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**ILLUSTRATIONS AND EXPERIENCES**  
**In Sixty-four Years of Holiness Ministry**  
**By Richard G. Flexon**

Author of  
Seven Mysteries of the Bible  
Rudiments of Romans  
Holiness and Its Relatives  
Thy Kingdom Come  
Truths that Transform

God's Bible School  
1810 Young Street  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45210

1977

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Gratefully  
Dedicated to  
The Students Attending God's Bible School  
Who Have Seen Such An Inspiration To Me

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## PREFACE

Knowing from experience how hard it is for young preachers to get illustrations for their sermons, and realizing that illustrations are the windows to a sermon letting in light on the truth being preached, I have felt for sometime God laying it on my heart to prepare a book of my own personal illustrations which I have gathered from my personal experiences while laboring in many different countries of the world during the past sixty-four years of my holiness ministry.

God has used them greatly in opening the minds of my hearers to gospel truth. I therefore send this book forth with much prayer, trusting it will be a blessing to ministers who care to use it and to laymen who may hear the illustrations, or who may take time to peruse the pages of this book.

-- R. G. Flexon

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Chapter 1  
GREAT ANSWERS TO PRAYER

For Money for Travel

I was preparing to go to Bible School in Greensboro, North Carolina. I was at that time living in New Jersey. As I prayed for the money with which to go, the Holy Ghost said, "Will you go and order your ticket to Greensboro?" I replied that I had no money with which to purchase a ticket. The ticket agent told me it would cost me sixteen dollars. I went back to my room to pray. Again the Holy Ghost spoke and said, "Go to church tonight," and told me where. It was five miles away. That night I rode my bicycle to the church. To my surprise, they were in a revival. I met the pastor who gave me a warm welcome. He asked me to pray and God helped me. After service, he asked if I would come back the next night and preach for him as he was holding his own revival. I was only sixteen years of age, but I told him I would. One of the families in the church invited me to come back for supper the next night. As we sat down at the table, I noticed the plates were upside down. I was asked to grace the table. When I turned my plate over, there were three five dollar bills under it. Not a person on earth knew I needed a cent, as far as I know. Three days later, as a friend drove me to the depot with a horse and spring wagon loaded with my trunk, he said the Lord told him I needed a dollar and asked if I did. I told him if the Lord was telling him I did, then I must need one. He gave me the dollar, which, with the fifteen I found under my plate, made the sixteen I needed for my ticket.

For Money to Launder a Collar

When I arrived at the school in Greensboro, North Carolina, I did not have one cent to my name, not even the dollar required for registration. I was given work in the printing office, firing the boiler to heat the school buildings, and building the fire in the kitchen stove. This took seven hours of my day. I was allowed only ten cents per hour for my work, or seventy cents per day, or if I did not collect the money, it would cover my board and tuition. It left me nothing for soap, pencils, paper for examinations, toothpaste, or any such articles. When I needed a pencil, I would look around the school yard and find a stub of a pencil and use it. For writing paper, I would go to the printing office and get wrinkled up waste paper, iron out the wrinkles, and use it for my examinations. I wore a blue shirt to class in school with old work pants. My shoes wore out and I did not know what I would do to get others. My roommate came from a home of wealth so he had

everything he wanted, and more. One day I saw him throw a perfectly good pair of shoes in the trash can. In the middle of the night, I slipped out of our room, went to the can and got his shoes, polished them and used them for my best shoes.

I had only one suit of clothes. It was a reddish brown color. In those days, I felt I could only pray when I was on my knees. I had worn holes in the knees of my trousers because of kneeling so much. In those days the young men and young women were kept strictly apart. We were not supposed to speak to each other except to pass the time of day, or at the table when we could join in the general conversation. For the girls to do our laundry or to mend our clothes would have been considered a breach of decorum, and dates were not even a dream. I could not have a girl to patch my trousers, and I had no money to pay a tailor to do it. I did not have money to even purchase a piece of cloth for a patch. I finally got a piece of green cloth and sewed it onto the reddish brown trousers. Not a very good combination, and certainly not a good job of patching, but I had to wear the suit for Sunday services, street meetings, and jail services, for besides my seven hours of work each week day, and carrying seven subjects, I was in charge of two street meetings each Saturday night, a jail service every Sunday afternoon, and pastoring a small Friends Church on Sunday.

I had one collarless white shirt and two collars. One collar must be washed every week and this must be done at a laundry. I had no money to pay for the laundry. My girl friend, who was teaching school in New Jersey, wrote me once a week and she would enclose a stamp so that I could reply. In those days, one could purchase a stamp for two cents. I would sell the stamp to get two cents to get a collar laundered. When she learned of the condition, she sent me more stamps. It's funny now, but it was not funny then. when I finished school, I had paid every debt I owed to the school, and had several dollars coming to me. God will see one through if he wants to go through.

#### An Answer to Prayer for Food

Three weeks after my wife and I were married, we were on our first pastorate in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. The church had been organized only three months. The church services were held in a store room and the parsonage was a butcher shop on the back of the store room. Our salary was \$10.00 per week. It was during the First World War, and prices were very high. Eggs were \$1.20 per dozen and other things as high in comparison. We had been there only three weeks when the treasurer of the church went on a two week's vacation and forgot to pay us the ten dollars. We found ourselves with no money and only a little cocoa and a loaf of bread in the house. Just across the street from us was a grocery store. My wife had been teaching school and had been doing well. I did not know how she would react in such a situation. I said I would go to the grocery store and get some groceries on time. She said, "No, we could not do it." She said she would rather go hungry than to buy food on time. It was a hard decision to make but I agreed and it has proven to be one of the best decisions we ever made. In our fifty-eight years of married life, we have never bought any groceries on time. That Monday, we had one cup of cocoa made with water and no sugar and one slice of baker's bread for a whole day's rations. Tuesday was the same. Wednesday was the same. Thursday, the cocoa ran out. For that day we had one slice of bread and a glass of cold water. Friday was the same. Saturday there was left only the heel of the loaf of bread. My wife broke that crust in half and placed one half at my plate and the other half at

her plate with a glass of water at each plate. We thanked God for it, and were blessed by Him as we ate it.

No one knew that we were in need. We told God only about it. By Saturday night, someone sent us a basket of vegetables. That night, I went with a man to the country to preach in a school house. When we arrived at the edge of the city, he gave me a dime and told me to ride the street car home. It was three miles to my home. He left me waiting for a street car while he drove to his home. After he had gone, I went to a store and purchased a loaf of bread and walked the three miles home. Sunday, we had vegetables without salt and bread without butter, but God had answered prayer.

### An Answer to Prayer Because of Helping Others

We budgeted our ten dollars a week salary. So much for clothing, so much for street car fare, (as we had no car), one dollar tithes plus offerings, so much for food. On Saturday morning, I would go to the store for the week's supply of groceries. Saturday morning had arrived, and I asked my wife for the grocery money as she handled all of that part of the ten dollars. She hesitated, then told me she had given all of it to a poor family down the street that had a death in the family. Again we were without food or money. I was glad, however, that she had given it. We went to prayer and during the day prayed much for God to supply the need. As night came on I asked my wife to make out the grocery order as usual, telling her I was going to town to get our groceries. She made it out and I went to a large market and looked at the things inside but had no money with which to buy. As I stood there praying, a man from the Methodist Church, who had heard me preach, came up. We talked a little while, then he said he would have to go, so I walked to the corner of the street where he was to take a street car for home. He said good night and stepped on the street car. He immediately got off, handed me some money, saying God told him to give it to me and got back on the street car. I went to the store and purchased everything wife had written down on the list, paid for it, and had two cents left. Again, God had proven His faithfulness.

### A Venture of Faith

While wife and I were praying together, God told us to go borrow \$200.00 and give it to a person to go to God's Bible School and prepare for His work. We did not hesitate. We, that day, found a man who was willing to go on our note at the bank, so we borrowed the money and sent it to the person God had designated. They went to the school and after school, to the mission field to serve for years.

At the time, our salary was \$10.00 a week. We had never gone in debt for anything for ourselves. We now found ourselves in debt for another person. We determined to pay that debt off as soon as possible. It was not an easy thing to do. We wore patched clothing and went without many things we really needed and began to put a little in the bank each week. At the end of a year, we had paid off \$150.00. We began to work on the other \$50.00. The day the note came due, we had \$45.00 in the bank. We needed \$5.00 more. After breakfast, at seven o'clock, we went to prayer. We had been praying for three hours. Near ten o'clock God spoke and said, "If you want that other five dollars, you go down in town and go to a certain street and a certain number and you

will get your five dollars. Immediately after lunch, I went to town, found the street and number. A stout lady, whom I did not know, came to the door in response to my knock. She asked if my name were Flexon. When I told her it was, she left, but in a few seconds she returned with a five dollar bill. As she handed it to me she said, as she was praying that morning, God told her a man by the name of Flexon would be there that afternoon for five dollars. I thanked her for it and told her that was what I had come for. I went at once to the bank and paid off the note.

### Prayer for a Desperate Need

As Secretary of Foreign Missions of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, I tried to handle the sacrificial money entrusted to me carefully and conscientiously until my church friends accused me of being too frugal. For a number of years I had run the department in the black and had not made any special general appeals. I was carefully checking on my daily income and outgo. Next to the last day of the month had come. My bookkeeper informed me something had occurred that had never happened since she had been in the office. All the Districts had reported and had sent in their money for that month. She did not know of any other source from which money might come and she wanted to close the books the next morning, and she was closing them \$7,000 in the red. It had never happened before.

When I went home that night I told my wife and we went to prayer. He had promised to answer before we called. In this case He did. When I walked into my office the next morning there were several letters on my desk. The first one I opened was from a friend of mine in Florida. He was not then a member of our church. His letter stated he had been praying for me and God showed him I was in need of money so he had enclosed a check for \$400. The second letter I opened was from a friend in New York. He, too, said while praying for me God had revealed to him I was in need of money. He was not a member of any church but he did love God. He had enclosed in his letter two checks. The two together amounted to \$6,700. Putting these with the \$400 from my friend from Florida, I had the \$7,000 to cover the deficit, so we closed the books for that month again in the black with a balance of \$100 to start the next month.

### Venturing Faith

The work of the Missionary Department of the Pilgrim Holiness Church was a work of faith for the twelve years I headed it as Secretary. It was a rule that all missionary supports must be in the mail not later than the tenth of each month. Sometimes I would be forced to mail out checks to the amount of \$17,000 for those supports when I had no more in the bank to cover the checks than \$3,000. That would have been poor business, had I not had such a good Banker. God had promised to supply the needs. In twelve years, He never let me down, but by the time the checks were returned to the bank, the money was always there to cover them. "My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory."

### Prayer Answered for Five Cents

We were living in our home just off the Bible school campus at Shacklesford, Virginia. It was located seven miles from West Point, Virginia. The Mataponi River was between us and West Point. There was a long bridge over the river. The toll for a car or horse and wagon was fifteen

cents. The toll for walking across was five cents. One day I needed to go to West Point. It was a must. I did not have one cent to pay the toll. I asked my wife if she had any money and she said she did not. I drove with horse and buggy to within a quarter of a mile of the long bridge and tied my horse to a post in front of a member's home, who was my church treasurer. I was walking toward the bridge, praying every step of the way for five cents for my toll. I had reached the end of the bridge and I stood looking down. There, lying against the first plank, for it was a wooden bridge, was a nickel. I picked it up and crossed the bridge praising God for His interest in the smaller things in my life.

### Airplane Company Changed by Prayer

I was visiting the islands of Jamaica, Antigua, Barbados, and Trinidad to hold their conferences as was my duty as assistant to the then Secretary of Foreign Missions. I had not intended to go to British Guyana at that time, but was returning home from Trinidad. Rev. Walton, Missionary of Guyana, cabled me asking that I come to British Guyana as he was having trouble. It was during the Second World War and booking back home from British Guyana might mean months of being held up in British Guyana, if I could get there. I was able to get booking to Georgetown. I canceled my booking back to the United States and went on to British Guyana. I was there two weeks when I tried to get booking home. The Airplane Company finally said the best they could do was take me back to Trinidad. It would be on a Pan American sea plane. I accepted it and cabled our missionary at Trinidad, Rev. Solter, to meet me. He was there to meet me, but there was a wire fence between us. They had taken my bags off the sea plane but would not let me out. The agent in charge asked if I wanted to go on. I told him I wanted to go to Antigua. He put me back on but booked me for the United States. When we arrived at Antigua, I made a move to get off. A steward told me I better not. He said they have a backlog of waiting passengers here for three months. This was in June and it meant I might not get out of there before September. I told him I must get off, for I had a conference and a revival to hold there, so he let me off, with a warning that I had better go on with him while I had a chance.

When I went through customs they were disturbed because I had gotten off there so they took all of my money, leaving me penniless. I did not oppose them in this for I knew the missionaries would let me have what I needed.

The day after arriving on Antigua, I went to the Pan American office and I asked if they could book me to the United States in two weeks. They laughed at me and said it would be three months before they could get me out. Remember, there was only one plane a day then from Antigua to the United States. Each day I would go down and pressure them to get me out and each day they said it was not until September, or three months. One day I made an appointment to see the Governor and appealed to him to let me go on a government plane. He at first said he would, but the next day he sent me word that the Army would not let a civilian ride on their planes. Two weeks were up and I must get back to the States. I went to the Pan American office with my suitcase and briefcase ready to go. By this time I had made friends with the company personnel. However, they laughed at me and said I could not go for three months. I asked them to weigh me in for the trip. At that time both baggage and passenger must be weighed. They laughingly complied with my request. I told them I was going back to the mission home for lunch and I was leaving my traveling bags and would be back in time to go on the plane that day. At 12:30 I was back at the office but

my bags were gone. I asked where they were and they said down at the wharf; we are going to send you as far as St. Thomas.

As I boarded the plane, they handed me back all of the money they had taken from me when I had arrived. I did not understand their action and do not to this day.

When we arrived at St. Thomas the steward said he understood I wanted to go to Miami. I told him I did. He said, "You go in and talk turkey to the ticket agent." He said as soon as he unloaded his plane, he would come in and help me. I did, but they said no, I could not go on the plane as it was loaded. The Steward came and asked if they were going to send me, and they said, No, the plane was loaded. He asked to see the passenger list. He noticed they had given one seat to a year old baby. He pointed it out to the director and said the child could not sit up, therefore, the mother would have to hold it. Soon I was back on the plane with all of my baggage but only to go as far as San Juan, Puerto Rico. When we arrived at San Juan, the same steward told me to go at once to the office and see if they would let me go on to Miami. I did so, but only to be told I could not get out of there until September. The steward rushed in by that time and began to put pressure on them to let me go on with him. They became angry and in no uncertain terms, told him no. They were all Spanish speaking. The steward turned to me and expressed regrets but said he could do no more, and I would possibly be held there three months. I found a hotel for \$13.00 a night. Beautiful, but too expensive for me. I prayed much that night asking God to get me out of there.

The next morning, early, I went to the airport. I found it crowded with Puerto Ricans wanting to get to the States. They were operating several daily flights of land based, two-motor planes back and forth to Miami from San Juan. I went to the counter and begged them to put me on one of those flights, but was told no, not until September. I stayed by the ticket window all day begging them to let me go. They would point to the crowd of their own people and say they came first and many of them had been in that office every day for three months and were still waiting. All planes had left for Miami for that day and I was still standing there. I found a hotel for that night which was built out over the ocean. I got a room on the first floor for \$10.00 per night. Every few seconds the ocean rollers would roll up under my room. I liked it for I love the sea. I had a good prayer meeting and slept well. The next morning I was early at the airport. It was still crowded with anxious, weeping, begging people. I stood again by the ticket office begging to be taken on, but the same answer, no. They became disturbed at me and I did not blame them.

That day the Pan American had sent a man down from their Miami office to help in the San Juan office. I talked with him and while he was very gracious, he said he could not send me ahead of those who had been waiting daily in that office for months to go to the United States.

That afternoon I met an American in the office. He was a very large man but very pleasant. I enjoyed my conversation with him. The last plane was warming its engines. I stood at the ticket office window again begging to be put on the plane. I was working full time for the Missionary department. I was raising over fifty thousand dollars a year for missions so my services were worth one thousand a week to the church. I told the American in the office about my work and what it was costing my church to have me tied up there. He was very sympathetic but said there was nothing he could do about it.

I told my new friend good-bye and went back to my hotel. I was desperate and prayed in desperation for God to undertake. I felt the burden lift and fell asleep. The next morning, as I walked into the airport office, my big friend rushed to greet me and said, "You are going today." I asked him how he knew.

He replied, "I am an official of the Pan American Airways. We had a meeting here last night. You were the subject of conversation. You have the officials here plenty worried. If there is any chance at all of getting you out today you are going. Remember, though, as an official of the company, I go first. If there is one cancellation, I go first; if there are two, we both go."

The day passed. The last plane to Miami was ready to load. My friend came and told me they were putting him on but there was no room for me. The engines were warming up. I asked again if they were going to send me. A Puerto Rican was waiting on me.

He said, "Reverend, something has happened this afternoon that has never happened before since the months I have been in this office. Three people booked to go on this flight have not showed up. I am making a last call for them. If they do not arrive at once, you go."

He called but did not wait for them to arrive. He took my ticket, fixed it, told the porter to check my bags for Miami and put me on. In two minutes we were rolling down the runway and I was off for Miami. Does God answer prayer? He does.

#### Answer to Prayer for a Car

I was chairman of our Foreign Missionary Committee. The, then Secretary of Foreign Missions, Rev. Paul Thomas, asked the Committee to pray for three cars for the foreign fields. In a few weeks I was presiding over our camp meeting at Allentown, Pennsylvania as District Superintendent of the Pennsylvania-New Jersey District. Before sunup I was praying in my room on the campground for God to send someone on the ground that day who would give us one of those cars. The Holy Ghost said, "Why don't you give one?" I tried to pray over it, around it, and under it, but I got nowhere. The Holy Ghost kept saying, "Why don't you give one?"

I finally told Him I would, although I did not have a nickel with which to purchase a car. That morning, as I was going to the camp tabernacle, I saw the car dealer from whom I had purchased my last car, drive on the ground. I went over and asked him to take a ride with me. As we were riding along, I told him what God had told me about buying a car for the foreign fields. When we returned to the camp ground, he said, "Are you sure God wants you to buy a car?"

I told him I felt I must or I would disobey God.

He said, "All right, when you get ready to send the car to the foreign work, come over to the lot and pick out any car you want, and the company will give it to you."

That year he gave me two cars for the work. All of these in answer to prayer and a willingness to co-operate with God.

He is still giving two cars a year to Wesleyan Missions.

### God Will Underwrite All We Undertake

I was at the Mt. Frere Mission of the Pilgrim Holiness Church in Africa holding a conference and revival. They told me they had sent word to a place called Pondoland, about a hundred miles away from Mt. Frere, telling the people I would be there on Saturday morning to speak to them, and told them to gather at a certain point in an open field. They asked if I would go. I was more than willing to go. We went in a jeep; four of us. For a part of the way there was no road, so we bumped along in our jeep over fields, down gullies, and over hills. When we arrived at the place, there were over two hundred heathen there to meet us. The men had spears in one hand and in the other hand a club with a knob on it the size of a man's fist. I asked them to sit on the ground. They complied. We sang some songs, then I spoke to them on the text, "Prepare to Meet Thy God."

You may ask why such a text as that to raw heathen? They had never heard of God. I had to prove to them He was more than an evil spirit, but He was a living God Who loved them more than a god of wood or stone, as they worshipped, more than an evil spirit, but He was a living God who loved them and a God they would sometime have to meet. I wanted to illustrate to them that the path of sin, drinking, swearing, and adultery was a crooked path and at the end of it there was a hole in the ground we called the grave. I wanted to make clear to them that they were going into that hole, and I was going into that hole, but that was not all. We would be raised out of that grave and would have to meet that God and give an account for our wrong doings. I wanted to illustrate it by drawing a crooked line on the ground and digging a hole at the end of it. I tried to borrow a spear for that purpose, but no man would let me have one. They still did not trust me. I drew the line and dug the hole with the toe of my shoe. Before I had finished, God took over and they arose in a body and reached out their hands saying, "Mufendeese, we have never heard such a story. Our children never have been to school, and when our people get sick, we have to walk many miles to get mooti. When we get back, they are dead. Will you send us a missionary to tell us more of that story, and will you send us a teacher, and give us a school for our children, and a nurse to give us mooti (medicine)?" I knew I was overloaded, and I did not know how I could do it, but I said, "If the God I told you about today will help me, you will have what you ask."

My interpreter that day was a national by the name of Maudi, and his wife was a teacher and a nurse. I went to him saying, "Maudi, you heard the pleadings of these men. You pastor our city church at Brakpan. You have a nice house in which to live, with running water piped to your yard. Would you be willing to leave that and come here and live in a mud house with no floor, carry your water from the river and give these people the Gospel?"

He said, "I'll do anything you ask me to do."

That is real dedication. I told him to go off on a three week vacation, at our expense, and we would have a house built for him. In three weeks the house was finished and he moved into it. In that move we had given them a missionary, a teacher, and a nurse.

How I was to finance it I did not know. We must have support for the Maudi family, and money to pay for land, the building of a dispensary, a church, and a school. We began to pray about it. I was led to a friend of mine, a realtor in Reading, Pennsylvania. He took me into his private office and had me tell him about the work and the need when I had finished, he said, "I will take that field as mine."

We now have there a lovely mission home, a native home, a school, a church, and a hospital. That man has financed all of them and still does until this day.

Four years later, when I returned to Africa, they wanted me to dedicate the new church building. Hundreds of people gathered for the dedication. The Paramount chief of the area was there to cut the ribbon and lead the procession into the church. Many of the Christians from Mt. Frere were there, and what a time of rejoicing they had. As I left the church to go to Maudi's house, I was stopped by three men. They told me they had ridden horseback thirty miles to hear me speak. Now they wanted me to come to their village and give their people the same story. Our Field Superintendent was standing near, so I excused myself and spoke to him about it. He told me one of the men was a chief over a large territory and if I could go, by all means do so. I told the chief I would go with him the next day.

He sent his horse home with his men and the next day rode with us in the jeep the thirty miles over the fields and hills. There was no road. It was a rough ride. When we arrived at his Krall, we met his two wives and children. He called his people together and we had a service with them. After the service, he took me out on an escarpment overlooking the Indian Ocean and said he would like to give me a plot of land there on which to build a church if I would send them a national worker as I had done at Good Hope.

Our Field Superintendent, being with me, I talked with him about it. He told me our District Superintendent had been there and preached three times. When he tried to leave, the chief had stood in front of him and told him he could not leave; he must stay and give his people some more of that story.

The Superintendent had told him he could not stay; his work was at Mt. Frere and he would have to go back there. Three times the Superintendent had told him he could not do so. The chief finally said, "I understand. You are telling me your work is elsewhere and you cannot stay, that your church is too poor to send us a national worker, or to build us a church; but remember as you leave us, MY PEOPLE ARE STILL LOST. MY PEOPLE ARE STILL LOST." I was greatly moved and burdened; but I knew I was overloaded and felt I could take on no more.

