

## A NOTABLE CONVERT

During my talks with different members of the House of Prayer, I heard frequently mentioned a certain Mr. T., a white man who worked for the New Haven and Hartford, who had become a member of their group. Mr. T. clearly commanded great respect in their eyes and they looked upon his conversion as a notable event. One of the members of the House of Prayer finally gave me a neatly printed booklet of 29 pages entitled "My Baptism", which contained a very interesting account by Mr. T. of his dealings with the House of Prayer and of the religious experience thru which he had passed. This account has seemed worth giving at some length.

### MY BAPTISM

Being a microscopic description of how I came into a new experience, lacking which, the Christian walks in semi-darkness and with but half joy.

To the glory of God I wish to relate my experience from September 19, 1920 to March 2, 1921 at 2 A.M. - that the leading of the divine may be made manifest; the reality of the heavenly blessing magnified, and that an added testimony of truth be added to the veracity of the word of God.

On the Sabbath of September 19, 1920 I visited my boy, who marrying, had left our home, moving to Springfield Street, Boston.

Reaching there about 6 P.M., having remained about an hour and a quarter, and being a Christian of long standing, as my custom was, I sought a place of worship.

My steps were directed to a large stone church on Tremont Street nearby. The church had a glowing bulletin board, a mammoth auditorium in which were gathered a few faithful elderly people. Aside from the very sprightly and correct usher, it seemed to me the church had gone to seed. The minister spoke for half an hour, but as for me he might as well have shaken out a bag of saw-dust.

At the conclusion of this service I attended a meeting of the Hope Mission on Massachusetts Avenue led by Mr. Fraser of Dorchester. He said more in two minutes than the stine church Reverend had said in half an hour. The testimony that followed was warm and sweet. I came there on the following evening.

The next Sabbath evening after my usual visit, I started for the same place, but hearing the sound of music toward the city on Shawmut Avenue and attracted, I found that it was a group of Salvation Army people, praising God at the corner of Shawmut Avenue and Brookline Street.

I had noticed on the way a little procession of white and colored persons who passed on the other side bearing placards on poles inscribed with scripture and mottoes. One I noticed read "Jesus Only". (Here follows a description of a visit to a "pop-corn meeting" at the Dover Street Mission.) The next Sabbath I felt moved to seek the meeting which the people with the placards announced as now going on at 522 Shawmut Avenue. I found the place, but on going in decided on account of the crowded condition to go elsewhere, for I had passed another meeting on my way up.

On reaching the place which was at the corner of Shawmut Avenue and Northampton Street and entitled on the glass "The House of Prayer", I found them singing to the rattling of tambourines and the clapping of hands. I looked in between the painted glass and the curtains and saw a room half filled with colored people who were plainly in a high state of enthusiasm and religious exhilaration. It came to me that this must be the place that Sister Stewart had said that she attended, so I opened the door and went in.

A fine looking white man was on the platform and a very black one was sitting in front of the pulpit. All seemed to be having a good time. The song which they were singing had for a refrain "Jesus is my all in all". Over and over again they sang it and their faces shone with evident delight and loyalty to the blessed affirmation.

At the close of the song, the leader (the very black but comely man on the platform) asked if there were any "requesties" for prayer. Almost every one present desired something of the Lord, which of course was as it should be, and very refreshing. The black leader asked every one to come forward and those who could not get to the altar to "kneel where you are, and if you can't kneel because of physical trouble, come and be healed, an' the only doctor we have here is Doctor Amen and God Bless".

