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Honey
Out Of The
Rock

SALLIE DE MONBRUN

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BY
MATTIE BRADLEY & MARY BLAIR

Introduction

Among the hundreds and thousands whom we meet in the daily routine of life it is seldom we meet one a quarter of a century of age, who has never walked a step, whose weight, perhaps, does not exceed fifty pounds, and yet with a bright mind.

To such an one we were introduced more than twenty-five years ago.

It affords us pleasure to have this opportunity of now introducing her to you who have not met her.

To those who have seen her she does not need a second introduction. We have watched the children as they gathered around her wheel chair to listen eagerly to her words. Then we sat in an annual conference and listened to her sing in childlike cimplicity, "Some Day the Silver Chord Will Break," and, as she sang, we witnessed the tears coursing down the cheeks of the Bishop who was then ready to preach. Then, as we now view it, we listened to one of the greatest sermons we ever heard. Some one made the remark, "The little sister's song wonderfully helped the bishop to preach today."

Weary days and nights and weeks and months have been spent in gathering together a sketch of her life that the reader may be benefited from it, and that Jesus Christ may be exalted among

men.

We solicit you to read the words she has penned and see what the grace of God hath wrought in the heart and life of one who was less fortunate physically than we. No doubt you will be blest in doing so and will be made a blessing to her. For Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

(REV.) G. W. HOOD.

Greenville, Ill., April 17, 1912.

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Honey Out Of The Rock

CHAPTER I

"Guide me, Oh, Thou great Jehovah,
  Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak but Thou are mighty,
  Hold me with Thy Powerful hand.
    Bread of heaven,
  Feed me till I want no more.

"Open now the crystal fountain,
  Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
  Lead me all my journey through.
    Strong Deliverer,
  Be Thou still my strength and shield.

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
  Bid my anxious fears subdue;
Bear me through the swelling current;
  Land me safe on Canaan's side;
    Songs of praises
  I will ever give to Thee."

Parentage

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

For the benefit of my readers who may wish to know something of my parentage—and trust-

ing none will think it amiss that I devote the opening chapter in giving a brief history of them—I submit the following:

My great-grandfather, William De Monbrun, came with his family from Paris, France, when a young man, and settled in the state of Tennessee, where in the early pioneer days he took up great tracts of land. He builded the first dwelling and business houses of the now large city of Nashville, Tennessee, and became prosperous as a merchant and land owner. There is a street in that city by the name of De Monbrun street.

Surrounded as he was with wealth and fame, it seems that he was not destined to remain happy very long in his new home, for in the prime of his manhood, his home was broken up and his heart crushed deeply by the invasion of a band of savage Indians who, in the absence of the men in the neighborhood, made their appearance, stole away his wife and four children, and kept them several years in captivity. Strange as it may seem, long after they had been mourned as dead by the husband and father, the mother escaped from her captors and succeeded in making her way back home with her four children. Soon after this incident he returned to Paris with this faithful wife and some of his children. Part of his children remained in Nashville, among them my grandfather, Felix De Monbrun.

GRANDFATHER FELIX AND MOTHER.

He seemed to have been surrounded by refine-

ment and wealth. He could speak several languages, and had the manner of a true gentleman, which made him many warm friends among his associates. He chose, however, to be a humble follower of Jesus, and for years preached the gospel.

He met one day a beautiful German lady while passing through the streets of Nashville, and was so charmed with her looks as to fall in love with her. He promised himself if he could ever find her again—and her heart was free—that he would make her his wife. He was fortunate in meeting his lady-love again and afterward won her for his bride. Three sons and four daughters were born to this union—my father being the youngest—(two oldest sons, like their father, were preachers).

Grandfather and Grandmother De Monbrun lived near us always. He lived to be 94 years of age. All of us children loved him very much, and though mere child that I was when he died, I distinctly remember his gentle features and warm-hearted kindness, which he manifested towards us all, and for which every one loved him.

After his death grandmother lived with us. Before she became afflicted by getting her thigh broken by a fall, in her old age, she was an old-fashioned woman doctor. She went far and near to attend the sick and suffering. She manufactured her own medicines, usually from herbs and roots. I remember very well grandmother's old "reticule" in which she kept her herbs and barks

from which she made teas and pills for the whole family. My brothers and sisters always dreaded to take her pills, but there was no use to complain about it, for when grandmother decided they needed medicine they had to take it, whether they wanted to or not. (She insisted on them taking a little occasionally in order to keep them well).

She had a stroke of paralysis about eighteen months before her death which robbed her of her speech, and the use of the entire right side of her body. She never spoke a word, and had to be fed and cared for like a baby. She was never left alone, day or night, all those weary months. Mother was her faithful nurse all that time. We hoped she would at the last hour be able to speak some words, but she never did. She quietly breathed her last, one day in May, having lived to the good old age of 98 years.

MOTHER'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

My mother's father, Virgil Clemons, was a native of Virginia, but later moved to Warren county, Kentucky. He was once the owner of colored servants, but had none at the time of his death, which occurred when my mother was a small child. Mother says she remembers her father more distinctly by his teaching his little children to pray. He was called away by death, leaving his second wife, whose maiden name was Frances Strange, to battle alone in the world with several small children to support.

MY MOTHER.

My mother, after the death of her father, went to live with a family by the name of Eaton. "Bill Eaton" and "Nancy Eaton," they were called. There were no girls in the Eaton family, and mother had to work very hard, helping Mrs. Eaton in the house, and also assisting with out-door work. Mr. Eaton was a carpenter and was often called upon to make coffins. Mother aided in this work, and being neat and handy, she was a great help to him, often working late at night to complete the coffins.

The Eatons were kind-hearted and honest people, yet there was very little refinement among them. There being no free schools for her to attend, mother's educational advantages were very poor, and her education was sorely neglected. Mother lived in the Eaton house until she and father were married. She became the mother of twelve children, seven boys and five girls. I am the ninth one, and was born March 25, 1861, just a short time before the war broke out. And when the call came for volunteer soldiers, father bid farewell to his wife and babies, mounted his horse, and went to fight for his country.

Mother stayed at home, kept the farm work going, provided food for her family, and nursed father back to health when he was sent home on a sick furlough, caring for her little frail baby besides. Great were her hardships, both summer and winter, during father's absence in the army, but she came bravely and victoriously through it all, without the loss of husband or child.

Birth and Childhood

CHAPTER II

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee."

My parents were living on a farm near the Mammoth Cave, in Edmondson county, state of Kentucky, when I first opened my eyes to this world. I was well formed, and apparently sound in body, though weighing only about two pounds. I grew very slowly, and for two years mother carried me on a pillow, and I gained only ten pounds during that time. * * * When near three years of age my disease first made its appearance. My bones being soft, would bend or break easily, and the ligaments of my joints were not sufficiently strong to hold my joints firmly and often they would become unjointed or fly out of place under the slightest awkward movement; but almost as quickly return in place again. And at times I would suddenly scream with terrible pain and agony, and mother would hold me close to her bosom, which was the only way I could be quieted. The best way I can describe my feelings, is, that it seemed I was fastened between the spokes of

mother's big spinning wheel, and tossed around and around; and so great was my terror, as I whirled around, that it seemed all my joints were being torn apart. These spells did not come very frequently, and gradually disappeared altogether. My bones continued to soften; all the vitality and life seemed to be sapped out as the disease spread over my entire body, extending to my skull, which was also soft and pliable.

As I once lay in my mother's lap, one of my little brothers accidentally struck me in the forehead with a hammer, making a dent in my skull as large as an egg. My parents were greatly alarmed over this accident, and thought I was fatally injured; but under the gentle pressure of my father's hands, my skull, instead of being broken, as he supposed, resumed its natural shape, and I suffered no ill effect from the wound.

As the years passed by I gained sufficient strength to sit alone, and then to creep around, and try to climb up by holding onto something. They tried to teach me to walk, but my limbs were too weak, and I never could take a step alone; but I learned to slide along by means of putting my hands on the floor and pushing myself one side at a time. In this way I could go exceedingly fast, most any place I wanted to about the house and yards.

BROKEN BONES.

Sometimes when I cilmbed up to chairs or tried to stand on my feet, my bones would break. The

bones in my right thigh have been broken three or four times, but I can only remember two of these times. I remember one time as I climbed up to a low window sill to get something I wanted there, and in the act of sitting down again, the bone broke with a loud snap and I fell prostrate to the floor, from whence I was taken up a poor little wounded mortal, to lie on my back three or four months, till the bones grew together again. The second time the bone was broken, the accident occurred in the night, as in my restlessness I fell out of bed. All I remember is awakening with a sharp stinging pain and a scream while clutching the bed clothing, which I had dragged out with me, and of mother coming quickly to pick me up.

ACHING JOINTS.

My arms also have been broken in different places. At the age of ten or eleven years, my disease took a different form. As my bones gained a little strength, and I began to grow, a kind of rheumatism set in, which sorely affected my joints. I could not now creep around as formerly, and was confined to the house or my bed much of the time, especially during winters, suffering much pain and weariness as my joints one after another became affected. The trouble first began with my elbow joints. After the soreness passed away (which usually lasted four or five months) the joints became stiff. My right arm is very weak and badly affected, so that I can only with difficulty hold my pen to write.

GROWING DEFORMITY.

My hips are stiff; the leaders of my knees are drawn so that I cannot straighten them out; my limbs cross each other, lapping over so as to cause my knees to press together and compel one foot to lie on each side of my body. They always remain in this cramped position, when either sitting or lying down. From my knees down, the bones have grown flat and crescent shaped. My feet are well shaped but small enough to get on a five-year-old child's shoe.

I suffered from accident or disease until I reached the age of nineteen years. About that time my mother moved from the state of Kentucky to the state of Illinois. After this change I began to amend physically, grow stronger in my limbs and gained much more flesh than I ever had before.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

It was very probable the change of climate, and especially the water, that brought about the turn for the better in my general physical condition. But this change did not take place until after disease and accident had done their worst and left my body in a helpless condition—a poor wreck of humanity—crippled, deformed, wretched, until it seemed, as I once heard a man say, "She would be better off dead than a live."

CHAPTER III

Early Remembrances

"My Father has many dear children;
Will he ever forget to keep me?
He gave His own Son to redeem them,
And He'll never forget to keep me."

MY BABY BROTHER.

When I was about three and a half years old, a very pleasant event occurred. Some one took me into a room where a little babe lay sleeping in his crib. They told me he was my little brother. He made a lovely picture as he lay there in his sweet innocency. I shall never forget how dear and sweet he looked as I gazed upon his fair face. I named him "Willie." When he was old enough to play with me, I enjoyed his company very much. He was always very kind to me, and we got on splendidly, until one day I thought he needed correcting. Always before when my parents had to correct or punish him I could not bear it, but would cry like my heart would break. But this day he did something I did not like, and I whipped the little bare feet with a switch. He did not strike me, nor run away, but just stood looking at me so pitiful with tears in his sweet blue eyes. That look was a reproof severe enough for me, as I don't remember ever striking him again.

A HAPPY TRIO.

My brother James, just older than myself, and

Willie were my constant companions until they were old enough to go to school. We were a happy little trio; we never quarreled nor disputed with each other in our play. They were ever watchful and considerate of my weak and helpless condition. I was given the leadership, and was allowed to rule, while they obeyed my orders. I would follow them about, crawling on the ground, or they would draw me on their little sled when there was a light snow. I would occasionally fall off in the soft snow, and as soon as my bother missed me he would hurry back and pick me up, and we would go on still with our journey. I did enjoy those sleigh rides. They were fine indeed. The more they pulled me around, the more I liked it.

MY CUT FINGER.

One summer morning we were playing as nice as ever children can play. My brother James, with an old dull hatchet was digging graves for us in the ground. I was sitting close by watching the work, and putting my hand down to push myself back a little and getting too near the little "grave digger," he struck my fore finger on my left hand and cut it off at the first joint. The severed part hung on by a tiny bit of skin. I was scared and hurt too, and flinging my hand back and forth, I was well sprinkled with blood. Father bound my finger back together with a tiny band of splints; and it grew on again, leaving a stiff joint to ever remind me of the day my brother dug our graves.

TEMPTED.

My father was a guide to the Mammoth Cave for a good many years, and used to be gone all week, coming home Saturday evenings. The weeks seemed very long to me, and I would look forward with real joy for the hour when father would come home. Then he would take me in his arms and kiss me; and sometimes he gave me his money to play with, which was usually a large roll of bills, and I would amuse myself for hours with this money. But one day I wanted a little "ten cents greenback" for my own. I could have had it, if I had asked my father to give it to me. But Satan whispered, "Take it and hide it among your playthings and no one will know you took it." So I took the money and hid it in a little trunk under some of my doll clothes; and presently I tried to play contentedly as before, but I could not. I felt restless and uneasy; then troubled and distressed. I became more and more condemned and unhappy, and my trouble increased until I became afraid, and, unable to endure this state of mind any longer. I went to my little trunk, brought the piece of money from its hiding place, and restored it to where it belonged. When I had done this, I felt at peace and rest in my mind. I was only four or five years old at this time, and no one had told me of the commandments of God, nor the effects of sin when yielded to, nor of the peace that comes through repentance and restitution. My sin was before God. No mortal knew of it except myself. I had sinned by yielding to temp-

tation, and was condemned for my sin; I repented, and restored that which I had stolen; after which I was conscious of being forgiven, and had the witness in my own heart of being at peace with my own spirit, for I did not know about the Spirit of Christ. But now I believe it was the Holy Spirit sent from my Father in heaven, to watch over, reprove and guide my poor soul in the way of truth and honesty in my tender years. For this I do most sincerely thank the Lord. Had I received no pang of conscience, or reproof for my sin, I might have gone far down the broad way to eternal ruin, and very far from the narrow path that leads up where my Saviour dwells in endless day; in the land where sin and temptation never come to turn aside the innocent from His way.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

"My Father remembers the sparrows;
Their value and fall He can see:
But dearer by far are His children,
And He'll never forget to keep me."

Once I was with my little brother and sisters, playing in a light farm wagon near our house, which stood on a hill. At the bottom of this hill, about a quarter of a mile away, was a large and very deep pond of water. Some of my older brothers and neighbors' boys were playing on the ground near the wagon, and they accidentally removed the stone prop from under the wheels, and the wagon suddenly started rapidly rolling down the hill, straight toward the pond. The boys only succeeded with difficulty in stopping the wagon

HONEY OUT OF THE ROCK

BY

SALLIE DeMONBRUN

"And He made him to suck honey out of the rock."—Deut. 32: 13.

"The God of my rock; in Him will I trust; He is my shield, and the horn of my salvation. My high tower, and my refuge. My Saviour."—2 Sam. 22: 3.

"For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him and against that day."—2 Tim. 1: 12.

* * * * * Therefore on the wings of faith, founded by earnest prayers for its success, I send forth this little volume.

Dedicated to my kindred in the flesh, my brothers and sisters in Christ, and to those to whom the Lord Jesus shall yet bring into his fold.

Humbly yours,
S. De M.

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by turning its course in the direction of the large martin box pole, and striking this pole with great force broke it down; but by this means the wagon was stopped and we children were saved from being drowned. I with the little ones, were soon taken to a place of safety. Afterwards they brought me some of the little dead martins. I cried with pity for the poor little dead birds, and was angry with the boys for breaking the pole and destroying their home and lives.

A WELL-DESERVED PUNISHMENT.

Having suffered so much myself, I was usually ready to help and sympathize with any member of the family that was sick or suffering in any way. But one day my little brother James was very ill and lying on the little trundle bed, which had been placed in the center of the room. I climbed upon the bed and creeping under the cover at his feet, began to groan and moan as though I were indeed very sick. I greatly disturbed my brother; but the tables were soon turned. I became very sick indeed and called sister Mary to come and take me up. I was so ill and scared that I was glad to get away from the bed. I never have forgotten this incident, and firmly believe that it was a well-deserved punishment sent on me for my hypocrisy.

A SPOILED CHILD.

The members of the family were very kind to me. They petted and spoiled me. As I was interested in things around me, I would try to play and

be cheerful, making the best I could out of the situation, when not wholly prostrated with suffering. I was naturally tender hearted, but once in a while I did a cruel thing. I recall once when very weak and frail from a long attack of suffering, some of the children brought to my bed some little newly-hatched chickens that I might enjoy their beauty. I was pleased and at once began to play with the dear little soft things, and presently began to hold them up one at at time by their necks, and laughed at their frantic little feet kicking so hard to get free. I was going to try the pluck of every one of them, not thinking or caring if I did hurt them until sister Mattie began to cry, for she knew I hurt them .

When I was well enough I always enjoyed having my brothers or sisters carry me in their arms, away from the house, and to be with them when they played. And they would show me things that would interest and please me. In this way I would get the benefit of the warm sunshine.

A VISIT TO THE CHESTNUT TREES.

It was always a great treat for them to carry me to see the chestnut trees, which in the autumn would be laden with the ripe chestnuts. After a few frosts the nuts would fall from the trees to the ground, where they lay in their burry cradles which would often burst open as they struck the ground, and lie ready to be picked out by the eager fingers of the boys and girls. It was indeed a beautiful sight to behold those great trees, laden

with their lovely fruit, so snugly wrapped in their furry coats and safely kept from worms or blight till they were ripened and shaken from their hold on the trees by frost and wind. After the chestnuts were gathered and laid away till dry, they are fine to eat, and are sweet and nutricious.

As I write of these little gleams of sunshine that came to my weak and helpless life, looking through the mist of tears that dim my eyes, I insert the following little poem which I found somewhere among my collection, because the lines describe much better than words of my own, the condition of life through which as a child I have passed:

"Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be flower or grass or weed—
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers,
Only a few clear, shining hours—
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these for a sick child's sake
A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

"Only a life of barren pain
Wet with sorrowful tears of rain,
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream;
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there.
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room—
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold."

—Selected.

CHAPTER IV

My Old Kentucky Home

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollections recalls them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

When I was about eight years old my parents sold their home near the Mammoth Cave and bought a large timber farm, of about three hundred acres in Metcalfe county. This new home of ours was about seventy miles east of the Mammoth Cave, and a day's drive from the Cumberland mountains.

Such a large farm as this meant lots of hard work and a call for every one that was able to work to do something. There were two log houses, and some out-buildings, and the rest was mostly woods and big trees, excepting a few acres of cleared land, which was used for a meadow.

THE HURRICANE.

One of my clearest recollections, after moving onto this place, was a great storm in the night, which was called a hurricane, that swept over the country, doing much damage to the neighboring counties and nearly destroying Cave City. A

number of persons were killed there. My father and older brothers were all away from home when the storm broke in upon us. There was a deafening roar which lasted for an hour or more, and it was with difficulty that my oldest sisters and small brothers kept the door from blowing open. They pushed against it with all their strength and had hard work to keep the latch from blowing off. It seemed every minute the house would go down. Myself and three younger children screamed and clung about our mother so she could not leave us. She fully expected that we would all be killed together. And it was only the mercies of heaven that protected us. When just at break of day the storm abated, and the doors could be opened, a great confusion lay all around us. The barn that contained horses and colts, was torn down, the chicken house blown away and many of the chickens were blown away also. The pig pen was destroyed, and outside in the rain, we heard "Monsieur," the pet pig, grunting near the door. The greatest damage lay farther on, for the large trees were blown up by the roots some were torn and twisted in two, and lay about in greatest confusion. Much valuable timber was destroyed, and it took hard toil to clear up the wreck, and some parts of it lay for years before it was cleared away. Although the barns and all small buildings were destroyed, there was none of the animals killed or hurt except the chickens that were blown away.

My father and brothers hastened home as soon

as they could after the storm, greatly alarmed, for they expected to see our home destroyed. This had such an effect on my nerves, that for years, whenever a windstorm came up, I would turn pale and sick, and the cold chills run all over me. I would shake with fear, and would try to creep away to hide from the storm.

THE NEW HOME.

As the years passed by, there was one improvement after another made in our new home. Father built a new two-story house, and had a large chimney built of smooth stone, and a nice warm fireplace inside. Around this hearthstone gathered in the winter, and on rainy days, a large and not unhappy family.

MY TREE FRIENDS.

We had a very pretty yard; both front and back were set with Kentucky blue grass. There were plenty of shade trees—large oak trees, which bore lovely acorns and made the nicest kind of shade—just the kind of trees one always falls in love with when you grow up with them, and they almost become part of you; indeed, they *are* part of us, for they have done so much in building our characters and providing real comfort and happiness. And by their mute appeals they call us on to learn patience and endurance; and in whose society we are lifted up in our minds and elevated in our thoughts and affections. And we have our favorites among the tree friends. I had mine.

One of these was a lovely beech tree, which stood near the new house, back of the chimney; then a pretty little cedar, that father trimmed and coaxed to grow at the top, almost as round as a ball; and a dear old oak, that stood in the back yard of the old house, near the garden gate—and under whose shade Mattie and I had our play house in the summer time.

It was not alone during the summer days that our trees had their charms, for in the winter the snow would hang on their dried leaves and branches, making lovely pictures for me: and especially pretty were the snow-covered evergreen trees, which hung low toward the ground under the weight of their white burdens, showing grandly against the dark blue clouds; while snow-flakes softly fluttered down, making every minute the burdens greater by their little white wings, as they clung to the branches and leaves. And more life and beauty were added to this scene as the little snow birds, dressed in their gray feathers, flitted from branch to branch, seeming so happy and free. I used to wonder if their dear little feet did not get cold, as they hopped about over the frozen ground, where the snow had been blown away. As I watched them picking up seed and crumbs, I wished they would come closer so that I could make friends with them.

OUR PLAY HOUSE.

There were two gardens, the old one near the kitchen door with a broad walk down through the

center, on each side of which grew old fashioned herbs and flowers, which shed their rich perfume. Near the gate stood a fine old oak tree. Under its long, spreading branches my sister Mattie and I had our playhouse; which was made inside of a very large goods box. We papered the inside with newspapers, kept the floor neatly swept and everything arranged in good shape. Our dolls had each her proper place, and were nearly always dressed in their very best. Most of them were rag dolls, but we loved them just the same. Not far from our playhouse we had a neat little furnace, made of stones and pieces of iron, upon which she sometimes cooked our dinner, and we would eat under the tree where we kept our little table and dishes.

HAPPY HOURS.

Farther away from the house there was a woods lot, containing a number of acres of land. To this place my little brothers would occasionally take me on their little homemade wagon, where we would spend hours together, playing under the lovely shade trees. My little sisters and I would pin together (using little sticks for pins) the large leaves and make us capes, hats, and all kinds of finery; and deck ourselves up like queens. The girls would march around with their long trails dragging, and fancy hats sticking on top of their heads. I had to content myself with a hat and a few extra touches of leaf finery. I would sit and watch them, and was glad because they were happy, and we were in the lovely woods among the

trees; and I enjoyed, best of all, seeing the pretty forest birds flitting from tree to tree, singing their happy songs of freedom.

There was a long and wide lane that ran through the center of the farm, dividing it into two farms, leaving an opening at each end which led out into the public highway. Near one end of this lane stood my father's blacksmith shop, which was surrounded by a clump of chestnut trees. Quite a way from the house there was a large gateway opening from the lane into a driveway, which led into the barnyard. The barn itself was large and shedded all around, affording room and shelter in winter for sheep and cows. Inside was room for a dozen or more horses which were fed from large mangers, with racks overhead containing hay for all the animals.