I had to get away from him. I could not stand such pleadings. I got in the jeep and we started over the hills for Mt. Frere. They stood on the escarpment watching until we were out of sight. As we drove on toward Mt. Frere Mission Station, it seemed to me that every time the wheels of that jeep turned over, they were saying to me -- REMEMBER MY PEOPLE ARE STILL LOST. At the Mission Station, it was hard to sleep. In the night I could seemingly hear that Chief crying -- REMEMBER MY PEOPLE ARE STILL LOST. MY PEOPLE ARE STILL LOST. I came on home to Indianapolis, Indiana, my home town, but not to rest. In the night hours I would be awakened from my sleep by the cry -- REMEMBER MY PEOPLE ARE STILL LOST. One night I

could stand it no longer. I got out of bed and fell on my knees crying, Lord, what do you want me to do for that Chief and his people?"

The Lord said, "WHATEVER YOU UNDERTAKE FOR HIM I WILL UNDERWRITE."

I said, "Alright, if You will underwrite it, I will undertake it." I did not know how He would underwrite it, but I believed He would. In less than a week God had given me the money and in a short time the Chief had his church and a national worker. Does God keep His promises?

### Prayer to Keep Car Going

When I was District Superintendent of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey District of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, I had to travel many times long distances on Sunday to meet my appointments. One Sunday I had preached in the morning at Sunbury, Pennsylvania, and I had to be at a church in Josephine, Pennsylvania, a church in the western part of the state at night. I was around fifty miles from Josephine when my gas gauge registered empty. I did not buy gas on Sunday.

I began to pray for God to keep that car going. He did. I arrived at the parsonage in time to put my car in the preacher's garage and then go to church with him that night. The next morning when I went to get my car out of his garage, it would not start. I got a yard stick and put it in the gas tank and the tank was as dry as a bone. No gas in it at all. I do not try to explain it. I only state the fact and give God the glory for whatever He did to keep that car going. What a wonderful God we have. How reluctant we are to venture on Him.

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## Chapter 2 PRAYER FOR REVIVALS

### Prayer for Revival

It was in a large Methodist Camp. The last night had come and it fell my lot to be the speaker. The president of the camp, Dr. Sheldon, a medical doctor, called on another medical doctor by the name of Ogden to pray.

He fell on his knees and prayed, "Oh, God, this meeting is thine. Amen."

Before the rest of us could get on our knees, he was up. That was all the praying done in that service until we came to the altar service. When I arose to preach, God took over. I did not have a chance to even read my text. People started for the altar. I do not know how many were at the altar. When the altar service was over I went to Dr. Ogden and asked him why he did not pray when Dr. Sheldon asked him to. He said there was no need to pray, that he had spent all night the night before on his knees in his office praying for just what we had that night, and when the sun shone in the window of his office that morning and he opened his eyes, God spoke and told him He

was going to answer. So it was already prayed through and no need to pray. Have you ever spent a night in prayer for a definite objective? Try it, it works.

### Revival or Death

It was in McKeesport, Pennsylvania. Rev. Early was the pastor of the Pilgrim Holiness Church. The meeting had been in progress nine days with about one hundred seekers. However, there had been no real break. Thursday morning I told Brother Early I was not eating, that I was going to my room and I was not coming out until God answered for a break in the meeting. I wrestled with God for hours but did not get anywhere. I finally, in desperation cried, "Give me a break in this meeting or send my body home in a casket."

That moment the burden lifted. That night during the first song, the altar filled up and the front bench filled up. God came in great power on the service. When I went to my room and thanked God for the service, I asked Him why He had moved in such power. He said, "You told me to either give a break or send your body home in a casket. I want you to go on preaching the Gospel so I had to do it." He has said, "Command ye Me."

### Six months of Prayer

I was visiting the West Indian Islands. I was on my way home but had one more stop to make; that was St. Kitts. When I arrived I found them in a revival with John Hankins of West Virginia. I preached on a Monday night, then went on to Nevis on Tuesday for a few days. I returned to St. Kitts on Saturday to preach on Sunday. Sunday morning the church, seating six hundred, was filled and scores on the outside. The service had started at ten o'clock. I was preaching on the text, "Be not drunk with wine but be filled with the Spirit." I was about half through my message when there was a move toward the altar. About one hundred people came. We prayed with them until all seemed satisfied. It was then way past twelve and I was about to dismiss them when they started to sing, "The Power of God is just the same today, it makes no difference what people say."

There was another rush for the altar and another hundred came. Not the same ones as before. It was after one o'clock when they had all left the altar. As I was preparing to dismiss them a man arose and asked for the privilege of testifying. He said he had sought sanctification for years but had gotten no where. That morning while I was preaching, he had met the condition and God had sanctified him. At that time God came in mighty power and there was another move to the altar. This time it was the hard sinners with their worldly attire, jewels and rings. Over one hundred came that time. When they got through, it was after 2:00 p.m. We had been there four hours and it seemed it was time to go home. However, there were a number in the aisles shouting. Confessions seemed to be in order. Some people went to the District Superintendent, Brother Nelson, and began to confess. A young lady came running down the aisle crying. She had been robbing God and threw a handful of bills on the platform. About that time heaven opened and it seemed like I imagine Pentecost must have been. Some were weeping, others were jumping, others going to each other confessing and again the altar filled. Brother Phillippe, the field Superintendent, stood on the platform with tears streaming down his face crying, "So much of God, and so little of man." Over four hundred had been at the altar that morning. When we got back to the mission home

I asked the pastor how he accounted for such an outpouring of the Spirit. He said his people had been meeting each morning for six months at five o'clock in the church and praying for two hours for an outpouring of God's Spirit and this was the answer. If that church could pray down a revival, why not yours?

#### Four Nights of Prayer

We were in Greer, South Carolina at the Wesleyan Methodist Camp. T. M. Anderson and Robb French were my co-laborers. We had four nights of prayer lasting from the time the night service closed until sun-up the next morning. The last all night of prayer, I counted 157 in the tabernacle at 2:00 a.m. One third of them were preachers. A very unusual sight. That night when I rose to preach, I did not get a chance to open my Bible before they started to the altar. I counted 150 at the altar and they were still coming. How many were at the altar that night I have no way of knowing.

The Daily Newspaper of Greer had sent a lady reporter to observe and write a report of the service. She said in her report she "did not know that anything like it was still going on in the church; that it was more like a page out of the history of the early church (meaning Pentecost) than anything she had ever heard of or read about." From then on, we had crowds. Oh, for some nights of prayer in our churches and camps.

#### Mighty Outpouring of the Spirit

I was asked by a preacher to preach in a tent meeting near the place where Booth, the Assassin of Lincoln, was captured. The tent was already pitched when my cousin Henry and I arrived. Accommodations and board were not the best, so after three very unpleasant experiences with food, we decided to do our own cooking. We rented a room in a farmhouse, secured an oil stove, cooking utensils and some dishes, and we were in business on our own. The meeting opened with a large crowd. Each night the crowd increased. God came on the services and many men began to seek God and find Him.

They proved to be demonstrative and the shouts of newborn babes were many. As the revival progressed, the atmosphere of the entire area seemed pregnated with God's presence. Each night, after the altar service, there would be a time of spontaneous shouting. As the people left for home in buggies, surreys, large farm wagons, and cars, you could hear them singing and shouting. All farm work ceased and a demand for day services was such that we yielded and gave them a morning service.

Everyone, saint and sinner, was talking revival. Restitutions were the order of the day. Beside the women and boys and girls, over one hundred men had prayed through. One lady, who was eighty some years old, who had smoked a pipe since she was eight, was gloriously delivered, threw the pipe away, and went down the road shouting every step of the way to her home. Her husband owned and operated a grocery store. Hearing her coming, he ran from the store to see what was the matter. We could hear him shouting from the tent a quarter of a mile away. Thinking he had been saved, we rushed to his store and asked him if he had been saved. He said, "Not yet." He was shouting because his wife had been saved.

Another old lady who was saved on her death bed, just before she died, called her husband to her bedside and asked him if he remembered twenty years before, of coming home from work one night and finding his favorite driving horse dead in the barn. He told her he did. She confessed that after they had had a quarrel, and he had gone to work, she had gone to the barn and given the horse poison.

We might go on, and on, telling of restitutions being made, broken homes being restored, drunkards being delivered, stills being destroyed, and old feuds being ironed out. Before the meeting closed, a plot of land had been given for a church building, lumber had been donated to build it, money raised for nails, windows, doors, and hardware. We organized a church with a goodly number of charter members and the day after the meeting closed, a number of men began to build the church. In two weeks it was finished and we dedicated it. Oh, for more such revivals! Over 100 men, heads of families, had found God in the meeting.

### A Night to be Eternally Remembered

I had closed a camp at Roanoke, Virginia and was on my way to Mount Carmel, Kentucky, for the camp at Miss McConnel's school. I stopped over at the West Virginia Camp. H. K. Busby and S. B. Reese were the evangelists. They were doing some good preaching. The District Superintendent, Rev. Hussleton asked me to speak to the young people on Tuesday night. I spoke on Lot's choice and it seemed very dry to me. However, they asked me to again speak on Wednesday night to the youth. As I was speaking that night on "He maketh His ministers a flame of fire," a preacher sitting in the back of the tabernacle came running and fell across the altar weeping; another one on the other side came rushing to the altar.

Quickly the altar filled up and then the front benches. Soon the saints were coming from every direction to pray with seekers. That night, by eleven o'clock, there had been five altar services. God had come in answer to prayer. The District Superintendent told me later that meeting started a chain of revivals which touched every church on his District. God is the same today as ever. Don't talk about the old days, we can have revivals now.

### Slain Under the Power of God

It was in a Methodist camp meeting at Aura, New Jersey. My co-laborers were George Beverly Shea, song leader, and two lady preachers who were taking turns about with me in preaching. Something happened in that camp I have never seen or heard tell of before or since. Three nights in succession we all took the same text and preached on the subject of hell. It had its effect and God settled down on the camp in a wonderful way. One night God struck one of the lady preachers and she fell on the platform under His power. I do not know how long she lay there, but as she did, God came on the service. Many young people rushed to the altar. It was a taste of old fashioned Methodism. In that camp, one of my sisters was saved out of a false religion into which she had been trapped.

### God Took Over

It was in a church in Camden, New Jersey. The last night of a great revival had arrived. The church was crowded, the aisle had chairs from the front of the church to the back and they were all filled. The very atmosphere seemed charged with the presence of God. It was a time when everyone seemed to be expecting something different to take place.

It did. When I arose to preach, before I could read my Scripture lesson, the pastor's daughter, a girl in her late teens, was sitting to my right on the second bench. She was unsaved. She arose and, entering the aisle, literally ran from the church. It disturbed the people some but all held steady. In a few seconds she came running back into the church and down the aisle. She had reached the bench on which she had been sitting when the Holy Ghost struck her and she fell in the aisle as though dead. She lay there for about three hours, motionless, but as she fell, a young man and his lady friend sitting in the middle row of benches about three seats from the front, both fell between the benches crying out loud for mercy. He was at that time working on a long suspension bridge being built across the Delaware River from Camden, New Jersey to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was one of the contractors for the steel construction of the bridge. He had seen an advertisement about the revival in the daily newspaper of Camden and he and his lady friend had come just out of curiosity. They were both gloriously saved and never turned back. I had the privilege of performing their wedding ceremony a few months later. They both joined a holiness church near Philadelphia. I found later that she had at one time been a student of God's Bible School. They both attended God's Bible School camp and contributed heavily to that institution for years. When they both fell between the benches crying for God to have mercy on them, I saw eleven others fall between the benches crying for help from God.

That was a night to be remembered. What hinders us from seeing more such services and such revivals? Are we afraid of the supernatural manifestations of God's power.

#### A Mayor's Wife Sanctified

I was in a meeting in the South. They had put me in the home of the mayor of the town -- a very fine family but a little aristocratic. I invited them to go to church one night and they went. That night we had a great service with much shouting. The mayor attended that church but his wife did not. The next night I invited her to go again and she said, "I will never go back to that church again. That is the noisiest crowd I have ever seen and you are the noisiest one in the crowd."

I did not argue or run up a miff tree. I stayed on in the home, kept sweet, and lived it. Three nights later, she went to another service. That night I preached on Naaman. I was about half through with my message when she rushed to the altar.

A number of others came at the same time. When she got through she came through shouting. A number of others were shouting at the same time. She finally sat on the broad altar bench and called me over to her and said, "I wish you would tell them to keep this up all night. It is the sweetest music I have ever heard. No difference in the music, the difference was in her heart."

#### A Local Preacher's Camp in New Jersey

I had been an evangelist at this camp for four years in succession. I had labored with another very fine evangelist. He was a great preacher and held very high standards. We had teamed up well and God had given us some great camps. The fourth year we were together he had changed almost completely. In his first sermon, he said he no longer believed in the kind of altar services we had at that camp. He had changed his mind about the old-fashioned standards and did not preach as he had at the camp in other years.

Naturally, the battle lines were drawn between us. He would make fun of my ministry and oppose me in many ways. As the camp progressed, he lost the people and they stood by me. The last day had arrived and it was to be a crucial day. A very large crowd had arrived and expectancy was pregnant the atmosphere. Numbers of preachers had gathered to support me. I was to preach in the afternoon and the other evangelist was to preach the last message. It was one of the old-fashioned Methodist camps. The floors were not cement but were covered with straw everywhere. Scores of preachers got chairs and placed them in a semicircle or around the platform and along the altar. That afternoon I felt led to preach on the Blood of Christ. I had not been speaking more than ten minutes, just laying a foundation for the message, when the Holy Ghost took charge.

There was a rush for the altar, the preachers picked up their chairs and got out of the way. That was one time I saw people climb over the back of the benches to get to an altar. We had a veritable Pentecost in miniature. I will never, this side of eternity, know how many were at the altar that afternoon. When that happened, the other evangelist, who had been sitting on the platform in back of me, left the platform and walked off the camp ground.

That was a service with the visitation of the Holy Ghost that I shall never forget. That night, the other evangelist came back to preach but it would have been better had he not. God has a way of protecting His doctrines and standards. It is our duty not to protect but to propagate.

### A Great Revival in a Small Building

It was my first revival to be held with this people. I drove my car and took my wife along. We arrived some time before the service was to start so I pulled up in front of the building where it was to be held and stopped.

My wife said, "Where are you going to hold the meeting?"

I told her, "In that building," pointing to it.

She said, "Good-bye to your dignity."

It was an old, unpainted blacksmith shop. It was certainly not in any way attractive. As the people gathered, we got out of the car and went into the building. There was no floor but the dirt. There were only sixty-two opera chairs in it for the people to sit on. The platform was about a foot high and about four feet square. The pulpit desk was very small. When I stood up on the platform, my head was up between the joists of the building. I could not move without bumping my head. The man in charge was a great man. He was a prominent official in the Western Electric Company. He

took me to his office one day. He had thirty-two secretaries working in that office for him, so you can realize the importance of his position. He was the greatest missionary layman I have ever known.

The place was filled with people and many men were in attendance. God helped me to preach if He ever did. The altar was not long but there were many seekers who found some place to pray. I do not know how many women or children found God in that meeting, but there were sixty-two men who professed to pray through. Restitutions were the order of the day. Many of those men worked in a large plant in the city and the plant officials were stirred because so many were taking back stolen tools and other material and making restitution. In fact, the whole town was stirred. At the close of the revival, I received one of the largest offerings I have ever received in any revival, and they took only one offering without any pull to get it. So many of those men joined that church that as soon as the revival was closed, as far as my stay with them was concerned, they decided to build a larger church, and they did. I have been there many times since. It is a great church and very much alive.

#### A Thousand Seekers in One Week

It was my last visit to be made to the Island of Antigua. I had been given money to help build a larger church there for our first church. The old one would not hold the crowds. It seated only about six hundred and many had to stand on the outside. The last time I held a revival in it they had to bring large poles and prop it up on both sides. The new church building would seat two thousand. It was filled each night to overflowing. In fact, by count, they had packed twenty-five hundred in it night after night and many were still on the outside. I was there for the dedication which was on the first Sunday afternoon of the week's meeting. Every morning, at four o'clock, Brother E. E. Phillippe and myself would go to the church for an hour or more of prayer.

There were many of the saints there when we arrived and they were really pulling on heaven for a revival. It came, and night after night the church was not only crowded but the altar was filled. The last Sunday night, as I sat beside the pastor on the platform, he said, "I feel I must go to the altar tonight."

I did not want him to go for the people had great confidence in him and I feared it might hurt him, but going to the altar does not hurt if God is in it. He finally said, "I must go!" He arose and told his people of his need and said he must go to the altar. When he did, there was a great rush to the front of the church. There were between two hundred and fifty and three hundred seekers that night and such crying, weeping, confessing as one seldom ever bears. Only eternity will reveal the results of the night service. It came as an answer to prayer. We can have such today if the church will pay the price.

#### A Theater on Jamaica

I had been going to the Island of Jamaica in the West Indies to visit the missionary work of the Pilgrim Holiness Church for a long time. One time as I arrived there, the Superintendent of the work told me that all of the Protestant missionaries on the island had decided to have a union meeting in what was known as the Ward Theater. It was in the heart of Kingston and would seat

two thousand people. It was to be for only two nights and they had asked me to speak one night. The place was filled and many people could not get in the building. Just before I was introduced, the chairman arose and said they did not permit any preaching that was doctrinal and the speakers were to preach on Jesus only. God had given me a definite message on entire sanctification as a second work of grace. I had nothing else to give. I told the large crowd of my predicament but that I was ignorant of their ruling. Fifty or more missionaries were on the platform.

I took my text and started to preach on holiness. For the first fifteen minutes, it was cold. Many were putting up a fight against it. But soon the Holy Ghost took over. He set me free and when I closed and gave the altar call many preachers were seekers.

One especially was the pastor of a very large church in the city of Kingston. He was a national. That night, God gloriously sanctified him and he went back to his large church to try to lead his people into the experience of holiness. The next year I was back on the Island of Jamaica and as soon as I arrived the Superintendent told me Rev. B. wanted me to come to his large church on Sunday morning to preach.

I went and some of the missionaries went with me. He had a thousand people in his church that morning. When he introduced me, he said, "Brother, we want you to give us holiness and some more holiness this morning."

I brought a very simple message on holiness. When I gave the altar call, there was a rush to the front of the church. We had no place for seekers inside the building. At the back of the church there was a vacant lot, and on the back of the platform, there was a door leading to that lot. The pastor opened that door and had the seekers go out in that lot to pray. I did not count the seekers but some of the missionaries with me did, and they said there were over five hundred seekers that Sunday morning. It pays to mind God and when He places a message on your heart, deliver it as He directs.

#### No Church or Benches

On my last visit to the Zambezi Valley of Zambia, we were to have a camp meeting. The Bassetts, who were missionaries there then, had prepared an enclosure of tall elephant grass. The first night of the camp, people had come in from the ten outstations. There were over nine hundred of them sitting on the ground in the enclosure. God was there. It was easy to preach on The Three Crosses, the man dying in sin, one dying to sin, and especially, the One dying for sin, Christ. When I gave the altar call, there were 462 at the altar by count. It is not nice buildings we need, it is prayer and God.

#### Revival at Beulah

I had pastored the Pilgrim Holiness Church at Beulah, in Shackelfords, Virginia, for nearly ten years. I had engaged the best evangelists I could get including John V. Coleman, W. E. Shepherd, C. C. Brown, and men of that stature. They had preached their heart out but very little was ever accomplished. One Sunday afternoon in my church, and we always had our meetings on a Sunday morning and afternoon and no night meeting, as my people lived so far from the church. In

those days there were no cars, only horse-drawn wagons. I preached on the text, "Ye have sold yourselves for naught." God helped me. The next day I went to the home of my treasurer to get my week's salary of ten dollars. I found his wife weeping at the sewing machine. She was a wonderful woman, a graduate of Taylor University. She was our voice teacher in our Bible School at Shackelfords and was the music director and Sunday School Superintendent in our church -- a very efficient lady. There was one thing she never did like about the church and that was the standard of dress. She had told me time and time again that she would line up on dress because I demanded it but she did not like it.

That day, as I entered the house, she was all broken up and told me God had dealt with her Sunday afternoon during the message and now she was going to line up because God had put in her heart a love for modest dress and the standards of the church. The next Sunday, when she sang a special, God came on her and the congregation was in tears. After the service she came to me and told me God had told her to have me start a revival. When she told me, I told her I could not do it. I had pastored the church for nine years then, had held several camp meetings on the grounds and had held three revivals in the church and I was not prepared to hold another revival. She insisted God told her to have me do it. I went home. That night, all night long, God kept saying to me -- START A REVIVAL. I tried to get out of it but could not, so finally told Him I would.

Monday morning, without even contacting my board, I made some crude posters and put them in the post office and the stores around, announcing a revival would start Monday night. To my surprise, the church was filled and for five nights I did not have to preach but the altar was lined with seekers. She had said she had been in the way of revival because, while she did dress modestly, she did it under pressure from me, but when she did it because God wanted her to do it, then God was released on the church and community. It was a community sweeping revival. I wonder how many churches are hindered in their revival efforts because of some member who refuses to line up?

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### Chapter 3 WINNING SOULS

#### An Uncontrollable Fire

I had spoken in the afternoon service of a ministerial meeting on the text, "He maketh his ministers a flame of fire." God had helped me and at the close of the message there was a rush to the altar of both ministers and laymen. There was much weeping and praying. One layman, still weeping and praying arose from his knees and rushed from the church. We did not see him again until the night service. The song leader was leading a song when that man rushed in and to the platform. He laid hold of the arm of the song leader crying, "Stop! I have something to tell."

Pointing to the place where he had knelt in the afternoon service saying, "I have been a member of a holiness church for thirty years. In that time I have never been conscious of winning a soul to Christ; but there God sanctified me this afternoon He started a fire in my soul which I could not control. I left the church and went down the street knocking at every door and telling them what

God had done in my soul. I finally came to a house where both the husband and wife were at home. As I told them what God had done for me they fell to their knees weeping and prayed through and I have come back to tell you that inside of three hours since God sanctified me, I have won two souls to Christ after being a church member for thirty years and not winning one." MY FRIEND, HOW MANY HAVE YOU WON?

### I Would Make a Fool of Myself

With the pastor at M., Indiana, I was making house calls to talk with people about their soul. The pastor said there was a man across the Ohio River who owned a large tobacco farm, who was very wealthy but never went to church and he felt we should go and talk with him. We found the man in the yard of his home. As we talked with him he said, "Come in the house, gentlemen. My wife has gone to town but I will talk with you."

As we sat in the living room talking to him about his soul, he said, "I can't go to church. I am 65 years old. I have not been in a church since I was a boy. I would make a fool of myself if I did go."

I said, "We have not come to ask you to go to church, and we did not care whether you ever attended the church or not; we have come to help you find God."

As I talked with him, the pastor said, Mr. B. does God ever speak to you?"

With that he began to weep and said there were times when he felt God dealing with him in such a way he could hardly drive his tractor but would stop it and sit and weep. I told him that was enough, and he fell on his knees by his chair and wept and prayed until God came, and he was on his feet praising God. He was at church that night and both services on Sunday.