They came forward at once, some twenty of them, and kneeled about the altar, and then began the strangest prayer that I had ever experienced. Some one began singing that sweet old song, "Savior lead me lest I stray"; others joined and it was wonderful. The song seemed finally to dissolve into a prayer of many voices, mingled with groans, moans, shouts and cryings, and the fantastic musical wail so peculiar to the colored race. This prayer lasted for about twenty minutes and was brought to a close by an ardent invocation from the black man on the platform. When they rose their faces beamed with joy and before they were seated some one started singing the 15th Psalm, "Who shall abide in Thy Tabernacle, He that walketh uprightly and speaketh the truth in his heart, He that backbiteth not with his tongue shall dwell in Thy Holy Hill". It was begun by a voice a bit out of tune, but taken up by the others it soon improved in form and tone, and with the staccatto of clapping hands and the even tinkling of the tambourines, became rythmically irresistible. Again and again they sang it with swaying bodies and beating feet, gaining in power amid the shouts of glory. Suddenly a woman on my right shouted "Praise Him, Praise Him", and jumping up began to dance, seemingly without thought of any one's opinion as to the propriety of the act. I was convinced that she was in the grip of some outside power, for she was of such ample proportion physically as to preclude such exhibition under normal conditions. One after another joined her until a dozen were on the floor singing and dancing and the place rocked with their joy. Some had their eyes closed, others had them open but all seemed filled with the same radiant delight. For ten minutes they praised God in this way, even as the Psalmist suggested "with timbrel and dance".

Then came the testimony, and there was no waiting.

The first to speak was a young colored woman who said, "I want to praise God for His wonderful way with me. I used to be in the world and loved to dance and play cards and go to the theatre and such like, but praise God, He has changed my life--Glory to Jesus--He saved my soul from hell thru the blood of the cross, and not only that, but he healed my body. I followed the world and its pleasures so hard that I was taken sick. The doctors said one of my lungs was gone and that my case was hopeless--but Glory to God--I took my case to Jesus and He healed me. Another time I was crippled completely by rheumatism, so bad that my husband had to carry me to the mission. I was a mere skeleton, but praise God I was anointed in the name of the Lord, and Glory to Jesus, I was healed--Hallelujah--Praise Him, He certainly can put flesh on the bones". And she surely looked it.

Well, one by one they testified to a knowledge of a walk with God, and I was convinced that however strange the conduct of the meeting might be, I was safe with a people that in prayer, praise and testimony gave the highest honor to the Savior.

I noticed that almost all either began their testimony with, or included in it this affirmation, that they were "saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire", and they declared it with such certainty that I was impressed.

Praise God; from the first I felt wonderfully at home in that humble room. The voices seemed to ring true. Men of clearly little education (as the term goes) preached sermons that were marvels of pointed truth and convincing power, and sinners came forward during the preaching and knelt at the platform, calling upon God. The terrible condition of the modern church was held up and members warned of the false shepherds and of alliance with the world.

There was no program, no appointed time of closing. The leader declared, "This meeting never closes. Feel free to go home when you want to, but you can't put a clock on the Holy Ghost." God's business was to be done irrespective of time and often at eleven P.M. I have seen the people still coming in.

Testimony never lagged. One would rise while another was speaking so as to be sure of a place. The testimonies had a joy, a certainty, an enthusiasm that gripped the hearers. They radiated vitality and reality. Shallow minds might say "fanatic" but the thoughtful were convinced of the sincerity of their experience.

It was not long before I began to realize that I, a man of ready speech, who in the ordinary prayer-meeting rarely missed a personal testimony to the knowledge of salvation and sanctification thru the precious blood and to the blessed hope of the coming of the Lord; and who knew the healing touch of Jesus in his body; that I a former ring-leader in the sports of the modern church, but by His blessed grace called out from among them; that I who have for years rejoiced in what I supposed to be the summit of Christian experience--felt a distinct reluctance to present my testimony (italics his): a deacon in the Congregational Church, of extreme views, narrow (so-called) and a "crank" who publicly gloried in separation from the baptized worldlings of the modern church, whose mouth was stopped by the presence of these unlearned (so-called) men and women. For over a month I was silent--having a desire to speak but feeling unable to measure up to the common experience of those about me. Finally I found courage to speak of my relation to God and His Christ. The people were very kind. There were many "amens" and "Glory's" but they failed to set me at ease. I knew we were on the same road but that they were leagues and leagues ahead. Praise God how wonderfully He leads.

Well, week after week I attended these meetings, enjoyed them and came away convinced that the power of God was being shown to me in a new way.