There was inside this barn a great big swing made of long ropes which hung over the rafters in the center of the barn and reached nearly to the ground. Here on rainy days my brothers and sisters would swing each other high up in the air, and play other games all over the barn. Sometimes I was taken to this barn and allowed to watch the children at their play. I always enjoyed this though not able to join in any of their sports.

THE OLD SPRING.

Down a steep hill, a few rods from the house, was a large naturally formed cave, arched above and on each side with large rocks. Overhead grew great trees, planted firmly in the soil which cov-

ered the rocks. In front was an opening some fifteen or twenty feet wide, which led down by stone steps into a roomy cave, with a smooth, level stone floor. And away back, near the center of the stone wall, and from a little rift in the rock several feet from the floor, bubbled forth a narrow stream of pure, living water—almost as cold as ice in summer and warm and pleasant in winter. Flowing down the wall, to the rock floor of the cave, it ran along a narrow channel, which was four or five feet in length, then emptied itself into a basin, which had been dug out of the soft limestone rock, and was large enough to hold many gallons of water. This basin served to keep the water from spreading all over the bottom of the cave. The water overflowing this basin ran down another channel which served for an outlet, and hid itself several feet away under the wall that surrounded the front of the cave. The water basin being near the center of the cave, left a large and roomy space on each side, where in summer mother kept her milk and butter almost as cold as ice. And the boys would roll watermelons in there to stay over night, and they would be nice and cold, and a treat not to be slighted by anyone when the time came for eating them.

Mother had her washing kettles and a big trough hollowed out of a great tree trunk a dozen or more feet long and held bushels and bushels of water, where she did her washing at the spring. The water was soft as rain water and never had to be "broken," as some water does in Illinois.

Inside the cave, during the winters, it was warm and pleasant. Ferns and ivy vines, which grew among the rock at the lower side of the spring, remained green the whole year round. There were tall trees and plenty of undergrowth all about the place, making it a very lovely spot indeed.

Even now, after many years' absence from my old home, in my dreams I meet as we once did when father, mother and all of us children were at home together; and as we visit and talk over the scenes of the past, somehow we manage to get down the long hill to the spring and drink again the pure cold water from the depths of the large overflowing basin; and my heart is filled with gratitude and praise, only to be disappointed on awakening to find it only a dream for—

> Alas! these scenes ne'er again can be,
> Only as they reappear in dreams to me.

CHAPTER V

My Old Closet

" 'Tis said that o'er a modest lily bulb
An angel stands,
And guards the precious germ concealed within
With jealous hands;
She brings from out the dark and slimy soil
Its quickening gifts,
Until the growing plant from earthly bed
Its head uplifts;
She breathes upon it till it slowly opes
Its snowy flower,
And guards its purity from dust and grime
Each passing hour,
Until the lily, blooming full at last,
Is fair and white
As are the snowy wings of her who guards
By day and night.
So guards the Christ of God through all the years
His seeds of truth,
Pouring into them all the ages through
The dew of youth.'

I learned to cast my thoughts in more than one direction for food and entertainment for my ever-growing desires and ambitions. For some years I did not care for books, nor did I wish to task my mind with anything that was hard to learn. But now being shut in, I wanted to learn about things about me. I would amuse myself by cutting and

sewing my doll dresses and learned to fit them neat and sew them good. I cut scraps of cloth and pieced them into quilt blocks, and before I was twelve years old I had learned to cut and make myself a dress.

All this afforded me much pleasure for I enjoyed sewing and knitting, and when my right hand and arm became so disabled by disease that I could no longer use it, I learned to sew and cut with my left hand.

LEARNING TO READ.

I was never able to go to school and it was hard for me to learn. But my dear father urged me to keep trying to learn. My brothers assisted me in learning the alphabet and to spell, but I did not keep at my lessons very steady. I owe much to my brother James, who once, while confined to the house from a badly cut foot was a great help to get me interested and encouraged to study. My brother was unable to walk for several months, and during this time he and I were together for neither of us could do anything but sit in the house. And we would study together. In our spelling matches we went through one of those old-fashioned blue-back spelling books. We took great delight in spelling those long hard words with four or five syllables, and learned to pronounce them correctly. We also read together many times over a little reader which we bought in partnership with our own money.

This time of suffering and sore affliction was

a hard trial for my dear brother, but was a great benefit to me. Through him I had acquired a greater thirst for knowledge and also found him a pleasant and constant companion. I was sorry indeed when he was well enough to start to school again; for the time had passed rapidly and pleasantly while he was with me, but now I must be thrown upon my own resources again.

And again I returned to my dear old closet, which for many years was my little "den." This was a large and roomy closet built under the stairway of our new house. It was here I kept all my work, books and playthings, and no one thought of interrupting things there. I had a little lamp which I could light when I wanted to shut my door and be all alone.

Here I would work and read or play with my dolls, or lie down to rest. I was never idle but busy either with my hands or my thoughts, trying to solve the many hard questions that presented themselves to my mind. It seemed I lived at times in a little world all my own. And I do not now wonder at it, for ours was a large family, and on a large farm there was much work connected with it, and everyone had something to do.

ALONE BUT NOT ALONE.

On summer evenings it was always late before the chores were all done. So when I was not sick, I was left alone for hours at a time. On evenings when the moon shone bright, I would creep to the door and sit in the moonlight and watch the moon

and stars, and the clouds floating across the sky. Their ever-changing forms and different shapes and attitudes kept me from being lonesome and were interesting, and afforded me food for thought and imagination.

Though I was alone, yet somehow I did not feel alone as long as I kept my eyes on things above me. And I would have been very happy at such times had I have known the Lord loved me and that I was His child. But I was learning to reach out after God in prayer and He was leading me on to know Him and to greater things.

SERIOUS THOUGHT.

It was in my closet that I had my most serious thoughts and earnest desires to be good. Here I built many "air castles" but never lived in them long at a time. They being too lightly constructed to stand the storms that blew against them, therefore they never stood very long; and when they tumbled over, I generally went with them.

I had never been to church or Sunday school or any other place. I was very ignorant indeed, but I wanted to know things; yet never asked many questions. And generally keeping my wishes and desires to myself, it was consequently natural for those about me to think I did not wish to know anything particularly. There were some things I wanted very much to know. And that was, how the first seeds, trees, flowers, birds, and in fact how everything came into existence. I would look at the stars as they twinkled in the

blue heavens above me, and wonder all to myself how they were made and placed in the sky so far away. Slowly as I had learned to read, I could read the Bible about as well as anything else; yet I did not know what it meant. One day I opened the Bible, and slowly by spelling nearly every word, managed to read the first chapters of Genesis.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

Imagine, if you can, my delight that day when I for the first time learned about God, and His creation of all things. I now had the key to the mysterious things about me. I loved the Bible always after that day, for it had told me of the existence of all things in the world, and also of the existence of a better and a greater World in which our souls were to dwell after departing from this present world.

After I had read the Bible and learned about Jesus and His love to mankind and how God had sent His Son to suffer and die for the salvation of the world—just because He loved us so much—I wondered how anyone could be wicked and unkind and not love God. I saw the rule and read the law, and tried to keep it all by myself secretly. But ah! how I did fail! I wanted to know more perfectly, and to love and serve Him, but He seemed so far away from me—away up in heaven—I did not know how to get acquainted with God. All my trying to be morally good did not bring joy nor peace to my poor, troubled heart.

SEEKING FOR LIGHT.

Oh! how I longed for some one to tell me how to become a Christian. My dear aunt, Susan Clemons, one of mother's sisters, while on a visit to our home once asked me if I had ever been baptized. I had hoped she could help me find peace to my heart, but I could only answer her that "I had never felt worthy to be baptized." I had no hope of finding salvation by being baptized. I did not think that was the way Jesus had taught His disciples in the bible. He said plainly to Nicodemus. "Ye must be born again," (John 3:3). So I found no light, no help. I know my dear auntie wanted to help me, but I suppose I was so ignorant that she could not make me understand; so I wandered on in darkness still.

My uncle William, father's brother, who was a preacher, once asked me some questions concerning my soul. I tried to talk to him about my unsaved condition, but a great lump rose in my throat and choked me so I could not talk. And he, not knowing my difficulties, did not try to draw me out. The conversation ended there, and I was left to wander on in the dark; yet I was not wholly in the dark, but the dimness about me made me the more anxious to find the true light.

I often prayed to the Lord for salvation, but always in secret. But one Sunday morning I became so much distressed about my lost condition that I determined to pray till I found peace. So I crept far back in my closet and prayed more earnestly than I had ever done. I forgot myself for a

moment and cried out in the anguish of my soul. My father who was sitting in the room heard me moaning and making a noise, and opening my door asked if I was sick. I told him I was not sick, but did not tell him how sad and lonely my poor heart felt. I wish I could have told him, for I believe it would have helped us both. But I could not! The bitterness of my deprived life made me shut my heart to my misfortune, so that when I did try commit myself a great lump would rise in my throat and choke back the words. But I was hungry indeed for God, for love, for heaven, for companionship; some one who understood my heart's great need and to whom I could pour out the deep longings of my soul; for some one who would help me in the way I needed it most.

The Lord talks to people: He talked to me many times there in my dear old closet. But Jacob like, I did not know it—and wandered on in this uncertain way for many years. I think if that old closet was able to speak, it could tell even better than I can of the many battles fought inside its walls, with none to hear or know of the fierce conflicts except its one lone occupant. It seemed to me, then, that there were no victories gained, no advanced ground taken; but now, after many years, as I look back, I can see that that old closet was a place of teaching and moulding of character that has fitted me, as nothing else could have done, for the place I occupy today in the Kingdom of Grace.

The two verses below I used to sing over and over as a heart prayer while shut up in my old

closet many years before I found the "Faith and Grace" I was so much in need of, and for which my poor heart yearned with all the power within me:

"Oh! that the Lord would give me grace
The blessed Christ to see;
Oh! that He now would give me faith,
That I to Him might flee.

"Oh! that the Lord would make me know
The riches of His grace—
Then should I love and praise Him too,
And dying, see His face."

CHAPTER VI

My Dear Father

"By the deep, expiring groan;
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
O, from earth to heaven restored;
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear, O hear our humble cry."

The memory of my father is very precious to me. I loved him as much as it is possible for any child to love a parent. I do not remember of seeing him till after the close of the war, as he went away from home when I was a baby to fight for the freedom of his country. He enlisted October, 1861, under Captain J. J. Craddock, as a volunteer soldier in Company D, 2d Regiment, Kentucky Cavalry.

My father was a strong young man when he went into the war, but he took the measles while there and nearly died; was in the hospital for months at Murphysborough, Tenn. He came home on a sick furlough, stayed till he had partially recovered, then went back again and served out his time of enlistment. Father was never well any more, and though able to do very light work, spent most of his time overseeing the work on the farm and such things as he could do when he was

able.

He was very strict morally with his children. He never allowed us to quarrel with each other. And required and enforced, if need be, a strict obedience to mother and himself from each child; one word of command or request being usually sufficient for every one of us. Although he was ever kind and gentle with me, yet I could always tell when I did anything that displeased him,

Once he thought I told him a falsehood, and it always pained him very much for anyone to tell him a lie. And I was just as much grieved as he was, to think he would doubt my word.

A LAKE OF FIRE.

He used to tell me about "a lake that burned with fire and brimstone," into which all liars were cast, and where they never ceased to burn, always dying, and yet never could die. This made a lasting impression upon my mind, and whenever tempted to tell a lie, I seemed to smell the fumes of that burning lake.

There were no silly, rag-time songs or impure conversation allowed in our home. None were permitted to repeat the conversation of another who had used profane words. Thus was my young life shielded from even hearing of that which was sinful and profane. We were taught to fear the conversation of the wicked. So great was the stress laid upon these things that my heart even now turns sick and faint when I hear God's name taken in vain or anyone using impure language,

and I feel like rebuking it sternly or running away where I cannot hear it.

MY FIRST PICTURE.

They never took me far from home at any time, but when I was about 14 yeaars of age my father and mother took me to get my picture taken. On the way to the artist's we had an accident while crossing a stream of water. The carriage nearly overturned, which alarmed my parents very much; but we got safely over and I got my picture taken. After getting my picture taken, father carried me into the store to get me a new dress. He held me up where I could see the goods, and I asked mother to tell me which piece to choose from; but father said, "No, you are to make your own selection; I want you to learn to choose for yourself." I chose a pink piece of goods, and I was well pleased with my choice. I still remember nearly every incident connected with this trip, and also that of one other time when I had the pleasure of going with my father to hear his brother preach.

GOING TO CHURCH WITH FATHER.

It was a lovely Sunday morning and I was very anxious for the time to come for us to start. I did so enjoy the ride along the country road shaded by trees. We got there in good time for the meeting, but I was disappointed, for another preacher being there Uncle William asked him to preach. It being warm inside the school house,

the preacher invited everybody to come out into the grove for the preaching services. I don't remember what the preacher said in his sermon, but I do remember the school house. It was made of logs and looked very warm inside. The benches were long and straight, with heavy wooden pegs for legs, and there were shelves around the sides of the walls for books and slates. This was the first and last time that I ever saw the little school house where my brothers and sisters went to school.

Father was the one who always set my broken bones, bound my cut fingers, and talked to me about the things that pertained to the life to come.

When I was between fourteen and fifteen years old a very serious accident occurred. One night in my sleep while trying to turn myself in bed, the bone above my right knee broke and the sharp points of the broken parts came almost through the flesh, and I awoke with a sharp stinging pain. Father was not at home at the time, but they sent for him and he came at daybreak. Mother says she felt the bones crush together in her hands as she and father lifted me from my little bed. It made me very sick but I did not scream or faint. I tried to be brave because father had told me I must be a good soldier. This time I could not lie on my back as my hips were too stiff to straighten out, so they had to do the next best thing for me, and that was to prop me in a sitting posture until the bones could knit together. Father stayed with me almost constantly day and night. I was very

sick and nervous, and when I closed my eyes I could see strange things around me. Often there seemed to be great piles of watermelons cut open on my bed, with their ripe pink meat and little black seeds staring at me; then I would try to move myself, which caused me great pain; but a gentle touch of my father's hand brought me back to consciousness and quited my poor tired nerves. The pale horse and his rider came very near this time. I could almost hear the splashing of the "boatman's" oar as I neared the shores of the crossing. I sometimes wonder why I did not go on over while so near and at a time when life seemingly had so little in store for me.

During this illness I learned much about my dear father. He would weep over me as he sat at my bedside and often his frame quivered with suppressed emotion as he tenderly ministered to my needs. It hurt him much to see me suffer, but he would encourage me to be brave and patient. He told me the story Job and his great afflictions, and how he bore them all without murmur or complaint. He begged me although I was a great sufferer to be as patient as I could. Father's health failed rapidly the last few months of his life. Yet he never murmured or complained, but grew more tender and thoughtful of mother and his children.

There were some things of which he talked to me during the last few remaining months, which causes me to strongly beleive he was warned of his approaching end. His quiet little talks, his growing tenderness of spirit, and the gentle manner of reproving and correcting and instructing the

younger boys, all lead me to this one thought—that father knew he was not to tarry long on earth.

He seemed to be concerned about my comfort and welfare and wanted that I should be cared for when he was no longer able to provide for me. One day as he was carrying me in his arms he asked me to promise him that should I ever be left alone in the world that I would go to a certain orphan's home in Louisville, Kentucky, to live.

He encouraged me to read only that kind of literature which was pure and enobling, and the Bible more especially; and requested me, should I ever have money to spend for books, to buy only that kind which was pure and good, and not to read novels.

His death came suddenly and unexpectedly to us. That day he had been ill and all the night before, but was up and about the house. The last time he spoke to me, he came to where I was to ask me about something. He seemed to be weak, but not so ill as in the morning. I never dreamed that he was so soon to be unable to call my name. O how I prize his last look, his last dear words to me! In the light of eternity, how precious are words and looks.

It was only a few hours later that they told me father was dying. My flesh turned cold with dread and sorrow, and when I was taken to where he lay in the stupor of death it seemed like the stroke was more than I could bear; and in my deep grief and sorrow I prayed: "Oh God, save my dear father!" But my father could not hear my heart-rending cries nor my pitiful prayer, for

the sleep of death was upon him. Thus he lay for nearly twenty hours. At the closing moments of twilight on the 26th day of October, 1876, in the forty-ninth year of his age, he breathed his last breath, gently as a sleeping child.

This was a heavy stroke for mother and all the family; and for me it was the greatest of my sorrows and bereavements, for it seemed that my last ray of hope or happiness went out with father's last breath. I do not know how I lived through the trying ordeal nor how I was kept from giving over to deepest despair.

On the day of father's funeral we twelve children were all at home for the last time on earth, for since then we have been scattered to different places. I said to myself that day, "I will bury my heart in the grave with my father," and I really thought I had done so, child as I was in experience, although I was in my seventeenth year. The wound in my heart has never healed entirely and I have never ceased to miss his love and tender care; yet I have lived on and strength has been given me.

How many times I have wished since my father has gone that I might be able to make him understand how much of comfort and lasting benefit I have derived from his advice and influence. And more especially since I have found this great salvation have I wished that he might know and feel the joy and peace that has come to my poor heart and life. And sometimes in my dreams I have my arms around his neck with my head resting on his dear breast, while tears are streaming down my

face as I tell him of my experience in divine things and pray that he too might seek and find this blessed and wonderful Savior and Redeemer.

"How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and yet not die;
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn
All evils may be borne.

"We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife;
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

"We bind about our life another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon! it faints and falls in deathly strife
Leaving us stunned, stricken and alone.
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This also can be borne.

"We see a sorrow rising on our way
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn—
But that it can be borne.

"Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavements, pain, all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow, life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die.
Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn,
Lo, all things can be borne!"

—Selected.

CHAPTER VII

The Mingled, Checkered Past

"Oh! if with gentle, patient mood
Upon the verge of Life we stood,
O'er all the mingled, checkered past
One calm, impartial look to cast—
With what surprised, unfeigned delight
Should we behold the vision bright!
Our errors lo! to blessings turned
From pain and sin, sweet lesson learned.
That silently, our lives have blessed—
And gently lead our souls to rest;
So, might we pass the eternal gates
Where infinite Love and Pity waits!"

Words by Mrs. M. A. Deane.
(Written in my autograph album, 1882.)

The first few months following my father's death seem to have passed like a troubled dream. I scarcely knew how time passed or what went on in the home, so dark and gloomy were the forebodings of my mind. I took little interest in things around me. Life had nothing to promise me but a continuation of disappointments, blasted hopes, and stiffled affection. These things so pressed upon my heart till at times they were almost unbearable. I would scribble on bits of paper—on the margin of the Bible—"Sallie De Monbrun is an orphan." I cared not to live, and

the knowledge that I must continue to live was at times painful indeed. But as time passed I gradually became more reconciled to my unhappy lot in life.

During that winter a young man came into the neighborhood and started a night singing school in the school house. My brother and sisters who were then living at home attended this singing school. They talked about the singing school and practiced their lessons at home, taking so much interest in the singing and the singing master, that I became interested in the singing class, and wished to learn music also. They brought the singing teacher home with them. I enjoyed their singing and became more interested and begged to be taught. So my brother Joseph gave me some instructions, and we practiced on a few scales and several songs. My favorite song was, "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning." We practiced on this till I could sing it fairly well with him. I have never forgotten this beautiful song, and it is still one of my favorites.

This same brother gave me some lessons also in reading and writing and as often I would desire to let go and not try to take hold of the little tasks assigned me, giving as my reasons that I made so many mistakes. He urged me gently on, saying when I made a great mistake that "it is better to make a mistake in trying than to not make anything."

But before that winter was over I was very bad with rheumatism in my back and hips, which

kept me in bed most all the time till warm weather came again. This stroke took about all of the remaining life and vitality from my frame.

A SAD FAREWELL.

My father's death made many changes in our home and family, for the married brothers soon scattered and moved away. Two moved to Missouri. One of them, my eldest brother, I never saw any more, for he never returned to see us, and now lies buried among strangers in the state of Missouri. He met his death by an explosion of dynamite, and was instantly hurled into eternity without a moment's warning. I remember how my heart seemed to break and the tears streamed from my eyes when he took my hand in his and told me good-bye. But I did not feel that way when brother Marion bid me good-bye in the same manner. I could not then understand why I had such different feelings toward my two brothers, but when I heard of my brother John's death I understood. It was my last farewell to him.

From the time these two brothers left us our family continued to grow smaller, until we four girls (my oldest sister had been married several years) and my two youngest brothers were all that remained at home with mother.

"Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

(Chorus).

"Let the lower lights be burning,
Send a gleam across the wave;
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

"Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar—
Eager eyes are watching, longing
For the lights along the shore.

"Trim your feeble lamps, my brother,
Some poor seaman, tempest tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor
In the darkness may be lost."

CHAPTER VIII

Leaving Old Home

Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

Good, when He gives—supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses, from His sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

Much as we loved and prized our home, and the people of our acquaintance, the time came when we must turn our faces from them. And though we cannot understand why these changes come to us, we need them just the same.

It was about two and one-half years after father's death that we were compelled to leave our old home, mother not being able to make last payment of a few hundred dollars when due. The mortgage was foreclosed, and we lost it all. The farm and home worth many thousand dollars all went with the years of hard labor. The doors were shut upon mother and her helpless children, leaving her homeless and unable to support herself or children. The loss was so great that mother decided to leave the state and move her family west where they would meet better oppor-

tunities for labor and get better wages. Thus we were forced to meet the inevitable.

As the time drew near for us to leave our old home, our hearts were filled with sorrow and made heavy on account of present burdens and the dark forebodings of the future.

The day set for the public sale was a gloomy one. The clouds were dark, and rain poured nearly all day. Out at the barn the hoarse voice of the auctioneer reached my ears, as he cried off the horses, cows, sheep, hogs and all the farming implements. All these went under the hammer except one team or horses, which mother reserved, and one wagon which was to be used to convey us away from our old home forever.

The things being all disposed of at the barn, the people from outside trooped into the house, with wet clothes and muddy boots and shoes. And here the work was begun and there was a great confusion of household and kitchen furniture, as they were taken from their places, and put on sale.

The things which we prized most for their pleasant memories and usefulness combined, had to be sacrificed with the rest. The tall old-fashioned clock that had faithfully kept the time since father and mother first went to housekeeping was taken off the mantle and out of the house, leaving an empty space to stare at us, the few remaining hours we spent in the now almost empty and dismantled home.

After the sale was over, and our trunks packed, we took one last farewell look at our dear old

home, and turned our faces away from it forever. The parting from life-long friends and dear sister with her husband and three little children, whom we left behind, was almost as hard to bear as leaving the home. The last good-byes being said, we started on our journey to the state in which we were to make our future home.

We were driven about forty miles in wagons to Horse Cave, Kentucky, our nearest railroad town, where I was put on board the first train of cars I ever saw. My brother Joshua with his wife and four little boys accompanied mother and us girls on the cars, while three other brothers drove the team and wagon through by land.

CHAPTER IX

Beginning Over

Give me thy FAITH, O God,
  That I may doubt no more;
Close to thy cross would I reside
  When I am tempted sore.