The next week the pastor called us and told us Mr. B. had his tobacco farm up for sale and had applied for membership in the church. I wish I could conclude the story there, but I cannot. For some reason the farm was not sold and he never joined the church. I have just closed another revival in M\_\_\_\_. but Mr. B. did not attend. However, God used our visit to him and he got saved that day.

### I Do Not Know Him

A general superintendent of a holiness church was walking down the street of a southern city. A man approached him from the opposite direction. The Holy Spirit told him to speak to the man about his soul. He looked at him and said, "I do not know him," and walked on. A short way down the street the Southern Railroad had a double track crossing the street. The man walked in front of a train and was instantly killed. A few minutes after God had told the preacher to speak to him about his soul. Had the preacher obeyed, the man might have been saved. How many opportunities have we missed by saying, "I do not know them?"

### Miracles of Grace

My father was superintendent of two missions in the city of B, New Jersey. One Saturday night a drunkard came to the altar. He was filthy, ragged, and the skin knocked from his face because of fighting. Father kneeled beside that drunkard and began to pray. In ten minutes the man was as sober as though he had never had a drink and was soundly converted. He asked my father to his house for dinner the next day. He took me with him. When we arrived at his house, we found a family of six children in rags and without shoes, and a wife in rags. We sat on soap boxes for chairs and ate from a large dry goods box, the most meager meal I had ever eaten up until that time.

After the meal, they showed us a pile of straw where they slept at night Father prayed and we left. Sometime later the same man asked us to go home with him again for Sunday dinner. As we entered the house, we found a happy wife, well dressed; happy children, well clothed; chairs, instead of soap boxes; a table in place of a dry goods box; beds in the place of a straw pile; and a good meal on the table. After Father had graced the table, he spoke of the change and asked how it had come about. The man answered, "The grace of God in my life."

### Man in Manila

We had put up a make shift tent in a residential section of Manila in the Philippines. It was made of rough two by fours, a dirty piece of tarpaulin, and bed sheets. It was so crude I did not believe many people would attend the services. To my great surprise about five hundred were there the first night. I gave a message on repentance, and one man came to the altar. He was well dressed and fairly well educated. I kneeled in front of him and asked him to pray.

He said, "I do not know how to pray."

I asked him how old he was and he said fifty-five. He said that he had never prayed in his life. I asked if he would repeat a prayer after me and he said he would do anything to find peace.

I began to pray, confessing my sins and claiming God's promises. He was repeating it when he suddenly stopped. I opened my eyes and saw tears running down his face and I said, "while you were praying, why did you not continue?"

He replied, "No use to pray. I do not know what has happened and I do not know what to call it, but I have peace in my heart."

The next night he was at the service and testified, saying, "I still do not know what to call it, but I have peace in my heart."

### Soul Winning

I was in Fresno, California in a revival. The meeting closed on Sunday night. I had four days before my next meeting at Corona, California. My kind friends, who had entertained me during the revival in Fresno, invited me to stay with them for the four days. The first day I spent the morning in my room praying and meditating. In the afternoon I was restless. I asked the lady with whom I was staying about the people across the street. Her husband had gone to the home the week before to invite them to the revival. I was told a young man lived there who had been in the United

States Army. He had been in an accident in Maska and was paralyzed from his neck to his toes. I went to see him, and I learned the government had built the house for him and had hired a nurse to care for him. She lived in a part of the house with her two children. As I talked with the young man, I found he had a very keen mind. I finally asked him if he were a Christian. He said he was. I prayed with him. Before I left, I talked with the nurse about her soul salvation. The next day, as I was praying in my room, about 10:00 a.m., the nurse came over to the house weeping, saying she wanted to be saved. As we prayed with her she prayed and wept and claimed to be saved.

That afternoon I took the pastor and went back to see the paralyzed young man. As I talked with him he asked, "What Is a Christian?"

I told him it was someone who had repented of his sins, was willing to forsake his sins, and ask God to forgive his sins and had the assurance that He had forgiven his sins.

He said, "I accept that, but I am not a Christian"

I asked him if he did not want to be and he said he did, but he could not go to church. I told him I was not there to get him to go to church but to give his heart to Jesus Christ. I told him how to pray and he began to confess his sins and soon he was saved. I then asked him why he had told me yesterday he was a Christian and today, he told me he was not. He said that after I left the house the day before, he had called in the nurse and asked her what a Christian was. She said she did not know. He asked her to bring in a Bible. She had replied there was no Bible in the house. He then asked her to bring the encyclopedia and when she did, he asked her to look up the word Christian. It gave the same definition nearly as I had given him, therefore, he had accepted my definition. On my first visit to that home, both the nurse and the sick man had found God. The day God saved him, he pled with me to make a way for him to get to church the next Sunday.

#### Saved Under First Sermon

It was during a revival in M\_\_\_\_, Pennsylvania. On Monday night, a man came with his family. He had not been in a church in thirty years. I preached on Naaman. He was the first one to come to the altar, and he was gloriously saved. He was the father of ten children. His wife had been saved and one or two of the children. During that revival, the rest of the children got in and all joined the church. He has long ago gone to heaven but some of his children are still members of that church. We have a merciful God.

#### Honesty Pays Off

The first Sunday night of a revival in M\_\_\_\_, Indiana, a school teacher was wonderfully converted. Monday morning as she was praying, the Holy Ghost brought before her, her teacher's certificate. In making out her last month's report to her supervisor she had raised the figures to make it look like she had accomplished more than she had. There was a struggle. If she failed to confess it, she would lose her peace with God. If she did confess she might lose her certificate. The victory having been won, she motored to the home of the supervisor, turned in her certificate expressing his appreciation for her honesty. Monday night she was at the altar for sanctification.

She was gloriously sanctified, and during that week she led thirteen souls to Jesus Christ. Reader, why are you not winning a few souls?

What Did You Do About It?

A boat was streaming from New York to England. As it neared the English shore it took fire. An S.O.S. was sent out and a rescue ship rushed to the scene. When it arrived the stricken ship was so ablaze the rescue ship could not get near it. After the tragedy, England made an investigation and a court of inquiry was held. A man in the witness box asked the judge for the privilege of speaking. When it was granted he told of being on the rescue ship and of seeing people jumping from the decks of the fatal ship into the sea. He said he saw a mother jump, holding a baby in one arm while trying to swim with the other one. She finally held up her baby crying, "If you cannot save me, save my baby," as she pushed the child from her. The child went down to a watery grave. The mother finally cried, "Save me, save me!" as she sank in the briny deep.

By that time the judge was off the bench and standing beside the prisoner, and said to him, "Did you see what you have related in this court?"

He replied he had.

The judge then said, "Man, when you saw it, what did you do about it?"

He replied, "I am sorry, Judge. I did not do anything about it."

They are sinking into hell around us and what are we doing about it? **WHAT HAVE YOU DONE ABOUT IT?**

Will You Pray For Me?

We had invited our neighbors, a man, wife, and daughter, of about thirty-five to spend a special evening with us. He asked to see some of our missionary slides. As I showed them pictures of altar services in mission lands, it gave me an opportunity to talk to them about their soul. The next morning, as I was mowing my lawn, he came and stood by the fence dividing our properties. Finally, he asked if I had time to talk with him. I stopped the motor and went over to the fence. He said, "What you said last night got a hold of me. I one time had what you were talking about, but I do not have it now, but I would like to get back. Will you pray for me?"

I told him I would and started to walk away.

He said to me "Will you pray with me now?"

We made an altar of the fence and soon he had found God. The place has nothing to do with it. God will hear the penitent cry anywhere and anytime. **MY FRIEND, HOW ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBOR? May I Report?**

The conference was on in Mexico, and the preachers had all reported. An old gentleman asked if he could give his report and the request was granted.

He said, "I am a layman, sixty-five years old. I work nine hours a day for my living. When my day's work is finished, I go from house to house telling people about Jesus Christ. In twelve months, I have won forty-six people to Christ, and led them into church membership."

Reader, how many have you led to Christ and into the church?

## THE RESULT OF FAITHFUL WITNESSING

### Winning Nurses to Christ

It was during a meeting in the Ward Theater of Kingston, Jamaica, that a nurse was gloriously sanctified. Three years later I was again holding a revival in the same building. That nurse sent me word, she could not attend the meetings as she was on night duty. She said since the night she was sanctified she had won thirty-five nurses to Christ through her testimony. They all worked in the same hospital. If each person claiming to be a Christian would do the same the world would be revolutionized.

### Witnessing

I was in an all day meeting in Dayton, Ohio. I had the afternoon off as some one else was speaking. I went to a service station to have some anti-freeze put in my car. I was told by the station operator they did not have the kind I wanted but that he would send his boy to get it. I was about to tell him I would go else where when the Holy Ghost whispered, "Stay here." I told him to proceed and while the boy was gone I went into the office out of the cold.

The attendant asked if I were a salesman. I told him I was a preacher. He asked what church, and when I told him he said he knew the church; there was one three blocks from there. I asked if he ever attended it. He became very angry saying he never attended any church and wanted nothing to do with any of them.

As he went on with his tirade against the churches, I stopped him and said, "Mister, you may talk about the church like that, but you cannot talk about Jesus Christ that way."

I proceeded to give my testimony of how God had saved me. Three cars needing gas had stopped so he said, "I must wait on them."

The boy had come with the anti-freeze and was warming up my car. I paid him and was about to leave when the owner called for me to wait. He came over to the car, shook my hand, thanked me for talking to him as I did and begged me to come back and tell him some more about Christ. ARE YOU A WITNESSING CHRISTIAN?

### I Will Be There

It was Saturday afternoon. I was engaged in a weekend meeting. The pastor of the church where the meeting was being held was with me as we visited in a home not too far from his church. There were five children in the home, two teens and the rest younger. A neighbor was visiting in the home with her four children. All nine of them were crowded in one small room watching T.V. We were invited in but not made welcome. The T.V. was left to blare. The children were permitted to romp and play on the floor. The noise was hard to combat. We managed to get across a message of salvation. After prayer we invited the lady of the house to visit our service Sunday morning.

She replied, "I will be there."

She was there with all five of her children. The oldest daughter of the pastor took over the youngest child. They all stayed for the morning worship service. when the altar call was given the mother and the two teenagers were at the altar and were all saved. A little seed sown one day had brought forth fruit the next day.

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#### Chapter 4 HEALINGS IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

##### Blind Eyes Opened

I was in a meeting in a Missionary Alliance Church. I received a request from a man who had been in the meeting to come and see him. I went and found him to be an elderly man, stone blind.

He said, "I understand you believe in Divine Healing."

When I told him I did, he asked if I would anoint him, and pray for the healing of his eyes. I asked if he was a Christian and he said, "No."

I told him I did not anoint and pray for sinners to get well to go on living in sin. I told him if he would give his heart to God, I would gladly anoint and pray for him. I prayed for his soul and left.

Three days later he called me again and told me he had given his heart to God and wanted to be anointed, but would like to have it done in the church. Saturday night, his wife led him to church. At the close of the altar service I anointed and prayed for his healing. Nothing happened. Too many curiosity seekers there. His wife led him home. She brought him back to church Sunday morning.

He sat half way down in the auditorium. I was preaching. All of a sudden he cried, "I can see that preacher on the platform."

The Lord had opened both of his eyes in answer to the prayer of faith. One of them, the doctor said, was absolutely dead, but God made it alive.

### Healed from Blood Poisoning

A member of a church I was pastoring, a very good woman, had a husband who was a street car motorman. He worked night shift. He would arrive home at 2:30 a.m. That she might get up and let him in, she kept an alarm clock at the side of her bed, on the floor. For some reason, they had put on top of it a piece of steel about two inches long and sharpened to a point on top. One morning when the alarm sounded, she was startled, and as she hurriedly got out of bed she stepped on that piece of steel and it ran clear through her foot. Blood poison set in and the doctor said they would have to amputate the foot to save her life.

One morning she called my wife and me to come to her home. When we arrived she said, "Preacher, God is going to heal me this morning. I want you to anoint me and I want the doctor to be here to see what God can do."

I called the doctor and he came.

She said to him, "Doctor, God is going to heal my foot this morning. The preacher is going to anoint me and I wanted you to see what God can do."

She asked to get up in a chair. She then said, "Doctor, put my foot on another chair." And he did. "Now remove the bandages," and he did. "Now place a basin under my foot."

The foot was swollen, black and blue, and the wound filled with pus.

She said, "Now preacher anoint me and pray."

As I did, the pus began to drip into the basin. We watched until every bit of it was gone and the wound began to close up and in just a few minutes the wound was gone, the black and blue was gone; not even a scar left on the foot. That unsaved doctor said, "That is God," and put on his hat and walked out. The God of miracles still lives.

### My Own Healing in Answer to Prayer

T.B. was prevalent in our family. Some of my relatives died from it. I evidently had a tendency in that direction. I was in Bible school in Greensboro, North Carolina. Being run down by working seven hours a day to pay my way through school and carrying seven heavy subjects, working eighteen hours a day, over all, my health broke. I had to leave school. I went back to my hometown of Glassboro, New Jersey, where a specialist on lung trouble, after examination, told me one of my lungs was nearly gone and the other one was affected. Some friends took me into their home. They called for the specialist. The second day, he brought another doctor. They both were coming every day. I had on my table four different kinds of medicine, one of which I was taking every fifteen minutes. The doctors were telling my friends I could not get well.

One Sunday afternoon a man came in to pray with me. As he was leaving my room he turned and said, "I believe if you would give God a chance, He will heal your lungs." That was about 4:00 p.m. At 8:00 p.m. I pushed the medicine back on my table, looked up and asked Jesus Christ to take my case. Monday morning, I discharged my doctors. They became angry and told me I could not get well. I was bound to die and they would have to sign my death certificate -- voluntary suicide.

Four days and nights I suffered agony in my lungs, but about 8:00 p.m. on Thursday night, Dr. Jesus touched my lungs. I got out of bed praising God. My friends tried to get me to go back to bed, saying I would die. But when God does the work, He does it well. I have never had a symptom of the disease from that day.

### Healing From a Bleeding Ulcer

I was taken very ill while in a campmeeting in Maysville, Kentucky. Upon finishing the camp I rushed home to Reading, Pennsylvania and immediately to our doctor. After a thorough examination he told me I had a large ulcer in the duodenum. He told me I must go on a very strict diet for eighteen months. If I did not, my next step would be cancer and that would be a one way street. I stayed on the diet and in eighteen months it had cleared up.

For several years I had no trouble. Then I made a trip to Paramakato, in the interior of South America. Conditions on this trip caused a reoccurrence of the ulcer and I had another siege of it and lived mostly on baby food for two years. It seemed to clear up again and for a long time I had no trouble. Then for some reason, it returned and this time with hemorrhaging. It was very severe and it looked like my days were numbered. Rev. W. F. Drown insisted on my going to Colorado Springs for a rest. He secured a house for us beside the camp grounds, free of charge. We went for a month's rest. The people were very kind to us. During that month the campmeeting was on. One day they had a healing service. I was anointed and prayed with. Rev. Spough of Texas anointed me; God touched me. The bleeding stopped and today doctors cannot find a trace of an ulcer. An praise to Him.

### A Costly Prayer

As I was on my way from Glassboro, New Jersey, where we were living in the home of my father-in-law, caring for him after the death of my mother-in-law, I was on my way to Darby, Pennsylvania to hold a revival for the Church of the Nazarene, when I was taken very ill. I was taken back home and put to bed. For two months I could not fill my engagements. At the end of two months, my wife, fearing I might be dying, I called for our doctor on a Sunday afternoon. When he had diagnosed my case, he told me I would have to go to the hospital at once for an operation but that would give only temporary relief. If God did not heal me I would not preach again as I had been preaching. He was a sanctified man as well as a medical doctor. He prayed for me and walked out not offering any medicine. He left me to make the decision about going to the hospital. Three days later, the saints were praying with me and anointed me for my healing.

My sister was at home on her knees praying and she told God she wanted to be a soul-winner but she had no ability for it. When she testified, she would break down and weep, and

if called on to pray in public she would just weep her way through. She asked God to take the disease I had and put it on her so that I might go on preaching the gospel and winning souls for God. He took her at her word, and that very day, took that disease from me and put it on her. I have never had a symptom of it since. A few months later she was rushed to the hospital, and taken to the operating room. They operated but she did not recover. When I looked into her dead face in the casket and realized she had died that I might be a soul winner, I looked up through my tears and promised God I would never live another day or preach another sermon but for the salvation of lost souls, and I never have. That prayer cost her her life.

### A Miracle Woman

I was sitting in a depot at St. Louis, Missouri. A man came up to me and introduced himself as Reverend Adams, pastor of the Pilgrim Holiness Church of that city. He said he had just received a phone call from my son that my wife had had a stroke and was in the Swickly, Pennsylvania Hospital, unconscious, and not expected to live. My wife had gone to Clinton, Pennsylvania to help our son and wife when their second child was born. The child had arrived and the mother and child had come home from the hospital and she was convalescing at home.

My wife had gone down to the basement of their home to do the washing. She was coming up the steps from the basement and had reached the top step and taken hold of the knob of the basement door when she had the stroke and fell backward down the steps, striking her head on the cement floor and putting a dent in her skull that was there until the day of her death, wrenching her shoulder out of place and breaking off her thumb. My son picked her up unconscious and rushed her to the hospital. He put her in a ward. It seems they thought she was a terminal case so paid little attention to her.

I had been on my way to Oklahoma for a meeting. I called and canceled the meeting and took the fastest train to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania that I could get. I prayed all the rest of that day and all that night for God to spare her life. As the sun was just coming up, and the train was rolling across the Ohio River into Pittsburgh, the burden lifted and I believed she would live. My son met me at Pittsburgh and drove me to the hospital.

Wife was still not rational. I got her into a private room and demanded they give her some attention. In a few days we were able to take her to our son's home. Her thumb and hand were in a cast. The shoulder had been put back in place, but the dent in the skull was never repaired. God so answered prayer for her that she traveled twice to the West Indies and South America, twice to Africa, and clear around the world, to England, Palestine, India, Thailand, China, the Philippines and other countries, has written and published a book; and labored with me in services in campmeetings and revivals, and led many souls to Christ. A miracle indeed!

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### Chapter 5 CROSSING THE DEADLINE

I am Damned and Know Why

I had preached on a Thursday night in a campmeeting in Colorado Springs in the state of Colorado. It was the last Thursday night of the camp. The altar was well filled with seekers but there was also much resistance. The next day, a letter was delivered to my room.

The writer wrote, "I am a girl seventeen years of age. Last night when you gave the altar call, the Holy Spirit spoke to my heart saying, 'Will you go or will you not go?' I replied, 'I will not,' and walked out of the tabernacle. As I walked through the door the Holy Ghost said, 'If you will not go, I will have to go and get someone who will go.' I again said I would not and walked away from God. I went to my room but not to sleep. At two o'clock this morning I went back to the tabernacle and there, alone in the dark, I pled for two hours for God to speak to me again, but He did not. I feel I am damned and know the reason why. I am taking my life and ending it all."

I rushed to find the girl and pled with her not to take her life as that would mean hell that much sooner and that much longer.

She said, "But what is the use of living when you know God is gone?"

But she promised me she would not take her life.

The last night of the meeting was over. As I went to leave the door of the tabernacle, that girl was standing there. As I shook hands with her I began to weep.

She said, "Don't weep for me, weep for those for whom there is hope." Thursday night as I walked through this door, I walked away from the Holy Ghost and I am damned at seventeen."

I went to my room with a heavy heart. Some months later I was traveling from the west by train. At Des Moines, Iowa a lady boarded the train with two children. They took a seat in front of me. The children seemed to recognize me. Finally, the mother asked if my name was Flexon. When I told her it was, she said she had heard me preach many times, then asked if I remembered the girl who gave me the letter on Colorado Springs campground. I told her I could never forget it; the letter was in my brief case and she could read it if she cared to do so.

After reading the letter, she told me that girl was in their church the past Sunday night. Others were going to the altar and she invited her to go. She said she reached out her hands and cried, "Don't mock me! That Thursday night when Brother Flexon preached with tears, pleaded, and the Holy Ghost entreated, I turned and left the tabernacle saying I would not go with God; when I went through the door, the Holy Ghost left me. Don't mock me and ask me to get something I can never get." Lost forever and she knew the reason why.

I Have Settled With Him

In a church in N\_\_\_\_, West Virginia, the altar call had been given. Thirty-seven people were at the altar. The pianist of the church was sitting on the front seat. The Holy Ghost told me to go tell her she was getting her last call from Him that night. I hesitated, telling Him I had never

done anything like that in my ministry. He said, "Either do it or her soul will be required of you at the judgment."

I went and told her what God had said. She screamed and fell on her knees. She was up in a minute and faced the audience telling them what I had said, saying the Holy Ghost had told her the same thing, and fell at the altar screaming screams of rebellion. She soon left the altar. I went to her asking if she had settled it with God. She said she had, and had told Him she would not mind Him and asked Him to leave her alone and she would never bother Him again.

I returned to the platform and asked her father her age. He said 14. Some years later, I was preaching in a camp at C\_\_\_\_, Pennsylvania. That girl came in the tabernacle with two children. I went back and spoke to her about her soul. She said she was now a married woman with two children. I complimented her for the beauty of her children, then asked her how it was with her soul. She asked if I remembered that night in the N\_\_\_\_, Church. I told her I would never forget it.

She said, "When I told God if He would leave me alone, I would never bother Him again, He took me at my word and has never spoken to me since." Lost and knew it!

### Don't Lie To Me

I was in campmeeting in M\_\_\_\_ Delaware. One night the president of the camp was called to G\_\_\_\_, Delaware to see a friend of his who was very ill, and asked me to take charge of the service. The next morning, he was called again to the home of his friend. As he entered his sick room, a preacher of another denomination was sitting by the bedside of the dying man and urging him to pray, saying while there was life there was hope and he was still alive, therefore, there was still hope.

As the president of the camp entered the room of the dying man he sat up on the side of the bed and pointing his finger at the preacher who had been talking to him, said, "Sir, stop lying to me. I know I am still alive but hope is gone."

Then pointing to my friend, Reverend A\_\_\_\_, he said, "Three weeks ago this man held a tent meeting in my town. I attended that meeting. God dealt with my soul. The last night I stood at the edge of the tent. When the altar call was given I felt the call of God. I walked away from that tent and away from God. I am still alive but hope has gone. Preacher, don't lie to me." He pulled his feet up into the bed and died as the preachers looked on.

### A Seared Conscience

It was the last Thursday night of a revival in R\_\_\_\_, Virginia. I had invited a man to the altar. He had said, "Not tonight" and walked out of the church. He did not come back to the meeting. Two weeks after the revival closed someone sent me the daily newspaper of that city. That man's name was in big letters across the top of the front page. He was a railroader on the N & W. He had gone home from his work at ten o'clock one night, had shot and killed his wife, gone to the bedroom of his three sleeping children and killed them and then took his own life. Doctors said it was temporary mental insanity. I went to R\_\_\_\_ and spent two weeks investigating the case. I

found when he had said "Not tonight," and walked out of the church, he walked away from God. Having no God to restrain him, no Holy Ghost to direct him, and a silent, dead, seared conscience; and no protecting angels, he was driven on by a carnal heart and driving demons to commit the dastardly deed. You do not know what you will do when God is gone.

