to her he anointed her head with oil. We laid on hands. He offered a simple petition, and with Holy Ghost authority said, "Emma, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." Immediately she arose and walked about the room praising the Lord. Then I was anointed likewise, and the presence of God filled the room confirming the work wrought. Bro. Byrum returned that evening, and, like the prophet of old, went on his way rejoicing.

The life of faith is a life of development. For every work wrought in either soul or body we shall be tried like Abraham to prove

our confidence in God's word, and whether or not we will shrink or distrust him. We are to be "a tried people," and every trial will develop an increase of faith, and a better understanding of the devices of Satan, whom we are to resist steadfast unto the end. "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

The reader will remember my first experience when my eyes were healed. That was eighteen years ago. How my faith was tested and tried when writing a letter to my sister; and how the pains came in my right eye. The right eye had been much the weaker of the two during the years of my affliction. The devil always aims at what has been the weakest point, and (for a purpose) he was per-

mitted to touch that right eye; but it simply worked out a blessed lesson for me. There have been times (at long intervals) that the devil has thrown his cruel darts upon that right eye; but the Lord has made every such experience to work for good in some way.

One time I went quite a distance to where the saints were holding a meeting. My right eye had become so pained (and the other weakened in sympathy) that I was barely able to travel alone; but with the united "prayer of faith," I was instantly set free, and the Lord was glorified. Again, in the course of time, in a similar condition, I could scarcely keep the walk when going to ask a sister to pray with me, but I was instantly delivered as before. I have been healed many times when alone of various afflictions, but in this matter I seemed to need special help.

At another time, in later years, when hav-

ing an oculist to test my eyes to fit them with glasses, I expected that he would tell me that the right eye was the weaker of the two, and that it would need a stronger glass (as I was feeling pains in that right eye now and then, and I knew there was another trial near at hand). To my surprise he remarked, "Your eyes are both alike and need the same strength of glass for each." This set me to thinking. On returning home, I thanked the Lord for an understanding. Then I turned upon the devil and gave him such an all-sufficient rebuking that he fled and left me to claim my freedom which I enjoyed for a long time.

Something over a year ago, again, I began to be limited in that right eye. This time the trial came on very gradually. I seldom noticed it, only when reading. Being occupied the greater part of my time in various ways, month after month passed by till

the fall and winter season came on with the long evenings, and the special opportunity for reading and study. I then realized, however, that I could only read a little while until that right eye would ache so I had to close my eyes and rest them. Sometimes I would look up and beg of the Lord to strengthen that eye so I could read his precious word, or the GOSPEL TRUMPET. He would answer my request by enabling me to read an article or so, but there was no freedom.

For long I was impressed that I should be redeeming the time. He had promised to supply our every need, and I should look to him at once and give him no rest until his word was fulfilled in my case. Accordingly, I set to work in a business-like way. I began the next day with fasting. I gave myself to much prayer and meditation. During the afternoon the Holy Spirit gave me this scrip-

ture very forcibly: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

He showed me that these afflictions are expressions of the devil's violence thrust upon the children of God, and that we should become so possessed of a holy violence as to assert our rights, and take (the benefits of) the kingdom of God by force. I began at once to pray God to fill my heart with a holy violence. Again and again I prayed for an infilling of holy violence. Toward the close of the day I felt assured that "all things are now ready." I gave the devil an everlasting rebuke with all the violence the Lord had wrought within me, and claimed my freedom in the name of Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and honor and praise henceforth and forever. Amen. I am enjoying the unlimited use of

my eyes. I am free, yes, free indeed, and the devil is a conquered foe.

For a little while after I felt a slight ache pass over that right eye at times, but it had no force whatever. I was instantly reminded that that eye was healed just the same as the other; that eye was just as strong as the other, and that eye must do just as much work

as the other, and shortly the temptation or trial vanished away like a vapor.

In conclusion this thought comes very forcibly to my mind: These things have happened for ensamples, that he that runneth may read, and more readily discern the points of attack, and how to deal with them while traveling on the King's highway.