Give me thy GRACE, O God,
  And help me to endure—
While beneath thy chastening rod
  My trembling faith assure.

Give me thy PEACE, O God,
  Smile upon me just now—
Touch my heart by power divine,
  And soothe my troubled brow.

Give me thy LOVE, O God,
  Turn not from me thy face—
When all around me is turmoil!
  Earth has no resting place.

Give me thy REST, O God,
  Now let me lay my head—
Upon the bosom of thy love
  Dispel my grief and dread.

Give me thy HAND, O God,
  Guide my feet as they tread,
Let me o'er earth's thorny road
  To Heaven's rest be led.

Give me THYSELF, O God.
  Come in my heart and dwell,
Then let sorrow or joy betide—
  With me—all, all is well.
—Sallie De Monbrun.

It was in the early springtime of 1880 when we arrived in Illinois to begin life in a strange land and among strange people. We spent about two weeks at the home of mother's brother, waiting for my brothers to drive through with our few earthly possessions so we could again go to housekeeping.

My uncle and aunt treated us very kindly while in their home. But I was quite lonely and unhappy, and was glad when my brothers came with the wagon, rented a place, and moved into a house we called home. But it was not like our dear old home we had left so far behind!

The place, the country, the people were all so different from those we had left behind. It was difficult for us to adapt ourselves to the new environments. To add to our already heavy burdens I accidentally fell from a chair and broke my shoulder. I was then carried up into a chamber where I remained all summer, confined to a hot and uncomfortable room.

When I recovered from the effects of this painful accident, I began to amend physically; my chalky bones and weak joints began to grow stronger; more color and flesh came to my face. The change of climate was especially beneficial to my health, and a decided change for the better

was the result of at least bringing some relief to my weak constitution.

The change of climate and scenes did not prevent, or cure my home-sickness; but it increased more and more, as after a time my sisters went away from home to work. I found it very hard to become reconciled for them to go away, for never before had it been necessary for them to work for a living.

CUTTING OF MY HAIR.

I had pretty brown hair, a great roll of about four feet in length. My sisters had always attended to my hair very carefully. But now as they had to be away from home so much, and I unable to comb my hair decided to have it cut. This was a great grief and loss to me, for I missed my hair more than I had any idea of, and for a long time I kept my head covered as I was ashamed for any one to see my short hair.

The years passed slowly enough for me, and I spent much time brooding over my unhappy condition. I often prayed, but my pravers were without faith, I suppose, for I still felt the lonely aching void in my heart.

A BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING.

I sang often as a kind of safety-valve for the escape of my pent up feelings. But my songs were like the sad notes of a caged bird, and I sang—

"You think I have a merry heart
Because my songs are gay;

But ah! they all were taught to me
By friends now far away.
The bird may breathe her silvery note
Though bondage binds her wing—
Yet is her song a happy one?
I'm saddest when I sing."

Knowing as I did that I never could hope to enjoy earthly pleasures and associations as others did, and thinking there was no other source from which to look for happiness, I considered my case a very undesirable one indeed, and doomed to a life of perpetual loneliness and separation from those things that I desired most to possess.

LABOR IS REST.

During this time I learned to knit many kinds of lace from fine thread and linen thread; also to knit silk mittens for ladies and hoods for children. I got a good price for my lace and knitting work, the proceeds of which helped support myself and to buy me little comforts that I could not have had otherwise. And besides, I earned during one summer enough money to buy me a nice little wheeled carriage, the first thing of the kind I ever had. I enjoyed this very much, for it enabled me to get out in the fresh air and sunshine whereas before I had always been confined in the house.

We had always lived in the country, but after living in the state of Ilinois five or six years we moved to the town of Farine, where we could be nearer my sisters and be better cared for by them —as mother and I were all there were left in the

home except when the brothers and sisters came at the end of the week.

I could now attend church and Sunday school occasionally by being wheeled in my little carriage. Still I was very lonesome, and often sat in the door and sang.

Mrs. Langworthy, an invalid lady living across the street, was attracted by my songs, and sent for me to be brought over that she might tell me that she was comforted and enabled to bear her afflictions with greater patience by hearing me sing. I was by this incident again reminded that

"The bird may breathe her silvery note
Though in bondage is her wing;
Yet, is her song a happy one?
I'm saddest when I sing."

ENQUIRING THE WAY.

The conviction which had never entirely left me, now returned deeper and stronger than ever. And when I did the least wrong thing I felt condemned and would resolve to *do better* and make vows to myself that I would not do anything that I knew was wrong. But alas! how often my resolutions failed and my vows were broken!

I had heard a certain minister preach a few times at my brother's church and resolved to ask this minister to pray for me, but my heart had failed. So I wrote him a letter and asked him to come to our house and pray for me. It was *two weeks* before he came! I suppose I had a way planned for the Lord to work but it all failed.

Instead of the minister taking pains to instruct and pray for me, he brought an old gentleman with him and they talked and joked, and told funny stories, and in a general way visited with the other members of the family, until just before he left he spoke a few words to me about "just trusting the Lord" and then asked the old man to pray. He said a short prayer, which, if it had any life or faith in it I failed to realize it. Then I crept off to my bedroom with throbbing heart and burning face, thinking "Vain is the help of man," and facing what seemed to me a dark future. I turned away from human aid and promised myself that I would never again ask help of man but would wait until the Lord would come to save me. In the face of all my failures and heartaches, I cried to the Lord—

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine—
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away—
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

"May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

"While life's dark maze I tread,

And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

"When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul."

SORROW AND SICKNESS.

Soon after this my mother was taken very ill in the night. She was unconscious part of the time, and did not answer me when I talked to her. In my helplesness I could do nothing but watch alone till morning, when I managed to crawl to the front of the bed where I could reach a chair and dragged myself into it. I worked my way a little at a time until I passed through the bedroom door, across the sitting room, and finally reached the front door, where I sat for over an hour before I saw anyone pass the street to whom I could call for help. But when I did get to call, help soon same, and my dear mother had immediate attention.

This was the beginning of a severe attack of pneumonia, and for a week her life hung in the balance. This was a hard trial for me. I could not bear to think my mother was going to be taken

away from me. I could do nothing but grieve over her sufferings. A neighbor begged me to go across the street to her house and take a little rest, but I could not leave the house. She brought me dainty things to eat, but they seemed to lodge in my throat, and I refused to be comforted. But the last night before the crisis was passed someone carried me upstairs, but here I passed a very restless night. But in the morning I was comforted, when they told me mother would live.

It seemed like a miracle that she recovered from this hard attack; and no doubt it was in answer to the prayer of one of God's servants who earnestly prayed the Lord to spare my mother to me. This lady's name was Mrs. Randolph. I did not know her then, but she knew me and therefore plead with the Lord. I was deeply impressed when I heard of this incident.

DEATH OF A LOVED ONE.

Before my mother had fully recovered from this illness, my brother J. A.'s wife passed into eternity, leaving behind her four little boys, the eldest about twelve years, the youngest two. This was another sad affliction. We missed this dear one and it was pitiful to see these dear little ones grieve over the loss of their mother, and to hear them call for her. Soon after her death my brother went to the country to live on a farm, and mother and I went to live with them. I had the pleasure of living in this home a year; and the hearts of those little boys became so interwoven

with my own, that no time or place have been able to separate the tender ties.

"Abide with me, fast falls the evening tide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me."

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In lige, in death, O Lord, Abide with me!"

Chapter X

First Fruits

"Laborers of Christ arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

"Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore,
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

"Be faith—which looks above—
With prayer your constant guest;
And wrap the Savior's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

"So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er dispoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil."

Following is a brief description of the beginning of the Holiness work, as opened up by the Free Methodists in the country near Locust Grove School House and La Clede, Fayette County, Illinois. These places were new fields, for the doctrines of entire sancification had never been taught or even heard of up to the time those ministers came into these communities. The fields were ripe for harvest, and the laborers were few.

Locust Grove school house is in the country, about a mile and a half south of Edgewood, Illinois, and six miles northeast of La Clede. In this school house were held the first Holiness meetings ever known in the community. The nearest Free Methodist church was at Cowden, forty miles away.

FAITHFUL SERVANTS OF THE LORD.

In the spring of 1886, Rev. M. Schoolcraft of Owanico, Illinois, and Rev. J. L. Williford of Lawrenceville, Illinois, came to the above named schoolhouse and began a meeting. Believing that the Lord sent them to this new but needy field to open up the holiness work there, they went into this place and among entire strangers, not having a place to lay their heads, and begged the use of the school house to hold a meeting; but God was with them, and opened up the way.

FINDING FRIENDS.

Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Fender, then members of the United Brethren church, lived near the school house and they took the evangelists in, giving them a home—very reluctantly at first—but as they attended the meetings, they were soon convinced that these men were preaching the truth; and as they fell in line with the Bible doctrine, conviction seized their hearts, and they soon found their way to the altar as seekers of sanctification. This created quite a stir, and as the news was circulated in the community people flocked to the

meetings in great crowds.

PILLARS IN THE CHURCH.

"It was a most terrible thing that Squire Fender and his wife—leading members of the United Brethren church—were down at the altar!" But amidst all these persecutions Mr. and Mrs. Fender walked in the light, and were soon wonderfully blest and sanctified. There was a number of others saved at this meeting, and a great amount of good done. And later a Free Methodist class was organized at Locust Grove. Mr. and Mrs. Fender joined this class, and were a great blessing to the community. Mrs. Fender especially felt the call to preach and was made a great blessing to many souls.

The influence of this meeting spread to a wide circle, and there was a most blessed work accomplished for the Lord. And though it was held in the spring time, when farmers were busy sowing oats and planting corn, great crowds flocked in from every direction.

SOWING THE GOOD SEED.

During the summer other workers joined Mr. Schoolcraft and Mr. Williford, and the good work continued and spread to adjoining communities.

A great meeting was held at Littleton school house, only a few miles from our own home. The people attended these meetings from far and near. Some came to ridicule and make sport of God's people; some to persecute and hinder the work,

and some, thank God, came to hear the truth, were convinced of their sins, turned to God and were saved. These men were not learned and eloquent preachers, but God blessed his word and helped His humble servants to point the way of truth and holiness. Men and women were pricked to their hearts and those who obeyed their convictions took the way and found joy and comfort to their souls. They preached against all kinds of sin, both in the church and out of the church. This unpopular line of gospel truth created quite a stir at this place; much opposition and many false reports were scattered around. But this did not stop the meetings; nor did they cease to draw the lines, but insisted on a separation from the world and taking the way of the cross. Several were converted and sanctified and a great deal of good done.

CALLED TO LABOR IN THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

Miss Lillie Starkey (now Mrs. G. W. Hood) was gloriously converted and wholly sanctified and in a short time afterwards felt the call to preach, and immediately left her home and young associates and went to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

During the latter part of the summer, these workers opened a meeting in the old brick schoolhouse in LaClede. There were great crowds attended, and much good done that will never cease while time and eternity last.

At this meeting Miss Lettie Hoffman, her sister Mary and brother Jerry were sanctified. They were at that time leading members of the Methodist Episcopal church at Farina, Illinois. The gospel truth was preached with power, and the Holy Spirit sent it home to the hearts of many where it cut its way like a sharp two-edged sword.

A TARGET FOR THE GOSPEL TRUTH.

My sister Mattie tells of how she, with a company of young folks, attended this meeting one night. They went in too late to get seats, for the house was crowded, so she found a seat on top of one of the seats, or a desk, and she thought to herself "This is a fine place to show my finery." But she had not been there long until she found that instead of it being a good place to show her dress, she was only a target to be shot at by the words of truth which passed from the lips of the preacher. And instead of feeling she had been flattered by admiring eyes, she felt one of the meanest kind of sinners and wished she might be able to slip down and hide herself out of sight under the seat. The arrows of conviction went so deep into her heart that she never felt any more peace until she found salvation.

FORMING A NEW HOLINESS SOCIETY.

Some time after this revival closed, Brother Schoolcraft or Brother Williford organized a society of five members. They were: Mr. Asher Keen, Mr. Jerry Hoffman, Miss Lettie Hoffman,

Mrs. Eliza Meek, and Miss Mary Hoffman, as charter members. They still held their regular meeting in the brick school house for a time, and then the Protestant Methodists gave them permission to worship in their church (which was the only church in LaClede at that time). Soon others united with them and the class enlarged; and they sent a request to the Central Illinois Conference for a pastor to take charge of the work.

A NEW PASTOR ON A NEW CIRCUIT.

Rev. G. W. Hood, a young man fully saved, was sent to this place. He says he "came trembling into his new field of labor," for this was his first circuit and his first work as a pastor. The young evangelist and workers were still in this field.

FIRST REVIVAL AT GROVE SCHOOL HOUSE.

The new pastor, assisted by Mr. Williford, Miss Lillie Starkey and Miss Ollie Niceler, as principal workers, held his first revival meeting on his new circuit in the school house in the country about a mile and a half from my brother's home, where I then lived. This was a great meeting. God came in power to many precious souls. The devil was angry and did many things to discourage souls and hinder the cause of Christ. But the fire kept spreading and burning in spite of all the enemies' power, and the power of God was present to convict sinners, convert the penitent, and sanc-

tify believers.

Light shown on many precious hearts and showed them their need of full salvation. Professors of religion were convicted and saw their need of sanctification, but some drew back and refused to walk in the light, used their influence against the work of God and settled down in a state of indifference, and darkness came to their souls; and today they are nowhere to be found, while those who walked in the light of God have been happy and blest in their souls and have been used in the work of God in the salvation of many souls and the furthering on the cause of Christ, and building up His kingdom here below.

CALLED TO WALK THE NARROW WAY.

God laid His hand mightily upon the school teacher, Miss Rose Millington. She humbled herself at the altar and sought and found this great salvation. She made a complete consecration of herself to the Lord; the Holy Ghost came in power, sanctified and anointed her for service in that meeting, and for future service in the vineyard of the Lord.

MY OWN LOVED ONES BROUGHT INTO THE FOLD OF GOD.

Among the first fruits of this meeting was my brother Marion and his wife; my two sisters Mattie and Mrs. W. T. Keen, who were soundly converted and sanctified wholly.

Up to this time I had never attended a revival

meeting in my life, and though I heard a great deal about these people and their mode of preaching—both of false and true reports—I felt strangely drawn towards them and wanted ever so much to attend the meetings.

A FAITHFUL PILGRIM.

I could see the dear old saint, Mrs. Margaret Keen ("Aunt Mag," as every one called her, who had been sanctified for many years), pass our place every day on her way to the meetings. I thought if she only knew how much I wanted to go too, that perhaps she would have driven up to the house and taken me with her in her little one-horse wagon. But she did not know, and I did not tell her; in fact I did not tell any one except the blessed Lord. But my courage failed and hope almost vanished when the meetings had gone on for three weeks, and yet I had never been able to go to them.

ONE LITTLE HOUR.

Light affliction * * * for a moment * * * eternal weight of glory.—2 Cor. 4: 17.

On little hour for watching with the Master;
ETERNAL YEARS TO WALK WITH HIM IN WHITE;
One little hour to bravely meet disaster,
ETERNAL YEARS TO REIGN WITH HIM IN LIGHT.

One little hour to suffer scorn and losses.
ETERNAL YEARS BEYOND EARTH'S CRUEL FROWNS;
One little hour to carry heavy crosses,
ETERNAL YEARS TO WEAR UNFADING CROWNS.

One little hour for weary toils and trials,
ETERNAL YEARS FOR CALM AND PEACEFUL REST:
One little hour for patient self-denials,
ETERNAL YEARS OF LIFE WHERE LIFE IS BLEST.

Then, souls, be brave and watch until the morrow,
Awake, arise, your lamps of purpose trim;
Your Savior speaks across the night of sorrow,
Can ye not watch one little hour with Him?

—Form and Tract.

Chapter XI

After Many Years

"I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years;
Often burdened in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears.
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way,
But the Spirit led unerring
To the land I hold today."

A BACKWARD GLANCE.

Through the many conflicts and struggles after soul rest, there are a few incidents that more pointedly remain in my mind. Those failures and disappointments which were painful to bear, have proved to be stepping stones to reach the coveted blessing. As I look back over the lapse of time, I am made to rejoice that (though I could not then understand) after many years I now firmly believe the Holy Spirit was, though slowly, yet surely, leading me on and opening the way before me.

The reports of the holiness meetings being held in the neighboring communities were the means in God's hands of awaking my conscience to a deeper sense of my need of salvation; to break up the fallow ground of my heart, and prepare me to receive the blessing held in store for me so near at hand.

That Sunday morning, when I crept far back in my old closet under the stairs in my home in Kentucky, and prayed and groaned so loud as to attract my father's attention; and then those summer evenings as I sat in the moonlight and talked to the moving clouds and wanted to know God.

PRAYED FOR A COUSIN.

And again, when I had read a little book about a girl who had struggled to be good but had failed in many things. She had a cousin by the name of George, who often came to visit their family. He was a Christian and took a great interest in his little cousin. He was very patient with her; he saw her faults, but in a kind and tender spirit pointed them out to her and endeavored by this means to assist her to overcome them. She improved rapidly under his ministrations, and finally he led her to the blessed Saviour where she found great peace and joy in His service.

This was but a very simple story, but I liked it, and often wished that I, too, had a "cousin George" to so tenderly lead me out of darkness into the light, and help me find Jesus for I knew I could never find him alone. And in the earnestness of my heart I believed, some time, some where, my prayer would be granted.

A MESSAGE BEARER.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform—
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

The answer to my petition was nearer than I thought. Although the revival at our school house had been carried on nearly three weeks, I had never been to it or met the preachers. But the pastor in making calls and praying with the people came to our house one afternoon. I soon learned he was the new pastor. He seemed so bright and happy. He talked to mother a few minutes, then he greeted me cordially, and asked me if I was a Christian. I answered, "I am not." The next question was, "Would you like to be one?" I said, "Yes, sir, I had rather be a Christian than anything else in the world." He said to me, "You can be a Christian; Jesus can save you and make you happy." He read the seventeenth chapter of St. John, and prayed very earnestly for all the family and for me, especially, that I might find the blessing I so much desired.

After he went away, I went into the bed room and read the little tract he gave me. I felt awfully sad; while I wished to attend the meetings I could see no way for me to go. But the Lord undertook for me, and answered my prayer.

On Saturday afternoon, three days after this visit, the way for me to attend the meeting at the school house opened most unexpectedly.

A KINDNESS SHOWN.

It being a beautiful October day, my little nephew asked me to let him wheel me to visit our neighbors, Mrs. Lon Keen, and when we got to her house, she told me that the meetings at the

school house near by was not begun yet, and if I wished to go, her little daughter Della, who was nine years old, might wheel me over there. I was very glad to go, when we reached the school house the minister came out and helped us in the house.

I believe the Lord put it in Mrs. Keen's heart to send me over, aided by her little girl. May God bless them both!

There were not many people out to this meeting. The two preachers—Brother Hood and Brother Williford—and a few co-pilgrims and new converts. But it was a precious gathering to me. The bright faces of the pilgrims and the neat but plain dresses of the sisters, were very beautiful to my sight.

JUST BEFORE DAWN DARKNESS DEEPENS.

The meeting was a small affair, no doubt, to some; but to me it was just the very opportunity I had been wishing for a long time. They opened the service with song, prayers and testimonies. Brother Williford read a lesson from 3d chapter of St. John, and preached from the text, "Ye must be born again."

I knew that was just what I needed, I had craved and prayed for, and yet had missed my way; and now I was face to face with the problem, and knew not what steps to take in order to obtain the needed, coveted prize. The testimonies of those present and the preaching of the Word, all greatly increased my convictions for salvation.

Before closing the service our brother asked those who wished to be prayed for, to raise their hands. I raised my hand, and when the meeting closed I felt worse than ever before. My neighbor, Mrs. Powell, asked sister Lillie Starkey and I to go home with her for supper. I felt so badly I could not eat supper. Sister Starkey tried to enlighten my mind and help me to grasp the promises of God, but the clouds only gathered darker and darker around my soul. We went to the night meeting, but I did not get any relief, and the burden of my sins increased.

We stayed at Mrs. Powell's house till Monday morning, as she was close to the school house, and they took me back and forth to the meeting. They were so very kind to me. During the meeting on Sunday, and also at the house, I scarcely knew what was going on around me. I could not join in conversation with the people in the house; even their voices as they talked of things in general, grated on my nerves; and I could only hear the sad cry of my poor bungry, and sin burdened soul.

SEEKING SORROWFULLY.

Sunday night came, which was to be the last night of the revival. I had done all I knew to do. I was waiting for a blessing; I wanted to feel my sins forgiven. Brother H. asked me how I felt. I told him I did not feel any better. He told me "not to wait for feeling!" And now I thought "If I am not to wait for feeling, what am I to wait for?"

I was sick and faint as I looked into my heart, and felt the burden of my sins which seemed like a mountain hanging over me, ready to crush me every moment. I saw my sins in the light of eternity. I turned away from them. I hated the things that I had once loved, and bid farewell to every worldly desire. I was done forever with sin, yet I could not weep now—my tears refused to flow; my mouth was closed; I could not make a sound with my voice. Darkness, utter darkness, helpless and crushed with all this weight upon my heart, I felt I must perish unless help came from above. My heart, not my lips, cried out to God to lift the burden from my soul and give me peace.

ALMOST IN DESPAIR.

The congregation had been dismissed, the people were going away; the pastor and a few of the pilgrims lingered to exchange greetings and bid each other good bye. To me those last moments were frightened with dread and suspense. I knew not what would ever become of me should I return to my home with that burden of sin still on my heart, and the thought that perhaps I should never attend another meeting; and to go back to my home and live the old life over again, was almost more than I could bear. So in my desperation I cried out to my brother that I did not care what they did with me!

A FAITHFUL PLEADER.

Just then the pastor, who was standing near

the door, turned and came to me, saying as he did so: "Let us pray for her, for I believe she will be saved before we leave the house." The pilgrims who were there knelt around me and began praying for me. They told me to pray, but I could not utter a word. I was at the end of my own strength and ready to sink into the jaws of despair. I was not rebellious, but was as one bound and powerless. The pastor said, "You MUST pray and trust the Lord, or you will be lost!" This aroused me, and for a moment I felt resistance and a desire to strike him in the face. I cannot account for such feelings, for I did not wish to do such a thing and would not have done so for anything in the world. That was a desperate moment for me.

DYING OUT TO SIN.

The old man of sin was dying hard and was surely making a desperate struggle for victory. It was at this very point Satan had always defeated me, and would have done so again had it not been for those present who had faith in God, and held on to me. At this dark moment when the stillness of death hovered over us, some one started the hymn,

THE DAY BREAKETH.

"I am coming to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross, I shall FULL salvation find."

The Lord enabled me to lift up my head and

heart toward heaven, and I began to sing too,

"Here I give my all to Thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly Thine forevermore."
"Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within,
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin."

CLOUDS ARE RIVEN; SUNSHINE FILLS MY SOUL.

And as we sang, somehow, I cannot tell how, my faith took hold on God, and instantly the burden of my heart rolled away. Light and peace and joy flooded my soul. I felt so free and happy. Glory be to God! The change was so glorious! My happy heart was filled with love and praise to Jesus my Savior and Redeemer. The whole house seemed to be full of the glory of God. The faces of the saints were radiant with the glory of God and shone like diamonds. Some wept for joy, others shouted aloud the praises of God.