#### Destiny Sealed Twelve Feet From An Altar

In a campmeeting in G\_\_\_\_, New Jersey, the altar call had been given when the president of the camp told me a friend of mine living in the town of G\_\_\_\_ was very ill and wanted to see me. I rushed to his home and found his wife walking the floor crying, "Charlie is going to hell and knows the reason why."

Having known both of them from childhood, I asked her to sit down and quiet herself, saying it may not be as bad as she thought.

She said, "But it is," for a few minutes before, Charlie had called her to his bedside telling her if she wanted to see the place where he had received his last call and had said his last no to God, to go out to the G\_\_\_\_ campground to the oak tree just twelve feet from the end of the mourners' bench and she would find it.

He said, "Five years ago I stood at that tree and listened to Brother Flexon preach. When he gave the altar call he came out and put his arms around my neck and pled with me to go to the altar. The tears were in his eyes. I unclasped his hands and said, 'Not tonight' and walked away from him. when I did, I walked away from God and from that night until now He has never spoken to me."

I said, "Let me into his room."

I rushed to his bedside to find he was already dead. I never go to New Jersey, but what I go to that campground and go to that tree and stand with bared head. It was where a dear friend with my arms around his neck and I, pleading for his soul, unclasped my hands and walked away from God forever into the night. And oh, what a night.

#### One Foot in the Grave

Sitting beside the altar in a church in M\_\_\_\_, Virginia was an old gentleman. As the message was given he would weep. When the altar call was made the Christians would gather around him and plead with him to get on his knees and seek God.

He would look up through his tears and say, "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

When asked why he would reply, as he pointed to one foot, "Because that foot is already in the grave and I will soon be dragging the other one after it and I will go to meet the God I have been an insult to for fifty years."

A short time later his obituary was in the newspaper and his soul was in eternity.

## He's Gone And He Won't Come Back

In a Methodist camp near Trenton, New Jersey, two elderly people, a man and his sister, were at the altar in the afternoon service. The man found victory, but his sister did not. She was back at the altar in the night service. All the other seekers had claimed victory but that woman. I asked the saints to gather around her and pray.

As they did she threw back her head and cried, "He's gone and He won't come back. He's gone and He won't come back."

I said, "Let's pray; perhaps He will."

She said, "If I could go back thirty years, when God spoke to me, I could find Him. Preacher, look in the faces of these Christians. There is a light of hope there." Then she said, "I see hope in your face, but look at mine. It is dark. There is no hope."

Then that terrible cry again, "He's gone and He won't come back." She arose and started down the long aisle of that tabernacle still crying, "He's gone and He won't come back."

I followed her to her son's car and helped her in it. As he drove from the campground, as far as I could hear over the night atmosphere, she was still crying, "He's gone and He won't come back."

I rushed to my room and fell on my knees telling God I would always preach a warning message, warning people against saying no to God. Some years later I talked to a man who was beside me in that camp and heard the cry of that woman. I asked if he knew what had become of her. He said she had died and he had stood beside her bed when she passed on and she died crying, "He's gone and He won't come back."

## Three Children Damned

As District Superintendent over the V\_\_\_\_\_ District of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, I visited many times a small country church. Each time I would go a man would give me a five dollar bill saying, "As long as you preach your warning message, I will support you." when I asked him if he had what I preached, he would reply, "No, and I can never get it."

One day as he had stood at the foot of the bed of a dying daughter, she arose in the bed and pointing her finger at him cried, "I am going to hell and your ungodly life is the cause of it."

He cried, "Daughter, don't say that again. You are the third child who, when dying, has said they were going to hell and my ungodly life was the cause of it."

## I Settled It At Nineteen

I walked into the home of a sick man in I\_\_\_\_, Virginia. As I entered his room he began to quote the eighth chapter of Romans. He quoted it all without missing a word. When he had finished, I said, "That is good doctrine." I asked if he had what Paul was writing about.

His answer was, "I can never get it."

He said when he was nineteen he attended a revival. The Holy Spirit spoke to him but he rejected the call. The Spirit had never come back. When he realized he had missed it he began to memorize the scriptures. He said he could quote the New Testament and a part of the Old Testament but the knowledge of scriptures in his head had not brought him a changed heart. He settled it at nineteen.

### I Will Never Do It

In a revival in H\_\_\_\_, Maryland, a girl, eighteen years old was at the altar. She seemed to be praying good, but she suddenly brought her hand down on the altar saying, "I will never do it," and left the altar.

Eighteen months later I was in a revival in the same church. Monday night that girl came to the meeting with three other girls. As I preached, I noticed the other girls were affected. I went to invite them to the altar. They hesitated. When they did, that girl, who had made that statement eighteen months before, fell on her knees, and taking the other girls by the hand, said, please do not do as I did when Brother Flexon was here before. At that altar I said my last no to God."

She led them to the altar but she went back to her seat. Many years later I met her in a camp and when I spoke to her about her soul, she pointed back to that night when she said, "I will never do it," as the night she crossed the deadline.

### A Tragic Ending

I had preached in a camp in F\_\_\_\_ C\_\_\_\_, Alabama. A young man and his wife were at the altar. The wife was kneeling at the front of the altar and the husband on the opposite side. Two small children stood beside them. The husband soon claimed victory. The wife was still praying when at eleven o'clock, weary, I went to my room. The other evangelist, R\_\_\_\_ French and his wife said they would stay on with her. I had to preach the next morning.

As I went to the platform I noticed a heaviness over the service. It was not easy to preach. When I had finished, the people gathered around asking if I had heard what had taken place. They told me that young lady had, about one o'clock that morning at the altar, looked up saying, "I will never do it."

That morning she and her husband had eaten breakfast together, he had kissed her good-bye and gone to the garage and backed out his car to go to work. Hearing a shot fired in the house he rushed back in and found his wife lying dead in a pool of blood. Seven hours after she had told God she would never do it, she was in eternity, forced there by her own hand. Two children must bear the stigma for a lifetime and a soul must suffer in hell forever. Tragedy of tragedies.

## Too Late, Too Late

I held a number of meetings in a church at P\_\_\_\_\_ T\_\_\_\_\_ in Pennsylvania. I always stayed in the home of an unsaved man. He was a moral man with no bad habits. He attended all church services, even prayer meetings, would sit on the second bench in the church with his wife and weep as I would preach. I never failed to invite him to get right with God. Many times I had prayed with him at the altar but he always prayed up against something. One day I was in his home and he asked me to go to the garage with him. He told me of something which he did many years before while he worked in a lumber camp, that he could not confess to his wife, for it might wreck their home and he loved his wife and home. I begged him to make it right, but he refused.

A number of years later I was called to his home to see him. He was ill, sitting in a chair and leaning his head on his arm, lying on the back of another chair. I prayed with him and pled with him to yield to God but all I got from him as he looked up from his chair was, "Too late now, preacher, too late now." Reader, will you someday be crying too late now?

## The Price of Neglect

My father had held a six weeks revival in which over two hundred had found God. A week later he was called to the bedside of a dying mother who had attended that meeting. Father sat at the side of the bed while the husband stood at the foot of it waiting for the end.

That dying woman sat up in the bed crying, "I'm going to hell! I'm going to hell!"

The husband rushed and took her in his arms saying, "No, you are not going to hell. You have been a good wife to me; a good mother to our children; a good church member for twenty years; you are not going to hell."

She said, "Until a few moments ago I thought as you think, but God opened heaven and gave me a vision of His holiness and I saw how far short I had come. I have neglected my Bible, my prayer life, my church, my religious activities, and I am not fit to stand in the presence of the holiness of a Holy God."

She died crying, "I'm going to hell." "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

## Fatal Procrastination

I was in a revival in Virginia. One night I dealt with a man who lived across the street from the church, about his soul.

He said, "Not tonight, but some other night perhaps."

The next day in an hour of despondency, he had cut his throat with a razor in an attempt to take his own life. Two days later, as I was visiting in a hospital, someone pointed to a bed with curtains around it, saying, "There is someone behind those curtains who needs you."

When I walked behind the curtains there was the man who had said to me two nights before, "Not tonight, perhaps some other night," on his death bed. His throat, having been cut from ear to ear, was taped together. The nurse was feeling the pulse of his left arm. He was running his right hand over the bed covering and putting his fingers to his swollen lips and swollen tongue. I watched him for sometime then asked the nurse why he was doing it. She said he was begging for a drop of water. I asked her to give him a drop and not make him beg for water when there was so much of it. She replied he could not swallow even one drop; it would choke him to death. I asked how long he had been doing it. She said for twenty-four hours without one minute's let up. I rushed from behind those curtains weeping and hurried down the corridor and out on the street. As I stood on the street with bared head, weeping, I was seeing those in hell who had been in my meetings, had turned God down and were in the regions of the lost, crying for one drop of water that they can never have.

### Give Me Until Tomorrow Night

The young man was a backslider. He was a member of a church in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The campmeeting was on at Allentown, Pennsylvania. He was attending. One night there was a great burden for him on the saints. During the altar service many went to him, inviting him to the altar. Finally the evangelist, Paul Rees, went.

He said to the evangelist, "I am not ready to go tonight. Give me until tomorrow night and I will be at that altar."

He walked out of the tabernacle, got in his car and drove home, and to work the next day. Around four o'clock the next afternoon, as his mother was praying for him in her room on the Allentown campground, a telegram was delivered to her telling her to come home at once, her son was dead.

Upon arriving home she found he had been sweeping the fifth floor of the building in which he was working. He was sweeping the dirt down an elevator shaft. The elevator being a floor above him, he got too close to the shaft and his foot slipped and he fell down the shaft. When they pulled him out of the shaft he was dead. That night at the camp the evangelist did not preach. He just told the story of that young man and eighty-two people rushed to the altar. The one who said, "Give me until tomorrow night," was not among them. He was where sermons are never preached and altar calls are never given. Swift Judgment

### Mind Your Own Business

I was in school at Greensboro, North Carolina. Charles Slater and Fred DeWeerd were holding a revival in the college church. When the altar call was given I was out in the audience doing personal work. I felt led to speak to a young man about his soul. He became angry and told me to mind my own business. I left him. That was on Sunday night. The next Friday night his

mother called me to come to their home. She led me into their parlor where that young man was lying in a casket.

On Wednesday night, after telling me to mind my own business, he went to see his girl friend who lived in another town. To get there he tried to steal a ride on a freight train. As he went to hop on the moving freight his foot slipped and he fell under the train, and his body was cut in two so that they had to nail a board on to his back to hold it together Swift Judgment.

### God Is Laughing At Me

The conference was on in my district. The Examining Committee had met to examine candidates for ordination. We were looking for a young man to appear before us who had graduated from one of our Bible schools and had spent one year in a university. Instead, we received a letter from him which read as follows:

"Dear Sirs: I will not be here to be ordained into the ministry. While in the university, I have learned that Jesus was the bastard Son of Mary, His blood was no more than the blood of a goat and the Bible is a nasty book of lies."

A few days later he was leaving home to go back to the university. His old mother handed him a Bible saying, "Take this with you and read it and get back to your mother's God."

He took it and threw it on the table saying, "Away with that nasty book of lies, and furthermore, if you will not promise to never mention to me again that bastard, Jesus Christ, I will never cross your door again."

She said, "Come when you please, but when you do, you will hear of my Christ."

He walked out of the house angry, went to the depot, and boarded a train for the university. There was a wreck and in a few hours his crippled body was carried through the door he said he would never enter again. He asked his mother to call the university and have his professor and some of his buddies to come. When they arrived he arose on his bed and pointed his finger at his professor.

He said, "When I entered your classes I had faith in God and an experience in Jesus Christ. You taught me Jesus was the bastard son of Mary, that His blood was no more than the blood of a goat, and the Bible was a nasty book of lies. You made me laugh at God but now, professor, I am dying and God Almighty is laughing at me." Swift Judgment.

### I Don't Need Your God

Two young men sat on the back seat in a church in Camden, New Jersey. The pastor, a friend of mine, had preached an evangelistic sermon. These young men mocked his altar call. One of them was a conductor on a freight of the Pennsylvania line operating from Camden to Atlantic City. He went to take out his freight at 11:00 p.m. that night. There was an accident and his legs were crushed. Two preachers, both friends of mine, were called to pray with him. They found him

in a hospital crying for God to have mercy on him and promising God he would live for Him if he would spare his life. God answered and his life was spared. One year later he was going back on the job. As he walked down the street to go to the freight yards to take out his train again, he met one of the preachers who had prayed with him a year before. The preacher asked if he remembered what happened a year ago and the promise he had made God.

He said he well remembered it, but he said, "Then, Preacher, I was dying. My legs were crushed, but now look at my legs," as he shook them. "They are as good as they ever were. I needed your God then, but now I do not need Him," and walked down the street laughing.

He went to take out his freight that night after a year's absence. As he went to couple two box cars together, he was caught on the coupling and instantly his life was snuffed out. Swift Judgment.

### Narrow Escape

Wesley had gone to God's Bible School to prepare for missionary work in Africa. He had come home after his first year in school for the summer vacation. He was keeping company with a young lady who was also on the background spiritually. In those days we held Sunday school in the afternoon. One Sunday afternoon as Wesley walked out of the church I spoke to him about his soul. He laughed and said he was only nineteen and said he was going to have his fling at sin and have a good time in the world, then he would consider getting back to God.

That night I preached on the text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all nations that forget God" I looked at my watch when I finished and it was two minutes to nine. I asked how many would be ready to meet God by nine o'clock. He looked at his watch and mocked my giving of the altar call. I fell on the floor in the pulpit unconscious as far as anything around me was concerned. For thirty minutes I was under soul burden for him. When I came to, he was at the altar with his coat off praying for God to have mercy on him. He was reclaimed that night. On Tuesday afternoon he was sanctified. On Friday night he led the song service in a prayer meeting in our church. Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, as I sat in my study preparing my Sunday messages the phone bell rang.

When I put the receiver to my ear, his brother Harmer cried, "Brother Flexon, come to our house at once. Wesley is dead."

I said, No, he is not. He was at church last night and led the song service."

He said, "Come at once. Fifteen minutes ago Wesley kissed Mother good-bye, telling her he was going to the river to swim, but would be back in time to help her get supper. He had gone out into eighteen feet of water, and was seized with cramps, and went down, and now two doctors had just pronounced him dead."

What if he had put it off for one more week? There would be a different story to tell about him.

The Sunday night service was over. I was standing at the door of the church in Staunton, Virginia. A young man who had once known God, a student in a world renowned Bible school, now a backslider, home on vacation from the school, was going out of the church. As I shook his hand, I pled with him to get back to God.

He replied, "What God requires is too much to pay."

He walked to his car and started for Clifton Forge, Virginia, where he was to visit relatives on Christmas day. He never saw Christmas day. Just before he reached Clifton Forge, his car left the road, plunged over an embankment and into a river. Two hours after he had said, "What God requires is too much to pay," he was answering to that God. He was in eternity. Swift judgment.

No, Hell, God Can't Get Me

He was twenty-three. I was holding a revival near his home. He was attending each night. The saints were praying for him and conviction was on him, but he resisted.

One day, he with his brother, had gone to cut logs for a saw mill. They had cut a tree and when it fell, it fell toward Cecil. He ran, but it nearly caught him.

His brother said, "Cecil, it nearly caught you."

He said, "No, Hell. It could not get me."

They went to fell another tree. It, too, fell toward Cecil. He began to run but caught his foot in a root or brier, tripped, and fell. The tree fell on him and crushed him. Swift Judgment.

I Do Not Need Your Holiness

It was in a revival in Warm Springs, Virginia, that a business man and his wife were seized with conviction. They would not yield during the meeting. As wife and I were leaving Warm Springs, we had to pass their home. They came to bid us good-bye.

As he stood by the car, he said, "We should have yielded to God during your meeting. When you have gone, we decided we are going to settle with God."

That day they found God while praying in their home. They attended the holiness church near there, and received light on Holiness. The wife received the experience.

The husband said, "I do not need your holiness." He turned it down.

Three weeks later he was back with the old crowd as bad as ever. Five weeks from the day he turned down holiness, his men brought a load of logs to his saw mill. They were slow in unloading them. He tried to get them to hurry and unload them. Their slowness disturbed him, and in anger he rushed to the load of logs and pulled the stay chain. Five large logs rolled on him. The

flesh was torn on his legs from his knees to his ankles; both collar bones and every bone in one hand was crushed. They rushed him to the hospital. The doctors brought him through. One year later, I was holding another revival in Warm Springs. That man was the first seeker in the meeting to pray through.

When we were leaving Warm Springs that year, he stood beside my car and asked if I would do something for him. I promised I would.

He said, "wherever you preach, will you tell the people that John Rodgers will carry this lame leg and this bunch of gristle on the end of this arm until the resurrection morning because, when God called me to holiness, I said, "I can get along without your holiness." Judgment is swift.

Threatened

The tabernacle was located near Richmond, Virginia. The truth being preached had stirred the community. Many were seeking God but some of the men were angry because their families were getting saved. It was a Sunday afternoon. The tabernacle was crowded and many were standing outside.

That afternoon I preached on the text, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." The theme was on the influence of fathers on their children. When I finished the message, a group of angry men, with clubs and rocks, lined up on both sides of the path that led to the place where I had my horse tied. When my wife and five year old daughter walked with me to the door of the tabernacle, the men dared me to step outside the door. I took my wife by the arm, and she held on to the daughter as we walked down that corridor of angry men. Not a club was used or a stone thrown.

The meeting closed that night with many seekers. Three weeks later three of the men, who were leaders in that group, were traveling at a high rate of speed down the dirt road leading to our home. They lost control of the car. It left the road and turned over three times. They pulled two dead men from the wreckage and the third one with a brain damage that finally sent him to a mental institution. Swift Judgment.

Father, Tell me, Is there a Hell?

A boy rode up to the parsonage in a town in Pennsylvania, and delivered a note. It asked for my friend, the pastor, to come at once to a home in the town. When he arrived he found a sixteen-year-old girl very ill. She had just gone through a revival in my friend's church. She had refused to yield to God. She told my friend she did not want to be a Christian, that she was only sixteen and wanted to get well so she could have her fling at sin and pleasure. He tried to pray but the heavens seemed as brass. Three days later the same boy came with another note begging him to come at once for the girl was dying.

When he arrived at her home she was being held by her father as she screamed, "Father, tell me, is there really a hell? My feet feel like they are in the flames now." She died crying, "Tell me, is there really a hell?" Swift Judgment.

## I'll Have Him If It Damns My Soul

The revival was over. I was shaking hands with the pastor's daughter who had resisted the strivings of the Spirit all during the meeting. I entreated her to even then go to the altar and yield to God. She refused saying she was engaged to a young man in the town who was divorced and she did not believe she could be a Christian and marry a divorced man. I told her if that was her belief she had better give him up.

She replied, "I will have him if it damns my soul."

Three weeks later she was called to the home where that young man boarded. Upon arriving she was ushered into his bedroom and found him dying in a pool of blood. He had cut his throat with a razor. She fell on her knees beside him, in a pool of blood, and heard him gurgle in his last breath, "Dying and going to hell."

She screamed, "Oh God, to think three weeks ago I told Brother Flexon I would have him if it damned my soul. Now he is dead and my soul is damned. Swift Judgment."

## No Time For God Today

It was in the town of Frankfort in Indiana. A mother had been in service nearly every night of the revival. I had dealt with her each night. The last Sunday night I had especially pressed on her the question of her soul salvation. That night she had told me she was not ready to give up the world. I went on from there to F\_\_\_\_ B\_\_\_\_, Indiana the next Friday for a revival. The next Sunday afternoon the pastor of the Frankfort church called me long distance. He asked if I remembered that lady and how I had dealt with her about her soul. He said he had called her that Sunday morning to tell her he would come to get her and her children for Sunday School if she desired to come.

She told him, "No, I do not have time for Sunday School, church, or God today."

She was going to the city park with some friends for a day's outing and dinner. She went. After the dinner she was horseback riding. Her horse stumbled and threw her over its head. Her head struck a rock and she was instantly killed. Swift Judgment.

## Quench Not The Spirit

A young man had been wonderfully saved in a church I pastored. He was a happy, shouting type of Christian. When he would get blessed and shout it disturbed some people and they did not mind speaking about it. One night he overheard some of them criticizing him for shouting. He walked out of the church that night past me and as he passed, he said, "I will never shout again." He did not and soon drifted from God and was lost to heaven. Be careful of your criticisms.

## A Fatal Choice

I was holding a five weeks revival in my church where I was pastoring. I was acting as evangelist at the request of my Board. One night an elderly lady was at the altar. In fact she was there several nights. One night, she arose from the altar and sat on the broad mourners' bench.

Looking up into my face she said, "I would rather be in hell than any place in the universe."

I stopped her and said, "Please do not say that again until you tell me why you say it."

She replied, "When I was nineteen years old, I was a member of a Quaker church in Philadelphia. I was engaged to marry a young business man who was also a member of the church. We were having a revival in that church and the evangelist was preaching holiness. I received light on that experience and wanted it. I talked to my friend about it and he said, 'If you ever go to that altar and get sanctified, we break our engagement at once.' Sunday night I was so hungry for the experience I left his side and went to the altar. As I prayed, the Lord said, "Which will you have, the Holy Ghost or that young man?" I looked up into God's face and said if I could not have both, I would take the young man in preference to the Holy Ghost. That night I backslid at the Quaker's mourners' bench.

"We were married and, for some time, prospered in business. Two children were born into our home. Finally, our business failed. We lost our business, our home, and our furniture. We moved to this city as paupers. My husband got a job as clerk in a furniture store. I saw my older son go to the Spanish American War. I saw him come home discharged with honors. I saw him get a job on the city newspaper as assistant editor. He was going to the top and would have been the editor of a daily with 70,000 circulation. Drink got the best of him. I saw them pick him up from the gutter crazed with drink. They rushed him to the city hospital and I followed him. When I arrived, I found him in a strait jacket cursing God and man. I saw him die drunk, with an oath on his lips. When he died, God thundered in my soul and said, 'Woman, you got what you wanted, but you have damned the soul of your first offspring by rejecting holiness at the Quaker's mourners' bench.'

"I saw my second son grow to manhood and totter and fall into adultery and wreck the lives of young girls and women. They arrested him and put him in the city jail. When I shook hands with him through the bars, God again thundered in my soul and said, 'Woman, you got what you wanted, but you have blighted the life of your second Offspring by rejecting holiness at the Quaker's mourners' bench.'

"Two weeks ago tonight, you and your wife came to my home, at my invitation, at twelve o'clock at night. You found me walking the floor and crying as I went to the clock, 'He's been in hell fifteen minutes longer and I put him there. He has been in hell fifteen minutes longer, and I put him there! You watched me go to the clock every fifteen minutes for six hours, crying that cry. That night when my husband came home from his place of business at ten o'clock, we ate a light lunch and went to retire. My husband sat down on the side of the bed and leaned over to unlace his shoe. He did not get hold of the shoe lace, but fell on the floor, dead, without even a chance to say, 'Lord, have mercy on my soul.' When I turned his body over and looked into his dead face, God thundered in my soul again and said, 'Woman, you got him but you have damned his soul by rejecting holiness at the Quaker's mourners' bench.'