Especially was the power shown among the younger women in their testimony. Their English was far from perfect, but their ready messages left nothing to be desired; sharp, powerful, vibrant with reality and true to the Word of God, they certainly surprised and refreshed one accustomed as I was to the dry, forced product of a Congregational prayer-meeting. Naturally enough, a quarter of a century of regular church attendance had brought me into hearing much testimony and many prayers, but never had I heard testimony so rich, sweet, and satisfying, and it is certain that I had never known the reality of prayer until I heard it in that place a soul pourout in an unknown tongue, his requests unto God with strong crying and tears.

The songs, like everything else, were unique. The music was in itself a monotony--the repetition of simple phrases--but the aptness and directness of the words relieved what in itself would have been tedious and gradually gave the whole a swing and rhythm that was contagious. These songs, charming in their directness, once heard could not be forgotten. They stated immediately the fundamental facts of Christian truth:

"Our God is just the same today."

"No use runnin' for you can't hide."

"Oh, the blood has signed my name."

"Things I used to do I don't do no more--there's a great change since I've been born."

"Nothin' in the world to go back for."

"There's a new name written down in glory."

"Fix your eyes on Jesus and shine, shine, shine."

"Stand still, stand steady and don't mind what Satan says."

"I'm a Holy Ghost witness for my Lord."

Well, praise God, the hymnology of these humble people was unique in its presentation of truth and appealed to me--so did the communion service.

It seemed to be the only real memorial service I had ever attended. It was simple but impressive. No one ever partook of the body and blood of the Lord in the House of Prayer in ignorance of the solemnity of the act.....God honored the service in special ways. I remember one Sabbath evening that a drunken man came in and was endeavoring to take a seat, when seemingly by unseen hands he was forced down the aisle against and out of the door. I have seen those who spoke against the movement, in meeting, silenced and driven out. I have seen men and women whose testimony was not approved by God, smitten to the floor as they spoke.

I have heard an ignorant colored woman (as the world counts wisdom) addressing the meeting, under the power of the Holy Ghost, break forth with the marvel of an unknown tongue--a tongue that the intelligent hearer could easily perceive was classic--altho I could not understand the utterance, I detected at once its Latin origin. When this demonstration ceased, the sister said, "Now you all know that wasn't me. I can't speak my own language right no how, much less a foreign one--that wasn't me, that was the Holy Ghost". That was as Brother Paul says, "a sign for unbelievers". Is there an interpreter here?" A sister rose and said, "I am not an interpreter, but I can speak the Spanish language and the sister spoke in that tongue. I cannot repeat it entire but the closing phrase--this is it" and with the same wonderful fluency she repeated it and then said, "which means, Glory to the precious name of Jesus". A brother in front of her then arose and said, "I speak both Portuguese and Spanish; the sister was right. It was Spanish." Well, Glory to God! Glory to God!

I have had a wide experience in choir work. The standard anthems are as familiar to me as the alphabet, and for this reason I believe the following was given specially for my benefit. One evening Sister Rollins, under the Power, was moved to song. The first two notes identified the song to me. It was a tenor solo with a choir accompaniment by Roberts, "Seek ye the Lord". I knew every note as I know my name. I waited for a false note but in vain. The sister sang it thru, once in an unknown tongue and once in English! Praise God!

Well, the attraction to that little place was such that from September 19, 1920 to February 20, 1921 my attendance on the Sabbath evening service was unbroken and, for the glory of God, because of my belief in the keeping of the Sabbath, this meant a walk of over three miles each week (for I had not ridden in a public conveyance on the Sabbath for 17 years).

February 20, 1921 brought with it the worst snowstorm of the season. At the time I started the snow was one foot and one-half deep. The wind was blowing a hurricane and it was bitterly cold.

When I reached the House of Prayer I found the people in a high state of exhilaration. They were, I learned, observing a day of fasting previous to a season of special meetings. They were certainly making a joyful noise unto the Lord, praising him with the timbrel and the dance. The men were embracing one another, laughing and weeping, and their joy seemed to know no bounds.