“THEN THE EYES OF THE BLIND SHALL BE OPENED.”

THAT the day of healing and miracles is past is a very common expression in these last days. Even those who profess to be followers of Him whom the apostles said is “the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever,” declare that the prophecies concerning healing were fulfilled during the beginning of the Christian era and the promises are no longer fulfilled. Regardless of faithless professors and doubtful minds, and those who abound in unbelief, God is faithful, and will fulfil his promises to his faithful children who believe his word and act upon the same doubting nothing. He will, as he did with Heze-

kiah of old, see their tears and hear their cries, and extend his mercy unto them and heal them, for his mercy endureth forever. Among the thousands who have believed and received the healing touch by the power of God in answer to prayer is Emma Miller, who was healed of blindness in June, 1883. She has since been married to P. G. Elwood, and resides at Battle Creek, Mich. She relates the circumstance as follows:

“With praise and thanksgiving to God Almighty, I write the following: I had been an invalid for nearly three years. My eyes soon became so weak and sensitive to the light



LUCY M. LEWIS, LANSING, MICH.



EMMA (MILLER) ELWOOD, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

that I was helpless, and had to be led about wherever I went. I had not read a line in three years, lacking one month.

"Nine months previous to my healing I was converted to God. Two days after my conversion I was forcibly impressed that I would be healed. I did not know when or where, but I knew the work would be done.

"In the month of June, 1883 I received an invitation to attend the annual camp-meeting at Bangor, Mich. I went to my room and inquired earnestly of the Lord if it was his will for me to go, and if that was the place where he would be pleased to heal me. Suddenly a brilliant light, like a flame of fire, encircled me, and the Lord assured me that I would be healed at that meeting. I told my friends what the Lord had showed me, and on making ready to go, requested them to provide me with paper and envelopes, telling them that when healed I would write to them.

"Continued prayer was offered in my behalf, and the laying on of hands. On the fourth morning of the meeting I was impressed that I would be healed that day. The same illumination was repeated, and I was filled with the glory of God. Heavenly breezes passed over me from time to time, until about five o'clock in the afternoon while seated with the congregation, on the platform where I had been requested to sit that all might see, suddenly my eyes were opened, and I gazed upon the audience, praising the Lord, to whom be glory forevermore. The people stood in amazement, some shouting, some trembling and crying. Many believed unto salvation when they saw the miracle. The loud shouts of the saints were heard over two miles.

"After we had praised God for an hour or more, I went out into the bright sunlight without any unpleasant sensation, the first

time for nearly three years; also wrote two postals. Glory to God forever and ever!

"My eyes were very much inflamed and granulated, but when the work was done the inflamed and granulated condition left them, and they cleared away perfectly natural. They are bright and strong. I enjoy the unlimited use of them each day. I acknowledge the hand of a wise providence in my affliction, and thank God for it, for by this means he brought me unto himself.

"Before I was afflicted I was one of the most worldly, but now I am absorbed in divine things. Jesus is all and in all to me. It is like another world, both spiritually and physically. Glory to his name forever and ever! I will praise him while I live.

"About one year afterward my faith was severely tested. Within a short time my eyelids became badly inflamed, and were very

weak and sensitive, getting worse each day. I did not know what to do. While in this condition, a sister who had passed through a similar experience, came to see me, and soon assured me that it was only a trial of faith. We knelt together in prayer, and asked the Lord to give me faith and strength to endure the trial, and when I had been tested sufficiently, to remove every symptom of disease. We claimed perfect victory, and I at once began my usual labor, and resumed my reading, which I had laid by for three days. As I ventured upon God and his promises, new strength was given, and my eyes were fully restored in every respect. I have had similar experiences in other forms of affliction, and have always found him faithful to his word. From a sister saved by power divine,

EMMA MILLER ELWOOD."

Battle Creek, Mich.

CORROBORATING TESTIMONY.