"I have been at this altar several nights. You have prayed, but my heart is as hard as the bench I am sitting on and the sooner I can go to hell and comfort those who have gone before me, and I sent there, the better satisfied I will be."

In a few months she was gone, and died without God, to go to hell, but to comfort no one, for there is no comfort in hell. My friend, it is dangerous to reject holiness when you receive light on it.

### Preacher in Colorado

It was during a six day missionary convention. Several missionaries were there to speak on missions during the day services and I was preaching evangelistic messages at night

One night a preacher came running down the aisle to the altar. He prayed and wept. It looked like he was going to get through when all of a sudden, he dried his tears and, bringing his hand down on the altar he cried, "I will never do it."

He left the altar but the next night, when I gave the altar call, he came running down the aisle and fell at the altar, screaming. He was there only a few moments when he came hurriedly up on the platform and asked if he might say something. I quieted the people and let him speak.

He said, "All of you know me. I have preached holiness up and down this country and God gave me souls. I, one day, came up against some new light. I refused to walk in it. I went on preaching but I had lost the power from my ministry. Last night I came to the altar and, as I prayed, God brought that light to me again. I brought my hand down on that altar and told God I would not walk in it. Right at that altar, He left me last night."

He walked back and got his wife by the arm and led her to the altar. She prayed through. We prayed much for him but he got nowhere. He left the altar. They told me some time later that he attended all services in that church, but sat in the back, looking like a statue in a museum, but nothing ever moved him since that night. Light trampled under foot may turn to terrible darkness. One can only be saved as he walks in all the light God gives him.

### Danger of Materialism

As a pastor, I had in my church two very spiritual people, a man and wife. One of them had graduated from God's Bible School. The other one had attended for one year. They were faithful in attendance and support, and were a great blessing to all. They wanted to buy a farm, and did so. While they were trying to pay for that farm, they began to absent themselves from the prayer meetings. After they had paid for that farm, they desired to purchase another one. When they were trying to pay for the second farm, they were working so hard that they began to absent themselves from the Sunday services. Their testimony no longer had the ring to it. They finally paid off the second farm. They were not satisfied but wanted a third farm. They purchased a very large chicken ranch. That took so much of their time that they hardly ever were in church. I found a difference in their attitudes as I would visit in their home. Materialism had gripped them.

One night, about that time, I was holding a meeting in a small tabernacle near their home. They attended the meeting and the wife found her way to the altar. As she prayed, one of our Bible school students was trying to help her.

She finally said, "There is no use. I sold my spiritual life for the second farm, and my soul for the third farm," and left the altar.

The next morning her husband and three children found her body hanging from a rafter in the attic of their home. She had gone from the altar to the attic to eternity. A graduate of a Bible school. Put Jesus Christ first or tragedy may follow.

### A Saloon Keeper Saved But Lost By Rejecting Holiness

I went to N\_\_\_\_, Virginia and pitched a tent. It was located next door to a saloon. The saloon keeper attended the services and found God. He went to his saloon and broke up the whisky and beer bottles and broke in the head of the beer kegs and poured the slop down the sewer. He closed the place and came and joined the Pilgrim Holiness Church. He lived such a good life that the church elected him as a trustee of the church.

My father was holding a tent meeting near where this man lived. He attended the services. One night my father preached on holiness. The ex-saloon keeper was standing about half way down in the tent during the altar service.

I went to him and said, "Jimmy, God wants you to go on into holiness."

He looked at me and said, "I do not need your holiness. I do not want your holiness, and furthermore, I am not going to get your holiness."

He turned and walked out of the tent. Nine months later, he was sitting at the breakfast table in his home. His son and daughter-in-law came to breakfast late. There was an argument and he jumped from his chair and slapped his daughter-in-law in the face and left the house.

His son, a Christian, followed his father into the yard and said, "Why don't you come back into the house and ask forgiveness and get this matter straightened up."

The father replied, "Nine months ago, in that tent meeting with Reverend Flexon, I turned down holiness and when I did, I backslid. Your father does not have any God in his life, and he never expects to have any God in his life again as long as he lives."

He walked to the barn, brought out a team of horses, hitched them to a plow and started to plow a field. He had gone half way around the field when he fell between the plow handles. His son, watching him, rushed to pick him up. His mouth was filled with the fresh plowed earth. As the son was trying to get the dirt from the father's mouth, he died in the son's arms. The last words that son heard his father say were the following: "I backslid nine months ago in that tent meeting when I

turned down holiness. Your father does not have any God in his life and never expects to ever have any again."

We buried his body, but his poor soul went into eternity without any God because, when he came to the light of holiness, he turned it down.

### He Rejected Holiness

The Pilgrim Holiness camp meeting was on in Colorado Springs, Colorado. It was Thursday night and I had preached on the text -- "And now, if thou wilt deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand, or the left." God was there in a mighty way and there were many seekers at the altar.

The next morning, as I was crossing the camp ground, a man called to me from the dormitory steps. He asked if he could talk with me. We sat on the grass in front of the dormitory.

He said, "I came to this camp meeting a child of God. I was living above sin. Under your preaching I have seen the light on holiness. When you gave the altar call last night, the Holy Ghost said, 'Will you go, or will you not go?' and I said, 'I will not,' and walked out of the tabernacle. I went to my room to sleep but I have not slept a wink all night. Preacher, do you think if a person is saved and he receives light on holiness, and refuses to walk in that light, that God will ever speak to him again?"

I told him I could not promise that He would.

He said, "I came to this camp a child of God and under your preaching I received light on holiness, and last night I turned it down. I am leaving the camp this morning. My wife and children are already in that car over there. I am afraid I am leaving a backslider and that God has left me."

He walked to his car and drove off. I have made inquiry about him but no one has ever seen him in a holiness church or a holiness camp meeting since. It is dangerous to get light from God on holiness and reject it.

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## Chapter 6

### MY FIRST TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES

#### A Bad Egg

It was during the first trip my wife and I made to foreign fields. We were living in the home of our dear friends. They were really sacrificing to make us comfortable, and we were happy. One morning they served us fried eggs for breakfast. Mine was wonderful, but I noticed Mrs. Flexon's was bad. I knew if she ate it she would be sick. To mention it would be an insult. There was a small salt shaker on the table with a screw top. I put some salt on my egg and then slipped the shaker under the table and loosened the top so it would fall off if it was turned upside down. I then

handed it to my wife. She did not notice the lid was loose so turned it upside down to put some salt on her egg. when she did the top fell off, and much of the salt went on her egg. The people of the house knew she could not eat that salt so took it away and brought another. I do not like things like that, but the day was saved; and her missionary call was tested.

### Illness on Antigua

It was on our first trip to missionary lands. We had sailed from Boston on one of the beautiful Lady Boats; a floating palace. They had assigned us to what was known as the Governor's Suite on the fifth and top deck. It was a beautiful suite where high government officials were assigned when any were traveling, but fortunate for us none were traveling at that time. A number of the Lady Boats plied between Canada and British Guyana at that time. All were sunk by German submarines during World War II.

When we left Boston Harbor, the sun was shining, the sea was calm, and all on board were happy. My first experience, in the dining room of a great ocean liner, was most exciting and pleasant except a short encounter with a passenger who had tarried too long over the bottle. That night every passenger was in the dining room. During the night a storm came up which lasted for twenty four hours, and we were driven a long way off course. The next morning there were only six of us in the dining room. The rest were sick. My wife was very sick. I have never been seasick or airsick so I enjoyed the storm. At times our ship would be riding on the crest of a high wave with both ends of it out of the water, with it creaking and cracking from stem to stern. I wanted to get out on deck, but all decks were being washed, at times, with high crests, so they made me stay inside. After twenty four hours of storm, we were sailing through a beautiful narrow channel to the harbor of Bermuda. What a picturesque sight the island presented with its rolling topography, and small red roofed houses, delightful green foliage mingled with the deep red poinsettia and flamboyant trees. My soul thrills with the memory of it after many years.

We were at Bermuda for twenty-four hours while they unloaded and loaded cargo. It gave us time to see a part of life on the island. We were intrigued by the horse-drawn vehicles and the hundreds of bicycles everywhere. We left Bermuda during the night, and at daybreak we sailed by the unique island of Saba and in mid morning we were anchored off the most beautiful island of St. Kitts. We had to anchor some distance from land, and small boats came to take the passengers to shore. They vied with each other for passengers.

On this island we met Rev. R. W. Ives, the then Field Superintendent of all of our West Indian and South American work. I asked to see some of our churches but was told they were all in the country and too far away for us to get to them and return in time to catch our boat which was soon to move on to Antigua. I asked if they did not have a church in Basseterre, the capital city of the island, and when I learned they did not, I immediately set about to find a building in which we could start a work. We found one and rented it. At the conference, held on Antigua the next day, I asked if anyone would volunteer to go to St. Kitts and start a work in the capital city. A national by the name of Lynch volunteered, and soon we had him there, and a good work was started that has developed into one of the very best churches in our whole denomination.

The conference was started on Antigua, the first conference to ever be held in the West Indies. It was a very simple affair, but it was a start. It has grown into a great organization. I was preaching to large congregations each night. I suddenly became very ill and the doctor, Dr. Winters, one of the best doctors I have ever known, said I had mumps and put me to bed and isolated me, or tried to do so, from all of the nationals. That was impossible for so many wanted to come into my room, so in about ten days, mumps became the order of the day on the island. I also came down with a bad case of malaria at the same time. My doctor was very faithful and was coming twice a day. He was alarmed, and one night he came about twelve o'clock and then again at two a.m. At two a.m. he told my wife he had given up hope of my recovery, but he had one more thing; his own formula that he would try.

He rushed to his office and returned as soon as possible and injected something into my left arm. In a few minutes my arm and hand had swollen twice the size they should have been. Whatever it was, it knocked the fever, and I have never had a reoccurrence of it. I have been where the mosquitoes have been by the hundreds, and they have settled on me, but they would move on. I have never been bitten by any kind of an insect since. I wish I knew what he gave me.

I began to mend from that hour, but was a long time recuperating, so had to rearrange my slate. I wanted to go before I was ready, but the doctor said he would not release me, and if I went he would not be responsible for me, so I stayed there until fully recovered. I shall ever be grateful to Dr. Winters.

After I had recuperated sufficiently to go on, we took ship for the Island of Barbados. On the way our ship stopped at Dominica, and Brother and Sister Surbrook, missionaries of the Reformed Methodist Church of New York, came on board to visit with us. I was not well enough to leave the ship. After several days of sailing, we came to Barbados on a Sunday morning, in time for the morning service in the White Park Church. The church was more than packed. Many were on the outside. They packed people in around me as I stood to preach. I had only standing room.

God did help me, and when I finished in a blaze of glory on the people, I could not give an altar call as there was no place to have the seekers kneel. I asked them to stand and pray where they were. Over eighty stood with hands in the air and with tears streaming. They were praying all over the church. I was unable to preach there more than once but did attend conference on Monday. I had to shorten my visit to Barbados because of my illness. I was very sorry. We sailed on to Trinidad on Tuesday, and I was getting stronger so stayed on Trinidad longer and held a revival which was very fruitful.

While we were on Trinidad we learned of a man at San Fernando who had a small mission he wanted to turn over to us, so Brother Ives and I went down there. We found things were not so good. The man who had the mission was not in good standing with the people, and the mob gathered to do him bodily harm. We held them off until we had finished the service and had formally taken over the mission and then started for his home. It looked like we were not going to hold off the mob, but Brother Ives walked on one side of him and I on the other until we got him into his home. We were finally able to calm the people and get them to go home when they finally learned he would no longer be permitted to officiate there. It was not a very good start, but after many years we finally have a good work there.

From Trinidad we sailed on to British Guyana. Our children were in British Guyana with the Waltons at this time. It was so good to see the children, the Felkers, again. They occupied a room on the first floor of the mission home divided by a divider. In the one room they had their oil stove, a table, two chairs, and some soap boxes for cupboards. In the other room, only about six feet wide, they had some shelves for a bookcase with a few books on it and a homemade Morris chair. After being there a few days, I was sitting in the Morris chair, and I asked the children to bring their chairs and sit down beside me. I pointed out to them the conditions under which they were living and told them to pack up their belongings and go home with me, and I would use my influence to help get them a church that would support them where they could have a parsonage to live in. Perhaps, I could help them get a car. They began to weep and said no. They said, "This is where God has called us and we would rather be here in the will of God with nothing but the Morris chair than to go back to America and have all the nice things the people have back there and be out of His will."

### My First Jungle Trip

While on my trip to South America, Brother Walton wished me to go up the river to visit some of the Jungle people. There was a man by the name of Watson working among those people. The story was told me by Brother Walton that Watson had been born on Barbados, his parents had moved to the jungles of British Guyana when he was two years of age, and he was raised in the jungle. When he was a young man they had moved into Georgetown.

One Sunday morning Watson had a vision or dream. He saw the words PILGRIM HOLINESS CHURCH. He could not get away from the dream or vision. He arose early and started to walk down the street in Georgetown. It was a custom then, in that city, to tell to the first person one met his dream and see if he could interpret it. That morning he met a man and told him the dream or vision. He asked him if he knew of a church by that name. He had never heard tell of it.

The man said, "BLESS GOD, I AM A MEMBER OF THAT CHURCH."

Watson asked him to take him to it and that morning Watson was saved. He got a burden on his heart for the people in the jungle and went back there and established nineteen preaching points. He would go from one to the other and preach in them each week. He was to go with us and be our guide.

We went down to the wharf early one Saturday morning and boarded a river boat. It was loaded with goats, one cow, chickens, pigs, dogs, and people. There was hardly standing room on it.

We traveled about twenty-four miles into the jungle and came to our landing. It was on a sandy beach. The dugouts pushed out from the land to get us. The boat did not stop. It shut off the engines but kept floating with the tide. The dugouts came along side and we had to toss our suitcases and other belongings into the dugouts and then we made a jump for it ourselves. I

happened to make it but some did not and went into the water. We rowed to land and then started our trek up a small stream in a dugout.

After many hours of travel, about sundown, we came to our first village. There were several houses. The house consisted of large poles at each corner and a leaf roof, but no sides. We just tied hammocks to the poles for sleeping. Three little black children came to the river to greet us and took my hand and led me to their hut.

It was supper time; so we sat around a crude table and ate our supper from a gourd with our fingers. It was all mixed together, and I did not know what I was eating. I thanked the Lord for it and took one look and then turned my eyes upward and did not dare look again for fear I could not get it down. After supper the villagers met in the little hut, and I preached to them. Two people kneeled at stools and found God. One was a woman who was living with a man she was not married to. I had not preached on adultery, or anything like it, but God had spoken to her, and she went to her hut and told the man she could no longer stay in the hut with him. He asked her where she was going to stay, and she told him she was going to sleep in the jungle. That was very dangerous because of the tigers and large poisonous snakes.

The next morning I found her curled up at the base of a large tree. Three weeks later she died shouting the victory. She never returned to that man. I was glad I got there just in time for her to hear.

On Sunday morning we got into a charcoal lorry [taxi] that was anything but clean. We had to go a number of miles over a sand path through the jungle to the next village. It was a large village. The people did not seem to be too interested, however, they listened to us. In the hut where I spoke there was a tiger skin tacked on the poles. It had been killed a few days before right at the hut. We then drove to another village where we found twenty-six men, one old lady and a small girl.

Here we were received with open arms. After I had spoken to them, all twenty-six men kneeled to pray. They wanted to start a prayer meeting. One man owned two or three pages of scripture out of the book of John. He said he would take charge of the prayer meeting. They wrote me later from the mission home that he would read all of the scripture he had, each prayer meeting service.

I was telling this in a meeting in Pennsylvania. There was a six-year-old boy sitting on the front seat fumbling a brand new Bible. It had been given to him at Christmas for a present. He would look up at me and then hold his Bible close.

Finally he came to the platform and handed me his Bible and said, "Send this to that man."

I took it and sent it on. It got noised around about this, and Bibles were sent to us from many sections until we had more than we could use.

While going through the bush we found a sloth hanging upside down from a small limb of a tree. I cut the limb off and carefully carried the sloth with me down to the river. I wanted to bring it

home with me and give it to a zoo for there are very few of them in captivity. That night I had to walk five miles to another village so left the sloth with a colored boy. While I was gone he became afraid of it and put it in a bag, and it smothered to death.

That night I preached to sixty men and two women sitting on logs or the ground. It began to rain while I was speaking. It is dangerous to get wet in that section of the world. It can bring on fever. They all scampered for shelter. I could not give an altar call. I went to my hammock tied to poles, but it was hard to sleep. I was so burdened for those men. At two o'clock in the morning, Brother Walton called me from my hammock to see the beautiful southern cross. It had stopped raining and the stars were shining. It was a beautiful sight. I should not have done it; I knew better, but just did not think. I jumped from my hammock into the sand in my bare feet. I picked up a jigger under my big toe on my right foot. I did not know it until weeks later, after I had returned to my home in Reading, Pennsylvania. One morning while bathing I discovered blood on the water and discovered a nest of jiggers. I had to cut the place open and scrape the bone with a knife. It was not dangerous but painful.

The next morning, I stood in that jungle village, with my broad hammock strapped to my back, a two gallon canteen of water on one shoulder and my suitcase sitting beside me waiting for my guide, Watson. (Walton and Ives had already started for the river to hold up the steamer if I should happen to be later getting there.) A six foot Negro, as straight as an arrow, walked from a jungle path. He had no clothes on but a loin cloth. He stood in front of me with his hands in back of him.

He said, "Last night you told us of a true God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, Who came from Heaven and died to save us and give us peace in our hearts. You are leaving us this morning and there is no one here to tell us anymore about that story."

Then he pulled from in back of him a dirty sheet of paper, torn crooked. It was from an old magazine that somehow had gotten back to that village. He handed it to me and asked, "Is there anything on that to tell me of the true God and how to find peace for my soul?"

I took it and looked it over. I gave it back to him. I have been sorry I ever did. I told him there was nothing on that to tell him of the true God or how to find peace. I shall never forget how he took it and rolled it up in his hands, put it back of him and walked back into the jungle path. I shall never see that man again until the judgment.

Some people have said to me, "Do you like that kind of a life, sleeping in a hammock and eating all kinds of food from gourds with your fingers and surrounded by filth?"

No! I would rather have the finer things of life. However, I would be willing to sleep in a hammock the rest of my nights, and eat any kind of food with my fingers if I could have the privilege of taking Jesus to benighted souls who never heard of him. As Watson and I, with our heavy loads, rushed to walk the five miles through the jungle, we had not gone far when a tiger jumped across the path in back of us. I wanted to go after it but Watson rushed me on saying the tiger would soon be back and attack us. We reached the river in time for the steamer, and in a few hours we were back in Georgetown but not to forget the lost jungle people.

## Opening on St. Vincent

I had not thought much of opening work on the Island of St. Vincent. One day two young ladies came to my office and asked me to send them to St. Vincent. I asked if they were nurses or school teachers, and they told me they were not. I told them we were not sending out single missionaries unless they were teachers or nurses. They were disappointed. I told them also that we did not have the money to open a new work on St. Vincent. They asked if I would send them if they could pray in the money. I told them I would. Several weeks later they called me and gave me a telephone number and asked me to call it.

When I did a business man of Indianapolis, a manufacturer, asked me to come to his office. I went at once as I do not believe in putting things off. I arrived in his large office, and he asked me to be seated. For two hours he told me his experience of how God led him to tithing.

After two hours he said, "I understand you want to send two young ladies to St. Vincent."

I told him it would cost five hundred dollars to send them. It would take another five hundred to furnish a house for them. We would have to have the rent for a house promised for five years in advance, and a few other items.

He said, "Won't they need a refrigerator?"

I told him they could use one. He told me to put that on the list. He asked if they would not need a car, and I told him it would be wonderful if they could have one so he told me to put that on the list.

Now he said, "We want to take that field as our own and will furnish all of the money."

They were sent, and soon they had two churches but no buildings. They wrote to the business man, and he sent five thousand to build a brick or stone church.

When wife and I visited the island we flew from Barbados over on a small plane called the "Goose." It was a rough plane and a rough ride. We were about half way over there when the door of the plane flew open. There was only one pilot, and he could not leave the controls to come back and close it. I had my wife to hold my hand and arm in both of her hands, and I stepped to the door and I could look down into the ocean below as I reached out and closed the door. I could have been sucked out of the plane very easily. When L. L. Miller, who was traveling with us, saw me leaning out of the door, he shut his eyes and ducked his head under a seat. He thought sure it was the last of me. I am still here, but a little wiser.

We had some wonderful days on St. Vincent with some good services. The work is still going and is now manned by a national supported by Barbados.

## A Visit to Curaco

On our way back from our first trip to the West Indies, we stopped on the beautiful island of Curaco, a Dutch island. It was wonderful. We found no holiness work there. Not so long after I became Secretary of Foreign Missions, a layman from Barbados went to Curaco to find work. He started a Sunday School in his little home. The people began to get saved and soon he wrote to L. L. Miller, the then Field Superintendent, asking him to send someone to organize a church as they were ready for organization. He sent Reverend Dean Felker to organize the church. Soon we transferred Reverend Purcell there from Dutch Guyana, and they were able to build a nice church and parsonage. Soon after the church was finished, and the work had grown rapidly, he had a Sunday School rally with 1,500 in attendance. That work is still going good.

### Sanctified and Called to Preach

My wife and I were visiting our missionary work in the West Indies and South America. Our steamer had docked at the island of Nevis about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was to leave at eleven that night for the island of Antigua. We had not known our ship was to stop at Nevis so we had not informed our National missionaries there of our coming. They were surprised, but said we must have a service.

By seven-thirty they had an overflow crowd at the church. I preached on Holiness, and the fourteen-year-old son of the national missionary was sanctified. His parents left with us that night to go to the island of Antigua, where I was to hold a conference and a revival. We had been on Antigua for four days when that boy's mother received a letter from him saying, "Mother, the night Brother Flexon was here I was sanctified. I went to bed but could not sleep. I became burdened for the people of our island. The next morning I made some crude posters and put them in the stores and the post office announcing a revival to begin in your church that night, and the people are coming and I am doing the preaching, and God is giving us a revival."

That boy became one of our great national preachers, and has preached in our large camp in the United States. That was Ira Taylor.

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## Chapter 7

### OPENING WORK AMONG THE PARTIMONA INDIANS

#### Opening of Work Among Partimona Tribe

Rev. Maxie Walton and Rev. Clifton Berg, missionaries in British Guyana, had built a flat bottom boat to go up the river in British Guyana to the interior of the country. They took along provision for many days and some native men to help them man the boat. They traveled for ten days on the river, then they walked for four days to get to the Partimona Tribe. There they ministered to the people and left, with the chief pleading with them to stay and tell his people more of that story. They left and for three years no one went to that tribe.

One day, while in my office, I received a letter from Rev. Clifton Berg asking me if he could go to the Partimona Tribe. I wrote back and told him no. He was pastoring our large church

in Georgetown, British Guyana, and preaching to hundreds, but he said he was unhappy while the Partimona Indians were left without the gospel.