The senior elder at one time leaped upon the altar, kneeling and cried for the space of five minutes. "Jesus is here, How do I know it? I feel him in my heart." A little later as they were singing "Lord, send the latter rain" that same elder sat in my lap, put his arm about my neck and said, "Don't you want the latter rain brother?" Brother Rollins also embraced me weeping as if his heart would break. For two hours this holy joy went on and the elder then asked if any one wanted anything of God--salvation, sanctification or the baptism of the Holy Ghost. In answer to the latter I raised my hand as did also a colored brother on my left by the name of Thomas.

As custom directed, the names of those who asked a specific thing of the Lord were placed on the blackboard at the side of the room. Bro. R. asked if I wanted to have my name recorded. I said "Why not?" "Oh some do not care to have them there." "I am no coward," I replied. So Glory to God my name was written and I started home filled with the bupyanacy of spirit that always followed the House of Prayer meetings.

I did not attend any of the meetings of the week following; altho on Tuesday Bro. R. called up to tell me of the miracle of healing that God had wrought on his wife that day. Unable to move with rheumatism, anointed and prayed with by the saints she arose immediately and exclaimed in song, "Thank you, Jesus, for the healing blood." She attended the evening service. Bro. R. said "Better come in. The Spirit is moving." He said "Four forward, last night". But I had a Bible class and could not.

But the following Sabbath found me there at eight o'clock. The little room was crowded. I was beckoned forward and sat next to Brother Thomas. Requests for prayer were asked and I perfectly remember mine, "I desire your prayers that I may be baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire and that I may be a good witness for Jesus." Bro. Channer cried out, "Amen! All right Brother, you'll get it", and I wish to praise God for his assurance, the sound of which in his voice I shall never forget. So we went to prayer. The prayer session closed with a song which I cannot remember.

The first to testify was Brother Thomas at my left. His manner had changed. There was joy in his voice which had not been there before and this was the reason: "I want to tell you people" he said, "that I'm a different man--for last Friday night I was baptized by the Holy Ghost and fire and they say that I spoke with an unknown tongue, altho I did not know it. Praise God!! Well there certainly had been a transformation--and the reason was sufficient. He gave a long and gloriously strong testimony for the glory of God and I felt that he certainly had something which I did not possess. He told me when he was seated "My sister also was baptized Friday night--oh Brother Taylor, it is wonderful!"

I remember that a brother rose next and said, "I want to make a confession to you people that I swore and smoked one cigarette. I know God has forgiven me and I want you to."

Well the meeting went on--one of its special features being the working of the Spirit upon a young colored girl who I had not seen before. She rose and walked up and down the aisle and facing the altar she went from English into a foreign language smoothly as the flow of water and after a while (being in the Spirit) broke into a song most charming in the sweetest voice. The music is forgotten but the burden of it was, "Jesus is coming soon, coming soon. Are you ready?" Well, it was truly wonderful.

Bro. Roberts then spoke and gave the invitation to the three steps in God's holy plan: justification, sanctification and baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire. At the latter I went forward and knelt. The altar step was full. I was sure of one thing--that Brother Roberts, upon whose heart the Lord had evidently laid me, would soon be at my side--and it was so.

The counsel he gave me was this, "Praise Him, brother; praise Him, the Spirit will tell you what to say." I knew a good many expressions of praise and I went thru them all and finally my praise resolved itself into the one word "Glory". I must have repeated that blessed word a thousand times. I changed my position by kneeling erectly, Brother Rollins and Brother Roberts supporting my upraised hands.

Well, the glory went on until finally they told me I had better rise. It was 12:30. A sister on my right had been prostrated. Brother Channer told the seekers to return the following night. So we went home and, being Monday morning, I rode.

Next morning I woke and as regularly as the beating of a heart that word "Glory" was singing in my soul. I shaved and it was "glory--glory". Well, I felt good. My cup of joy overflowed, and I remember as I was leaving for work that I laughed hilariously as I left the house--and said to my wife: "If they phone from the office today and say that I've gone crazy just say "Praise the Lord" and that will explain the situation to them and to you."

Well it was wonderful. I could not go in that Monday--but the next evening I was there bringing my "glory" with me.

The place was full, but they found a place for me near the front.

Certainly it was a wonderful meeting. I remember that just as we went to prayer--a brother on my left started singing "Just as I am" and for ten minutes the blessed song spoke its way into that congregation--and the prayers: such earnestness, such vehemence, such pleading--well it passes describing.