In corroboration of the foregoing testimony we have a letter written from Bangor, Mich., June 26, 1883 to the Editor of the GOSPEL TRUMPET, by a brother who was present. This letter was published in August of the same year. In describing the work done at the camp-meeting, he says, "Most who came and heard the word were astonished and believed. More especially because of the miracles of healing which the Lord wrought before our eyes. A sister, whom the Lord healed last year, brought Sister Emma Miller, of Battle Creek, Mich. She, knowing what the Lord had done for the sister, was persuaded that the Lord would heal her also. She had been blind three years, not being able to open her eyelids; caused by general prostration. Her case had baffled all the physicians who had ex-

amined her; none could help her. She came to the meeting to have her eyes opened, and glory to God! she went away seeing. We laid hands on and prayed for her, but there was no change. We kept on trusting God until Tuesday morning, June 19, when the burden came on me, so that I lay on my face during a long time. The wonderful power of God came upon me. I arose in agony of spirit, but was again prostrated, after which I soon received the witness that she would be healed that day. I told the sister to so announce the fact to her, and tell her to be prepared to receive the Lord, and witness his miraculous power. The forenoon passed, the meeting closed. After noon I went to their tent and prayed, laying hands on her. The Lord opened her eyes four times. I told her she must keep them open. She said she would by the help of the Lord. We then went



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into the tabernacle, and I delivered a discourse on God's promises respecting healing. We then had altar services, and at about half past five o'clock the Lord finished the work in the presence of saints and sinners, her eyes being fully opened and made perfectly sound. Wicked men who had watched her from the beginning, some of whom had also opposed and reviled us, now believed, wept, and praised God. The loud shouts of the saints were kept up for a long time, there being many present. She stood upon a bench praising God, while some helped her to keep her position midst the surging crowd, all being eager to reach and see her."

Jesus Christ is the same loving Savior, and is ever ready and willing to help all who will come unto him. The following poem by Bro. J. W. Byers has been a help to many dear souls, enabling them to grasp the promises

given in the word of God for the healing of their bodies.

HE IS JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

Have you ever heard of Jesus,
How he came from heaven to earth,
With a name of mighty virtue,
Though by very humble birth?
When the world was held in bondage
Under Satan's dismal sway,
Jesus healed their dread diseases—
He is just the same to-day.

Do you see the people gather
Round that great and holy man,
Bringing all the sick and suffering,
Coming to him all who can?
See him look with great compassion,
As they fainted by the way;
How he called them gently to him!
He is just the same to-day.



JAS. BAMFORD, WOODBURN, CRE.

J. L. GREEN, MILTON, ORE.

See him touch the trembling leper.

Hear the words, "I will," "Be clean";

See the suffering one with fever

Rise and go about again;

See the palsied man rejoicing,

Take his bed and walk away.

What a wondrous man was Jesus!

He is just the same to-day.

Do you hear the blind man calling,

Crying out with all his might,

In his sorrow plead for mercy,

Son of David, give me sight?

Jesus stopped and called the beggar,

"'Tis by faith," I hear him say,

And he healed him in a moment—

He is just the same to-day.

As he went up to the city,

See him at Bethesda's pool,

With the man so long in bondage,

Asking if he would be whole.

Instantly the Savior heals him:

"Sin no more," I hear him say.

This he says to every sufferer:

"Rise!" He's just the same to-day.

See the woman, weak and fainting,

Pressing through the restless throng:

See, she only touched his garment,

And her sore disease was gone.

See, another bound by Satan,

Eighteen years, I hear them say;

Jesus touches her, she straightens—

He is just the same to-day.

Thus he went about his mission,

Healing lame, and blind, and dumb,

Casting out all evil spirits,

Saying to the weak, Be strong.

Then he died on cruel Calvary,

Sin and death to put away;

But the tomb could not retain him—

He's our living Christ to-day.



ANNIE SHIPLEY, MIDWAY, KAN.