There was such a change in my entire being that no doubt it was almost like seeing one raised from the dead. I had indeed been brought from death unto life; and great was the deliverance, and blessed was the sweet peace that filled our hearts after Satan's power had been broken and the captive soul set at liberty. There was rejoicing on earth and in heaven over the new-born soul. We sang over and over:

"Hallelujah! 'tis done, I believe on the Son,
I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One."

The meeting closed with victory for me at least, and as they wheeled me the short distance to Mrs. Pownell's house I looked up to the sky and the stars seemed to be dancing and singing for very joy. I saw everything in a new light. Things which before had looked dull and unattractive now had a shine on them as if they had been polished. My heart was light as the air and so filled with peace that I thought every one I met would know the difference. I felt sure that when I told my unsaved loved ones they, too, would understand and immediately accept the truth and believe as I did. But alas! alas!—yet I will praise Him; "He hath bound up my broken heart and set my captivated soul at liberty, given me beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. * * * I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."

TELLING THE GOOD NEWS.

The next morning Miss Lena Pownell wheeled me home in my little buggy. We met some of my friends and I told them of my new-found joy. As soon as I reached home I told my dear sister Mattie that I had found the "Land of Beulah." She wept for joy of heart. The only reason that she

had not been with me at the meeting was because she was suffering terribly with a spell of asthma which prevented her from leaving the house. I knew that she would be glad to know that I was saved.

MAKING STRAIGHT PATHS.

My mother was not at home when I attended the meeting, and when she came home the following Tuesday, I called her to the bed room where I was and told what the Lord had done for me while she was away from home; that I had not always been as good and kind to her as I should have been, and begged her to forgive me; and from that time on I meant by the help of the Lord to live a Christian life.

After mother left the room the flood gates of heaven were opened unto my soul; tears of joy streamed from my eyes; the peace of heaven filled my heart, and I felt the Lord Jesus had put an hedge around about me like a wall of fire, through which Satan could not enter. It was victory, glad victory! Glory be to God! My dear Father in heaven knew far better than I did, how much I should need His love and protection in the years that were to follow, and how much it would mean for me to live a TRUE Christian life!

I am so glad He helped me to settle everything and start on my pilgrim journey with a clean record. I had gladly and willingly sold all I had and bought the field with the pearl of great price. I had found the land of Beulah! Still I sing:

"I've no thirsting for earth's pleasures,
Nor adornings rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.
Yes, this is the land of Beulah!
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever
And the sun is always bright."

After many years of wandering in the wilderness, and among barren rocks of failures and defeats, the dear Lord sent deliverance, using human instrumentality through whom he sent a message of peace to my troubled soul. The long-looked for "cousin George" had come with a burden for my salvation, and through his prayers and kindly ministrations I had found my blessed Savior. The hard and almost impenetrable rocks that had been clinging as a wall around my life, making it one continual bitter dream, had been broken by the mighty power of God, and from the rifts flowed streams of living water, sweet as honey, that were ever after to sweeten the bitter in my life and to cause those things that had no blessings or beauty in them to gleam henceforth radiant with the glory of God!

"And I am come down to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey."—Exodus 3: 8.

My heart still sings:

" 'Mid the wild and fearful blast

I have reached the rock at last,
Helpless, weak, and sore dismayed,
To the cross I'll cling for aid.

(Chorus).
Blessed Rock, where faith Divine
Fills with love this heart of mine:
Cross of Him who died for me,
Evermore I'll cling to Thee.

Wrecked by sin, by tempest toss'd,
Compass, chart, and anchor lost,
He whose power alone can save
Lulls the wind and stills the wave.

Rock that hides my trembling soul
From the storms that darkly roll;
While beneath the surge's dash
Thunders roar and lightnings flash.

When beyond the vale of night
I shall soar to realms of light,
When mine eyes behold the King,
Heart, and soul, and tongue shall sing."

—Selected.

CHAPTER XII

Walking In The Light

"But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

"Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart."

AN HEIR TO A THRONE.

On Sunday evening, October 31, 1886, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, the Lord Jesus spoke peace to my troubled heart. I was born into the heavenly family, made an heir of God according to the promises—Romans 8: 17—"And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."

I knew I was a child of God, by His Spirit which He had given me—a new creature, thank the Lord! Old things had passed away, all things had become new—new heart, new life, new love, new affections, Oh Hallelujah! What a favored child I am!

My precious Bible, which I had read so many times before I was converted, now seemed like a new book. There was life, and power, in every

word. It was my meat and drink to know and do my Father's will. Where as before I was converted I could not eat or sleep for sorrow of heart, now could hardly eat or sleep for joy. The Holy Spirit was present to guide me and enlighten the eyes of my understanding. And as I sat low at His feet I heard His voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Glory be to God, for such a dear Savior as mine!

CROSSES TO BEAR.

In my new life of joy and peace, I had not thought I would have any crosses to bear; but my heavenly Father showed me that I would have trials to meet and crosses to bear, but not as in the old life of sin and unbelief, for my Savior was with me; He had borne the cross and traveled this earth alone, and He would not leave me nor forsake me, but give me grace to meet every demand laid upon me by my divine Teacher.

Soon after I was converted I was definitely led to have family prayers. And I will not say this was a cross to me only in one way—I did not know how to begin. About this time my brother Marion took me to make them a visit in their home. One Sunday he took me with his family to hear Brother Williford preach at a school house near him, called Sassafras Mound. I was delighted, for this was my first time to attend a religious service since the one in which I was converted about three weeks previous. On the way I was suddenly confronted with the thought that I

would be called upon to pray in the meeting. I never had prayed in public, and I felt fearful and trembled all over. I thought I could not do it. The question was put to me plainly, "What are you going to do about it?" I lifted my heart to God a moment in prayer, and answered, "I will try to pray if the preacher asks me to."

Immediately my fears were all gone and I thought no more about it until when we got to the meeting house; and as they were singing the last hymn when we entered, and at the close of the singing the minister called on me to lead in prayer. Then I knew that it was the Lord talking to me on the way to meeting, and by His tender, loving voice prepared me for the occasion. I closed my eyes and gave my voice to the Lord. He filled my mouth with praise and thanksgiving! I do not know what words I uttered, but I know my Lord was there; I felt Him take complete control of my being, and when at the end of my prayer I opened my eyes, I saw the people weeping all around me. That was a glorious meeting that day. The Lord Jesus fed my soul with the bread of life, and graciously covered me with His mantle of peace and joy. I was weak and feeble and ignorant, yet the victory was gained because I trusted in my Lord for strength divine.

"Son of God, Thy blessings grant;
Still supply my every want;
Tree of Life, Thine influence shed;
From Thy fullness I am fed.

Tenderest branch, alas! am I
Wither without Thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy:
I confirm my soul in Thee!

Unsustained by Thee, I fall,
Send the help for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

All my hopes on Thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me persevering grace;
Take the everlasting praise."

FAMILY PRAYERS.

My pleasant visit ended and I returned home, to find the same cross before me—to have family prayers in our home. Here Satan tried every way to defeat us, as he does every other soul who wills to follow the leadings of the Lord and obey His precious word.

I felt more than ever impressed that we ought to have family worship, and I could not get around this cross without great injury to my soul's peace and comfort. I felt I dared not disobey.

Sister Mattie and I prayed over the matter, and we decided to ask our brother, at whose home we were staying, to help us to begin. He, willing to let us take the responsibility, said for us to "go ahead." But we knew it was best for him to take hold, and we urged him to read and pray, which he did. This was a blessed victory for us all, and

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

I have great cause to rejoice over this blessed victory all these years; through it the foundation was laid for other and greater victories. The approving smile of my heavenly Father, in itself, has been a rich reward to me, and the assurance that grace will be given in every conflict of the cross will bring always strength for the battles that are yet to be fought.

Every victory gained for the right
Makes the victor stronger for the fight.

MY FATHER'S WILL.

At this time I was only a babe in Christ, and as He revealed His will to me I kept walking in the light. I knew I was saved from sin and happy in my soul, and as I read the precious word of God my heart kept yearning to know and do the whole will of my dear Redeemer.

Some of my friends thought I was sanctified wholly when I was converted, but I did not think so. I did not understand what that meant, fully, as I heard only a few people testify to being sanctified, and never heard a sermon preached on the subject at that time.

(I believed the testimony of those who said the Lord had sanctified and cleansed their hearts from all sin, because they were earnest and honest people, and I had no right to dispute their testimony to that effect any more than to doubt their

word about any secular matter; and besides, there was something about those holiness people that differed from other Christians, inasmuch as their faces shone with real joy when they told their experiences in divine things.)

My sister M. had found this happy experience a short time before I was converted. I could not for a moment doubt her testimony, for the change wrought in her life was most marvelous. She who had once been full of love for worldly pleasure, and in its pursuits would often forget and neglect me, was now all tenderness and love. She just took me into her heart and arms and made me hungry too for the same grace and love in my heart that she had in hers. She helped me find the chapters in the Bible that spoke of sanctification and holiness of heart and life. The prayer of Jesus in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, and the fifth chapter of I Corinthians, where St. Paul prayed for the sanctification of believers, were all pointed out to me. I believed this was for the Apostles of Christ and the people of that time, but the question, was it for me? I could not answer in the affirmative. I did not oppose this Bible doctrine, but earnestly sought to know God's will and purpose concerning me, His redeemed child! The Lord had done so much for me when He forgave my sins, and made me happy and peaceful in my soul. Yea, had so completely changed my nature that all my night had passed away; still the cry of my heart was to have all the will of God complete in my heart.

My pastor's visits and prayers were a good help to me, as every time he came to our house—which was often—he read and prayed with me and encouraged me to keep my heart open to conviction for sanctification; and that as God was no respecter of persons, this experience was for me the same as for any other child of God.

St. Paul says, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." I Corinthians, 4: 3.

Thus week after week passed by, and every day was a day of victory to my soul; and as I searched the Holy Scriptures, light flooded my soul and I began earnestly seeking for sanctification.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

St. Paul says: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, accepted unto God, which is your reasonable service.

"And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and perfect will of God." Rom. 12: 1-2.

I gladly consecreated myself and all I had to the service of the Lord. I laid all on the altar as a sacrifice to His divine will. I laid aside everything I knew, or thought was not pleasing to the Lord.

Even before I was converted—that Sabbath morning when I was in the meeting—I had never heard a sermon on dress. Yet I there settled it in heart to walk in the light of God, meet every con-

dition, obey every command as far as it was in my power to do so. I was wearing at that time a little gold pin. I asked a friend to remove it for me after the preaching service. I combed out my hair and destroyed my curling papers, and never curled my hair any more, and soon as possible took the lace trimming off my dresses, and feathers and flowers from my hat, and made my clothing plain. I had a new white dress that I had trimmed with wide lace I had knit from fine thread, and made nicely, but I never could wear it again. I was fully convinced that the precious word of God condemned pride in every form. And it was pride that made me crave those things; and now that the love of God had come into my heart, I no longer desired them, but gladly took the plain way with the pilgrims to follow the pattern laid down in God's word.

St. Peter says: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold or of putting on of apparel but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."—I Peter, 3: 3-4.

In searching the Scriptures and hearing the testimonies of the saints, I was brought under deep conviction for this experience, and began to earnestly seek it with all my heart. I was always happy; I had a solid foundation on which to build a true Christian character.

WISHING FOR A SIGN FROM HEAVEN.

"Therefore having the principles of the doctrines of Christ, let us go on to perfection," (Heb. 6: 1) teaches us clearly there is no standing still in this life of faith, and for me to keep blest in my soul was to continue to move onward. In my own strenth I would fail, but being inspired by the Holy Ghost, my soul was led onward and upward; and many times it seemed I could almost see the blessed victory so graciously promised in the Word!

But in seeking holiness, as in seeking conversion, I placed feeling before faith. This hindered me some. I asked my blessed Savior to make Himself known to me in some unmistakable way, so that I could know beyond a doubt that the work was wrought in my heart.

I thought that if the Lord would bless me so much that I would shout aloud, then I would believe I was sanctified; and I asked for this sign to be given me, as I had been so happy many times but had never shouted aloud. I asked the Lord to bless me so much that I could not help shouting as a sign that He had sanctified me wholly. But my Savior saw my ignorance, yet knew I was deeply in earnest; so He led me on more carefully, and showed me the deep meaning of the work to be done by the Holy Spirit; and I must fully comprehend the nature of the rich work of grace in order to intelligently seek it.

That is, sanctification has two meanings: one is to set apart for a holy purpose, or consecration;

and the second meaning is the work of God wrought in a regenerated, consecrated believer's heart, destroying all carnality, which is so prone to manifest itself in anger, pride, malice, selfishness, and in many other forms, all which we inherited by Adam's fall. These are contrary to the will of God, but can be kept in subjection in a justified person's heart. But God in the act of entire sanctification destroys these evil tendencies and cleanses the soul of all impurities, thus completing the work of sanctification, which Mr. Wesley says "Is begun in justification. Both works are obtained by faith in the atoning blood of Jesus. * * * The witness of the work wrought in the heart in justification or sanctification is usually accompanied by some degree of emotional feeling."

But faith must precede feeling, so the Lord did not give me the sign I expected, but my earnestness increased and I hungered more and more after all the fullness of God. This was my last thought at night and my first thought when I awoke in the morning. As I constantly walked in the light, I was made to rejoice in spirit with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It was my part to consecrate myself to God. I most gladly dedicated my all to Him—the things I knew and those that I did not know—all—all—was laid at the feet of my adorable Lord and Master.

For two and a half months I lived a happy justified life. During this time I read, besides my Bible, "The Christian's Secret of a Happy

Life," "Tongues of Fire," "Holiness Manual," and other writers on the subject of holiness, including Miss Havergal's little book, "Entire Consecration." These were great helps to me, and enabled me to understand more clearly the teachings of the Scriptures on Christian perfection. Miss Havergal's poem, "Take My Life and Let It Be," which I insert below, was very precious to me, as I literally abandoned myself to the Lord, saying as I viewed my life, all the members of my body; and I looked at my hands which I laid upon God's divine altar, and my prayer was:

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always only for my king.

Take my lips and let them be
Fill'd with messages for Thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise.
Take my intellect and use
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my gold I pour
At Thy feet its treasur'd store;
Take my self, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee."

SANCTIFICATION FOUND.

On January 12, 1887, at the close of the day, at the twilight hour, as I was sitting alone in the room, in silent prayer and dedicating myself to the Lord, I raised my hand and looked at it. I said, "This is God's hand, and the entire members of my body are His;" and looking upward as I lifted my hands and eyes above, I said, "O Lord, I take Thee by faith just now as my Sanctifier;" and as I thus looked upward I saw a cross just above me; on the cross hung the form of a person clothed in shining garments, which covered the cross itself with a glory that shone brighter than the noonday sun. The beams of glory were so bright that it lighted the room so I could plainly see the window curtains and pictures on the wall. As I gazed in rapture the glory from the cross beamed into my poor heart and the Spirit whispered: "This is the cross on which Jesus suffered that He might sanctify the people with His own blood."—Heb. 12: 12. Then from my heart comes these words:

"Jesus comes; He fills my soul.
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, Glory to the Lamb."

A great river of peace flowed through my soul, filling my heart with perfect love. Those weeks of earnest seeking had not been spent in vain, for I found Him in whom my soul delighted. "The One altogether lovely, and the fairest of ten thousand to my soul." The witness of the Spirit

is given; I knew the work was wrought; I was satisfied now. Glory! be to God! Oh! the wonderful power of God's love to His poor creatures of earth! We can posess it without measure, and yet never be able to tell one-half the peace and comfort it brings. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! I have never found words sufficient to express the glory I felt in my soul at that glad moment. That was a glorious evening for me, though I did not shout aloud; yet my mouth was filled with laughter and my heart was full of praise.

My dear mother brought to me my accustomed bowl of milk and bread for my supper. I thought I could see love and glory dropping from her hands; and the milk and bread tasted better and sweeter than ever before. And at bedtime when we gathered around our family altar for prayers, "Heaven came down our souls to greet, And glory crowned the mercy seat."

TELLING THE GOOD NEWS TO OTHERS.

I felt I ought to tell others what the Lord had done for me, yet I hestitated a moment and asked my heavenly Father to let me wait till the next morning, and then if the "blessing" was still with me, I would tell it.

O how kind and good the Lord was to me that night; and I went to my bed with heart all aglow with love and peace.

My brother Marion having come in late that night, came to the bedroom door early the next morning to bid mother and I good-bye before going home, and I raised my head from the pillow

and said to him: "Marion, the Lord sanctified me last night;" and as I lay down I saw again the bright light of glory in the room. My heart was aglow and full of the glory of God, and God was everywhere. I told my experience to mother and my little nephews before breakfast that morning. My oldest nephew said: "Aunt Sallie, I thought you laughed a good deal last night."

Thank God for full salvation
  And his tender love to me;
I feel no condemnation—
  From sin my heart is free.
My name is written in heaven above,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.

Thank God for all things given;
  All earth and heaven are mine;
I have sweet peace believing—
  God's light of love doth shine.
My name is written in heaven above,
Where all is joy, and peace, and love.

—S. DeM.

CHAPTER XIII

On The Upward Way

"All my lifelong I had panted
For a drought from some cool spring,
That I hoped would quench the burning
Of the thirst I felt within.

Hallelujah! I have found Him,
Whom my soul so long has craved;
Jesus satisfies my longing—
Through His blood, I now am saved.

Feeding on the husks around me,
Till my strength was almost gone,
Longed my soul for something better—
Only still to hunger on!

Hallelujah! I have found Him—
Whom my soul so long has craved;
Jesus satisfies my longings—
Through His blood I now am saved."

A GREAT DELIVERANCE.

"The Lord liveth; and blessed be my Rock; and let the Lord of my salvation be exalted."—Psalms 18:46.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.

"I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."—Psalms 34: 3, 4, 7, 8.

The burden of my prayer to the Lord Jesus—before I was converted—was that He might give me salvation from sin, and make me contented and happy in my home where I had ever been a shut-in; my prayer was answered even beyond my expectation, for in Him I have peace and joy that passeth understanding. "He did exceedingly, abundantly, above all I could ask or think." In Him I lacked no good thing.

The winter months, that otherwise would have dragged along wearily, passed pleasantly and quickly too. I was kept both soul and body, for I could trust the Lord for all my passing needs. The past was under the blood, the future was not my own, and the present moment was all I could claim.

As my faith took hold upon the promises of God, I could joyfully sing:

"O, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day, day by day;
My faith can firmly trust Him, come what may;
For hope has dropped her anchor—found her rest
Within the calm, sure, haven of His breast;
And with all my weakness leaning on His might, on His might,
My soul sings Hallelujah! all is right."

BLESSINGS FOR MY BODY.

As I did not get out to church any during that first winter after my conversion, I found the love of Christ in my heart made a great difference in my surroundings. The change wrought in my life by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, was marvelous to myself, for I had complete victory over the things that were once so hard for me to bear.

In the little things that used to worry me so

and make me feel impatient, for instance, in the evenings my little nephews in passing in and out to bring in the kindling wood often left the door open; this worried me, and I had formed the habit of saying: "Shut the door." But the Lord showed me that I could have complete victory over this.

So often I would hear the voice of Jesus speaking tenderly to me: "You are a Christian now, and you must show it to all that are in the house." I was satisfied with Jesus, and felt no more the sad longings in my soul; for I found the grace of God sufficient for both soul and body.

When God's blessing came upon my soul, giving me power and victory my body also became stronger. New life and courage seemed to flow through the veins of my body. I did not know this extra blessing was to be added when I literally consecrated my soul and body to the Lord. In my dedication, when I laid myself upon the divine altar, I gave up all; I kept nothing back. God accepted the offering and gave me numberless blessings in exchange for all my sins and sorrows. Praise His dear name forever.

At the time of my conversion my lungs were very weak and my voice so feeble that I could not read aloud ten minutes without breaking down. I could not raise my voice high in singing; but to my joy and comfort I found as I trusted and obeyed, and used my voice to read, speak and sing for Jesus, the ability to do so was given me.

SHUT IN WITH MY LORD.

I sat usually each day in my rocking chair,

and I often became so engrossed with the association of my dear Lord as to become lost to things around me; nothing interrupted our sweet communion. Not being able to leave the room for a place of secret prayer (I had no wheeled chair at that time) yet the dear Lord hid me away with Himself, and I felt His arms of love about me, as in His own blessed way He manifested Himself to me in such blessed assurance that those around me had no knowledge of.

When busy with my hands my heart was constantly going up to God in prayer or praise in such a way as those around me knew nothing about; nor could they comprehend the sources from whence my soul drew her strength and grace. My grateful heart rejoiced in the knoledge of the sweet smile of the blessed Redeemer and wished above all things to glorify God in my body and my spirit which belonged to him.

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—I Cor. 10:31.

The days and weeks sped swiftly by in gladsome service to my King, and I grew in grace and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Meanwhile, though closely shut in my home, I was not forgotten by my pastor nor the pilgrims. They came and read the word and prayed with me, and many were the happy seasons we spent in helpful Christian conversation, and earnest prayer to the mercy seat.

They had cottage prayer meetings also at our

house, which was a great means of grace to me. I always gave in my testimony, though often being able to say only a few words; but every time I spoke for the Lord I gained strength and courage in my soul. And somehow the Lord always blest me when I prayed. O how the glorious light of heaven streamed down as we prayed and praised the Lord together in these little cottage prayermeetings.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

We share each other's woes,
Each other's burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear."

FLOWERS OF GRACE.

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell."—Cant. 2: 11-13.

PRECIOUS OPPORTUNITIES.

After being shut in during the winter, the first approach of the lovely spring days was welcomed by me, for with their coming meant precious opportunities of attending prayermeetings and of hearing the gospel preached.

On the beautiful Sunday morning of April 3,

1887, by brother took me to La Clede to hear Brother C. W. Fleming preach. This was the occasion of the second quarterly meeting ever held by the Free Methodists on the La Clede charge. Brother Fleming was chairman that year, and he preached a gracious sermon, which was food to my hungry soul. This was a great meeting. Quite a number testified to the saving grace of God in their hearts. Some who were not Free Methodists shouted aloud the praise of God. This meeting throughout was beautifully strange to me, for it was the first service of the kind I had ever attended. The dear Lord drew near and helped me much, and I felt "at home" with this dear people.

I had never been at a quarterly meeting of any kind; never seen anyone baptized, join the church, or take sacrament. But that day I felt the Lord would be pleased for me to identify myself with this church and take upon myself its sacred vows. (I had read their book of Discipline at my home and liked the general rules). At the close of the sermon, Brother Felming opened the doors of the church and invited all who wished to unite with that body to come forward. My dear Miss Rose Millington came to the place where I sat in the congregation, tenderly carried me in her arms to the front seat and sat down beside me. I listened attentively to Brother Fleming reading the general rules, after which our aged Brother A. Craig and myself joined the church; he as a full member, and I on probation. And then Brother Fleming read the Baptismal

Covenent, and I took upon myself its sacred vows; and my pastor came near bearing a bowl of pure water, from which Brother Fleming baptized me in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And as the water touched my head and face, the Holy Spirit filled my heart with such joy that I knew not how to express it; and the Spirit bore witness with my spirit, that this act was pleasing in the sight of God. Again Brother Fleming fervently prayed for me. Following this came the ordinance of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as a crowning point in this memorable Sunday morning service.