When the praying ceased, Brother Channer rose and said, "I have never seen nothing like this since I was in Pentecost. We ain't got no program, no preacher, but the Lord sure run these meetings. Bless God's great name forever--any one want to speak--he preach--we just keep hands off. Amen! But bless God, people getting saved and filled just the same--I ain't got nothing to say--we just move as the Holy Ghost says. Amen!"

After a moment's silence the brother on my left rose, went to the center in front of the altar and began to talk. Well, I have heard men of many breeds and colors preach. I have listened to preachers with more elegant diction and wider vocabulary, but never since I was born have I heard a sermon with so much power. There was no text but there were hundreds of texts--he flayed the hypocrites--he lauded the saints--he lashed the apostate and pleaded with the sinners. He drove home the truth and clinched it with mighty blows. He exalted the Father, Son and Holy Ghost--he rebuked the false shepherds--plead for a unity in the faith and a walk in love. Truly it was like Peter at Pentecost. Rivers of water ran down his face--the flesh weakened and he sat down amid the shouts of the believers.

I remember that the Lord gave me liberty that night--and I clapped my hands to the music with the rest, and when I testified it was to praise God that I was going on--that I had glory in my soul and that there was progress.

After prayer, Sister Rollins sat on my right next to the platform, and when they began to respond to the altar call, she rose, folded her chair and stood it against the wall and I said, "Getting a place ready for me?" When she stepped aside I knelt and the praise began to flow. Brother Rollins was soon at my side. "Praise him, lose yourself in Him, Brother, let Him have His way." Well, the stream of "glory" went on for a while, perhaps an hour or more--then I raised myself to an upright kneeling position and held up my hands. Soon I found that I grew weak and unsteady (not from physical fatigue--for I felt strong in my body all the evening)--I felt myself swaying and heard some one say, "Let yourself go, brother". At the same time I felt the pressure of hands on my head and that I was irresistibly drawn backward. I fell backward across a brother who was kneeling beside me. I felt myself lifted from him and lying on my left side on the floor. My eyes were closed.

Then began a terrible battle--for Satan surely contended for me that night on the floor of the House of Prayer--for I thought that I was merely acting the part and was torn with the very thought of deceiving those dear people and figured how I could get out of it without offence to them or disgrace to myself. Well, if ever a man was in agony, it was I. Looking back on it now I know that the devil certainly knows his business and fights to defeat the purposes of God.

This soul torment was augmented as I heard them singing and praying about me; of a truth I was cut to the quick as I heard them say "Come just now, Lord, just now." "Baptize him, Lord, tonight." Let the latter rain fall." "Have your blessed way with him, Lord." "Let the blood prevail."

I felt myself shaking my head and trying to open my eyes, but the scales could not be broken--for like Saul I was blind, "Not seeing the sun for a season."

Altho sorely beset by this mental conflict, I could feel that there were movements in my body which I could not control. My legs and arms were from time to time drawn irresistably into the most uncomfortable positions.

The climax came when during this terrible conflict one of the saints began singing "There's something wrong, Lord, there's something wrong." And surely there was.

I tried to rise and-tell them--to speak and end it--to look them in the eyes and tell the truth, but I was powerless. But I was in the keeping of another power--praise God--the power of One who knoweth the weakness of our flesh and remembereth us with strength.

Praise God's great name forever--the prayers of the righteous prevailed that night; for the mental struggle ceased and Satan was defeated.

I remember that I lay face downward on the floor, my left hand beneath me. I have the habit of drumming with my right hand during family prayers on the chair seat. I began to do it then, moderately at the beginning, then faster and faster until the beats became unthinkably rapid. Then the movement of my hand changed. I struck my forehead with my open palm--slowly at first but increasing in force and rapidity until it seemed as if my head would be beaten in--and just at the point where seemingly I was killing myself a strange thing occurred--I lost consciousness; for how long I do not know, but this I do know, that in the interval the power of God possessed me entire; for upon regaining my understanding and feeling, I was flat on my back--my legs straight and my arms at 90 degrees with my body--even as Jesus was upon the cross--for, had I been nailed to that blessed floor I could have been no more powerless to move.