I wrote back and told him to stay where he was and finish his term and come home, for we did not have any money to open a work among the Indians in the interior. A few weeks later there was another letter. He wrote, "Maybe now you will let me go to the Partimona Indians. This morning about sun up there was a knock at the mission home door. I hastily dressed and went to the door. There stood twenty of the Partimonas. Their chief was among them. He said they had walked for eight days through the jungles to get to his house. They had built a church for him to preach in, and a house for him to live in, and had come all that distance to beg him to come to them and give them the gospel. He said, 'Now will you let me go?'"

I sat down at my typewriter and wrote him to get ready to go. His furlough date came due, and he had to come home. Before leaving the big church in Georgetown, he had a missionary service. At the close of it he asked if there was anyone there who would volunteer to go to the Partimonas. A nurse by the name of Pinkerton volunteered and a school teacher by the name of Carew. In a few weeks they sent them to the Partimonas.

They began to work with them. After a few months the health of Miss Pinkerton failed, and she had to leave the field. Rev. E. E. Philippe, who was then in charge of the work in British Guyana, wrote me asking me to send them a nurse at once from the United States to take Miss Pinkerton's place.

When I received his letter I placed it on my chair in my office, and kneeling beside it I asked God to read it. I waited on Him for some time in prayer for an answer. I arose from my knees and opened the next letter. It was from a Miss Filena Beard, of Columbus, Ohio. Miss Beard was in charge of a mission in that city. She said they had a nurse they had been trying to get to the mission field for some time. If I had a place where I could use her, they would pay all expenses for her and take care of her support. The Holy Ghost said, "There is the answer to your first letter." The first said, "Send me a nurse." The second said, "We have a nurse we will send if you will accept." Soon Nurse Higgins was on her way to South America. She has proven to be a great missionary and the Columbus Mission still takes care of all of her expenses. What an answer to prayer!

### My First Visit to the Partimona Indians

Eighteen months after Miss Pinkerton and Miss Carew had gone to the Partimonas, I was privileged to make my first visit to this work. I made the trip with Rev. L. L. Miller, the then Field Superintendent of the Pilgrim Holiness work in the West Indies and South America; Clifton Berg, Arthur Ferryman, a business man from Springfield, Ohio, who was greatly interested in the work, and Paul Walton the son of Maxie Walton, who was then the superintendent of the work in British Guyana. We took with us several tons of supplies for the work. We flew on a two motored plane from Georgetown to a place called Orinduck, and then to a place called Kato. At Kato we were met by about seventy Indians with their chief. They greeted us like we were kings.

The plane we traveled on was a cargo plane with all seats taken out and iron seats placed along the sides. For the most part we sat on our freight as it was much softer than iron benches.

At Kato we had built a small building to house our supplies until the Indians could carry them to the village, eighteen miles away. There was a man and woman living there in a small three room mud house who looked after the supplies until they could be carried to the village. I wanted to push right on to the village that afternoon, but as it was after three o'clock in the afternoon, the Chief forbade it saying he did not want me to sleep in the jungle over night.

They gave us five American men, a small room in the three room mud hut, and we put up our hammocks in it. I was weary so got into my hammock at once. The Indians began to prepare a place to sleep in the storage house. I was not in my hammock long until someone came and told me the Chief wanted me. I asked what he wanted, and they said he wanted a meeting. I did not want a meeting as we had been in his village only eighteen months with the gospel, and I did not think anyone there knew enough about English to interpret for me, and I do not like a poor interpreter. However, when the Chief speaks all obey, so I had to get up and go.

He took charge of the service and they began to sing. The first song, to my surprise, was "Everybody Ought to Know Jesus." Then they sang another song in English, and they could sing fifty. I had not learned fifty in fifty years, and they had learned them in eighteen months. Then they prayed in English, and then two young men got to shouting and they shouted in English, and all I had to do was to help them Praise the Lord in English.

After a good supper, and a good night of rest, we started the eighteen mile trek over plateau and jungle. The mountains were steep, and the jungle was dense and dismal. At times I was climbing the mountain paths on my hands and knees rather than on my feet. I felt at one stage I could not make it, but the Chief appointed two men to help me and I finally made it.

They put us five men in the old home built for the Bergs. It was made of mud. No floors, three rooms and a wash room. One room was very small so I took it, and the other men put their hammocks or cots in one of the large rooms.

The first night we had service the church was filled. It was made of mud. There was no floor. The seats were logs, small logs in front for the children and larger logs in the back for the grown-ups. I had searched around and found some old Sunday School charts, and with some charcoal had drawn some hearts on the back of the charts. There was the heart at birth, the sinful heart, the justified heart, and the sanctified heart. The chief's wife had learned some English and served as my interpreter. She did very well and was very enthusiastic. When I had finished and turned the service over to the interpreter, she gave an exhortation and 200 came to the altar. It was a thrilling sight. They did not all get through, but it was a sight to see, that many on their knees seeking God all at one time.

The conditions at Paramakatoi were not the best. The village had been located in the same spot for a number of years, and the wild animals and fish had about been exhausted. Chief Williams felt it necessary to move the village to another place. The day after we arrived, Brothers Miller and Berg, with the chief and a number of the men and women, walked many miles to a place

called Chilli Bar where the chief thought they might locate. The location looked good, but we realized if we did not stabilize the people in one place we could never do much with them spiritually. While this group was gone to look after a new site for their village, Brother Ferryman and I took spades and spaded up a half acre of land and planted some beans, squash, corn, and other things. When the Chief came back, and I told him what we had done he said the things would not grow because the land was so poor.

I did not argue with him but gathered some of the soil and sent it to the Government Agricultural Station on the coast to have it analyzed. They sent word back that it would grow anything if we could get enough water to it. We carried water from the stream some distance away and watered it. This was kept up and they, in time, had some very fine vegetables. This started them on the road to a better diet and let them know they could stay where they were and still eat well. However, they had to learn to like vegetables as they had never eaten them.

None of them had ever eaten at a table from a plate or with knives, forks, or a spoon. The people kept bringing me large quantities of bananas, pineapples and casava. These were all wild. I did not know what to do with them at first. Then, with Sister Higgins, we devised a plan to have them prepared, placed on a table in the yard, with the table set with Miss Higgin's dishes, and have the children to sit at the table, and teach them how to eat with knives, forks, and spoons, from a plate. It was a difficult task at first as they had never used anything but a gourd and their fingers. The children liked it, and from then on their eating habits changed. The people are still at Paramakatoi and are happy. The village has grown from about three hundred, when I first went there, to over five hundred now, and the people are more healthy. In such places you not only give the gospel but you build a civilization.

Living conditions on the mission station were not very commodious at that time. Sister Higgins, the nurse, had a three room mud and thatch house. It was a shelter from the rain and that was about all. The floors were dirt, the sides were sticks and mud, the roof was leaves. Her bedroom was fairly tight, but the little living room was open for the snakes, if they wished to enter, and they did, and the kitchen was made of sticks and poles. You could see clear through it. Her cooking utensils were hung on sticks; her stove was two piles of mud with a place of sheet iron across with holes in it. Wood was her fuel. Her very small hospital was made of bark and poles, and the beds were long poles with no blankets, sheets, or pillows. Crude indeed, but she was happy and doing a great job. The chief told me if she had not arrived when she did, half of his people would have died with an epidemic of measles.

Sister Carew, the teacher had a little better home. The house which was built by the Indians for the Bergs was better than Sister Higgins', and it was where we men slept and ate. It was comfortable but not safe. A week after I left from that first visit, they wrote me stating that they had found a large Boa curled up under the window of my bedroom. I was glad I had left before he arrived.

While I was at Paramakatoi, the first time, I was very ill. I do not know whether it was drinking water, or the hot food, or that I was just run down. I had just been on a strenuous trip into the bush of Dutch Guyana, and then to follow it by the long trek to Paramakatoi, my body just would not take it. Whatever was the cause, I was sick and running a temperature of 104. Miss

Higgins did not want me to try to make the long walk out to Orinduck which was fifty miles. We tried to get the pilot of the plane, which ran each week from Georgetown to Orinduck, to come to Kato to pick me up. That would have meant a walk of only 18 miles. He refused, so there was nothing for me to do but to make the fifty mile walk. I would never have made it only Brother Berg, Brother Ferryman, and Chief Williams got a long pole and with it, took turns in pulling me over the steep hills.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we came to a high mountain. I could not go over the top, so the Chief directed us to go around it, although that would be much longer. Some of the young men went over the top and arrived at the village on the other side long before we did. They waited, however, outside of the village until the Chief came up with them before going into the village. It was the custom for the Chief to enter the village first and ask the Chief of the village if we might find lodging in his village over night. Chief Williams found the Chief of that village drunk, in his hammock. He was so drunk he was in a stupor so our Chief said we would stay in the village over night, as the Chief of that village would not come out of the stupor until sometime the next day. Had he been sober we would have had to sleep in the jungle.

There was a school teacher in that village who was favorable to us. He told us we could sleep in the hut of the Roman Catholic priest, who visited the village once a year to baptize all the new born babies and make them Roman Catholics. He said it would be weeks before he would return there again. There were twenty-three men in our group. Sixteen of the men carried shot guns. It looked like a young army. We all crowded into a small hut. We hung our hammocks close together three tiers deep. We then went to a stream to cook our supper. We did not get much supper as it began to rain, and we had to leave off cooking it and return to the hut.

I did not care for I was in need of rest more than of food. I got into my hammock at once but not to sleep. The Indians wanted a meeting so they sang, prayed, testified, and shouted until about twelve o'clock. It rained much of the night, but we were thankful to be under shelter and not sleeping in the open in a damp, rainy jungle. We were up early the next morning. We asked the school teacher if we might have a meeting in the village before leaving. We had a short service, gave the teacher a New Testament, and were on our way for another hard day of walking.

We were descending toward a stream in the jungle from the plateau. When we arrived at the stream we prepared oatmeal for breakfast and sat on a log to eat it from a gourd. While eating my breakfast, Brother Berg came over and asked if we wanted some beef for breakfast. He had a piece of cow hide with the long hair on it in which he had wrapped some beef. It had been cooked in the hide. It did not tempt me at all but I relished it. He then sat on the log and took from his pocket a safety razor blade, and without water or soap, dry shaved himself. He had become accustomed to doing that in his jungle travels.

We had family prayer and some scripture and then moved on. We soon came to a very swift river, and it was wide for a jungle river. There was no bridge so we waded across. I plunged in with my clothes on, shoes and all. I went in up to my waist. It was warm so I did not mind too much. We then walked in wet clothes until the sun and body heat dried them. Late in the afternoon we were able to see Orinduck from a three mile distance. When we arrived in Orinduck

where they had the gambling den, post office, saloon, dance hall, and store, we asked for a cold drink. At first the store owner offered us cold beer. We told him we did not drink.

He said, "I know Chief Williams will have some beer for he and I have drunk together."

The Chief turned it down saying he was now a Christian and did not drink anymore. The man then gave us each a bottle of cold sweet apple juice. That is, the Chief and all of us Americans. It cost seventy cents a bottle, but he would take nothing from us for it. He entertained us at supper that evening and then assigned us huts. I had one with two Indian men to protect me.

When I was in my hammock they got out their Bibles and said, "Now teach us."

So before going to sleep I had to have school. It was a pleasure as they were eager to learn.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, we boarded a two motored plane and headed back to Georgetown. We were met by Brother Maxie Walton at the airport and soon were in the mission home. Such a welcome and such a time of telling of the trip. All were thrilled that the work was so well launched and going for God.

### Boy Raised on Beer

When Sister Carew first arrived at Paramakatoi and saw the condition of the people she wrote the following in her diary: "When I first saw these people naked, dirty-looking, like they had never had a bath in their life, drunkards, pipe smokers, immoral and amoral, I wondered if God or man could ever do anything with them."

She found one boy who had been raised on beer. The day he was born, his father gave him beer to drink. He was raised on beer as we raise children on milk. As soon as he could hold a pipe in his mouth, he was taught to smoke a pipe. They said, by the time he was five he would become beastly drunk at their speers. When he reached his teens he was very immoral. At the age of fifteen he heard his first sermon, and that same service he went to the altar and found God. The next morning, when he went to get his gourd of food he did not take the gourd of beer as was the custom. The father handed him a gourd of beer. He said, no, he was not drinking beer anymore. The father asked him why. He said that last night God had saved him up at the little church and he could not drink beer anymore.

His father took the gourd of food from his hand saying, "If you cannot drink my beer, you cannot eat my food."

For two weeks the boy lived on roots of the trees, bark, and grass. At the end of two weeks his father told him if he would take just one drink of beer he would give him food. The boy said, no, he had not touched beer since the night God saved him, and he would not touch it again. After three weeks of no food but roots, bark, and grass the father said if he would just take a sip of beer he would give him food. He replied, no, that he had not touched beer since the night God had saved him, and he had decided he would starve to death but he would not touch beer again.

He did not dare to tell anyone what was going on. That day Miss Higgins found him, emaciated in body, and got the story from him. She took him in and nursed him back to health. when I was there the first visit, he was taken into the church and baptized. Later he was called to God's work and was sent to Arisol, Brazil to minister to the people there. The best of all, he was able to win his father and mother to Christ.

#### Airplane for Paramakatoi

It was very evident to be seen that it was too much for the Indians to have to carry all the supplies either fifty miles, or if the plane would take things to Kato, eighteen miles on their backs through the jungles to their village. Something soon must be done about it. Mr. Arthur Ferryman, a business man of Springfield, Ohio had gone with me on this first trip to Paramakatoi. He saw the need and was greatly moved. He was a pilot of a small aircraft owning a cub plane himself. He wanted to go to Paramakatoi and fly a plane for us.

The General Board voted for us to purchase a plane for that field. I personally contacted Mr. Latourno and he gave me \$1300. to help us. One day Brother Ferryman came to my office and gave me a check for \$1,000.00 on a plane. Then he took me by the arm and led me to the front window of my office and pointing to a brand new Plymouth car on the street said, "I am giving you the title to that car today, and you can sell it and put the money on the plane."

From then on the money came readily. We soon had our first plane, and the General Board approved Brother Ferryman going as the pilot. He flew the plane all the way down from the factory at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. It was first flown to Indianapolis and then to Winona Lake, Indiana to our General Conference. It caused a sensation at the conference and excited a great interest in the Paramakatoi work.

Brother Ferryman left a beautiful home in Springfield, carpeted from wall to wall, with every modern convenience, and went to live in a mud house with no floor and no windows. It was an example of sacrifice if I ever saw one. His wife and five children were to follow as soon as possible. I saw them off from the Vandalia Airport in Ohio. Their youngest child, a three-year-old girl was the last to cross the runway to the plane. As she toddled across the runway with a dolly in her arms, Sister Ferryman's brother, who was standing beside me weeping, said, "How does it make you feel to be sending a child of that age to the jungles to die?"

I stood there with tears in my eyes and could not reply. She did not die, but has grown into a beautiful woman who loves missions and has since served on a mission station in Brazil.

#### A Store on the Mission Station

Wherever the missionary pioneers went to open a new territory soon the traders would follow. They would try to place a store on the mission compound where they would sell tobacco and strong drinks to the people. To keep this from happening at Paramakatoi, Brother Ferryman built a small store on the compound where he sold dress goods, shirts, pants, some cooking utensils, gun powder and other articles which the Indians could use. Their only source of money

with which to purchase these things was from the diamonds they found in the jungle streams. Before we arrived there, the Indians would sell such diamonds to traders for such articles as a button, a thimble, some thread, or some other very small articles. They did not know the value of diamonds. We taught them their value and took them to Georgetown and sold them for them, some small ones bringing as much as \$70.00 each. The traders complained that we were ruining the country, but all we did was to stop their thievery. The store brought in very little revenue; but it did stop anyone from coming in to sell tobacco or whiskey.

### My Second Trip to Paramakatoi

By this time we had made great strides forward in this interior work. The Bergs, Ferryman, Miss Carew as teacher, and Miss Higgins as nurse, had done a marvelous work as a team in spite of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. I found a very different picture than on my first visit.

The Bergs and Ferrymans together had gone to a place called Philippi and opened another station. They had built there a frame house in which the Bergs were living and manning that station. The Ferrymans were still on Paramakatoi and had built themselves a frame house. Another couple had been sent there, Brother and Sister Trough. A new hospital and home had been built for Miss Higgins. A large school building had been erected which was used for both church and school. This would take care of five hundred people or more at one sitting. A runway had been built for the plane. The travel back there was made so much easier because we could fly directly from Georgetown to Paramakatoi and there were no more long hikes through the jungles and no more carrying large packs for so many weary miles. The compound buildings were well arranged. The Indians were building better homes and the compound made a beautiful sight in its jungle setting.

There were three missionary couples now on the compound beside Miss Higgins; the Ferrymans, the Troughs, the Saunders Brother Ferryman was the chief flyer. He financed the flying of the plane by flying business men and prospectors to different points in the interior. Brother Trough was there to take over the flying when the Ferrymans were home on furlough. Brother Saunders was the superintendent over both works, that of Paramakatoi and Philippi. The ladies, Mrs. Saunders, Ferryman, and Trough helped with the church work and teaching in the large day school. We had added something new and that was a Bible School so in reality we had four couples beside Miss Higgins at Paramakatoi. It was a thriving and growing station.

### The Medical Work

By this time the medical work under Miss Higgins had grown to great proportions. The new hospital was a lovely building well equipped with medicine and necessary instruments for such a station. Her home was attached to the hospital to make it convenient for her to attend patients at night as well as in the day. She now had trained some of the Indian girls as helpers. The health of the people was greatly improved from what it was when we went there.

### The School Work

As stated above a new school building had been erected which would seat five hundred or more. The day school was now running over three hundred students. We had caught the attention of

the government and it was supporting the teachers and helping out with other school expenses. People were moving in from other villages to send their children to school.

### A New Recruit for Missions

On this trip I took with me a business man from Richmond, Indiana by the name of Earl Adams. In some things he had a rude awakening, especially in some of the native foods but he soon adjusted. He caught the vision and has been in mission work ever since. He is now the Superintendent of a good missionary society working in several lands.

### A Dream Unfulfilled

I had learned by experience that after you educate people of the interior and do not provide them with work they become restless and will soon migrate to the cities for work. Surrounding Paramakatoi, there is much woodland or jungle. They have beautiful mahogany, purple heart, and green heart trees. It could have been free to us for the making of furniture. My vision was a furniture factory on the compound where we could teach the Indians to make furniture and it could have sold on the coast and supplied the people with work and money. Transportation was the big problem, but I had a plan to solve that, but I was given other positions in the church before I could work it out, and we do not have anything for the Indians to do yet, and it is not good.

### Visitors From Brazil

We had some great days on this trip to Paramakatoi. Brother Ferryman had flown to Boa Vista, a city a short way across the border in Brazil. He had no permit to fly in Brazil, but he got away with it this time. He brought back with him a young missionary and wife and small children who were Baptist. They seemed to be very fine people and very enthusiastic in their work. They had a small Baptist mission just across the border in Brazil. With them he brought a man who claimed to be an official of the Brazilian government. He was an intelligent man, but I somehow did not like his attitude. He talked well and seemed to be very favorable to our work and wanted that we come into Brazil to start work like Paramakatoi, in his country. He seemed to infer that he had a pull with the government and his position in government would help us to get into the country.

When I questioned him closely about his position in the government, he showed anger and shied away from me. He claimed to be a general in the army of Brazil. I could not believe a general in the army of another country would come into British Guyana without a passport or visa. That could be serious and so I questioned. I found out later he was a hoax and was not an official or a general but a veterinarian, maybe. Brother Ferryman flew them back to Boa Vista, but when he did he ran into trouble with the Brazilian officials.

### The Chief From Afar

The last Sunday night of what was to be my stay there, we had over five hundred people packed in the school building. God had given us a great service and many at the altar. After the altar service, as I stood on the platform, I noticed a group of people in the back who did not belong

to our people. They came marching down the aisle and up on the platform. One of them began to speak in Portuguese, which I do not understand, so I stopped him and called in Chief Williams, asking if there was anyone who understood that language, in the village. He found one young man who did and he come to interpret.

The man said, "I am a chief from Brazil. These are my people" -- twenty in all. "We have walked six days to get here. We heard, in our village, you were to be here to speak. We have heard your story. We ask you to come to our village and tell our people the same story."

He then used all the English he could muster and said, "Me want serve the God."

I said, "Chief, I will go to your village tomorrow."

There were twenty of them and they could not go back home until I returned from his village. The missionaries said they could not feed them, and the chief of Paramakatoi said he could not. I took the responsibility on myself but asked the chief from Brazil if his people could help clean up the runway that was growing up in grass. He consented; so I paid for their food and got the runway cleaned up.

The next day Brothers Ferryman, and E. E. Philippi, the then field Superintendent of our work there, the wife of Chief Williams, who went along as an interpreter, and I, got into the little plane and came down near his village. The people came running to greet us. I had to shake each hand, children and all.

When the handshaking was over, two men took me by the hand, one on either side of me, and led me to a little mud building. The people crowded in and for the most part sat on the ground with many outside. We sang some songs, then I brought a simple message on the Prodigal Son. When I finished, I held up the song book and asked if they had ever seen anything like it. They shook their heads no. I held up my Bible and asked if they had ever seen a book like it; and they shook their heads no. I then asked what that building was used for, and they said they had built it for a church. I asked what they did with it.

They said they came there every Sunday and would just sit, and sit, and sit. I asked if they did not have any worship service in it.

They said, "No, no one here to tell us of the true God."

I said, "Why then, did you just come in here and sit and sit and sit and sit?"

They said they were hoping someday, someone would come and tell them of the true God. Enough to break the heart of stone. I left with a very heavy heart and saying good-bye, we boarded the plane and flew away from the village; but on the way out I picked a site near the river bend where I would like to see a mission station or at least a church.

As we returned home from Arisol, we stopped at a village called Wyland. The people there had not heard the gospel. They gave us a welcome but not with open arms as they had at

Arisol. The first thing they wanted to do was to feed us. They first brought us a pot of hot pepper and some cassava bread. They set the pot on the ground and threw the bread on the ground beside it. We squatted by the pot and broke off pieces of the cassava bread and dipped it into the pot. It was not too bad. Then they brought to us a gourd of wild pineapple juice, then a gourd of banana juice, and then they insisted on my having some of their best drink. I knew how it was made and had declared, on numerous occasions, I would never drink any of it. I was now trapped and there was no way out. I must drink it or perhaps be driven from their village. The day before, the old ladies of the village had taken a large iron kettle, filled it partly with water from the river, brought it to a boiling point, then they sat around and chewed the cassava root and spat it in the kettle, and boiled it. It was not very palatable, but I had to drink it. After I drank it they were ready for me to preach to them. We had a good service with them. I confess it was hard for me to leave those people in their sin and darkness. No God, no Christ, no hope.

### Visit to Philippi

I had not yet visited Philippi. It had been going for some time, and the Bergs were doing a good job there. We came down in the plane about a mile from the village. As we approached the village we got into a severe storm. We could hardly see the end of the wings of the plane. We could see a mountain peak sticking up here and yonder, and we were trying to thread our way through them. Brother Ferryman finally leaned over and said, "I am lost and cannot make any contact with the ground."