I praise the Lord for the privilege of sitting at the feet of Jesus in holy communion with His saints; and

> " 'Twas heaven below, my Redeemer to know,
> And the angels could do nothing more
> Than to fall at His feet, and the Story repeat,
> And the Lover of sinners adore.
>
> Then I rode on the sky, freely justified I,
> Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
> My glad heart mounted higher in a chariot of fire,
> And the moon it was under my feet."

These were the beginning of better days for me, and my soul went joyfully on the upward way.

OPENED DOORS.

I had become so accustomed to being shut in that I had no other thought than that I should spend the rest of my life as I had before; only I now had the blessed Saviour with me, and was so happy in the thought that He was to brighten

forever my otherwise sad and lonely life. I knew I could be happy anywhere with Jesus as my friend, and no longer dreaded the gloom of my home life. I asked only that Jesus should bless and keep me close to His side. But He did for me "more than I could ask or think." I am not worthy, but the Lord has done great things for me. Bless His dear name!

To my great delight, instead of staying at home as formerly, my pastor and the pilgrims came and took me with them in their carriages, thus enabling me to attend the means of grace, which indeed I greatly appreciated—but could not have enjoyed had they not done so. I did not ask it of them, but surely the Lord put it in their hearts to remember me in this way. I have enjoyed many pleasant rides behind our brother Jerry Hoffman's prancing horses; for he and his sisters, Lettie and Mary, were very kind indeed to us, and often took Mattie and me with them—the girls always looking out for my comfort as we bounded along over the country roads. I never did once get hurt while going with them, but grew stronger physically from the pleasant exercise in the open air and sunshine.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Those acts of kindness on the part of God's people endeared them to me. I have great confidence in their loyalty to the Lord and His cause.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I shall take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I shall pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the presence of all His people."—Psalms 116:12-14.

And what shall I render unto the pilgrims of the cross for kindness shown me? In humility, I confess I have nothing to return except the tenderest love and affection that one Christian can give another. Sayeth the Apostle: "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

"And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him."—I John 3:14-19.

God's people are a wonderful people; they are born from above, and are shining lights in this world, as they are rapidly marching through it to their native country—heaven. O glory to God! for allowing me to find such people as those whose heart experience correspond with the word of God; or, rather, they found me and let me live among them in Christian fellowship.

I shall ever have cause to praise God for the Free Methodist Church, and more especially for the members of the Central Illinois Conference; for it was they whom under God have made me what I *am. religiously* today. They have fasted and prayed for me, carried me in their arms, divided their money with me, entertained me in their homes; suffered persecutions for my sake, and they have ever been kind and gentle to me; patiently borne with my many weaknesses, infirmities and ignorances; they have faithfully advised,

instructed, and encouraged me to be true and faithful when possessed by the power of the enemy of my soul.

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

And to the faithful ministers I owe a debt of gratitude which I shall never be able to repay—under whose heart-searching sermons I have sat and listened till my very soul has been carried into the heavenly regions, and feasted on the pure wine of the Kingdom until like St. Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, I wanted a tabernacle there forever. Amen!

"I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise."

CHAPTER XIV

Camp Meeting Experiences

"How happy, gracious Lord! are we,
Divinely drawn to follow Thee,
Whose house divided are
Betwixt the Mount and multitude,
Our days are spent in doing good,
Our nights in praise and prayer.

With us no melancholy void;
No moment lingers unemployed.
Or unimproved below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who lives to serve our God alone,
And only Thee to know."

—C. Wesley.

The little band of Free Methodists of the LaClede charge, which God had planted and watered with the dews of heaven and caused to grow, that it might bring forth fruit into holiness, though scarcely one year old—and most of the members inexperienced in the work of the Lord—yet they had prospered under the leadership of their pastor, Geo. W. Hood. There was unity, and a spirit of aggressiveness both in pastor and people, that God was pleased to honor and bless.

MY FIRST CAMP MEETING.

Months before they had planned to have a camp meeting, and though there were only a few members—and many of them poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith—they took hold of the work and held on for victory. The date set for

the camp meeting was September 12, 1887.

This meeting was looked forward to with great expectations by the pilgrims, and though there was much hard labor connected with the preparation of the grounds and arranging the tents and big tabernacle, yet all went on harmoniously, for "everyone had a mind to work." The camp was located in a beautiful grove a short distance north of the railroad station in the village of LaClede, Illinois.

By the kindness of Brother and Sister O. B. King, Mattie and myself were permitted to attend this meeting and tent with them. The day the camp meeting began we were taken over in the early morning, and I sat under the lovely trees all day, watching the pilgrims work about the grove, cutting out trees and undergrowth putting up the tents and tabernacle and many other things incident to camp meeting arrangements.

REJOICING IN LABOR.

This was a delightsome spectacle to me. It had been years since I had been to the lovely woods, and had never before seen a camp meeting. I was happy as I watched the busy workers as they went here and there, singing snatches of some gospel song as they worked with their hands, and frequently did I hear a glad "Amen!" or "Praise the Lord!" sounding out with a cheerful ring from some happy pilgrim's heart.

Thus the day was spent in toil and in joyful anticipation of gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and of the salvation of lost souls. When

the day's work was ended, and the evening shades gathered around us, the people from every part of the town and community gathered under the big tabernacle to hear the preaching.

IN OUR PLACES ROUND ABOUT THE CAMP.

And as the happy and faithful pilgrims took their seats in the front ranks and began to sing the songs of Zion, the peace of God settled down over the encampment in a most gracious manner.

Brother Flemming, our chairman, was in his place and opened the meeting with song and prayer service, followed by a number of glowing testimonials from the pilgrims. Then he gave an exhortation rather than a sermon which was very aprpopriate for the occasion, and which resulted in strengthening the faith and courage of the pastor and his little flock.

No doubt many people attended from mere curiosity, for there had never been a camp meeting held within forty miles of the place; but conviction seized them and many of them returned to seek the Lord and find salvation.

MY FIRST NIGHT ON A CAMP GROUND.

After the close of this first service. the tenters on the ground retired to rest as soon as possible. We adjusted ourselves the best we could under the circumstances, and we girls retired in our side of the tent behind the curtains dividing different parts of the tents into sleeping rooms. There was plenty of clean straw placed on the dry ground, and straw beds laid on top of this made nice places

to sleep. There were several girls to sleep in our part of the tent this first night, and we were pretty well crowded; and I did not care to go to sleep for fear one of the girls might turn over and hurt me in her sleep. So I waited till everyone was asleep, and then I gently slid off the bed down onto the carpet which had been spread on the ground, and with a small stump for a pillow, lay down and slept sweetly the rest of the night—glad of the opportunity of taking the narrow way with the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene. O. hallelujah! Glory be to God!

"I had rather be the least of them
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem
And sit upon a throne."

After this first night, we had more room and better sleeping arrangement, but everything common, plain, yet comfortable. There was no fine display of furniture just to make a show of nice things, for all denied themselves of luxuries in order to have more time and means to put into the work of the Lord on the present occasion.

HELP FROM ABROAD.

A large number of persons came from a distance to attend this camp meeting. Some of them drove over sixty miles to be there. Among those from a distance were, Rev. W. C. Kelley, Rev. W. J. Bone, Henry Hulen, Brother Walker Mayfield (a boy then in his teenth, but filled with the Holy Spirit and diligent in the work of the Lord), Brother E. L. McCracken, Miss Mollie McCracken

now Mrs. W. H. Lawson), Miss Maggie Lynn (now Mrs. W. W. Bruce), a Miss Metcalf, and Mrs. Wood with her daughter Miss Lila and her son Charlie. Both of these young people were at that time bright, happy Christians. These and others, whose names I do not now recall came and tented on the ground.

These visiting pilgrims and people were a great help to the meeting. Those who were saved took right hold and worked, prayed, sang, and preached with power and freedom of the spirit. There was perfect unity among the saints. Such deep, heart-searching sermons! Such ringing testimonials! both by old and young Christians. Many thrilling experiences were given by those who had felt the call of God to consecrate everything to the Lord and take the plain and narrow, pilgrim way as laid down in God's word.

OBEDIENT TO THE CALL OF GOD.

Some had felt the call to forsake home and loved ones to follow the Lord, and to preach scriptural holiness to a lost and dying people. Sister McCracken was prostrated before the Lord, under the call to preach. She groaned, screamed, cried, and prayed under a great struggle, and when she had everything settled and said "Yes" to the Lord, victory came, and she leaped and praised the Lord with shining face. Rev. J. F. Deremick consecrated himself to the Lord, and prayed to the fountain of cleansing. He had been laboring under deep conviction for holiness about a year (had received the sharp arrow of conviction from a testimony of

one of the LaClede pilgrims). He had a hard fight with Satan; but God gave victory, as he was fully consecrated to preach sanctification. He often tells how with his head under the mourner's bench, and his face in the straw, he settled everything with the Lord and was sanctified wholly. Miss Maggie Lynn was converted and wonderfully blest, and many others saved and sanctified who are today bright and shining lights.

DRAWING THE LINES.

Sin was given no quarters at this meeting and worldly conformity received many hard blows from the old gospel hammer. The lines were drawn between the clean and the unclean. The ministers did not apologize for preaching the plain, unvarnished truth. Everyone who knew the love of God had this one aim and desire to see the salvation of souls, and counted it a great disappointment if there were not souls saved in each service. And between services there were to be heard voices in prayer in the tents, out in the woods and everywhere. Many souls prayed through to victory out in what they called "secret prayer," and came to the tabernacle with shining faces. The preachers exhorted every one to spend as much of their time as possible in prayer, both in their tents and in the grove, between services. In this every one was busy, so there was no time to spend chatting and visiting in ease around the tents. Brother Fleming set a day for fasting and prayer, for greater blessing and deeper conviction.

A DAY OF PRAYER AND FASTING.

God honored this special effort and made it a great means of grace to the saints. The power of God came down on the meeting in the evening and many souls flocked to the altar. Many of the saints were prostrated under the power of the divine Spirit and lay for hours on the straw. Some of the young preachers fell under the power, and were unable to move but seemed like people that were dead. I had never seen anything like it before, yet I was not ashamed; but some of—young convert as I was—I felt it was the Lord's doing, and was satisfied that He would take care of His own.

In almost every meeting there was shouting, running, jumping, crying, groaning, and sinners calling on the Lord for mercy. One did not conflict with the other but all was in perfect harmony, and in the order of the Lord.

ABUNDANT IN LABORS.

How the Lord helped Brother Fleming in moving the camp! He was full of labors abundantly, for when through preaching in the pulpit he was working around the altars, and never left as long as there was a seeker at the altar. He began the meetings at sunrise in the mornings, then love-feast at eight or half-past eight o'clock, preaching at ten-thirty, and afternoons, and again at night--with as many services as possible between. We had family prayers at the tents both night and morning, the same as they did in their own homes.

LET US FIND THE OLD PATHS.

That's the way we were taught when we were only babes in Christ, and still our hearts cry out for the old-time fire, the old-time power and the old-time victory. Amen! Hallelujah! Let us seek for the old paths, the good old way, and let us walk therein. Amen!

This our first camp meeting continued for about ten days, and there were a great many people saved and sanctified wholly who lived in LaClede and neighboring communities.

A RICH REWARD.

Some took the narrow way and walked in all the light, and are today living useful lives; some of them are preaching the gospel; and many of those who came from other points to attend the meeting went away with better experiences and deeper convictions than ever before. I learned so many good things at this camp meeting, and it seemed like the gate of Heaven to my soul. Many times as the power of God came down the people would run and shout for joy.

SWEETEST MUSIC.

And O such singing! I had never heard such sweet songs as they sang there. The music rolled and sounded with the sweetest echoes out over the beautiful grove and for a long distance away. There is somthing most wonderfully grand about the songs of Zion when sung in the spirit and with the understanding also. They have power

to lift the soul up into the heavenly regions that far surpasses the kind of singing one often hears today.

Eternity alone will reveal all the good done at this camp meeting, for the good work has increased and spread far and near—some even to heathen lands.

AN INCREASE IN MEMBERS.

The last night of the meeting was one of great victory. A large number joined the Free Methodist Church and the class was enlarged and much encouraged. Some whose probationary period had expired were received in full connection, myself being one of that number. I was happy to be a member of that pilgrim band.

PLEASANT ASSOCIATIONS.

I made the acquaintance of so many of the Lord's dear people at this camp meeting that I felt a little pang of regret when the meeting closed and we had to say goodbye to those dear brothers and sisters. I did not know I should ever meet any of them again; but the Lord has permitted me to meet and associate with many of them since then. Brother W. C. Kelly was afterwards one of my dearest and best of pastors, and others of them, now after a lapse of many years, are among my tried and warmest friends and fellow-servants of Christ.

Many of these young people went out immediately in the work of the Lord either as evangelists or preachers. I wanted to go with them too

and continue in the work of the Lord. But in this the dear Lord helped me as I turned to Him. And I could trust Him to give me grace to bear any cross that was before me.

LOVE FOR THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD.

This my first camp meeting spoiled me forever for enjoying anything shallow or shoddy in the work of the Lord. The thoughts upon my mind as I write about this first camp meeting experience are: Are we as self-sacrficing now as in the beginning? Does our whole being go out and desire with intense longing and earnestly expect the salvation of souls and victory as then? or if not, why? Do we allow ourselves too much time and too much care, and entangle ourselves with so many things that hinder our prayers? Are we not too particular about our tents? Do we make too great provisions for the food for our bodies? Do we fast as we did then? Do our preachers insist on fasting and prayer and expect complete victory? Do we hear the deep, ringing testimonies that have fire and power, and the shouts of saints as then? I am sure if there is a failure on any of these lines, it is not because God or the Bible have changed; for the need is just as great if not greater as in the years gone by. There is no standing still in the warfare against sin and evil of every kind; for as the power of the Evil One increases, we as the people of God, need to be alive and awake to every opportunity of pulling down the stronghold of Satan. And to be at our best to assist in building up the kingdom of God here in

the world.

HUMBLE OURSELVES.

If there be a decline of religious fervor among us anywhere, let us humble ourselves in the dust at the feet of Jesus and pray till we feel the burden of lost souls upon our hearts in such a manner as to push out after them as never before. Let us hold our hearts open to the light of heaven and wait before God until we are renewed with power from on high, and our souls are all set on a flame of fire with love for a lost and sin-cursed world! And as the live coal from off God's altar touches our lips, say: "Here am I; send me!" Isaiah's kind of confession, consecration and faith will bring Isaiah's power and victory and blessing. Amen!

And now let us pray together. O Lord, our Father who are in Heaven, I thank Thee for Thy great plan of salvation, and that a way has been opened that every one who will may come and take of the Water of Life freely. I thank Thee that Thou didst draw us to Thyself by the tender mercies of Jesus Thine own Son, who gave Himself to be the propitiation for our sins. I thank Thee for Thy saints on earth and that we have through Thy great love been permitted to meet and associate with them in the true fellowship of the spirit. I thank Thee for the great congregational gatherings in camps and other meetings, and for this my first camp meeting; and for the light that shone upon my heart; the lessons I learned, the deep experiences in things Divine

that came to me through this first camp meeting. I pray Thee, O my dear Father, to bless and sustain those of the saints—who are still living—that I met at that time, and may each one be true to the end. Thou hast given me such rich, deep, and abundant joy in their association, and such sweet relationship here below, I trust through Thy Divine grace to be permitted to meet again with them—where we shall never part—and gather with them around Thy throne in heaven, there to reign with Thee and the blood-washed through all eternity. I pray Thee, O my Father, to bless Thy dear Church and people everywhere they may be found; keep them through Thine own name and by Thy Divine power from compromising to this world, and from losing their purity and power of the old-time type. I would claim Thy watch-care and protection for the chosen sheep of Thy flock, for Thou hast said: "Fear not, little flock, it is thy Father's good pleasure to give thee the Kingdom." Keep *us all* from doubt and fear, and above all, keep us filled with Thy perfect love and power of the same; so that we may no more desire to turn aside in even the smallest things to please the world and to gain its smiles or favor by any compromise of the truth as revealed to us through Thy holy word, or to gain the good wishes of any who do not walk this peculiarly narrow way, yet propose to know and to follow Thee; for Thou hast said: "My sheep know my voice, and a stranger they will not follow." Then hear! Oh! hear us! I beseech Thee, O my Father! and give us grace to

be true to the end, as we promised to be at the beginning; so that when we fall one by one, each may be found at his post of duty, though "unprofitable servants" we may be. In the name of Thy Son Jesus, and for His dear sake, grant this favor. Amen!

CHAPTER XV

In Fellowship Divine

"The mercy of the Lord is over thee;
O child of God, wherever thou mayest be,
Thou art remembered still;
'From everlasting,' sayeth the promise blest,
'To everlasting' doth His mercy rest
On all who seek His will.

The mercy of thy God thee enfold;
Secure art thou within thy Father's hold.
Guarded by His great power;
'From everlasting' hath He cared for thee;
'To everlasting' will His shelter be
In every trying hour.

The mercy of the Lord can never fail;
Tho' danger threaten, and tho' foes assail,
His promise is secure;
'From everlasting' hath He been thy Friend;
'To everlasting' He will thee defend;
His mercy will endure.

Then TRUST thee, EVER TRUST thee, in the Lord;
With faith unfaltering believe His word,
Nor let doubt intervene;
'From everlasting' hath indured till now;
'To everlasting' hath no end; and thou
Art safe, somewhere between."
—Selected (See Ps. 103:17.)

TOSSED ABOUT.

My brother with whom we had for a year or more made our home, was married in June, 1887. After this we had no settled home; but mother and I spent the time mostly at the homes of my brother Marion and my youngest sister and her

husband, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Keen, till in the following September, when they moved to Nebraska, taking with them their little eight months' old daughter Ethel, and my sister B. (who afterwards married S. T. Thompson of Holyoke, Colo.) Mother and I preferred to have a home of our own, but we were without means of support other than the labor of our hands, and mother was growing old and hardly felt courage enough to attempt housekeeping again.

After the close of our camp meeting mentioned a few pages back, my brother M. took me to his home again, and immediately upon my return I became strongly convinced to try to get a house for mother and me to move into. I prayed about it, and asked the Lord to show me what to do. There were some difficulties in the way, and Satan tried to hinder and make it harder for us. But as I held on to the Lord I felt the way would open and the obstacles be taken away, for I knew that it was beyond my power to remove them.

WAITING UPON THE LORD.

As I kept the matter before the Lord, my faith took hold for victory, yet I had no way planned but simply waited on the Lord. I had no idea how the Lord would help, but He undertook for me, and manifested His power and love to me in a very precious manner.

A FORE-TASTE OF HEAVEN.

It was in the morning while my brother was

MRS. S. T. THOMPSON

MRS. MATTIE BRADLEY

MRS. A. S. KEEN

holding family prayers that the Lord came in His own appointed way and brought complete victory. While we were praying I felt the presence of the Lord come in a special manner and hover over me, while a very sweet and gracious spirit filled my heart, permeated my entire being so that when prayers were over and brother gone to his work, the blessing kept coming on still. I got my song book and tried to sing, but the joy welling up in my heart was too great to be expressed in song!

MY CUP RAN OVER.

I had never shouted aloud, but had come so near it during our camp meeting, that I had to put my handkerchief in my mouth to keep from it. But this morning my poor heart was too full; I think it would have burst had I not just opened my mouth in praises to God! My cup ran over! I could not help it! I sat on the carpet and shouted; and then I could not sit up, so I lay there for hours, my soul lost to all around me, except the glorious love and holy presence of my Lord. I could give expression to my feelings only in tears of joy mingled with a voice of loud exclamations of praise, as I shouted, Hallelujah! Glory, glory! Glory be to God! Praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! as wave after wave of glory swept over my soul. (Hallelujah! I feel the blessedness of that sacred visitation anew as I now write about it. Amen! Glory be to God!) And as my soul "feasted on the wine of the Kingdom," I cried, "O sweet will of God!" Oh my blessed

Redeemer!"

I had no thought of how my folks would be affected by my demonstrations, but everyone in the house surely felt that the Lord was there indeed. They lifted me upon the bed, and my dear mother and sister-in-law—whenever they came into the room where I lay—wept, and at noon when brother came in from his work, he called the family all into the room and again had prayers. And still I lay there, bathed in a sea of glory and "lost in wonder, love and praise." Oh the blessedness of that hour! O the nearness of my Saviour; O the sweet will of God! dearer far to me than any earthly joy or comfort. Having Jesus, I possessed all things. Every doubt or fear was removed; faith reached up and grasped the promises of God.

"It was heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet and the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore."

FINDING A LITTLE COTTAGE HOME.

Late that afternoon a sweet and heavenly calmness came over me; I felt a holy quietness and strength born from the glorious experience I had just passed through. When my brother came in again he found me up and clothed with a heavenly smile. I asked him to take me to find a house for mother and I to live in. And mother said for us to go, and very soon we were on our way to the little village of LaClede, Ill. The Lord went before us, and the way seemed so short; for soon we were stopping in front of W. F.

Lord's store, and when we inquired of him about an empty house, he had one to rent us very cheap; and a few days afterwards my brother moved us into it. We had just enough money to pay a month's rent in advance and to buy provisions for that length of time.

DEDICATING OUR COTTAGE TO THE LORD.

After we had brought the last load of things, and before brother drove away to leave us alone in our little home, he came in and we read some of the precious word of God, and then in prayer dedicated our comfortable little home to the Lord Jesus, who loved us and had saved us from our sins, and washed us in His own blood, and as we prayed the Lord drew very near, and sweetly assured us anew of His love and divine protection.

EVERY NEED SUPPLIED.

I felt no fears for the future, and believed the Lord would supply our needs, which He did abundantly while we remained in that house; and in a remarkable manner manifested Himself to us. Praise His dear name! O how blessed to put all our trust in Jesus, and to lean upon His dear arms alone. He gave us new friends and a warm place in the hearts of God's dear children.

And our little home was like a Bethel to many of the saints, as they came in and out at our doors. I sat there in my rocker (for I had no wheeled chair then) day after day and did knitting and sewed carpet rags, to help pay the house rent and to buy us bread. The people favored my dear

mother and I by giving us such work as we were capable of doing, and paid us well for our work. But we never did get so busy but we found time to pray with all who came in. That was the best and sweetest part of living to me. The time we spent in prayer was only time and strength gained for the labor of our hands.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

Sometimes dear ones would come in with hearts all burdened with grief and the cares of life pressing hard; and they would talk their hearts out to me, and when we bowed before the Lord in prayer "Heaven came down our souls to greet, and glory crowned the mercy seat;" and the weary-hearted always went away with burdens lightened and faith and courage renewed.

We had not been here long until sister Mattie came to stay with us, and together we worked and rejoiced. We lived close to the church and I was able to go sometimes, which I always enjoyed.

PASTOR'S WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

The Protestant Methodist Church where Brother Hood preached every two weeks, was only a short distance from us; and when I could not get to the meeting he would come over and make us a little call, pray with and encourage us to be true and faithful. I always enjoyed these calls and pastoral visits; they were a precious means of grace to my soul. His query, "How is it with your soul today, Sister Sallie?" always sounded well in my ears, for I knew he felt a deep interest

in my spiritual welfare and was ready to give me any spiritual advice that I stood in need of; and I was glad when I could answer, "It is well with my soul."

