

ing the Baptism when I found my way into the pentecostal group. I love Jesus solely, and wholeheartedly. Not any group movement or division, or sect, or creed. But JESUS. Jesus saved me! JESUS bought me!! JESUS redeemed me!! Nothing else. Just JESUS. That's why I magnify JESUS. Not creeds or doctrines. Not man made movements, just JESUS.

That's why I preach JESUS, and urge men and women to follow HIM. I do not urge men to follow movements. For I do not know where all the movements will wind up. I have a feeling that most of them will wind up in the devil's camp. But I know this one thing well: That if you follow JESUS, He will lead you into **RIGHTEOUSNESS**, and **PEACE**, and **JOY IN THE HOLY GHOST**!!

There is one sect which calls themselves "Jesus Only." You would think that I would fall right into that, wouldn't you. Well, maybe it's all right. But it looks like just another movement. If it has brought forth "**RIGHTEOUSNESS, PEACE AND JOY IN THE HOLY GHOST**" then it looks all right. But I'm still following JESUS.

I love Christian men and women. Wherever I find them, whatever church they belong to, whatever their creed or doctrine, if they have the love of JESUS in their heart, I soon know it, and love them.

I have had many disillusionments, many trials, many disappointments. May I tell you of a few of them to illustrate the awful danger of getting married to a movement and not to JESUS?

Shortly after I started preaching I felt an urge to open a mission in the heart of Wichita. A place where the gospel message could go out onto the busy street at all hours day and night. Where men and women who are in bondage could hear the wonderful message and be delivered. I had heard so many people testify how they loved the Lord and they wanted to work for Him, I felt that all they needed was a place to work from, and there would

be plenty of workers. A little group of us prayed for a location, and God opened up a room on the corner of Second and Main Streets, where a beer parlor had been, the toughest hole in Wichita.

The rent was high, and we had no funds, but moved upon by faith, we rented the building, and made a call for Christian workers, of all denominations to come and tell forth the great gospel message. Many came and volunteered to work. Many preachers volunteered to preach. And they all agreed that it must be undenominational.

But from the very first, the battle raged. They began to devour one another, until very soon the field was narrowed down to two groups, all others had been eliminated. Those two groups were the two that have the highest profession of any, namely the Holiness group and the Pentecostal group. And they began to besiege me from every angle.

"Brother Britain, I'm sure all the Holiness people in Wichita would support this mission if you would only call it the Sedgwick County Holiness Association Mission." "Brother Britain, I don't see how you can walk back of light that way, letting people preach who have not had the Baptism of the Holy Ghost." "Brother Britain this," and "Brother Britain that," devouring one another, and the street full of people who are unsaved; drunkards, harlots, laborers, merchants. People that Jesus died to save. I put a Pentecostal preacher behind the pulpit, and a flock of Holiness people walked out (and some went from house to house warning people against me). A certain Baptist preacher asked permission to hold a street meeting on our corner, and I gladly gave it, and planned that we would join in with them. But only one man of our bunch would even join in singing with them. "I'm not going out there with that 'Sinning Religion' bunch." And they would stand off and pout and throw bricks (spiritually) at one another. And what do you reckon the sinner thought about all that? One preacher came in,