We finally saw a small break in the clouds and he spiraled down through that break, and when we got under the storm he said he was just two miles off course.

When he set the plane down, a mile from the village, and had secured it, I said, "Let's go on."

He said, "I cannot go."

I asked why not. He then told me the last time he had been there the chief had offered him a sandwich made of cassava bread and a white worm. He refused to eat it so the chief sent him out of the village and would not let him return. Some things one must do if he is to reach such people with the gospel.

We walked the mile to the village. Between us and the village there was a narrow but deep river. There was a very long dugout waiting for us, and we crossed the river in it. On the other side was a bank we must climb. On either side of the path, leading to the Berg Mission Home, stood Indians. It was evident I was not welcome by the men. I forced them to shake hands with me, and as soon as I came to the end of the line they vanished into the jungle like the mist before a hot sun.

I did not see most of them again until that afternoon about two o'clock when we called a meeting. They all came to the meeting. The chief, a blind man, did not want the missionary there, and he certainly did not want me there. The witch doctor was a very wicked man. He had fought the work from the beginning. He came up on the platform and stood right beside me while I

preached. I did not know what he might do, but nothing happened and when I gave the altar call many of the men were at the altar. I found a flourishing school on this station, some medical work and a good foundation being laid for a church. How we thanked God for the Bergs, and the National workers from Paramakatoi who were helping in the school, and for Iris Griffeth the teacher from Georgetown. The days of sacrifice are not yet over.

When I returned to Paramakatoi from Brazil, I immediately met with the chief who had begged me to go to his people and told him of my visit. I told him I could either get someone to go to them and give them one chance to hear of the true God, or if I could not get anyone to go that I would return to the United States and get my wife and we would go to his village and live with his people the rest of our lives. I meant every word I was saying and felt it. when I arrived home and had greeted my wife as we usually did, I said, "Don't sit down for I have something to say to you."

I told her of my visit to the village of that chief. I gave her a picture of their condition. I then told her of my promise to the chief that if I could not get anyone to go to his people to tell them more about the true God I would come home and get her, and we would go to his people and spend the rest of our lives with them.

At that time my wife was suffering with three fields of arthritis in her spine that was drawing the spine inward, outward, and to the side. Her hands were swollen and drawn in knots and her feet were in terrible condition from that disease. When I had finished telling her the story she stood with tears in her eyes and reached out her hands saying, "I am ready to go anywhere on earth to give the gospel to someone who has never heard."

Why does God have so much trouble getting people to go as missionaries when they profess to love Him?

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## Chapter 8

### OPENING WORK AMONG THE EUROPEANS OF SOUTH AFRICA

#### Opening of European Work

As I was praying in my study in my home in Reading Pennsylvania, when I was District Superintendent of the Pennsylvania, New Jersey District of the Pilgrim Holiness Church, God told me to pray for \$50,000 for missions to come from one source. I asked Him what I should do with it, but He did not tell me. I began to pray for it. I prayed for one year daily without ever divulging the matter to a living soul. After on. year I told my wife about it, and she promised to join me in prayer for it. Some months later, after I had been elected as Secretary of Foreign Missions of my church, one of our missionary deputational workers, Rev, R. E. Strickland, came into my office and asked me if I was praying for \$50,000. from one source for missions. I did not tell him whether I was or was not but asked him why he asked. He said a pastor's wife in Pennsylvania, Mrs. Harley Hoffman, had told him God had told her I was and for her to join me in prayer. I had never told anyone about it but my wife and she had never mentioned it to anyone, so it must have been the Lord who told her.

We three prayed on for several years. On my first trip to Africa with my wife to visit the work, I found to my surprise, that there were several million white people in South Africa known as Europeans who had had very little holiness preached to them. There was a very fine group of people, the South African Evangelistic Association, who were holding revivals in Dutch Reform Churches of South Africa, and were getting many sanctified, but they left them in the Reform churches without much spiritual help. I had learned from experience that that does not work. It is one thing to get a person sanctified, but if they are not led and fed afterward, they soon fall by the wayside. These people had one afternoon on holiness, with good results. Twenty-two adults sought holiness that afternoon. I felt they were doing a great work but were missing it by not forming local congregations, where the people could be led on into holiness living.

One Sunday afternoon, Rev. G. Z. Schoombie, the Field Superintendent of all of our African work, made arrangements for me to speak in Duncan Hall in Johannesburg, South Africa. The hall was on the second floor. A large streamer was hung across the street in front of the building announcing the meeting with my name in large letters. That name meant nothing to them, but the fact I was from America did. He had engaged a group of over twenty men, who sang together in meetings around the city, to sing for us. They were an attraction. The building was filled with several hundred people. They were not used to an altar, so I used an inquiry room for seekers. Several entered the room. One young man was sanctified who later became the leader of Youth for Christ of South Africa and was used mightily of God in that organization. Brother Schoombie's brother was in the service. He was at the head of the South African Railroads at that time. He had invited his brother to bring me to his home for dinner that afternoon.

As we sat at the dinner table he said, "If someone would come to South Africa and preach like that they would win the Country."

Perhaps an enthusiastic statement soon after he had been blessed by a message. However, my heart was stirred. I left there and went back to our mission station at Natal, South Africa. The next week, as I was praying in my room in the home of E. L. Wilson, God spoke to me and told me to get Up off my knees. I did. He then said for me to write a letter to a man in the United States and tell him about the European people of South Africa and of my burden for them. I had never met the man. I had received two letters from him and had answered them but that was all the acquaintance we had. I wrote to him telling him of my burden to do something for the Europeans of South Africa. I did not hear from him for three months. One day I found a letter from him. It was written on paper torn from a bag.

It said, "I am interested, come and see me."

I traveled hundreds of miles to get to his home. I found it a home in a country village in Kansas. It was not a modern home, but it was nice and comfortable. He asked me to tell him what I wanted to do for the white people of South Africa. I spent thirty minutes telling him. He did not say a word but turned to his desk and wrote me a check for \$10,000. As he gave it to me he said, "There will be another check for \$10,000 in a few weeks."

In a few weeks I received that check. Inside of eleven months that one man and his wife had given me \$51,000 for missionary work. They were not members of the Pilgrim Holiness Church but were interested in what we were doing.

We soon had a missionary by the name of Strickland on his way to Africa to open the work among the Europeans. A church was started in Brakpan, then one in Bredell, then one in Johannesburg, and one in Port Shipstone. A Bible school was started among the Europeans in that country, and some of the young people are being called to the work among the Bantu people as well as the white people. This was all in answer to prayer that extended over a number of years without seeing any visible results or even knowing why we were praying, only that God told me to pray for \$50,000 from one source for missions, and we obeyed. Today there are nine churches and a good Bible school and campmeeting going.

### Opening Zambezi River Valley Work

On my first visit to Northern Rhodesia, Africa, Rev. Donald Ault was the superintendent in charge of the entire work, and Rev. John Blann was over the school. We were having some great services on Jembo Mission Station with many finding God. They asked me if I would go down to the Zambezi Valley. Visits had been made there by Rev. R. E. Strickland but no work was established. One hundred and seventeen years before, David Livingstone had gone to that same valley, and standing on an escarpment had cried that memorable cry, "I SEE THE SMOKE OF A THOUSAND VILLAGES ARISING." He had turned from there and soon after died on his knees pleading for Northern Rhodesia, and never did get back to the valley. No one had ever gone there, as far as we know, until R. E. Strickland had made some visits.

The government did not want us to go there. They said the people were so far down the scale of civilization that no one could help them. We finally were permitted to go there, so I told Brother Ault I would go down to the valley and see what we could do. Early one morning we loaded our jeep with cots, blankets, drinking water, food, guns, and large knives. We were going into lion and wild elephant country. We started for the valley: Brothers Ault, Wilson, Sampson, my interpreter, and myself. We soon had to leave the road which seemed to me not much more than a lane and took off through the brush. There was no road so we had to make one as we went, by digging out trees, rolling out boulders, and digging out stumps. After twelve hours of travel we had gone only thirty miles. We came to a village about six o'clock that evening. We asked the chief if we might stay in his village over night. He said we could sleep under the trees as he had no hut to offer. After supper, and some talking around a campfire, we put up our cots and erected our mosquito nets over them and slept very well in the open.

The next morning I placed a small mirror in a fork of tree limbs to shave. It was the first time the nationals had ever seen such, and they were curious as they looked into it and for the first time in their life saw their own faces. After breakfast I asked if anyone had ever been in their village to tell them of the true God and His Son, Jesus Christ. The Chief turned to his men and asked them if anyone like that had ever been in the village. They all said no. He then said, no one had ever been in his village to tell them of the true God. I asked if we might have a service. He consented and we sang a few hymns, and I brought a simple message. The first they had ever heard.

We then doctored their sores on the body, and their eyes and left. We hired four of his men to go with us to help clear a road.

We had not gone far from his village until we came to a mountain of boulders which we could not go around or cross, We had to leave the jeep and walk the rest of the way to the valley. We left the jeep with one of the men from the village, and we four men with our four carriers walked the thirty miles through the bush to the first village in the valley. We paid our carriers by giving each one a beautiful blanket. They, knowing the country and being used to walking, went on ahead of us. When noon hour came we were hungry, but we knew we did not dare stop to eat in the presence of our carriers for they might go back home if we did as they do not eat but twice a day, morning and night. We had gotten far enough in back of them so they were out of sight, so we opened a can of beans and squatted around it and all ate from the same can.

About six o'clock that afternoon we neared a village. Before going into the village we found a nearly dry river bed. There was a pool of water in it covered over with green scum. We carried shovels with us so we dug a hole some distance from the filthy water and sat down to wait for the water to filter through the sand and fill up the hole. Filtering through the sand purified it so that we not only drank all we wanted but were able to fill our canteens. While we were doing this we saw a large deer or impala running through the bush that had been shot with an arrow or speared with a spear. Men from the village were chasing it. Brothers Wilson, Ault, and Sampson joined in the chase. They were near enough to it for one of our men to shoot it, and they gave it to the men of the village. When we went into the village we asked the Chief if we could stay over night and he said no. He said there was a clearing about a mile from the village where the supervisor over the area stayed when he came that way, and we could stay there. We did not have to ask why they did not want us in their village that night. In the center of the ring of huts sitting on the ground, were a number of teen-age young women, nearly naked, practicing for a dance they were to put on for the men that night during their drunken spree.

We trudged weary feet down to the clearing. There we gathered elephant grass, which grew there about six feet tall, and made a three sided house, leaving one side open where we could keep a fire all night to keep away the lions, hyenas, and other wild animals. We placed grass on the ground for a bed and placed our blankets on top of the grass. Our carriers built a fire about a hundred yards away from us and cooked their supper then roiled up in their blankets with their feet toward the fire, and were soon asleep. We fixed our supper, and after supper I looked for our dishpan in which to wash the dishes. Brother Wilson had it, washing his feet in it as he sat on a log. When we went to bed, I took the place next to the back part of the enclosure. I told the men if the lions came they would get them first. Coward! Yes. But where would you have slept? Nothing bothered us but a few mice.

The next morning we returned to the village and had a service, telling them of Jesus for the first time. We visited other villages on the return trip where Brother Strickland had been to visit. We saw many wild animals, and tracks where elephants had passed not too long before we got there. I stood on that same escarpment where David Livingstone was supposed to have stood when he cried that memorable cry: "I see the smoke of a thousand villages arising." After many weary miles we were nearing our jeep when I could go on no longer, so I lay on the ground, telling the men to go on, but Brothers Wilson and Sampson stayed with me while Brother Ault went on to

prepare a meal for us at the jeep. I left that valley with a burdened heart and longed to send someone to those people. but there was no one to send.

### The Azmbezi Valley Opened

Three years had gone by since I was in the valley and not one had gone back there. One day I received a letter from John Blann in which he said, "If you will get a replacement for me, I will take my wife and go to the valley and live and give the people there the gospel."

I wrote right back to him and told him to get ready to go, and I would get a replacement for him. Soon I had Rev. Daniel Bursch and his wife on their way to take Rev. John Blann's place. The Blanns got in their ton-and-a-half truck, with a sleeping camper built on it, and started for the valley where there were no roads. They finally reached a spot near the Zambezi River where they set up camp. They slept in the camper and ate their food from a small table beside the camper until they could build a small three-room mud house. They had no windows or doors in it; just holes in the wall. No floor but the dirt. The snakes could enter at will and the hyenas would howl too close to these openings for comfort.

I went to visit them soon after their arrival. It was a rough life but they were happy. They were already deeply engaged in going from village to village, telling the people of the true God and Jesus, His Son. As I traveled with them from village to village, it was a thrill to minister to people who were hearing the gospel for the first time. We made plans for the building of a church, a school, a dispensary, and schools in ten villages. We knew the government was planning to build the Kariba Dam on the Zambezi below our mission site, and if they did, it would flood all of the country we were serving, so we had them sign a contract with us that if they did build, they would reimburse us for all we invested in building there.

Soon after I left them, Sister Blann, with her husband, had been out visiting in villages. Upon arriving home near dark, she went into the mud house and seeing something on the ground floor looking like a child's toy, she picked it up. It was a poisonous snake and it bit her on the finger. They were seventy miles from a doctor and no way to travel but in the ton-and-a-half truck and no roads to travel on. It was raining by the time they were ready to leave for Jembo Station for help but they put their children in the truck and drove all night. They arrived at Jembo and they were rushed on to the hospital. The doctor operated, taking off her finger down into the hand, but saved her life.

After she recuperated, they went back to Jembo where another missionary said, "Sister Blann, you would not go back to that valley and take your children in that place of danger, would you?"

Her reply was, "Where else will we go? That is where God has called us, and that is where we must go."

That is dedication.

Opening of Work in Zimba

I had received a letter from Reverend Clarence Keith, who was over the work of the Pilgrim Holiness Church in Siachitema, Northern Rhodesia, telling me he had been to a section of the country called Zimba. He had visited in a number of the villages and found a people, numbering about twenty thousand, who were without any gospel light. He asked me if he might go there and start a work. While I was praying about it another letter came from him telling of another trip to Zimba at which time he met the Paramount Chief. The Chief had pleaded with him to come and give his people the gospel and start schools in his villages. He told him if he would come he would have his people to give him a hundred head of cows to sell and get money to open a mission compound. That was unusual for an African Chief, and it would have been enough to start on a mission station but not to build one. It would cost ten thousand dollars to do what the Chief was asking.

The day that letter arrived our Executive Council was meeting and I took the letter to the Council. The presiding officer, that day, told me they were going to have to stop me and not let me open any more mission stations for I was getting the missionary work out so far the church could not support it. At that time 53% of our missionary money was coming from outside of our church, so I did not feel he was too serious in his statement. One of the men on the Council asked me what I thought about it. With tears in my eyes I stood up and told him I was willing to give every dollar I had in the world and every drop of blood in my veins to give the Zimba people one chance to hear the gospel.

He turned to the men and said, "Brethren, if Brother Flexon can get the money from outside of our church to start a work in this place I think we should permit him to do so."

I said, "Gentlemen, I accept the challenge."

I was permitted to go on.

My wife and I began to pray about it and the money began to come in, in answer to prayer. I did not make an appeal to any of our Pilgrim Churches or people. If I mentioned the matter at all, in my services, I told the people I did not want the money from Pilgrims, that it must come from those who were not members. I presume some Pilgrims hearing of it may have sent in money on it, but on my part, I never made any appeal to them for any and told them not to give it, whenever I spoke to them about it. God answered prayer, and in a few months we had the ten thousand dollars and today we have a mission compound with a church, a mission home, a school with several hundred students and a number of schools in the villages which are feeders to the main school.

In the early stages of the work it was my privilege to visit the work in Zimba with Brother Keith and his two daughter: and an interpreter. We visited a number of villages and had some very good meetings. In one of them the Paramount Chief was on his knees seeking God.

On the first day out, in the afternoon near dusk, we came to a village where they were wailing. A young man had died there that day, and the people were coming in from different villages to wail. I had never heard anything like it and trust I shall never hear it again. Brother Keith felt we should not stop them so we went on about a mile from the village where we found an

old building. We pulled elephant grass and put it on the ground and put our blankets on the grass and that made our bed for the night. The building was divided with blankets which we hung from a rope. The women slept on one side and the men on the other side of the blankets. We cooked and ate outside of the buildings.

About nine o'clock that night Brother Keith said we should go back to the village. I objected feeling it was too late. He insisted, saying it might be the last and only time I would ever get to speak to them. When we drove up to the village in the truck, the women, who were in the huts with the children, all came out as the lights of the truck fell over the village. The men were lying on the ground in their blankets near two large fires with their feet to the fire. As we approached, they all rolled out of the blankets. We kept the lights of the truck on and put a gasoline lantern on top of the hood of the truck. The girls played their musical instruments and sang. I then spoke to them on the Prodigal Son. As I came to the place where the father would go out and look down the path to see if the son was coming back home, they began to weep and groan. Their sons were taken to the gold mines eighteen months before coming back home. The father would go and look down the path in the bush to see if they were coming home. They understood that scene. It got hold on them. They arose in a body and fell on their knees praying and weeping. Today the people of that village have the gospel. Had I my life to live over, I would be glad to give it for such people.

#### Opening of Hospital in Swaziland

Wife and I were visiting in the kraals of the people of Swaziland. We were in one of their huts for the noon meal. While we were eating, the man of the home pled with me to give them a hospital at Ebenezer Station in Swaziland. I did not know how I could do it but told him I would see what I could do. The next week, the women of the Swaziland District were bringing in their harvest of pumpkins, corn, and other things. All told, their offering amounted to \$400. I had taken along money to purchase a truck for that station, and they were to put that money toward the truck along with what I had taken over. I asked them if they would be willing to put their money toward a hospital if I would buy the truck for them. There was a great shout in the meeting and clapping of hands as they danced in praise to God to think they could have both the truck and the hospital. The next week I took the Bradleys to Durban where we purchased the truck, and soon they had their hospital erected. That was one great day for Swaziland Station.

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#### Chapter 9

#### OPENING WORK AMONG THE BUSH NEGROES

#### Opening Work Among Bush Negroes

Rev. Leonard Leitzel had been sent to Dutch Guyana or Surinam, South America, by Rev. Paul Thomas who was at the time, Secretary of Foreign Missions of the Pilgrim Holiness Church. He had gone into the capital city of the country, opened a Sunday School in his own rented house, and gone to the streets to find children for the Sunday School. He had built a good Sunday School

and needed a church building. We raised the money for the church and it was built. Soon a church was organized and the work was going good.

Many of the Bush Negroes of the interior, coming to Paramarabo, the capital city, to sell their produce and to purchase necessities, went to the mission home and pled with Brother Leitzel to come to the interior and give them the gospel. He had, of course, contacted some of them first in the market place. He wrote to me about it and I encouraged him to go. He went and found a beautiful site on a small river. It was all dense jungle and snake infested, but it was purchased. He began to clear the jungle, but it was a slow process. He finally had enough land cleared to build a three room, small mud house.

In the church in the city, there was a lady by the name of Bartolink. She had nine children. Her husband had died and left her to support them. She had raised all of them and they were on their own. She had been wonderfully saved and sanctified. She was now sixty years old. She wanted to go back to the Bush Negroes. Brother Leitzel wrote and asked if we could take her on as a national worker. We did not feel we should at her age. when he informed her we could not, she said she would go and support herself. She sold her home and furniture and at sixty went to live in the crude mud house in the midst of those Negro people. When the Leitzels had to return to the States on furlough, I sent Brother Purcell and his family to Surinam. He proved to be the man to build the work among the Bush Negroes. He was strong and aggressive. He cleared more land and built a large building. It was made of poles and bark. It was barked up about four feet from the ground, then there was about four feet of open space between that and the roof, which was made of grass. It was long and had an opening at both ends. The floor was mud. He also built a small building for a school.

My first visit to this work was with L. L. Miller the then field superintendent of the work. We had spent over Sunday in Paramaribo church where I had a good time preaching through my interpreter. We had some good results but not large altar services as we had in British Guyana. We boarded a river steamer loaded with many things mentionable and unmentionable. It was an all day trip up the Paramaribo and Cottica River to Morengo. It was near night when we arrived at the bauxite mine. Large steamers could navigate up the Cottica River to haul out the ore. From Monego we had to travel several miles up another small river to the mission station. Night overtook us, and it was not so pleasant traveling in a small boat up the river in the dark.

A boy by the name of Aloonto had been saved and was helping at the mission station. He was about twelve years old then. He had brought the small motor boat down to Monego to meet us. Brother Purcell put him on the bow of the boat to flash his flashlight in every direction to spot floating logs or trees in the river, and there we could see the eyes of the alligators as they were lying along the bank with their heads just on top of the water looking for their prey. One time he called out, "Alligator" as one went swimming past our boat Brother Miller and I were a little nervous so we got out our flashlights and flashed them along the bank and ahead of us -- when Aloonto cried, "Too much light!" And we had to turn them off and be content to let him guide. us. On the little boat were Brothers Miller, Purcell, Purcell's son, his wife, my wife, and myself beside Aloonto, which made a heavy load with all of our baggage and supplies. We landed at the small wharf of logs on top of oil drums.

Mrs. Bartolink, with some of the natives, met us. It was a little walk to the buildings and it was very muddy. We arrived at the home of Sister Bartolink. It was very small. One small room was for storage, and it was rat infested. The middle room was the kitchen and dining room. There was a coal pot to cook on. The table was of rough boards. For chairs we had stumps of trees to sit on. For our late supper we had a purple soup. It tasted very good for hungry travelers.

The other room was where Mrs. Bartolink slept. She had an old rusty steamer trunk in which she kept her valuable things and had an army cot for a bed. Some rough boards laid on the ground for a floor. Two more cots were placed in that little room for Sisters Purcell and Flexon.

We men had to go to the building that was opened on the top half of the walls to sleep. There was no floor in it but the ground. It had been raining and the ground was wet. We slept in hammocks. During the supper we saw large rats come from the storage room and eat bananas on a large stalk of bananas hanging just outside of the dining room. During the night, we heard a lot of rustling in the leaf roof of our building, and for a while thought it might be a snake, but found it was only mice or rats so we went back to sleep.

There was a man who had come from away back in the jungles with his family to live on the compound to learn of God and to go to school. He had built for his family, a small house. He had been saved and was doing very well. Before breakfast the next morning, Sister Bartolink had all of us, with the natives who had come in, to gather in the middle of the compound for family worship. It was a precious season with the Lord. This was a daily practice. At night, Sister Bartolink would have from eighteen to twenty young men in the small school building for classes. They sat on hard rough benches, had for their light, either milk cans with oil in them and a string in the oil for oil lamps. The boys had to start with what we would call in English, the ABC's. They had no school until we went to them.

During the day time we would take the motor boat and go farther back into the jungle in search of new villages in which to give the gospel. We found a new village and asked for the chief. We were told he was farther back in the jungle cutting wood. After much travel we heard him chopping trees with an ax so went to him. As he and I sat on a log together, I asked if we might come to his village and give his children a school and his people a church.

When I had finished, he said, "Now you are talking good words."

Later on, after the Leitzels had returned and gone to live at the main station in the interior, Sister Bartolink went to the village and lived with the people for a long time and taught them and gave them the gospel.