As the weeks passed by, we took everything to God in prayer. Sometimes we had no money to pay for food or fuel, but we told our heavenly Father about our needs. He knew them already, but it is His command, "Ask and ye shall receive."

FAITH REWARDED.

We were not without temptations, however, and the enemy of our souls tried us severely sometimes; but faith can see a pathway through, and not once did we go to bed cold or hungry. Sometimes as the supplies were getting low, Satan would whisper, "This life of faith is all a failure." I remember one morning how the enemy was defeated and God was gloriefid by answering prayer. Our wood was nearly all gone, and we had nothing with which to buy more. Satan then thought he had the victory over us. He kept saying, "Where is your faith now? It is all a failure." After breakfast we gathered around our little family altar, and sister Mattie was telling the Lord about our needs and praising Him for all His rich blessings, when we heard a noise out at the wood house. When mother and Mattie went out they found brother Jerry Hoffman putting a nice load of wood into our wood house. He said as he was coming to town that morning he thought he might as well bring us some wood. We told him it was the Lord who put it into his heart to

bring us the wood; and he came in and we again had another season of prayer, or rather a season of praise on our part, for our hearts were filled with thanksgiving and praise to our heavenly Father for His tender mercies to His weak and dependent children.

And thus from time to time the Lord sent the needed supplies or opened the way for us to get work to do.

SOME TRUE FRIENDS.

We found some very precious friends among God's children who were not members of the Free Methodist Church. Among them were Mrs. James Wright and her daughter Miss Lyda (now Mrs. George Herrling of Chicago). These were our nearest neighbors, and many were the precious hours we spent together in social and spiritual conversation, profitable reading of the Word, and seasons of prayer. Brother J. F. Deremiah (who had not yet joined the F. M. Church and was teaching school in LaClede that winter) would usually come one evening out of each week and spend an hour with me, talking of the deep things of God. And as we would relate our experiences and tell of the dealing of the Lord with our souls, there would often come upon our hearts the gracous outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and we would rejoice together—he with the tears coursing down his cheeks and I laughing at the same time—and all the while there were perfect blending of hearts and unity of spirit. We always concluded our conversation by reading of the

Word, and prayer. These weekly visits were a real means of grace to my soul and a strength and comfort to my faith, which enabled me to "grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus."

GOD'S CALL TO ME.

In this little home I had many precious revelations of God's love to me. My heart was put to many tests and I constantly felt the refining of the Holy Spirit, and heard the voice of the Lord calling me to higher attainments in the Kingdom of grace. I said "Yes" to all the will of God and felt more and more His hand upon me and an increasing desire for the salvation of souls in such a manner as to at times take away the ability to work with my hands; and I could do nothing but weep and pray. Often at night the burden was so great I could not sleep, but would groan and toss about on my bed.

One night there came on my poor heart a greater burden for lost souls than I had ever felt before; I could not understand what it meant. I moaned and disturbed my poor mother; then I tried to be quiet. Our front door opened on the street, and in my vision I saw precious souls passing the door, rushing down to hell, and it seemed I could bear no more. I heard the voice of my Saviour calling me to warn them to flee the wrath to come, and prepare to meet God. But it seemed I could not go; there were so many things in my way. But the burden increased till it seemed to almost take my

life. It meant so much for me to go to them, yet they were so near—right at my door—and I could speak to them as they passed.

CALLED TO PREACH IN THE STREET.

In spirit I left my bed and went to the street door and held a street meeting. I had never been in a street meeting in my life—it was months before I was in one—but when I did get to one, I felt at home there, and had much liberty in speaking to precious souls, for I had been in a training school; the Holy Spirit being my only teacher.

"Make me a blessing, Lord, to those I love
  To smooth and brighten their oft rugged way;
Give me Thy blessed comfort from above,
  That I may comfort day by day.

I am so weak, I hardly dare to pray
  That my small light may bless, yet Father, still,
That weary ones, the love, the far away,
  E'en I may help to show Thy love and will.

And yet I know the weak are strong in Thee,
  And knowing this, I would, in Thy dear name,
The greatest of all blessings that can be,
  Thy precious gift, this crown of blessing claim.

To be a blessing in this world of woe—
  'And Thou shalt be a blessing'—'twas Thy word,
This is the greatest gift Thou canst bestow;
  Give it, I pray, to me' e'en me, O Lord."
—Genesis 12:2.

From N. W. Christian Advocate.

CHAPTER XVI

My First Trip From Home

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, Oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

Two pleasant winters had come and gone, and again the lovely summer time had come, making for me one year and ten months on my pilgrim journey. Having met so many of the pilgrims from the Cowden District at our LaClede camp meeting—and there was to be a camp meeting at Cowden that year, and I had planned to go.

I had never been away from home to a meeting. I did not know I could go, yet I believed the Lord was leading me and would open the way for me. So I kept looking up to heaven for strength and grace to meet the opposition bravely—and not to give place to doubts and fears. Sister Minerva Miliken of Tower Hill, had invited me to stay with her, as she expected to have a tent on the ground. This was an encouragement to me, and my pastor was going to the camp meeting also. And there was no doubt but I would be amply cared for by the Lord's people. Yet as the time drew near for me to go, Satan seemed more determined than ever that I should not go. But my heavenly Father undertook for me, and

though it was with much weakness and trembling in every nerve, I prepared to start. Having reached the station to take the train for Cowden, the enemy met me in an unexpected way, in the form of a man that lived in town.

AN ENEMY CONQUERED.

He tried to get me to go back to the house, and not get on the train. Then he tried to scare me by saying: "Those sanctified people will be the means of your ruin; they will let you fall from the train or get you killed in some way." As he talked to me, I felt the Holy Spirit filling my heart, and heard His sweet whispers of love and peace which gave me an assurance of protection and blessing. And with tears in my eyes, I turned to him, saying: "Mr. W., I have all my life been deprived of all worldly pleasures, having never been able to enjoy myself as others have, but since the Lord has saved me, and made me happy in His service, and made it possible for me to go to the meetings and enjoy myself with the people of God, would you now deprive me of this my only source of enjoyment?" He answered very feelingly: "No, no; I will not hinder you; go on, Sallie, go on." I did go on, for I had no other intention when I started. (I prayed for Mr. W., and afterwards became very much burdened for his salvation. But I did not know for a long time how deeply he was prejudiced against my going to the holiness meetings, until I heard that he had begged my mother to give him control over me, so he could prevent my going with the holiness

people. He never tried to hinder me any more, but instead became very friendly and treated me with great kindness afterwards).

THROUGH TRIBULATIONS.

Brother W. C. Kelley was the pastor at Cowden, and the camp ground being several miles in the country, I stayed with sister Kelley till the camp was prepared for us.

But in the meantime, the enemy again rose up against me in such power as it seemed determined to defeat the purpose of God. The pressure on my soul for a few days was so great I could not rise above it. I had never been away among strangers before, and was ignorant of the ways of the world and of the devices of Satan. I felt like the spirit of God had been grieved, and I thought I had lost the love of God out of my heart and was greatly cast down in spirit. Sister Miliken had a nice place for me in her tent, and every one was kind to me, yet I felt sad and almost discouraged.

THE CLOUDS FLEE FROM MY SKIES.

But one morning in the early meeting the Lord came to my rescue and brought deliverance. Brother F. H. Ashcraft, who was the Elder in charge, seeing my downcast and sad countenance, came and encouraged me to cast all my care on the Lord, and not to listen to the voice of the enemy that was trying to cast me down. And he and others prayed for me. As they prayed, Satan fled away; the Lord gave me victory and

I was greatly revived, and new strength and grace were given me. Praise the dear Lord for that glorious victory, and deliverance from the power of Satan.

This promise was given me by the Spirit: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory"; While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." II Cor. 4:17-18. And this promise also: "For His anger endureth but a moment; in His power is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Ps. 30:5. No doubt Satan saw victory ahead for me, and was doing his best to defeat me, lest God should be glorified in this poor worm of the dust.

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

The meetings were very good, and souls were getting saved; the saints were blest. But Sunday was the crowning day and one of victory. There were a great many people there that day; and when the meeting was dismissed at noon, some one wheeled me to my tent and put me on the bed to get a little rest before the afternoon service. But the people flocked into the tent and surrounded me, and filled up all the space so sister Miliken could not prepare her dinner. I saw the people standing around me, and some one asked me to pray. I closed my eyes and lifted up my heart in prayer. And while I was still praying

some person (I never knew who) lifted me into my little carriage and wheeled me out under the trees, where I was immeditely surrounded by three or four hundred persons.

MY FIRST SERMON.

The ministers and a number of the saints stood near and sang a song. I listened for some one to say something. I looked about me for those I knew, but could not see them. Brother Ashcraft, Brother Hood—every one I knew had disappeared from my view. I seemed to be all alone with a sea of strange faces before me. My heart overflowed with love for sinners. God gave me a little text ("And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lifted up." John 3:14), and I here preached my first sermon—altogether unconscious that it was a sermon. And as I talked, tears streamed over the faces of men and women around me. God's glory fills the place; thoughts of earthly things were left behind me, deepest interest was manifested, and there was not a break in the meeting until they called me to come under the tabernacle for the afternoon service.

A FREE-WILL OFFERING.

As we were moving towards the tabernacle some one near by suggested an offering for me, but I shrank from it, and told the people I did not want their money. But a shower of silver fell around me for a few minutes, which when counted was more than eight dollars. This was

a precious season to me, and a fresh assurance that my Saviour would care for me and supply all my needs.

THE CAMP MEETING RAINED OUT.

This camp meeting did not continue over but one Sunday. That Sunday night it rained very hard; the water ran in all the tents and tabernacle. There were a few out at the night meeting, but they had to kneel on the seats or boards; yet the Lord gave us some souls. Next morning it was deemed best to break up camp.

This was a very precious meeting to me; one never to be forgotten, on account of the soul conflict and the glorious victory, and the blessed assurance of God's love and divine protection. It was here I first met Brother Henry Ashcraft and heard him sing in the spirit, "There's Union in Heaven Where I Belong." Here I also met for the first time sisters Julia Thacker and Ida Hall and heard them both preach. They were choice souls and chosen vessels of the Lord. I trust to meet them among the blood-washed and redeemed in the land above.

SILVAN CAMP MEETING.

Soon after the camp meeting closed I went from Cowden in company with some of the saints to attend a camp meeting held in a new location. I think the place was called Silvan. This was a blessed meeting, and we received many refreshings from the presence of the Lord. This was near Brother Max Smith's home, and Brother

Smith did much to help on the work—both by his prayers and testimonies and by his financial support. Rev. Frank Cathy from California, who was then only a young preacher, did most of the preaching. He was well liked and the Lord blessed his labors. I remember distinctly one evening when Brother Cathy was preaching about "Paul and Silas, after becoming scourged and put in the prison with their feet fast in the stocks, and as they sang and prayed at midnight, the prison doors came open." The Spirit was present and fell in power on the camp, when Sister Ida Hall leaped to her feet, ran and danced before the Lord. Her beautiful long hair came loose from its fastenings and fell in graceful waves across her shoulders, reaching almost to the hem of her dress. She looked like the picture of an angel as she ran back and forth in front of the long altar bench, her sweet face shining with light from the throne.

HILLSBORO CAMP MEETING.

At the close of this camp meeting we went to Hillsboro to a camp meeting. This was a lovely spot for a camp meeting. I tented with Sisters Ida Hall, Lillie Starkey and Ella Upton. My pastor was present at this camp meeting, and I was well cared for by the saints. Brother Fleming had charge of this meeting. Brother F. H. Ashcraft was present and did a great deal to make the meeting a success. He wrote out a little pledge, or an agreement, and formed a band of workers to go from tent to tent and pray. Every

one who was willing to go was asked to sign the pledge. Brother Ashcraft was leader, and met the band of workers in our tent each morning immediately after breakfast and gave us fifteen minutes' talk, after which they began their march around the circle of tents, stopping a few minutes at each tent and kneeling in prayer. In some of the tents we found persons convicted who were converted while we prayed, and joined in the march. Others who were sick were healed and they too joined in the good work. I enjoyed going with this band of busy workers, as they wished me to accompany them, and were willing to wheel my little carriage. There was unity and harmony among the saints that brought blessing and power from the Lord.

A GREAT MEETING.

Each day the meetings increased in interest. All around, everywhere, voices were heard going up in earnest prayer to God for the salvation of souls. And one night the great power of the Lord fell upon the entire congregation. The preachers tried to take texts and preach, but as one after another rose to speak they fell prostrate, or some could only leap up and down on the rostrum.

GOD'S POWER FELL UPON ENTIRE CAMP.

All around on every side people were slain under the mighty power of God. Sinners rushed screaming to the altar; some fell prostrate before they reached the altar. All form or order for that

night was laid aside and the Holy Spirit had control. Thus the meeting ran on till near morning, many of the saints powerless to move under the burden for lost souls. My eyes had never before seen such a sight, and I felt awed and amazed as the people were falling around me. I could hardly sit up in my carriage, and was enveloped with the Holy Spirit. My eyes were closed to everything earthly, and my ears could only hear the cry of lost souls and the prayers of the saints, as they agonized for the salvation of sinners.

THE SAD CRY OF LOST SOULS.

After a long time some one came and took me to our tent and put me on the bed, where I lay almost motionless for several hours, suffering under the burden for lost souls. I saw before me a smoking pit, and a crowd of people standing around it. Those nearest the pit were in the act of falling headlong into the open furnace, and were only held back by the prayers of the saints as they cried mightily unto God in their behalf. The noise and confusion close to the pit made my agonies all the greater, and I burst out crying to the Lord to save the lost ones! I shall never forget the scene, as the Lord presented to me the condition of those who reject God and refuse to walk in the light, being blinded by sin, and how terrible to be thus deceived and go out into eternity in that awful condition.

The thought has many times inspired me to action when tempted to settle down and take things easy, or neglect to pray. I seem to hear

the cry of lost souls and the knowledge that they are kept from falling into torment only in answer to the prayers of the saints as they prevail with God in their behalf.

A BEAUTIFUL STREET MEETING.

The afternoon following this great meeting, I was permitted to attend my first street meeting. We went in company with Sister Sarah A. Cook, and others to the public square to have a street meeting. They let us go inside the courthouse grounds, and here we sang and prayed. Dear Sister Cook talked to the people in her precious, tender manner, and others also gave their testimonies to the saving power of Jesus. And here was the occasion to speak for the Lord in a street meeting, for which the Spirit had prepared me many months before. And my experience the previous night had given me new power and a greater love for souls, and had inspired me with zeal which gave wings to the few words of exhortation and warning which I tried to give in that little meeting.

MY SOUL BLEST AND FREE.

The deep heart-searching sermons, the testimonies and earnest zeal of the saints were a great help to me spiritually, and at the close of the Hillsboro camp meeting my soul was blest and free as a bird on the wing. Glory be to God, for His unspeakable gift!

A VISIT TO BROTHER HOOD'S OLD HOME NEAR GREENVILLE.

From Hillsboro we went to the Greenville, Ill., camp meeting. Brother Hood took me with him to visit his father and mother on their farm, a few miles from Greenville, where we spent a few days, and sister Mollie washed and ironed my clothes before we went to the camp ground. I enjoyed this visit very much, and Brother Hood and his parents and sister made it very pleasant for me. He took me into Greenville with him one day, and among other places of interest he showed me the grounds and old buildings which the church afterwards bought and converted into the now beautiful and prosperous Free Methodist College.

A TABERNACLE MEETING AT KEESPORT.

From the Greenville camp meeting I went in company with some of the pilgrims to attend a tabernacle meeting at Keesport. Here again I met Sister Cook, and had the pleasure of being with her some two or three weeks. Brother Colt was the leader at the Keesport meeting, and this was indeed a "school of the Prophets" to my soul, as it was my privilege to listen to Brother Colt as he read and expounded the Word of God to us day after day. He usually sat in a chair, and with the saints in a circle around him, he was at home with the dear old Bible. We saw some fruits, as the results of this meeting, and trust lasting good was done.

I had now been away from home about two months—much longer than I had intended when I

left home—as I only intended to attend the Cownen camp meeting—but instead I went to four camp meetings and one tent meeting. Yet in all this time I lacked no good thing, all my needs being abundantly supplied.

FOUND FATHERS, MOTHERS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

I had no relatives with me, but everywhere I went there were willing hearts and strong hands ready to minister to my needs. The Lord indeed gave me "mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters in every place I went. I call this my "introductory" trip through Central Illinois Conference, and the beginning of a blessed friendship and fellowship with the preachers and people of the Free Methodist Church which has never been broken, and which I trust will live on forever.

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

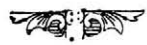
Now after a lapse of more than 23 years, the memory of those meetings are still very precious to me; and though many of those I met then have passed out of this world, yet they are alive forever more, and their works do follow them. I expect some glad day, by the grace of God, to join their number—where I shall go in and out no more—but be where there is no more sorrow, affliction, and no more pain.

"Some day this silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing:
But O the joy when I shall walk
Within the palace of the King.

Then I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story saved by grace.

Some day this earthly house will fall,
  I know not now how soon 'twill be;
But this I know, my all in all
  Has now a place in heaven for me."

—Fannie Crosby.



CHAPTER XVII

A Great Consolation

"If none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender;
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its greatest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our hearts,
And every wish was granted,
Patience would die and hope depart.
Life would be disenchanted."

—Selected.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

Yet how little are we sometimes prepared for pain or suffering of any kind that may come upon our friends or upon ourselves. How often has our consecration been tested under the severe criticism of even those we love most dearly! And we are tempted to run away from temptation when it comes upon us—or when others who are pure and good suffer persecution from the enemy of the soul, and need a word of encouragement, how, instead of standing by and suffering with them, are we tempted to turn our backs upon them and leave them to be devoured by Satan? It takes grace and courage to stand true at such times, but it pays in the end! Thanks be to God!

It was under very trying circumstances that

we moved out in obedience to the will of our heavenly Father often, but whenever we have submitted, willing to bear the reproach of the cross, counting ourselves as nothing, we have received grace and courage, strength has been given to stand firm and great victory gained for the Master.

FIGHTING FOR THE MASTER.

In the early spring of 1889 my sister M., myself, Brother Schoolcraft and his assisstant—a young man from Cowden, Ill.,—Brother and Sister Fender, and Brother J. F. Deremiah, went in the country to hold a meeting in the school house —called Arcadia. Holiness, or the teaching of the Bible doctrine of deliverence from all sin, had never before been preached in that community, and there became a great spirit of opposition among the professors of religion, and they tried to drive us out of the country.

We had the power of Satan to contend with; the fight was a hard one, yet we went in with the intention of winning the battle, gaining the victory, and of seeing the salvation of God come to lost men and women.

RAISED THE BANNER OF HOLINESS.

Our numbers were few, compared to that of the enemy, but we did not fear the foe. God was at the front of the army, and in His name we raised the banner of holiness. Mattie and I stayed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Prather, who lived near the school house. These were two dear,

good souls, but had been backsliders for years. We did not spend much time in talking and visiting with this family, but spent the time during the day in reading our Bibles and in prayer. We had family prayers with them every day, but had not been in the home long before we became very much burdened for the salvation of Mr. and Mrs. Prather.

SECRET PRAYER.

Mattie found a secret place in an old tumble-down cellar in which to pray. I sat in the house and when the people were out working I prayed. The people thought I was homesick.

Conviction came in answer to prayer. Mr. P. became so troubled in his soul that he could not find any peace. He was angry with his wife and did not want her to go to the meetings. Mrs. P. said that she became so convicted of her sins that she wanted to go home during the services, but "thought it would be too bad to foresake the poor little crippled girl." Mr. and Mrs. P. both kept going to the meetings each night, seemingly against their wills.

REWARDED.

But this state of affairs did not last many days, for they both broke away from their sins, came to the altar where they were happily reclaimed, and in a short time afterward were sanctified wholly. There was a great change in our home surroundings when these two were saved. Before, there was gloom and silence, and much unhappiness;

but now there was joy and happiness. We had blessed seasons of prayer around the family altar, and we often shouted the praise of God. They no longer misunderstood me, but could now appreciate our burdened condition of heart for the salvation of souls.

THE POWER OF DARKNESS.

There was great persecution and deep seated hatred manifested in the meeting, and night after night we had to fight against the awful powers of darkness. One night a large man pressed so close in his arguments and opposition to us, that he nearly pushed my carriage over. But right in the midst of these awful powers God gave us victory. A number of persons were saved. Strong men were powerfully wrought on; conviction was deep and pungent; men gave up their tobacco and quit their sins. One strong man fell off the altar and rolled under it, where he stayed writhing in agony till he got willing to give up his pipe and tobacco, which as soon as he did, victory came, and we had to give him room to run and jump.

They organized a good class of Free Methodists here. Brother Deremiah, who had been sanctified at our first camp meeting, joined at this time, also Brother and Sister Prather, who became pillars in the church, and their home ever after became the home of the preachers and people of God.

AT REST.

And now I trust they are both safely housed

in heaven—Brother Prather going first, and in a few years his wife followed him. I believe the Lord gave us those two souls especially in answer to our prayers. We were very much interested in each other, and were true and warm friends. I hope to see them with many other precious ones in the glory-world, as the result of our hard fought battles and the victories gained at Arcadia school house.

GRACE SUFFICIENT.

"The cross that He gave may be heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
The storms that I feared may surround me,
But it ne'er excludes His face.

CHORUS.

"The cross is not greater than His grace
The storm cannot hide His blessed face,
I am satisfied to know
That with Jesus here below
I can conquer every foe."

"The thorns in my path are not sharper
Than composed His crown for me;
The cup that I drink not more bitter
Than He drank in Gathsemene.

The scorn of my foes may be daring,
For they bowed and mocked my God;
They'll hate me for holy living,
For they crucified my Lord.

The light of His love shineth brighter
As it falls on paths of woe;
The toil of work groweth lighter
As I stoop to raise the low.

His will I have joy in fulfilling,
As I am walking in His sight;
My all to the blood I am bringing—
It alone can keep me right."

—Ballington Booth).

CHAPTER XVIII

The Cruse That Faileth Not

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that which withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty—Prov. 11:24.

Is the cruse of oil wasting?
  Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
  It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
  Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
  Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
  All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
  Scattered fill with gold the plain.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?
  Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wound thy balsams,
  And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty?
  None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
  Can its ceaseless longings still.

Is thy heart a living power?
  Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
  And by serving love will grow.
—(Elizabeth Rundle Charles).

GOODNESS AND MERCY.

October 1, 1907.—As I review the past years

of my Christian life, I can see far down the pathway a trace of the many blessings that have come to me during those years. And as I write I can say that, surely goodness and mercy have followed me through the varied experiences along the way.

And as I meditate, many things along the way seem mysterious, yet glorious. So many good things have come to me since the day I found my blessed Saviour, for which I praise the Lord, and magnify His holy name. Temporal as well as spiritual blessings have been abundant.

THE DESIRE OF MY HEART GRANTED.