My eyes were still closed but a light was blinding them even thru closed lids and thru the white radiance there shot and leaped tongues of yellow fire apparently just above my head. After a little the flames died away and I was permitted to open my eyes. I imagined myself in another world--but as my vision returned, I saw the old rusty stove pipe and knew that I was in the House of Prayer; and as sight became normal, I saw that I was surrounded by shining black faces, lighted up as it were by the glory of God, and praising Him as only Spirit-baptized saints can.

I lay full under the electric light and dear Brother Rollins kindly held a book between to shade my eyes and I cried out, "Take it away, brother, I love the light". How they shouted "Amen" and "Praise the Lord"!

Then I said, "So this is it--well, Praise God--Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." Then I began to have intervals of liberty--for waves of glory swept over me and when they came I praised God with a loud voice, and in the Spirit I clapped my hands and rejoiced, after which my arms were again nailed to the floor. Time after time this was repeated and the streams of "Glory, glory" flowed from my willing lips. I remember with delight the liberty of conversation which I enjoyed. "Let the saints be joyful upon their bed"--"Why wouldn't they I cried, "This is the softest bed that I have ever known." "I wish the folks at my church could see me now." How the Spirit clapped my hands; and how I laughed--I laughed until I (stop. thought that surely I must die--but, Praise God, I had no power nor inclination to/

Whether or no I was able to measure time I know not, but I should judge that I was in the spell of that holy joy for say twenty minutes and was indeed giving God the glory in the highest; and certainly "glory" will always be a sweet word to me.

For the first time in my life I knew the inexpressible rapture of being entirely controlled by the power of God and it was wonderfully past describing.

Now I know what Brother Paul meant when he speaks of "joy in the Holy Ghost. Truly it was a very frenzy of joy that possessed me in quick successive intervals--my mouth was filled with holy laughter--I shouted, clapped my hands to the limit of the flesh, with no more power or desire to resist than the tree-top has to resist the influence of the wind. Waves of power and glory swept over me like surges of the ocean, between which my arms, raised in ecstasy of rejoicing, returned to their fixed position. I was in the atmosphere and vision of another world and under the control of the power of God, and it was a new and blessed experience.

A short time before (in my ignorance) in conversation with Brother Rollins, on his mentioning the subject of joy, I said, "I am very happy in serving the Lord--I have a joy that is deep and holy and blessed--I know the joy of praise--I know the

joy of kneeling beside a surrendered sinner", and I remember his saying very quietly, "Brother Thompson, you don't know what joy is." At the time I thought his answer strange and presumptuous, but now, praise God, I know he was right.

Joy in the Holy Ghost is distinct, peculiar, and passes every other joy. It is an exceeding weight of glory. During this ecstatic season I remember saying to Brother Rollins, "Cross off my name," and on his starting to do so I said, "No--wait --not now," for I realized that the work was not complete.

After a long and glorious season of uncontrollable praise, there came a gradual subsiding and a blessed quietness and in that holy calm I gave honor to the new power, the Holy One, in words that I formed not and which I shall never forget--"Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful" "The Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost. Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, glory, glory, glory to God." I felt a new power possessing my tongue--a rapid stammering--which resolved itself into definite form and I realized that I was speaking in a new tongue; glory to God! My voice rose and fell and carried on with the fluency of my native tongue, glory to God.

After several minutes of this wonderful manifestation of God's great power--the speaking ceased and there reigned a heavenly peace--such peace as I had never known.

One thing was certain--that not only upon the apostles of old and Gentile believers of bygone centuries but upon me, even me, in my unworthiness, had God poured out His choicest blessing.

At that time as if to super-prove the experience and have it fit exactly into the Acts account, a remarkable thing occurred.

Still in a fixed position on the floor, still controlled by the blessed Spirit and powerless to move, I heard the street door open, and bending my head I saw two policemen enter. One of them a sergeant said, "What's going on here? It's quarter past two and you are disturbing the peace." Brother Rollins replied, "This is a Christian meeting." "Christian," said the officer, "I'm a Christian but I never saw anything like this."