E. A. REARDON, CHICAGO, ILL.

Jesus died that he might ransom
Every one from Satan's thrall,
But he rose a mighty conqueror,
Offering life and health to all.
Up to heaven he ascended,
Sent the Spirit back to stay.
Dwelling in his holy people,
He is just the same to-day.

See him now with John and Peter,
And the lame man as he lay,
Who was healed through faith in Jesus;
He is just the same to-day
As he was to his disciples,
If we but believe as they,
He is not an absent Savior;
Brother, he is here to-day.

Oh, that precious, loving Jesus,
His compassion still the same
T'ward poor sinful, suffering mortals
Who seek refuge in his name.

Hear the blessed invitation,
Whosoever will come, may,
And receive his healing favor;
For he's just the same to-day.

Is it true that every sickness
May be laid at Jesus' feet,
All my trouble, care, and sorrow,
And I rest in joy complete?
Yes! my brother, every sadness,
If by faith to him you pray,
He'll remove, with tender mercy;
For he's just the same to-day.

Just the same to-day, my brother;
Saving, healing, cleansing all.
Ready, willing, calling, cheering,
All who seek him, great and small.
Come to him, poor weary sufferer,
Not a moment more delay,
He will give you boundless blessings:
For he's just the same to-day.

J. W. B.



THE MOUND, MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

ANCIENT MOUND AT MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

MANY people from a distance often wonder and enquire why Moundsville was so named. It received it from the large mound which stands near the center of the city, about one-half mile from the banks of the Ohio river. There are several of these mounds in the Ohio valley, and a description of this one may be of interest to many. The following description is from "History and Government of West Virginia."

"This mound is one of the greatest pre-historic monuments in America. It is two hundred and forty-five feet in diameter at the base; seventy-nine in height, with apex flat and fifty feet in diameter. The first white

man who saw it, so far as known, was Joseph Tomlinson, who built his cabin near it in 1770. Soon after, while hunting, he came upon a strange-looking hill rising abruptly from the level plain. Proceeding to his cabin, he returned with his wife, and the two made the ascent, where they stood upon the summit—the first English-speaking people on the top of this, one of the greatest mounds on the continent. From that day to this it has stood the wonder of all beholders, and such, if not destroyed by the hand of man, it will continue to be through centuries to come. The mound was opened in 1838, a tunnel ten feet wide and seven high being made along the

natural surface to the center (a distance of one hundred and eleven feet) to a vault. Then a shaft was sunk from the apex to connect with the tunnel. Two large vaults were discovered which contained human skeletons, copper rings, bracelets, plates of mica, ivory beads and ornaments. Within two feet of one of the skeletons was found the Inscribed Stone.

“This stone was found in the Mammoth Mound in 1838. The inscription is in unknown characters, resembling those used by the Scandinavian priests before the introduction of the Roman alphabet. It has never been deciphered, and nothing like it has ever been found in America. It has attracted more attention from scientists and antiquarians at home and abroad than any other relic found in the United States. The characters are now conceded to be of European origin, and, if this be true, then there is evidence that