One real and lasting blessing of which I wish to speak now came in the form of an invalid chair. I had been accustomed to sitting in a rocking chair or on my bed always (the little carriage I bought with my lace money was for outdoor use only), and I had long desired a wheeled chair, so I could propel myself and not be dependent upon others to lift me from place to place.

In the spring time of 1889, my friends began to collect among themselves money to buy me such a chair. The Arcadia converts contributed liberally towards it, as also did my friends in LaClede and other places.

When my new chair came, and I was put into it and found I could wheel myself so easily, my very pleasure and joy knew no bounds. I could now go about the house, to the table, and get out of doors in my chair, which I never could do before; and my pleasure increased as I went about

the rooms, and could get things and help myself.

I have never ceased to be thankful for this precious gift from my friends. And now as I look at its time-worn wheels and scared paint, I think if wheels could talk, they could tell many incidents of victory won after hard fought battles.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

No doubt it seemed a very small act on the part of those who contributed money to buy this chair, but the blessing and pleasure that I have received from the use of it, will never be told. It is a clumsy affair in appearance, without springs or rubber tires, yet it has been worth to me many times over its money value, and seems strong enough yet for years of constant use—should I need it.

A TENDER TIE.

There is a relationship between this chair and myself that seems almost sacred. We have been together a long time. By tender hearts and willing hands we have been carried up and down long flights of steps, into halls, jails, railroad cars, and wheeled over miles of country roads, on many camp grounds, and into homes of sin and sorrow; out in the slum streets; marching with the Salvation Army soldiers as they followed the flag and drum. And in all these different places I have had opportunities of singing, praying, and testifying for my loving heavenly Father—which I could not have done without the use of my wheeled chair. Precious souls have bowed around these

clumsy wheels where they have cried and prayed their way into the kingdom of God.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

Sometimes Satan has tried me, and accused me of being a burden upon others. But the promise of the Lord that He will reward those who give only a cup of cold water to one of His little ones, shall not lose their reward—comes to me; and often when we have been half way up or down stairs, the Lord has poured out His blessing on my soul so that I would be shouting, "Glory to God! Praise the Lord!" and when I said "Thank you" to the men who have carried me that way, I have sometimes seen tears in their eyes; and often have unsaved men looked down at me with wonder as I have said, "God bless you!"

God has promised to make me a blessing to others; and I will claim that sweet promise now.

"My prayer"—Gen. 12:2:

"Make me a blessing, Lord, to those I love,
To smooth and brighten this oft rugged way;
Give me Thy blessed comfort from above
That I may comfort others day by day.

Make me a blessing, Lord, to those I meet,
Even amid the hurrying, eager throng;
Give me Thy spirit, ever calm and sweet,
Thy light to shine thro' me, both clear and strong.

I am so weak, I hardly dare to pray
That my small light may bless yet further still,
That weary ones, the lone, the far away,
E'n I may help to show Thy love and will.

And yet I know the weak are strong in Thee;
And knowing this I would in Thy dear name
The greatest of all blessings that can be,
Thy precious gift, this crown of blessing claim.

To be a blessing in this world of woe—
'And thou shalt be a blessing'—'twas Thy word,
This is the greatest gift thou canst bestow;
Give it, I pray, to me, e'en me, O Lord."
—(From S. W. Christian Advocate).

COMPLETE IN HIM.

No one will ever know half the struggles and conflicts it has cost me to be brought into this sacred place of complete trust and confidence in the promises of God; but I know whereof I speak.

My wheeled chair and I have been so closely related in this life, I wonder if I should ever really need it in heaven, as the following lines of the poet would suggest?

THAT BEAUTIFUL CHAIR.

"I am weary, so weary of waiting,
For I'm lonely, and crippled, you see;
But I know that the beautiful angels
Are waiting and watching for me.
Will Jesus be waiting my coming?
And has He made room for me there?
And will He arise when I enter
And give me a beautiful chair?

CHORUS.

O may I not join in the singing?
And play on the harps over there?
How I wish I could be with the angels
And sit in that Beautiful Chair.

"Though I have been crippled a life-time
And sit in my chair all day long,
I am looking, and waiting and longing
To meet with that beautiful throng.
I wonder if mother will know me?
And call me 'her child' over there?
And will my dear friends gather round me
When I sit in that Beautiful Chair?

"Oh the night grows so long with my watching
And I long for the daylight to come.

They say there's no night in that City—
  Then I'd make it my beautiful home.
I have brothers, I know, who will greet me,
  And loved ones have crossed over there;
I wonder if some of the angels
  Have shown them my Beautiful Chair?

(Selected).

CHAPTER XIX

The Sowers and Reapers

"The fields are all whitening, and far and wide
The world is now waiting the harvest tide;
But reapers are few, and the work is great
And much would be lost should the harvest wait.

Go out in the highway and search them all,
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;
Then search in the by-ways, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high.

Then come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are found
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.
—(Selected).

My sister M. went to Mt. Vernon, Ill., where she worked for some years among the holiness people. In 1894 I had the pleasure of meeting her there to assist her in the meetings. Previous to this time a great holiness revival had spread over a wide territory in Southern Illinois, conducted by the Kentucky evangelists Revs. A. A. Niles and J. J. Smith, assisted by Mr. Prather and Milrad Denton—who was a cripple and went about on his crutches singing the gospel of full salvation. I had the pleasure of meeting this holiness band and enjoying their sermons and the songs of Zion as preached and sung by them. Brother Niles was like a brother to me; he gave me opportunities to sing and speak in the meetings, and at Bonnie Camp Meeting took up a collection for me, to help pay my expenses. Here I

met Brother E. A. Ferguson and his father and mother. I did so enjoy hearing Brother F. preach and sing the blessed gospel songs.

MY FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

In those meetings I always found fathers and mothers under whose tender care I felt safe and happy.

A HAPPY HOME.

One of our homes was that of Sister Mary Page. She had been healed of hemorrhage of the lungs, and wonderfully blest in her soul. The first time I met sister Page she tenderly embraced me with tears in her eyes, and her tender mother-heart took me in and made me welcome in her home among her four fatherless children, who were small at that time.

I saw all of those children saved. They were happy little workers for the Lord; would sing and pray in the meeting and get blest at home. I never saw a happier home than that of sister Page's. They were so good to me, and wheeled me to the meetings. (God bless them).

~~Another happy home~~ of ours was at brother and sister Isaac Hamilton's. Willie, their only child, was a bright and happy Christian boy. He was a useful little fellow in the meetings—would often weep and pray over the lost. But as the years passed by, for some cause he refused to walk in the light, and when going through high school he chose sinful companions, became worldly-minded, and when too late saw his mistake. On

his death bed he confessed that he had been called to preach the gospel and had refused to obey. Thus in the prime of his young manhood he was called into eternity. He repented of his dreadful course and sought the Lord for pardon. The word says: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

AT PROVIDENCE CHURCH.

Mattie and I were invited to assist at a meeting in a church called Providence, ten or twelve miles from Mt. Vernon. I made my home most of the time at Mr. and Mrs. Whissenhunt's. Their son and daughter, Will and Rose, were very dear young people. I enjoyed being at their home. They took me to and from the meeting in a carriage. There were a few souls saved here. I was very much burdened for this place and gave myself up to prayer and pleading for souls. The father and son of this home where I was staying were backsliders.

THE DEAD BROUGHT TO LIFE.

One night I dreamed of seeing two little children die in agony and then come to life again. The next day these two men came to the altar and were powerfully wrought upon, so that they lay prostrate upon the floor and cried, groaned, prayed and confessed their sins. The prilgrims held on in earnest prayer, the presence of the Lord was manifest, faith triumphed, their tears and groans were changed to shouts of joy and songs of praise, and they returned home happy in the Lord. I

rejoiced in spirit also, that the dead had been brought to life again and the lost had been saved.

A MEETING IN WAYNE COUNTY.

My sister, Miss Mitchell, and myself were urged to hold a meeting in Wayne county, about fourteen miles from Mt. V. This was an out of the way place, and there had been no preaching in the church for a number of years. The members were all backsliders, and every time a minister came to preach the rough element would drive him away. Brother and Sister A. C. Johnson were anxious we should go, and she had a brother living a mile or so from the church, and he promised to keep us at his house. We consented to go if brother and sister Johnson would go with us. So they drove us over, and we began a meeting. The first few nights there was no disturbance, but they soon began to do their meanness out among the wagons and teams. The sinners cut the harness, and loosened the wagon and buggy pins to make us trouble. But the Lord was with us and kept us from being injured.

ENEMIES TURNED TO BE FRIENDS.

But this kind of trouble did not continue long, and soon we had good attentive and civil congregations. Conviction came to the people and backsliders were reclaimed. The Lord gave us victory and a great salvation time. Mr. Fields, an old army captain who had been backslidden for years came to the altar with others and was reclaimed. This was the first revival that had been held there

for years. And when we left there was a nice class of live converts and the cause of Christ was built up again.

A BETTER MEETING THE NEXT YEAR.

The next year Mattie and I returned to the place and held a meeting. The Lord gave us twelve more strong, bright converts, among them being two daughters of Captain Felds. These two young ladies prayed through to victory and came shouting the praise of God. They were bright and shining lights the last we heard from them, which was thirteen years later.

Sister and I found way to the hearts of those people, and many of them were ready to fight for our protection if need be.

COTTAGE MEETINGS.

Jesus said, "The poor shall have the gospel preached unto them." The holiness people held cottage meetings for years in South Mt. Vernon. The meetings were attended with success, and many precious souls found their way to salvation from sin in them. There were calls for meetings among the homes of the poor people, and they were ready to accept the teaching of the Word. Many gave up their sinful ways and found peace and joy in the Lord. The power of the Lord was manifested among the saints and their labors were crowned with success. There was a woman in our meeting one evening who was powerfully convicted, and when I was testifying she threw up her hands and screamed as loud as she could. This

poor soul was sick of sin and was no longer able to control her feelings.

At our altar services seekers would often become so much in earnest as to forget their surroundings, and would keep praying till they received the blessing of sins forgiven. Frequently persons have knelt about the wheels of my chair, and we would hold on to the promises of the Lord till they were made happy in the Saviour's love. Many have consecreated themselves wholly to the Lord and taken the narrow way, laid aside their jewelry and worldly dress and become humble followers of the meek and lowly Naarene.

TO MISS K. M.

"Much joy to thee, dear sister,
On this thy natal day;
May happiness attend thee
Along thy pilgrim way.

Long may you live, dear sister,
To walk the narrow way;
And may your light shine brighter
Unto the perfect day.

Be true and brave, dear sister—
Greet the world with a song;
Lift high the royal banner,
In Christ's strength be ye strong.

Hold high faith's shield, dear sister,
And put love's sandals on;
When clouds around you gather
With courage march along.

Pray in the spirit, dear sister,
And watch unto prayer—
Stand at your post of duty—
Jesus will crown you there."

—(S. DeM.)

I should have mentioned a few pages back

how, in the beginning of our work in the South, I had asked my heavenyl Father for a dear devoted sister to help Mattie and me in our meetings, and how the Lord gave us such a one in the person of Miss Kittie Mitchell of Dahlgren, Ill. The first time I met her she came home with Mattie to visit us from Southern Illinois. They surprised mother and me, and as they came up the walk from the train that night we heard them singing, "Then cheer, my comrades, cheer—Our trials will soon be o'er; The lifeboat soon is coming to gather the pilgrims home."

Soon as we were acquainted with Miss Mitchell we felt drawn towards her, and she was as much interested in us seemingly. Thus our hearts were knit together in tender love. She insisted on my going back to Mt. V. with sister and herself, but I did not have the money to pay my car fare, and could not see how I could get it. Yet, through her influence, I prepared to go, and when the time came a friend kindly offered to lend me the money for car fare. And when Miss Mitchell and sister returned to Mt. V. they took me with them, and through the kindness of my dear young friend I was enabled to attend meetings in different places.

BELLE LOMAX.

I had not been in Mt. Vernon long until I heard of a little crippled woman that lived in the country with her married brother. Her father and mother were dead. I was very anxious to see her, and when I went into the country where Miss Mitchell stayed, my desire to meet her became even greater.

But the farmers were very busy in the harvest, and we could not get any one to take us for a while. It seemed I could not wait, so great was my desire to meet her. Miss Mitchell was almost as anxious as myself; so she wheeled me four miles, and then we failed to see her, as he was not at home. We went there three times before we saw her. The last time Mr. James Peery kindly took us in his wagon. My heart was deeply touched when I saw her. She was deformed like myself in some ways, and nearly my size. (I took her one of my dresses and it fitted her nicely). But she had more courage than I and worked very hard. She helped with the housework by crawling around or sitting in a chair. She peeled the potatoes we had for dinner that day, and did many things to make our visit pleasant. She was about 24 years old at that time (July, 1894) and had suffered greatly. Eight years before this she had made a profession of religion and joined the Baptist church. The minister immersed her in her chair, but she was not happy; had lost the joy out of her heart, and not ever getting to church, had grown careless and indifferent about her soul. I told her how the Lord had saved and wholly sanctified me and given me peace and joy in my heart, and by His grace enabled me to triumph in great measure over my many afflictions and difficulties. And as the light of God's glorious and full salvation dawned upon her heart she at once became hungry for this blessed experience. I am so glad that God is no respecter of persons, "But whosoever will may come and take the water of life freely."

That afternoon when we left her we rejoiced greatly that we were permitted to meet one for whom I could feel the deepest sympathy and fully appreciate her physical condition. She earnestly sought the Lord, and before many days was rejoicing in the joys of the Lord. When I heard of this I felt repaid a hundred fold for all the difficulties I had encountered in order to see her.

A few weeks after this, we were both wheeled into the same church. We sat near each other, and we both testified. Her sweet face shone with pleasure as she told of her newly-found joy and her intention to go on and find the fountain of cleansing. That night brother and sister Jerry Ellis took us home with them, and we spent the night together. The next afternoon we had cottage prayer meeting at Mr. Ellis's. This little meeting was a feast to our souls, and we rejoiced together. She told of her intention of seeking for sanctification until she should get the blessing, and laid aside her gold earrings and cuff buttons and gladly welcomed the light as it dawned on her to be a plain Bible Christian. I never saw her any more after that day, but heard that she soon found the Lord, in whom she delighted, as her full Saviour and was wonderfully filled with His spirit. She was sanctified while all alone one day at home, and had received a glorious gift of power from the Lord; and it seemed her joy knew no bounds. Her face shone with the light of heaven as she told of this great salvation.

She had no invalid wheel-chair, and we had collected almost money enough to get her one, when

I returned to LaClede. But before we could send for her chair she took la grippe, and suddenly, while alone in the night, her heavenly Father sent an angel from the glory world to bring His dear child home. Her work was finished; she was too dear and pure to longer remain in that place of sorrow and pain; her place in the sky was ready for her, and she was ready for the place; so she gently fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Her people not thinking she was very sick, did not get alarmed about her until late in the morning, when they went to her bed and found the little form lying cold in death.

A few days before her death I dreamed I saw her walking, and when notice of her death reached me I thought my dream had come to pass in a true reality than it could ever have done in this life. O how glad I am now that my poor heart was stirred to its depths to help her to find the blessed Saviour's love.

A message came to me today;
  And with trembling voice I read—
"I send these sad lines to say—
  Your little friend is dead."

In the morn they came to call her—
  Little Belle could speak no more;
While other slept, holy angels
  Bore her to that blissful shore.

Pressed with pain, sore afflicted,
  Surrounded here by sin and woe,
Yet like rich perfume of lilies
  Did her life in beauty glow.

Now she walks the streets of glory,
  (She had never walked below),
And her heart is free from sorrow
  And her robes are white as snow.

I will meet you, little sister,
Up in that home so bright and fair;
I know you are now with Jesus,
And I soon will greet you there.

—S. DeM.

A STREET MEETING.

Kittie and I were out in the country some weeks where we held cottage meetings with good success. One Saturday afternoon, Sister Julia Peery, at whose home we were staying, took us over to Woodlawn, a village not far away, to hold a street meeting. The villagers seemed very indifferent, and stood apart from us. It seemed so hard to get their attention; yet we sang and prayed, some one gave an exhortation, and we gave out some tracts and started home. I was feeling badly over what seemed a failure. We felt the Lord led us there, and to go away without seeing any good done was a trial indeed.

A SURPRISE.

But as we went back to our wagon we passed an old gentleman sitting on a store porch. He called us to stop, and as he came towards us, I felt sure he was going to arrest us for holding meetings on the streets. Imagine my astonish ment when he took from his pocket a five dollar bill and handed it to me. And by the time we reached our wagon another man came running down and gave me fifty cents. My heart was humbled and I said of myself, "O ye of little faith." That evening at the cottage meeting at Brother Peery's, a Christian brother gave me a dollar. Kittie's prayers were answered—I now had money

to pay my car fare debt and some left for myself.

MY NEEDS SUPPLIED.

The dear Lord Jesus has wonderfully helped me and given me many tokens of His divine love and protection, as I have launched out and depended upon His precious promises. I will here relate one or two instances where God has blessed me both in giving and receiving. I have learned that it is more blessed to give than to receive, yet both of these graces go hand in hand and are inseparable in every truly saved person's heart. May God bless us and give us light on bestowing our gifts and thus fulfill the command in the Word.

In my early Christian experience I shrank from receiving money that had been offered me by others. But the dear Lord showed me that this was a mistake; for the promise is: "Give, and it shall be given you, good measure, pressed down and running over." There is a great blessing in giving; I enjoy giving to others of my small store, not wishing anything in return. If I were not willing to receive, then, those who wished to give me, would by my refusal be denied the blessing that would come to them by giving.

ONLY FIFTY CENTS.

A number of years before the Greenville College became a college, Brother F. H. Ashcroft, who was financial agent, was taking a collection for the fitting up of the college building at a certain camp meeting. He called for a collection. No one responded; there was stillness all over the camp. Not a move was being made. I sat there trembling,

because I had felt impressed to give fifty cents, but hesitated because I had not a larger amount to give. I became alarmed because the spirit of the Lord was being quenched. And much as I dreaded to be the first to respond—and that I only could say fifty cents—I had to say it; and then like a streak of light the spell was broken, and people all over the tent responded liberally. The dear Lord showed me by this, that to disobey, even in the little things, hindered the work of God in a great measure. Yet how good the Lord was to me that evening, for before I left the tent, there had been given me by different ones over three dollars.

There are many instances where the "good measures" blessing has come to me. Also many times, when there was no good measure due, have I had an abundance; and every need supplied both for clothing, car fare and other needs. Praise the Lord who giveth liberally to all.

In my daybook, November, 1896, I wrote: I trust God for all my needs and He abundantly supplies them, and gives me more than I ask. I am learning what it is to be a real faith missionary. I have no fears concerning the future, for I have committed my little all to the keeping of Him in whom my soul delights to trust. I know I am safe while I abide in Him; for His banner over me is Love, and underneath me are His "everlasting arms." I mean to stay where the blood can keep me clean every moment. I am joined to all the living, and expect to end this warfare down by the river side. I take this way of my own free choice, and it is the delight of my

life to "watch, and fight, and pray." I can truly say:

"Gone is every murmur,
Heaven has come to me!
Battling for my Master,
Free, indeed, I'm free."

It was always a cross to leave mother and go from home to attend meetings. (But the cross was heavy because Satan tempted me in order to discourage and hinder me from entering the vineyard of the Lord). But soon as I would get away in the work of the Master, my burdens were gone, and I was happy and free in my soul as a bird on the wing.

Once while away for eleven months in these meetings, Brother W. C. Kelley, then my pastor at La Clede, composed and sent me a song. I have been greatly blest, as I have sung these precious words, aided by the Holy Spirit. Everywhere I sing it, some one asks me for the words. So it is with Brother Kelley's consent that I here insert his song that it may reach out farther still, and be a greater blessing.

I WILL LOVE MY JESUS MORE.

(Tune—"Just Before the Battle, Mother).

"Once I sought for worldly pleasure,
But was never satisfied
Till I found a richer treasure
In my Jesus crucified.

CHORUS.

"Farewell, worldly friends, we sever:
My Redeemer I adore;
I will love you still forever,
But will love my Jesus more.

"Now I feel my sins forgiven,
I will sorrow never more;
I am on my way to heaven,
I am now condemned no more.

"I have reached the land of Beulah!
Crossed the Jordan and the sea;
Singing glory hallelujah,
For my heart is free.

"True this is a land of plenty;
Eschol grapes, corn, wine and oil;
All are welcome to this country,
Favored with my Father's smile."

Composed by W. C. Kelley.

CHAPTER XX

Murmur Not

Murmur not, murmur not
When trials come and sad is thy lot;
Why allow thyself to weep and moan
As though grief and pain were thine alone!
Remember others have sorrow too—
And many suffer much more than you!
Though trials come and sadden thy lot
Murmur not, murmur not.

Murmur not, murmur not,
Oh! do not weep over thy sad lot;
Lift up thine eyes to heaven and see
The great things God hath promised thee:
"Eye hath not seen neither ear hath heard"
The blessing promised in Christ's word,
Then do not grieve but bear thy lot—
Murmur not, murmur not.

Murmur not, murmur not
Though some who've loved may have forgot—
And sorrow with a relentless hand
Would smite you down with its cruel hand—
Lift up thine eyes to the world above,
Remember God's heart is warm with love
Though friends on earth have long forgot—
Murmur not, murmur not.

Murmur not, murmur not,
Think of those who have much sadder lot;
Forget thine own sorrow for a while,
Bind up some broken heart with a smile;
Many suffer, but do not complain—
Lay aside thine own sad thoughts of pain
Think of those who have a sad lot—
Murmur not, murmur not.

—S. DeM.

OUR FAMILY ENLARGED.

In the winter of 1889 my brother E. S.'s wife

passed into eternity, leaving to mourn the loss of a loving mother four little children. Annie, the eldest, was twelve; Cathryne, ten; Jessie, about four, and Bennie one and a half years old. My brother was at that time living in the state of Missouri, and mother and I were preparing to leave our home and go to them when he decided to bring them to us, which he did in the early spring. Our family was now considerably enlarged, and our cares and responsibilities increased; yet we were thankful that we could share our home with these dear one and help them in their time of great need. They were a comfort to us and we loved them dearly. They were kind and obedient to us, and I have this consolation—though I could not do much else for them, that I treated them kindly and tried to teach them to love Jesus, the children's Friend. The older girls assisted mother with the house work, went to school, and helped to take care of their little brother, who was a sweet and tender-hearted little boy.

They have grown up now and gone to do for themselves. The girls are married and have homes of their own. Bennie served a term of three years in the United States navy recently. These dear children grew up so quickly that it seems but a short time since they were with us in our home, where each day they knelt around my chair and joined their voices with ours in simple, childish prayer; and I trust the seed sown in weakness will yet bring forth an hundred fold. And though they may have wandered away from their sweet childhood faith, yet I believe they will

not forget, and that we shall meet again in that sweet home above, where sorrow and sin are felt and feared no more.

"Oh a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years!

"There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings
And the garments our dead used to wear."

—B. F. Taylor.

My eldest sister and her family came from Kentucky, and spent a few years in Illinois. I remember once when they lived in an old stone house in the country about a mile and a half from La Clede, that mother and I spent two or three weeks with my sister and family during a strawberry season. I was left alone the greater part of the day, during this time, while the folks were picking strawberries. Instead of being lonesome or afaraid in that big house, I counted it a privilege to have the house all alone, so I could spend the days uninterruptedly in my reading and communion with my blessed Saviour.