Well the policeman took Brother Rollins' name altho I endeavored to explain from my place on the floor that I was the offender, that I was the cause of it all, that I was ready to be arrested (in fact I would gladly have welcomed such action, for I knew then why Paul and Silas sang at midnight in the jail stocks at Philippi). I gave him my name, home and business address.

You remember how some of the people explained the strange demonstration that followed the descent of the Holy Ghost in the Acts account. They said "They are filled with new wine". Listen to the record 2,000 years after Pentecost.

The sergeant turned to me and said to Brother Rollins, "What's the matter with this man?" Brother Rollins answered with quiet impressiveness, "He is filled with the Holy Ghost." "Filled with Jakey" was the sergeant's quick comment!!! Hallelujah, Glory to God! How I laughed and how the saints laughed when we heard that. A. D. 33 the ignorant ascribe the demonstration to "new wine"; A. D. 1921 the ignorant claim it is "Jakey" (drink based on the alcoholic contents of Jamaica Ginger). Praise God the poere is just the same to-day. He brings the experience down to date with a current term. Well, glory to God there were no arrests that night. The policemen could not stand the power and they shortly went out into the night.

Doubtless my family, not comprehending, would have felt that they had been disgraced, by such (to them) strange and uncalled for action. I had surely taken my place as a despised "Holy roller" (as the mockers term it) and rightly too, for it certainly was holy and it certainly was rolling--Glory to God--. If I had any dignity it was gone forever--Hallelujah! Naturally enough after several hours on that blessed and unavoidably dirty floor, I was dirty too, but, Praise God, it was only on the outside. I was clean within and full of glory-- and my face! Brother Rollins said, "Don't you want to wash your face, brother?" And I said, "No" not that by any means I wished to glory in uncleanness but I appreciated the experience by which the dis-



figurement came and I regarded it as a badge of glory--Praise Him. They gave me a number of things that had left my pockets during that blessed experience on that blessed floor. The light was then put out and with unspeakable thanksgiving to the great God who still rewards simple faith we went out into the cool morning amid the rejoicing and high praises of those wonderful, well-beloved and dark-shinned saints, I and they turned homeward. Glory-glory, glory to God and to His blessed Son and to the blessed Holy Comforter.

#### CONCLUSIONAL COMMENTS

.....I have had the experience of three baptisms--first when I was taken into the Congregational Church and the minister in mistaken sincerity laid a damp finger on my forehead.

Second, when in July 1902, not being satisfied with the first so-called baptism, after having walked three quarters of a mile in a pouring rain, I was immersed in the Ammunusuc River at Bath, N.H., in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

And the third, Glory to God, on date and in way before described--Glory-glory-glory!!!

These three experiences were accompanied by physical sensations, each more remarkable than the preceding.

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Doubtless the setting forth of my experience will arouse varied comment.

"He is beside himself. I always thought he was queer."

"The victim of hallucination--over-wrought nerves due to religious excitement."

"Such actions are entirely out of order and do not savor of the spirit of Jesus."

"To my mind the Spirit of God does not come via such bodily contortion--fleshly exhibitions such as he describes do not accompany the work of God--It is delusion--fanaticism."

But praise God's great name, this does not dispose of my experience.

In the joy of the new discovery I said "Surely this will set Central Church on fire" for I was well known there as an active member for thirty years, Sabbath School teacher, superintendent, deacon and constant attendant at Sabbath and prayer-meetings, and I reasoned that my witness would be conclusive and convincing. I truly gave testimony to the wonderful gift of God again and again, but apparently it awakened no desire among my fellow church members for a like blessing. In fact some speaking presumptuously and in terrible ignorance said, "If that is the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, I don't want it." God be merciful to such!

#### POSTWORD

I am fully aware of how this record will be received.

I hear the derisive laugh of the ignorant. I see the curling lip of the religionist and know the puerile and hackneyed argument of the ecclesiastically learned--but feeling sure that here and there honest hearts, realizing the shallowness of present day religion, may by this testimony be led to break from the beaten path into the blessed fullness that God has prepared for those who believe Him.

Thus I send it forth in the name of the Father and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

July 1922.