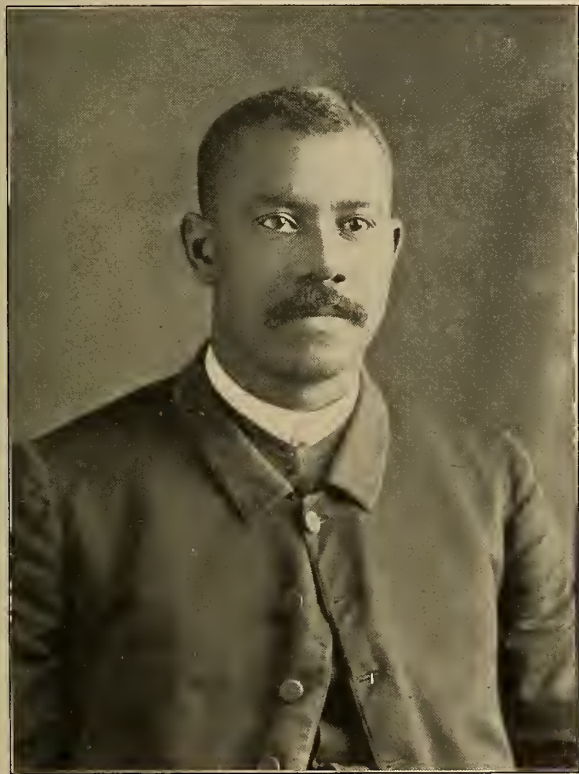
Europeans visited this continent before the coming of Columbus. But who were they? No reply can be made beyond the fact that they were of those acquainted with some ancient alphabet known and used along the coast and among the islands of the European continent. Powell, the antiquarian, says: “Four of the characters correspond to the ancient Greek, four to the Etruscan, five to the Norse, six to the Gaelic, seven to the old Erse, and ten to the Phœnician.” Certain it is that these characters were those of the ancient rock alphabet consisting of right and acute angled strokes used by the Pelasgi and other early Mediterranean people, and which is the parent of the modern Runic, as well as of the Bardic. How came this stone to be in a West Virginia mound is a question which scientists and antiquarians will continue to ask, but one which will never be answered.”

THE CASE OF STATE HENRY.

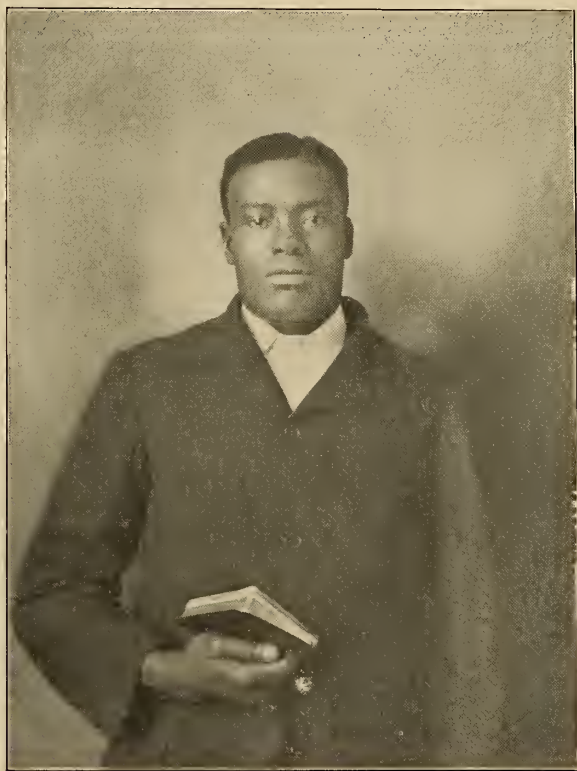
There is no prisoner now confined behind the dark, gloomy walls of the penitentiary of West Virginia who has attracted more attention than State Henry. His name has become very familiar to the readers of the GOSPEL TRUMPET, and many prayers have been offered to God in his behalf. In the state of North Carolina lives a devoted wife, longing and praying that the life of her husband may be spared. The picture of his little babe, his only child, whom he has never seen, adorns the wall of his prison-cell. The circumstances which placed this man behind the prison-bars are as follows:

About the twentieth of October, 1900, a man by the name of John Richardson was mur-

dered near the Short Line railroad in Wetzell County, W. Va. There was a large number of both white and colored men from different states at work there, many of them living in shacks, and the district was almost a lawless one. Quarrels and disputes were settled with bowie and pistol; murders were frequent. The circumstances of the murder in question were veiled with mystery. There was no direct clue that would lead to the disclosure of the guilty person. Several men were seen with him that night, as was usually the case. He lived in one of the apartments of the same shack with State Henry and others, but was found murdered in a field quite a distance from the place. State Henry was arrested,



R. J. SMITH, CHARLESTON, S. C.



STATE HENRY.