It was here I read Hester Ann Rogers, which I enjoyed very much. Tears dimmed my eyes as I entered into the spirit of the narrative till I could not see to read; then I would have to stop to weep and praise the Lord, and then read again. As Mrs. Rogers described her own experiences, and the deathbed scene of Mr. Wesley, I was in

spirit carried back to the old time pilgrims, who were so powerfully filled with the Holy Ghost as to be able to move the hearts of men and women as they preached the gospel. This little book was a great blessing to me, and I hope every one who has not done so, will read it.

I always enjoyed my visits to my sister's home, for she and her husband and children were very kind to me, and some of them would take me to church if it was possible for me to go.

These dear ones moved out west and we did not meet them for many years afterward, yet I have never forgotten the pleasant visits and the kindness shown me by them; and especially dear to me is the memory of her little ten-year-old daughter Vera. She was such a help to her mother and all the family. She used sometimes, when the roads were good, wheel me to church in my chair. But dear Vera will no more minister to loved ones on earth. The feet and hands that were once so active and willing to do for others are now bound in the cold embrace of death. She sleeps in the silent city of the dead; but the memory of her sweet life is pleasant, and the things which her hands have made and handled are held sacred by those who loved her best.

"Why should we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
It is the voice that Jesus sends
To call us to His arms."

WANTING TO FLY.

If I had wings of a dove
On which to scale the blue above,

I'd go flitting through the air
And surely leave this land of care.

When oppressed with worldly things
I sometimes wish for freedom's wings
That I might rise without fear
And sever the chains that bind me here.

In temptation's trying hour,
I will look to Christ for power;
When grief like a troubled sea
In rushing billows roll o'er me.

Holy Father, give me grace
To be patient in every place—
To honor still Thy great name
In a sorrow-heated furnace flame.

In Thy bosom to abide,
In the clefted Rock let me hide
Till these storms of life are passed,
And Thou shalt call me home at last.

—S. DeM.

THE BOY BABY.

My sister Mattie was married November, 1898, to Mr. S. A. Bradley, and soon afterward they went to East St. Louis, where they had charge of a mission for some time. They came home in December, 1899, to spend the winter with mother and me. It was here their son and only child, Francis Richard Bradley, was born at 1 o'clock Monday morning, January 1, 1900, which was the first day of the new century, the day of the new year, and the first day of the month. This is indeed a very precious little boy. When he was about three months old they took him with them to Willisville, Ill., which has been their home until 1910, when they moved to Nebraska in hopes of improving my sister's health, which had been very bad for several years.

After sister married she and I have not been together in the work of the Lord very much.

SET ASIDE.

This has been the source of great trial to me; yet it seems to have been the will of the Lord to set me aside for a time, as my general health—which for years was remarkably good for one so afflicted—began to fail about that time and I have never been able to go in the work as formerly; and though my sister and I have been deprived of the privilege of thus being in the service of the Master, yet we have kept close together in the spirit.

"Earth's sorrows will all be forgotten
And I shall be safe in the fold,
Shut in with the Lord and His angels,
When I walk up the streets of gold."

O how we need the constant presence of the Lord with us and the glory of the cross before our eyes as we pass through this world and come in contact with the stern realities of life. It is no child's play to walk in the light of God as shown in the scriptures, but true glory comes from the patient daily bearing of the cross. Hence the words of the poet:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of Sacred Story
Gathers round its head sublime.

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

"Pain and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide."

DEEPLY GRATEFUL.

Mother and I lived in La Clede more than twenty years. Part of that time we lived alone, and our friends and classmates showed us much kindness. Sister Springer and her son Evan would come to wheel me to prayer meeting and church, and all of the members have kindly ministered to my needs, and I feel deeply grateful to each one. I have through their favors been enabled to assist in the work of the Master. For years I had the pleasure of teaching classes on Sunday—leading prayer and praise meetings, and for two years was their class leader, which office I enjoyed very much; but my health failed so that I could not continue in that work longer.

My former pastor, to whose faithful preaching I have been enabled to listen with great pleasure and profit, have shown such kindness to us, which humbles my heart in deep gratitude. Pardon me if I mention some of their names: Rev. G. W. Hood, Brother S. Fowler, Brother Williford, Brother W. C. Kelley, Brother and Sister C. M. Dawson, Brother and Sister Ahlemeyers, Brother and Sister Sanderson, and Brother Deremiah. These are the ones I remember most distinctly. Besides our presiding elders the following have assisted in special meetings: Rev. Hanmer, Rev. S. K. Wheatlake, Rev. B. C. Dewey, Rev. J. LaDue, Rev. A. L. Whitcomb, Sisters Minnie Barrett and Margerite Barns, Bishop B. R. Jones, and others

—very many. All these have been used of the Lord to bring the gospel message to the people of La Clede.

"March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hill of bright glory
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above."

IN DEEP WATERS.

During the winter of 1901 mother was seriously ill with pneumonia. We were living alone then, and our dear friend and pilgrim sister, Mrs. Andrews of Farina stayed with us, and was tireless in her efforts for our welfare. The doctor and our neighbors did not expect mother to live. Some of them told me I must be reconciled for she could not get well. But when she was at her worst and doctor had them tell me she was *very* sick, I asked them to pray for her. The doctor and my friends kneeled down there around our little family altar and prayed for her. The Lord was pleased to answer and she was once more spared to me. Shall I not praise the Lord with all my heart, and rejoice with exceeding joy for all His benefits towards me? Amen!

Soon after mother's recovery, I was taken ill and became very weak. One day the doctor gave me up to die, and they sent for my youngest sister at Mason City to come, also for Mrs. Andrews. But late that afternoon I felt the warm blood coursing through my veins and a voice whispered to me, "Thou shalt live and not die, and yet declare the work of the Lord." I opened my eyes and spoke to mother. I asked her if the doctor had not

told her I was going to die. I wanted her to send for him so I could tell him I was going to live. When Sister Andrews came that evening she found me propped up in bed taking some nourishment. Next morning when the doctor came his face was radiant with smiles. And I told him of my beautiful vision and of the message that I was yet to live.

ANGELS IN MY ROOM.

And again in February, 1906, I was very ill with ear and throat trouble. Had an abscess on each ear drum. Dr. Kepner came fourteen successive days to treat my ears. For a long while I could only with difficulty hear when they called loudly to me. But the Lord sustained me and gave me this promise and fulfilled it. "He giveth His beloved sleep." And again the word came: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

One evening as I lay there suffering intensely, I felt a gentle breeze fan my cheek, and instantly every thought was transferred from my pain to thoughts of things glorious and divine. O, I was so happy! I exclaimed in the ecstacy of my heart, Praise the Lord! the angels are here and I did not know it till I felt the motion of their wings as they lowered around my pillow. Hallelujah! How precious is the memory of that hour! At other times during my hours of pain I have been made to realize the presence of angels to cheer and comfort me; and from the pleasure their presence gave me, the Lord inspired my heart to write the

verses which I give you here:

The angels are hovering round my bed
  In the still watches of the night:
They mark each throb of my aching head—
  Into the darkness they bring me light.

Welcome, my kind messengers of love!
  Your presence brings comfort and peace;
You were surely sent me from above
  To bid these aches and pains to cease.

The nights would seem long without you
  And the hours drag slowly by;
For amidst the pain there is comfort
  When I know the angels are nigh.

There are times I can almost see them,
  And feel the motion of their wings,
And hear the sweet music of heaven
  That none except angels can sing.

—S. DeM.

A FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

We had a most precious camp meeting in 1905, while Brother Sanderson was our pastor. Brother A. L. Whitcomb was with us, and did good preaching. The pilgrims were strengthened and built up in Christian faith and courage. But there were only a few sinners saved, among them Mary P. De Monbrun, my brother J. W.'s daughter, of Horse Cave, Kentucky. She was visiting us at that time, and had never been among our people before. But on the way to our house she heard about our camp meeting, and at once felt convicted that those people were the ones that should help her reach a greater depth of grace than she had yet attained. And she was not disappointed, for she was indeed blest and filled with the Spirit of God, and a few days after the meeting closed she was

sanctified at our home. She had, when only a girl, felt greatly moved to give herself to the Lord for foreign missionary work. It seems this desire or calling was intensified, and she consecrated herself to the Lord for that service.

She has since then graduated in the Free Methodist College at Greenville, Ill., and is preparing to go as a missionary to India.

(I have often felt the burden of the heathen on my heart, and have felt that had I been well and strong as others, I would gladly go and preach to them. But as I cannot do so, I trust my dear niece will go out as one in my stead. There are so many of our dear young people giving themselves over to the pursuits of worldly gain and worldly pleasure, while the vineyard of the Lord in many places are going to waste for the lack of faithful laborers and the means to send those who are longing so much to go.)

"There's a call for faithful workers
In the vineyard of the Lord,
Where the ruthless hand of Satan
Has been scattering tares abroad.
'Tis a call that must be answered—
Are you ready to begin?
Will you spread the glorious gospel
O'er a land that's lost in sin?"

THE SONG OF MY SOUL.

Glory be to God the Father,
And to the Holy Ghost!
Glory to the Son forever,
Who saves to the uttermost.

The Father's love is greater far
Than earth has ever known;
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter
To every heart may come.

Let every heart and tongue
  Sing out in joyful praise
To Him who gave His only Son
  Us to bless with love and grace.

The blessed peace from God above
  Filleth my heart just now,
And I receive His perfect love
As low at His feet I bow.

—S. DeM.

After some years of extreme bodily weakness, the dear Lord has so far restored my health as to enable me to attend camp meeting and conference, which privilege I greatly enjoyed, and my heart sang anew the praises of Christ my King. We first went to Mason City, and from there to Vermont, Ill., camp meting. This was a new place for me, and I here met for the first time a large number of the pilgrims in Ipava district, who treated me just as if I was their own child. Here prayer was offered for the strengthening of my body, and the Lord helped me greatly, and my soul was filled with gratefulness for blessings bestowed. The meetings was in charge of Brother W. D. Cochran and he made every one feel free as they chose and the Lord came to many souls. There was a large number of children saved and joined the church, among them Brother and Sister Cochran's little daughter Mary.

A WEDDING AT CAMP MEETING.

One evening two young people with their friends came to the camp ground to get one of the preachers to unite them in marriage. And at the close of the preaching service Brother Taylor asked permission to bring them to our tent. Miss

Knowles tidied up the tent and made it ready for the wedding party. Revs. Cochran, W. C. Kelley and D. R. Taylor assisted in the proceedings of this unique wedding, which was a solemn and sacred affair. After the beautiful ceremony was over, earnest prayer was offered from the young bride and groom, and we gave them our hearty congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy life.

ROYALLY ENTERTAINED.

At the close of this meeting Brother and Sister Taylor took me home with them, where Sister Taylor and the children royally entertained me. She gave me a nice little room all to myself, and I had a good long, quiet rest.

We held some meetings on the street at Vermont, and Brother T. took me with Mrs. T. and the children to Table Mound, where we held some very precious street meetings. The people welcomed us and hung out a light for us. I sat in the carriage and sang and spoke a few words for my Master. Many were touched by the Holy Spirit. A lady came with tears flowing from her eyes, and asked us to pray for her. They took up a collection here to help pay my expenses.

Brother Taylor held a holiness convention at Rushville, and I attended over the Sabbath. The pilgrims there were very kind to us.

Sister Patterson and her friends contributed some money and quite a package of useful articles and sent them to me over from Rushville to the conference at Lewiston.

MY HEART STILL SINGS.

"My heart still sings though the tempest rise,
Though the clouds hang dark in the angry skies,
Though my bark is tossed on a raging sea,
My heart still sings of its trust in Thee.

"My heart still sings tho' the storm is high,
My ship is frail and the shoals are nigh;
Death lies hid 'neath the angry wave,
But my heart still sings of Thy power to save."

June, 1906, found us again in the town of Mason City, where we stayed at the home of my sister and her family three or four weeks. We then went to Hopedale, Ill., where Brother and Sister Nowlin were holding a tabernacle meeting, assisted by Brother Ray Mitchell and Sister Bersha Green.

This was a hard battle against the powers of the Evil One, and I fear the battle has never yet been finished.

Under the fire from the batteries of the enemy my soul grew and enlarged and my heart kept singing; Praise the Lord for the thickest of the fight.

THE BRITTLE THREADS OF LIFE.

"Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth; for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak; and He will show you things to come." (John 16:13).

I do praise my Heavenly Father for His promise to guide us. I know He will keep His word; and I delight to trust in Him. When just a short time ago it seemed from all physical ap-

pearances that my work on earth was almost finished, yet, though so weak and unworthy, the Lord has been pleased to lengthen out the brittle threads of my life. There has been times when I did not desire to live longer, and made no effort to improve; but as the Spirit spake unto Peter: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean." Even so has He taught me not to dispise the life that He has been pleased to bless and cleanse.

Brother Mitchell and I returned to Mason City to attend camp meeting there in August. I tented on the ground with Sisters Ethel and Cora Knowles, who kindly and tenderly cared for me. Brother J. C. Sills had charge of this camp, assisted by Rev. W. T. Graham. (It was here my convictions to write a sketch of my life was deepened. My friends urged me to push it to completion as soon as possible. But I felt weak and unable to proceed without very much help and encouragement from the Lord.)

WITH REV. AND MRS. EVERETT.

Leaving Mason City, we attended quarterly meeting at Clinton, Ill. This was a good meeting and in charge of Brother J. C. Sills. On Saturday afternoon we went with Brother B. N. Everett and others and held a street meeting, where the Lord gave us freedom in song and testimony. Brother and Sister Everett made it very pleasant for me, and I did so much enjoy being in their home.

A VISIT TO GREENVILLE COLLEGE.

From Clinton, I went in company with Brother and Sister Everett to our annual conference at Greenville, which convened September, 1911. Here Miss Bertha Ahlemeyer, Miss Orpha Abbott and myself were kindly entertained in the pleasant home of Sister Ida K. Graham. The conference was held in the T. M. church near the college and was a very pleasant session.

I had often desired to visit our college, but now I had the privilege of doing so. It was an inspiring sight to see that large body of bright young students march in and out of the beautiful chapel, where each morning they met with the college faculty for morning worship. Through the kindness of Rev. G. D. Schlosser, now missionary to China, I had the pleasure of seeing nearly all over the college. I was delighted with my visit there, and felt like crying because I could not stay and be one of its students also. This college is certainly a grand institution for the young men and women of every land, from a moral and spiritual point of view, as well as educational advantages.

And now my visit to the conference and college over, I retrace my steps to our home in La Clede, where I met my mother on her return from her visit in Kansas.

NEAR THE CROSSING.

In the dark and stormy night
Gently lead me to the light;
In the fierce and stormy gale
Suffer not my heart to fail.

When temptations near me roll,
And life's trials press my soul,
Saviour, let me hide in Thee,
Free from sin, from sorrow free.

When I near death's river side
And behold its swelling tide,
Trusting then, I shall not fear,
For my Saviour will be near.

Soon these eyes of mine will close;
In their last, long sleep repose;
Then my happy soul will rest
On my loving Saviour's breast.

May His loving arms enfold
Round my blood-washed, trusting soul,
Thus to bear me safe above
To our Father's home of love.

—S. DeM.

MOTHER.

In February, 1909, mother was again taken dangerously ill. The doctors gave us no hope of her recovery, so I sent messages to all her children and they hastened home that if possible they might see her before she passed away. She was very low, but as her children gathered around her bed she knew each one and called their names. Dr. Campbell was very kind and faithful; stayed with us some nights, and much of the time during the day. Everything was done for her that loving hands could do, and as we watched around her bed it seemed our hearts would break to see her suffer.

One evening after a day of sad watching, almost every moment expected to be the last, the doctor (who sat by her bed and had failed two or three times to find any sign of life), hastened to my room to tell me there was a very little change for the better, which gave him hopes; yet I hardly

ANN DE MONBRUN SALLIE DE MONBRUN MARY BLAIR PHELMA ROMINE

dared to cling to anything lest I should still be disappointed. The fight for her life was a hard one, yet the victory was gained after many weary weeks.

But when mother was so far recovered as to allow my brothers and sisters to return to their homes (as they lived at a distance), was the greatest test and trial for me. She lingered weak and feeble so long and I was not able to give her the care she needed. This wore upon my nervous system until I could not rest day or night. After we hired a trained nurse, even then I could not trust myself to lie down and sleep without listening for any little movement or groan from mother.

MOTHER AND HOME.

"Home is not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom
Where is some kind lip to cheer it.
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet and only sweet
Where is one we love to greet us."

—Sel.

"There is no place like home" cannot be realized except by one who loves home and then has been called to leave it. My dear mother and I have clung to our little home for many years, and managed to keep it up until our health became so poor that it seemed we no longer had strength to live alone. I had been expecting the breaking up time to come for some time; yet we strove against it, in hopes that we might be permitted to end our days there. But our heavenly Father permitted

it to be otherwise.

In our desire to be near loved ones where mother could receive better care, and if possible her health improve and her precious life prolinged we sold our home in La Clede and moved about one hundred and fifty miles away, and located close to my youngest sister and her family. The selling of the home, packing our goods, and the final farewell at the train, is too sad a picture for me to describe with my pen, therefore I will let the curtain remain unlifted only to those who already know the circumstances.

We lived in Mason City about two years, and again we broke up our housekeeping, sold the furniture, closed the doors of our dear little home, and said good-bye, before we took the train for Independence, Kansas, to make our future home with my oldest sister, Mrs. Mary L. Blair. After a tiresome journey on the train, we arrived in Independence, July 24, 1911. We have lived in Independence about a year.

My precious mother has greatly improved in health, and more cheerful and happy in heart and mind than for years, and satisfied too, which makes us all glad. She has recently been on a visit to brother J. A. S., in Enid, Oklahoma, where she stayed three weeks. Brother wrote us she enjoyed her visit immensely; could get in the carriage without assistance and ride around over the city. Mother is eighty-seven years of age. Though her eyesight is very bad, yet she can hear well, eats and sleeps regularly and enjoys good things immensely. Surely God is good to us; (and though

the trials have been many) He hath brought us into a wide peace. Praise His dear name!

LESSONS FROM THE CHILDREN.

My dear sister and children are so kind to mother and me; sister takes good care of us and makes us free in her home. I cannot express in words the grateful feeling that swells my heart and soul. Sister has only three sons and three little granddaughters. She keeps her oldest son's little daughter Thelima, who is five years old and is a very precious little girl. She calls heaven "that pretty place," and hopes to go there when she dies. The other two little girls are Wilma and Lucile. I mention the children because I love the little ones, and they teach me such good lessons in their simple, guileless ways and sweet frankness in dealing with everyone. Children have joys, sorrows, and disappointments which are grievous to be borne. I know this to be true, for as a child I felt grievously the disappointments that came to me as I could not enter into the pleasant pursuits of my associates. All along, as years passed by, I felt more bitterly the disappointed hopes; and in my saddest moments I used to think that no good thing could ever come to me. But the day I was converted and during the twenty-six years of my Christian life—though I have "passed the rough rocks" (not always with a smile and a shout, but which sometimes have left me faint and bleeding in the dust at the feet of Jesus—yet, out of the hard, relentless rocks that surround my life, have I proven that "The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for-

ever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey comb—and in keeping of them there is great reward."

The reward has been to me sweeter than "Honey Out of the Rock," which flows down over my soul, healing all my wounds and binding up my broken spirit. O glory be to God!

THE TASK IS DONE.

"Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done;
Somewhere the heart is stronger,
Somewhere the guerdon won."

The time long anticipated has now come. The last words are being penned. With reluctance we approach the final moment when "Good-bye" must be said. The last hours before loved ones are to leave us for distant lands are the ones we hold most sacred. We feel we want to say our kindest and tenderest words; yet how far short of this we come, for, instead of talking, we look at each other in mute appeals which speak far louder than words. Thus the time goes by till the last moment comes, and we manage to say "Good-bye," which unburdens the heart, the fountain of tears is opened and we find relief in weeping. That's the way I feel in closing this little narrative. The temptation would be to slip off and not bid you farewell. But that seems almost heartless; I cannot bear the thought of doing so. But, instead, I would like to reach out and shake hands with each of my readers, and for a last word of testimony

repeat the following words of the sweet singer:

"The light on my pathway grows brighter and brighter,
And warmer and warmer the love in my soul;
My cares and temptations grow lighter and lighter,
And dearer and dearer my Saviour's control.
Yes, life's work grows easy, its burdens grow lighter
As daily thro' Jesus I conquer each foe—
Oh praises forever, my pathway grows brighter
As rapidly upward to glory I go.

"My peace like a river flows deeper and deeper,
And greater and greater my trust in the Lord;
My joyful communion grows sweeter and sweeter,
And richer and richer the mine of His word.
My faith in my Saviour grows stronger and stronger,
As closer and closer I walk by His side—
My song of thanksgiving grows longer and longer,
'Tis further and further I follow my Guide.

"My vision of glory grows closer and closer
As fuller and fuller I'm filled with His love—
The music of heaven grows nearer and nearer
As higher and higher I'm looking above.
The attractions for earth are decreasing, decreasing,
As one after another my jewels go home;
The attractions for heaven are increasing, increasing,
And don't be surprised if some morning I'm gone!"
—Sel.

Finally, brethren, farewell! Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.—St. Paul.

SUPPLEMENT

Obituary

MISS SARAH ANN DEMONBRUN was born at Mammoth Cave, Hart county, Kentucky, March 25, 1861, and died August 16, 1912, aged 51 years, 4 months and 21 days. She was the daughter of Francis and Ann DeMonbrun. Her father, Francis DeMonbrun, died in the year 1877. She was one of a family of twelve children. John DeMonbrun, the oldest, departed this life some twenty years ago. J. A., E. S., F. M., J. R., J. W. and W. R. DeMonbrun, seven brothers, and Mrs. Mary Blair, Mrs. Mattie Bradley, Mrs. Bettie Thompson and Mrs. Amanda Keen, with the aged mother, are left to mourn the loss of the sainted daughter and sister. She was known as "Aunt Sallie" and was an invalid from birth, spending her life in a wheel chair. She moved from Kentucky with her mother and family to Fayette county, Illinois, in 1879, remaining there until the 16th day of August 1909, when, with her mother she moved to Mason City, Ill., and there resided until the 23d day of July, 1911, when she came with her mother to Independence, Kansas, making their home with her sister, Mrs. Mary Blair at 708 W. Main street.

While Miss Sallie was a helpless invalid all the

days of her life she possessed a brilliant mind and intellect and one of the brightest Christian experiences that could be desired. She had been occupied the last two years in writing this book of her life and Christian experiences which was in the publisher's hands and near completion at the time of her death.

On the morning of August 16th, Miss Sallie, Mrs. Blair and a little grand daughter started for the river to spend the day in the woods, where Miss Sallie intended to finish the last page of her book. While going down the decline on Myrtle street—the little girl wheeling her chair—Miss Sallie requested the child to release the chair that she might coast down the street. In some way she lost control of the steering wheel of the chair and ran into the curbing, throwing her to the ground and killing her instantly. So ended the life of one who was a blessing to all with whom she came in contact.

THE END