Under sentence of death in West Virginia [State Prison.

and upon circumstantial evidence was charged with the guilt, and sent to the State Penitentiary at Moundsville, June 17, 1901, where he was to be executed September 27, 1901, by hanging from the gallows. An appeal was made to the Supreme Court for a new trial and the execution did not take place. The Supreme Court, however, sustained the verdict of the Circuit Court, and his only hope is leniency on the part of the Governor and Board of Pardon.

In the meantime he has been kept in prison. There is something of unusual interest in this case. During his stay in the jail in Wetzell County a brother and sister visiting the prisoners gave him the book, "Secret of Salvation," which awakened in him a special interest concerning his soul. Soon after his arrival at the Moundsville prison, some one else gave him another copy of the book. These books,

he said, led him to seek the Lord, whom he found to be a perfect Savior from all his sins. Since his conversion he has been very active, both in prayer and exhortation with his fellow prisoners, and by his holy life he has gained the confidence and highest respect of the guards and prison officials. His labors are being crowned with the salvation of souls.

After his conversion, he, with others, began to pray the Lord to bring to light the mysteries of this case. On December 12, 1901, a man by the name of Wm. Allen was executed at Uniontown, Pa., for the murder of a man in that state. The day before his execution he confessed to the prison guards and others that he had murdered two other men, one in West Virginia, for which an innocent man was suffering the penalty in the penitentiary at Moundsville. He said he would make full confession on the scaffold and reveal the names

of all the parties. At the time of execution the sheriff utterly refused him permission to make any public confession, thus leaving the matter still veiled in mystery. When these proceedings were published it was agitated through the newspapers in various states, and the case became quite a noted one. A brother who had become interested in his case, visited Uniontown, Pa., to make investigation. Depositions were taken of the death watch, or prison guard, of Wm. Allen, also of the news reporter and others who heard the confession. A photograph of the executed man (Allen) was obtained and taken to the Moundsville prison, where it was immediately recognized by State Henry and three others, as being the same Wm. Allen who worked with them on the Short Line railroad in Wetzell County, and whom they saw there the night of the murder of John Richardson.

The following is taken from a clipping of the Moundsville Daily Echo of April 1, 1902:

STATE HENRY WILL HANG.

“By a ruling of the Supreme Court, the verdict of the Wetzell Circuit Court in State Henry’s case holds good and Henry will pay the penalty for the crime of murder on the gallows.”

The following poems fully express the divine work that has been wrought in the heart of the man:

Warden’s Wife—

“Kind warden, name that stalwart colored man;
His tender eyes seem clear with holy light;
And as I heard him sing, my heart began
Recalling mother dear and heaven bright.”

Warden—

“State Henry is his name, and he must die
Upon the prison-scaffold’s shameful height,
To pay the penalty of those who lie
In wait for blood, and murder in the night.”

Wife—

“Oh, tell me not he’s guilty of the crime!
For oft I’ve heard him praising Jesus’ name
To groups of shackled men, whose tedious time
Was turned to pleasure when he ’mong them came.”

Warden—

“Condemned to die he is, but, madam dear,
I will not say he’s guilty of the deed,
For he declares he’s innocent and clear;
But die he must, for thus the court decreed.”

Wife—

“‘He prospers not who covers up his sin,’
And surely Christ has blessed that joyous heart;
If he were guilty he could not thus win
The grace of God, and find life’s better part.”

Warden—

“’Tis strange indeed, and gladly would I see
His days prolonged if it were mine to say;
For in this great wide world, it seems to me,
There’s room for him, to labor, love and pray.”

ROBT. ROTHMAN.

NOT COMFORTLESS.

Am I sad, oh, am I lonely,
Here behind these prison-bars?
Am I by my friends forsaken?
Are there none but dreary hours?

No: I am not sad or lonely;
Christ I’ve found to be my friend;
He has borne my griefs and sorrows,
He’ll be with me to the end.

God is able yet to free me;
I can say, “Thy will be done;”
If I die upon the scaffold,
He will take my spirit home.

If he grants me yet my pardon,
He shall have my lasting praise;
And most faithfully I’ll serve him
The remainder of my days.

N. H. BYRUM.

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