One day we had a little time on our hands, out of meetings, so we took the boat and went up the river into a branch of it into thick jungle to hunt snakes. We had guns along as well as large knives. We traveled much but did not see one snake. Aloonto, the native boy, who looked after the boat, and acted as sort of an interpreter, wanted to leave the boat and take a gun and go into the jungle. We let him go and we pulled out from the bank. It was not long until we heard a bush cow bellow and here came Aloonto screaming. We were too far out in the stream for him to reach the

boat so he climbed a tree, like a monkey, and with a loaded gun in his hands dropped from a limb of the tree into our boat. It is a wonder he had not toppled all of us into the water.

We had service on the compound each night and during the daytime would go to the villages for services. One village, where the chief was very friendly to us, we had a meeting about ten in the morning. The people all gathered under a shed beside the little house that housed their god, Popo. Before him, a god carved out of a tree, they had placed food and drinks. I spoke to them that morning about the woman who had touched the hem of Jesus' garment. Mrs. Bartolink interpreted. I acted it out as best I could. When I had finished the chief stepped up and took over and gave the message almost word for word. At the end, he pushed some of the men aside to reach out to touch a person on the outer edge of the crowd. He did this to show how the woman pressed her way to Jesus. When he had finished, Sister Bartolink gave the altar Call. Such a sight I will never forget. Every man in the village was on his knees praying. Not all of the women, for they have been much harder to reach than the men, among the Bush Negroes.

As I was standing on the wharf at Morengo, waiting for our boat to be prepared with a good outboard motor for the 110 mile trip down the Cottico River, to Paramaribe, that chief stood beside me. He had sent his sick wife on the river steamer that morning to the city hospital and seemed to be really affected because of her going. I stood beside him.

He mustered up enough broken English to say to me, "When are you coming back to my village to tell my people some more of the story of the true God?"

It was enough to melt a heart of stone to feel the pleading in his voice.

### The Trip Out From Pilgrim Kondra

The above name was given to our Mission Station and is still known as such. We were to leave there early in the morning to catch the river steamer back to Paramaribo to catch a plane to British Guyana. We left Pilgrim Kondra at four o'clock in the morning. Our boat was well loaded. About half way to Morengo our ten horse power motor broke down. It would not start. We had a paddle on board so pulled the boat to land near a village, and at that time in the morning asked a man to loan us some paddles to help us paddle on into Morengo. They loaned us two, so with the three paddles we finally arrived at Morengo, but just a few minutes too late to catch the river boat to Paramaribo. We could not afford to be held up there for two weeks, so Brothers Purcell and Miller began to look around for a twenty-five horse power motor to take us a one hundred and ten mile trip to Paramaribo, down a treacherous river. The Bauxite Company finally rented us one. We put our baggage in the little boat, along with five gallons of gasoline and seven people. We were loaded to the limit. We started on from Morengo but had not gone far until we saw a large steamer coming toward us. It was making big waves. The river was narrow and we knew if we did not take care we would be capsized. We rushed toward the shore but that was wrong for we could have been washed up on the bank. Men on the steamer saw our predicament and waved for us to cut directly across the waves, which we did. It was rough but we were saved. It was indeed a rough and hazardous ride.

The sun was very hot during the day. Floating logs created dangers. It looked like our fuel was going to run out; so late in the afternoon we stopped at a Lutheran Mission Station, and they let us have some gas. Night came on and it was a dark one. It started to rain and we felt we must stop, but there was no place to stop. We saw a dim light in the jungle and thought we might find shelter there, but there was no room. We must travel on. About one o'clock in the morning we did not see a large floating of logs so ran into them. Our boat ran up on to them. It looked like the motor would be torn from the boat, and damaged, but Brother Miller was quick of thought and quickly raised it so it was not struck. We slid over possibly a hundred logs. We were all frightened but helpless. We finally got over them safely and soon were near shore where the tide was not so swift, and there found a little village. My wife was in such a condition I told the others to go on to Paramaribo, and wife and I would stay there the rest of the night although there was no shelter, but it seemed she could go no further.

They would not leave us, so after some time of rest we all went on. Soon after getting into the Paramaribo River we could see the lights of the city. What a welcome sight. About three a.m. we arrived in Paramaribo harbor but there were so many boats tied up to the wharf, large and small, there seemed to be no place to tie up. We looked a long time for a place and finally found one which we squeezed into. We unloaded our baggage and carried it two blocks through a large market to where we were able to get a taxi to take us to the mission home. What a welcome place from such a night. We were all ready for sleep. After a day or two of rest we were off for British Guyana, on a plane, and the trip to Paramakatoi in the interior of British Guyana.

#### A Visitor

We had hunted for snakes while in the jungle but had found none. I was not disappointed for I have no love for them. A few weeks after we had been hunting for snakes with Brother Purcell in the interior, he opened the back door of his home in Paramaribo one morning, and there was a twelve foot Boa. In front of the mission home there was a ditch, such as is found in many of the streets of that city, and it is supposed that the Boa had gotten into that ditch, where it emptied into the river, and finally left the ditch for his back yard. My flesh creeps even as I write about it.

#### The Second Visit to Surinam

My wife had suffered so terribly from that first trip into the interior that I refused to take her on any more such trips. When the doctor examined her, after we had arrived in Georgetown, British Guyana, after that trip, he said, "Mrs. Flexon, you must of had a purpose for making such a trip." She did. Her love for lost souls.

He said also, "But such trips are not for you."

I therefore took the second trip alone. I say alone. No, Brother Philippi, the then Field Superintendent went with me. We went to Paramaribo on the plane, then we took a small plane from Paramaribo to Morengo rather than the threesome river trip.

The Leitzels had returned to Surinam, and Brother Leitzel had taken the interior work and had placed a national by the name of Vanderkipe over the city work. He was then, and has proven

to be the man for that work. Brother Leitzel had gone to Pilgrim Kondra and had cleared more land. He wrote me that while clearing the land for his house, alone, he had killed forty-two poisonous snakes on it. He had also cleared land for a better home for Sister Bartolink, a home for a native teacher and family, a spot for a larger church and the land for his home. He had gone to a lumber mm, many miles down the river, and purchased lumber, and had built some very good buildings on the compound. The mission home was lovely. He had cleared the land and built a large sandy path to the river from the compound and had built a very nice dock. It did not seem to be the same place. At night we held some very profitable services in the new church building, and then during the daytime we went to the different villages for services. One night we walked through the jungle to the village of the Chief who asked me when I was coming back to tell his people some more of that story. We had a service, out in the open, with the people sitting on the ground. Brother Philippi had preached. When he gave the altar call fourteen people came forward. He had them to stand in a row rather than kneel for fear of snakes. Good that he did, for while they were praying I happened to open my eyes and there was a snake going in and out between the feet of the seekers. A man sitting there saw it, and taking a long pole pulled it out and killed it, and the seekers did not know of it until after the service.

By this time we had a flourishing work among these people and the people of Morengo wanted a work in that town. We had to leave so flew back to Paramaribo, and we were met there by Brother Ferryman who had flown our small Cessna plane from Paramakatoi to Paramaribo to pick us up. We flew with him to Georgetown, a two hundred mile trip, and a part of it over the ocean. I really enjoyed that trip. It was at the end of this trip that I made my second trip to the Paramakatoi work.

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## Chapter 10

### MIRACLES IN THE PHILIPPINES AND OTHER EXPERIENCES

#### Miracles in the Philippines

As I walked down a dusty road a short way north of Bagio, the American City of the Philippines, I met two small men. They were clothed in nothing but a G-string around their waist. I stopped them and found them to be head hunters. I asked them some questions through my interpreter and finally asked them if a missionary had ever been in their village.

They said, "What is a missionary?"

I explained to them what I meant by a missionary. They said no such person had ever been in their village. I then asked them if they had ever heard of Jesus Christ.

They said, "Does He live in our village?"

I had to tell them no He did not live in their village. They said they had never heard that name. I told them about Jesus and asked them to go to church with me that night. They would not go

because they were unclothed. I took off my coat and put it on one of them and he went to church with me.

God placed a great burden on my heart for the Igorots or Head Hunters of Luzon. I could not get away from the burden. Upon inquiry I found there were about two million of them and very little religious work was being carried on among them.

While in a conference, at a place named San Francisco, they told me of a barrio across a very high mountain from where there was a small group of Christians, but no one had gone to visit them for ten years because of the high and rugged mountain. They asked me if I would be willing to go and I gladly consented. The next morning we left for the ten mile walk over that high mountain. It was rough. At times I was crawling up its side on my hands and feet. I could not walk upright it was so steep. After five hours we had crossed the mountain and were facing a beautiful swift river.

We had had no breakfast, so we piled up some rocks to make a table and took some large stones to make chairs and there we ate our breakfast. After breakfast some men came across the river on a small raft, made of logs, and took us across it. We had a very wonderful service there that night. Remember, they had not seen a white face in ten years as far as we could find out. The next morning early we had to reluctantly leave them and trek back over the mountain. As we neared the base of the mountain we found a small village where there was a school. I stopped in that village and held two services on a street.

As I was going up the mountain I heard someone calling. I stopped and turning I saw some young people running toward me. They said their school teacher had heard of our street meeting, and said she wanted me to come back to the school and have a service with the school children. Can you imagine anything like that in America today with the fight on to keep God out of our schools. I was sorry I could not go back.

When I arrived at the bamboo house, in which I was staying during the conference in San Francisco, I immediately went to bed for I was very weary after that twenty mile walk and the service of the last night. Soon our national worker, the assistant superintendent of the work in the Philippines, came to my room and I asked where I was supposed to go. When he told me I asked how far it was. He said we would go in the jeep six miles and then we would have to walk six miles over rice paddies. I had already just finished a ten mile walk that day over the high mountain and now I had to get up and walk six more miles over rice paddies. When we arrived at the church we found a very large crowd mostly of teen-agers or young married people. God helped me to preach and many young men were at the altar.

The next morning, as I was ready to leave and walk the six miles back to a government station, where we had left our jeep in charge of a government official, about fifty people started to walk with me. I asked my interpreter where they were going. He said they were going to walk the six miles with me as they wanted to be with me as long as they could. When we arrived at the government station we asked the government official if we might have a service as the people who had walked with me were requesting one. He gave his consent, and as I preached he stood on a high six foot platform and listened.

When I finished speaking the government official leaped from the platform and rushed to me gripping both of my hands saying, "You see this crowd," as he pointed to the people who had come with me. "They have heard the gospel. If they never hear another sermon they can get to heaven if they will walk in the light."

Then pointing to the mountains he said, "Back in those mountains are two million head hunters (Igorots) who have never once heard the gospel of Jesus Christ. If these people have heard so many times, do you not think my Igorots should hear at least one time?"

I told him I felt they should.

Then he said, "Will you go and tell them?"

I told him I could not do so, that my work was elsewhere, and walked over and got in the jeep to leave. He followed me and got in the jeep with me. For the next three miles, as we traveled the dusty road, he kept begging me to go to his Igorots. The people had all followed us that three miles as it was a rough road and we had to go very slow. I finally stopped the jeep and told him it was impossible for me to do as he requested. We were now out of the jeep and the crowd had gathered around us.

At that time the young pastor and his wife, where I had been last night, stood in front of us. He said, "Brother Flexon, my church is on the edge of the Igorot country. I know something of their customs. If you will let me go I will go and give them that one chance to hear the gospel."

I said, "Young man, you do not know what you are asking. Just three weeks ago, right where we are standing now, the head hunters took the heads of two American school teachers and threw their bodies in yonder ditch; they will take your head also."

He replied, "I know, Brother Flexon, I may lose my life but someone must go."

I turned to his bride of three weeks and asked what she was going to do while he was gone.

She said, "I am going with him."

I said, "You may lose your life."

She replied, "I know I may never come out alive but if I die that is alright; someone must go."

The next week we had a missionary meeting at our Bible school in Cabanatuan. As I spoke on missions those two young people came to the altar, before I could finish my message, and said, "Brother Flexon, lay your hands on our heads and dedicate us for the Igorot work."

That was a great day for the work in the Philippines. Soon we had them on their way to the Igorots. To reach the first village of these people, they had to take an old bus from the city of Bagio

to the top of a nine thousand foot mountain. Then they must walk twenty miles to the first village over a narrow mountain path. It was rough going. When they' reached that first village the people gathered around them and asked what they were doing there. They told them they had come to tell them of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ.

The people cried, "Get out; we do not want your God. Go or we will take your heads." They did not go but stayed. Eighteen months later they wrote me and asked for three hundred dollars to build a church. I sent it and the church was built of bamboo poles and mud. No floor and no windows. The front was made in such a way that it could be removed if the crowds got so large they could not get into the building. Soon they wrote again and asked for three hundred more dollars for a little house. I sent it at once. They built a house of bamboo poles and mud, with a bedroom four feet wide and six feet long, a dining room, and a kitchen with a shed attached to the kitchen where they did their dish washing and laundry.

Soon after this I went to the Philippines and the Superintendent of the work, Wayne Wright, wanted me to go to see that work. I asked him how far I would have to walk. He replied twenty miles in and twenty miles out or forty miles over a narrow path and very high mountains.

I said, "Remember I am sixty years old and cannot take such trips as I used to take."

He said, "But you started the work and I think you should go and see it."

I said, "Alright let's go."

We took one of those very old buses up to that nine thousand foot mountain. When we arrived it was raining a little and foggy. Two men had walked the twenty miles to carry our baggage. One of them was dressed in a white shirt and white trousers.

With a beaming face he came to me with outstretched hands and taking one of mine in both of his he exclaimed, "Brudder Flexon, Brudder Flexon, we are so glad you have come."

We started out the twenty mile walk in the rain. It was rough going and I felt it. They finally saw a house and went to it and rented a small horse for me to ride. I tried it. Riding on a two foot path on horse back and looking almost straight down for three thousand feet made me dizzy. Also, the horse was so small I felt I should be carrying it rather than it carrying me so I finally got off and led it.

We had gone just ten miles of the twenty when we came to a Barrio of five houses and a school house. The school teacher had built himself a very small house of two bedrooms and a small dining room. The bedrooms were just four feet wide and six feet long. He had built a board bunk in each just two feet wide and six feet long. He put Brother Wright and myself in one of those rooms. We put our ponchos on the board bed, rolled up our rain coats for pillows and went to bed????

The boards became very hard in the night and I would want to turn over, but I knew if I did I would push Brother Wright off the board so I would punch him in the ribs with my elbow and say, "Wright, it is time to turn."

Our carriers slept in an open shed near that little house and that also was our place to cook breakfast. The next day, near dark, we arrived at the first village.

With the pastor and his wife we stayed in their little three hundred dollar house. Brother Wright and myself stayed and slept in that one bedroom they had, which was only four feet and six feet long, for over a week. A little crowded. The pastor and his wife slept in the dining room on the bamboo floor. Conveniences were nil.

The first service was on a Sunday morning. There were many seekers at the altar. One of them was the man who came out to carry my baggage to the village. He was not the man I have mentioned above. He came to help me. He was unclothed except for a G-string around his waist. He was the first one to come to the altar. He had taken human heads. Blood was on his hands. Did I drive him away because he had no clothes on his body? No. You do not do that in such places. I kneeled by his dirty, naked body and put my arm around him and began to pray. He prayed and soon God had saved him.

The next service he came with a shirt and trousers on. He wanted to testify. As he did he said, "To think I did not have sense enough to wear clothes until Brother Flexon came and preached to us,"

The next week we were to have a conference on Luzon in the civilized country. Ten of the Igorots wanted to go with us and we wanted them to go. As the conference was coming to a close I asked them to come to the platform and sing for us. Their voices were not good. They had never sung in their life until our young missionaries went to them. The first song they sang was "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me." When they had finished with that one I asked them to sing my favorite, "I've Anchored my Soul in the Haven of Rest." To my surprise they knew it and sang it. It was a great hour for me. To think here were people who, eighteen months before, were heathen head hunters but now singing, "I've Anchored My Soul in the Haven of Rest." Today there are eleven churches and a good Bible school among them.

#### Opening of the Work on Mindanao in Philippines

It was during the Huck disturbance on Luzon in the Philippines that some soldiers of the Hucks invaded a village where we had a very progressive church. They burned our church and also some of the homes of our Christians. They so frightened some of our people that they left the island of Luzon and migrated to Mindanao. On Mindanao they could not find any holiness church to their liking so they wrote to the pastor whose church had been burned asking him to come to Mindanao and pastor them. There were only three families at that time. He accepted the invitation and soon was with them.

Miss Flora Belle Slater got a burden on her heart to go to Mindanao and start an indigenous work for the Pilgrim Holiness Church. I spent much time praying about it and finally consented to

let her go. It was to be an absolutely Indigenous work, and the only support they were to receive from the home church was the support for the American missionaries.

From the start the work took solid roots. It had a very rapid growth. Soon they wanted a Bible school in which to train their workers. They asked me to send them the money for the buildings. As it was to be a strictly indigenous work I could not do it. An indigenous work must be self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating. We held them to this line. One Sunday afternoon they held a special prayer meeting to pray for money to build their first school building. As they were praying one young man got through and began to shout He said God was going to give it to them. They put a Bible on a small table and the people walked up and placed \$1,500 on it. That was a tremendous offering for a group who only earned at best one dollar a day. From then on there was no question about self-support. They soon had a wonderful Bible school going with some wonderful buildings. They found out they could do it themselves.

### A Great Revival

Upon my first visit to Mindanao I held some profitable services with the students in their Bible school. We then moved on to the center of the island where they had opened a work. They had built a rough building for a church. It had no floor but the dirt, the benches were home made and rough. It seated about two hundred and fifty people. They had built a rough brush shelter at the end of it for overflow crowds. Night after night that building was crowded and many could not get into it. One night it was crowded and about two hundred and fifty were standing on the outside under the brush shelter. It began to pour down rain. The water was running over the floor of the church making it very muddy. The people would not leave. Those on the outside stayed. when I gave the altar call THIRTY-SEVEN MEN CAME FROM THE OUTSIDE, walking through the mud in the aisles, the mud slushing through their toes as they had no shoes. They were wet to the skin, but they kneeled in the mud around the platform and prayed through to victory. I did not count the women or children. It was one night I shall never forget. Oh, for such hunger for God in our churches in the United States.

In the daytime, during this meeting, we were having a conference. The first one on Mindanao. They had set up a system of their own to support their pastors. Each church would take offerings. After taking from the offerings money for a janitor and lights the rest was sent to the district headquarters and equally divided among the pastors. One pastor had a very large church. His church was sending in \$200 per month to the pastors fund. I asked him how much he received for his support. He said sixty dollars per month. This was the same as the other pastors of small churches received. I asked how much his church could pay him per month if we changed the system and let each church pay their own pastor as much as they could. He said his church could pay him two hundred dollars per month. I asked him if he would like for us to change the system so that he would get two hundred dollars per month rather than sixty.

He stood up and said, "No, Brother Flexon, I am not in this work for money. I am in it to build God's church. I want my brethren to get as much as I get."

That is what I call sacrifice. That is the spirit that will win. He is now the General Superintendent of the work in the Philippines. At the present time they have a large school and

campmeeting at the place where this revival and conference was held. Their campmeeting runs about one thousand In attendance, I am told.

### The Blood of Martyrs Feeds the Seed of the Church

I was warned by many not to do it. They said I might lose my life. They warned me that the Hucks were thick in the section, and they would shoot first and ask questions afterward. The place I am writing about is the place where Lola May Storey was buried. The practice of my life has always been -- where duty calls, or danger, be always found there. I know the danger but duty said I must go. I must find the grave of that little martyr.

The parents had been driven from their home by the Japanese. They had gone far back in the hills to get away from them. They had set up camp near a stream in the bush. Eleven year old Lola May had to drink that unclean water. Her body would not take it. She became very ill. The parents made her a bed of grass under a spreading tree. One night she told her mother she would not be there in the morning that Jesus was coming to take HER BEFORE MORNING. Sure enough He did. They buried her on the hillside. They were soon captured by the enemy and put in prison where they languished for a long time. No one had ever gone to the grave of their child.

Three of us in a jeep left the mission station on a Saturday morning and drove to a village about twenty miles away. When we entered the village the people gathered around us and I asked if anyone knew the missionaries by the name of Storey.

They said, "Yes, he used to come to our village and preach to us."

I asked if anyone knew where his daughter was buried. They found a man who did, as he had been there the night she died. I asked him if he would take me to her grave.

He said, "Not without an armed guard."

I found some soldiers to go with us, and we traveled many miles over rice paddies and then walked a long distance. We finally came to the tree where she had died, but I asked him where she was buried. We finally found a hole on the hillside. I got down in it and found some of her bones.

When I got back to the mission station I wrote to the Storey family and told of my find and trip.

I said, "If you wish me to do so I will go back and gather up her bones and bury her here on the mission compound and erect a stone marker so that if you ever come to the Philippines you can at least see her grave."

Brother Storey wrote back and said, "No, Brother Flexon, let her lie where she fell in battle. when Jesus comes riding over the hills of the Philipines He will know where to find her and we will meet her at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

What a glorious hope.

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## Chapter 11 EXPERIENCES IN PERU AND MEXICO

### A Saloon Keeper Saved

Wan was a saloon keeper in a mountain town in Peru. His wife had gotten saved and sanctified and joined the holiness church. She tried to get her husband to give up the liquor business. He said he would when he had sold out the present stock. She noticed that when the stock was running low he went ahead and restocked. One day she told him she was going to a cornfield near by and was not coming home again until she had prayed him out of the liquor business. She was out there three days when the authorities arrested him for selling illegal liquor. They put him in jail. He sent word to his wife to go home and get money and come and get him out. She sent word back she would if he would get out of the saloon business. He said he would not do it. She then told him to stay in jail until he was ready to do it. He finally prayed through in the jail and sent word to her he had found God and she went and got him out of jail. He went back to the saloon and broke up the bottles and poured the stuff in the gutter and closed the place. He soon was holding street meetings in front of his saloon, and people were getting saved on the street. The officials then arrested him for holding street meetings. After paying his fine and getting out of jail he decided to start a church. when I was there I slept in the upper part of the building and held a meeting on the ground floor. Wan was the good pastor of that church. It is the only church in Peru that ever shouted me down while I was preaching through an interpreter. Thank God for a salvation that can transform a saloon keeper and make him a good holiness preacher.

### A Murderer Saved

A brother and sister had gone to a Catholic fiesta in the mountains of Peru one Sunday morning. As they stood in the church yard an intoxicated man stepped up and insulted the man's sister. In anger he pulled his machete and striking the man in the head with it, killed him. He ran back into the mountains and for years was a fugitive from justice. One day he heard some of our Christians holding a street meeting. He kneeled in the dirt of the street and found God. Three days later he went to our superintendent and told him of the murder and said he wanted to give himself up. He took him to a lawyer.

When the lawyer heard his story he said, "I know your case. I followed it from beginning to end. The government sought for you for years but finally gave up and they have written the case off their books."

He asked him why he wanted to give himself up. The man told him of his conversion. He was turned over to the authorities. They tried him and sentenced him to jail. Because of good behavior they let HIM OUT IN SIX YEARS. God called him to preach. I stayed in his home also and preached in his church. He was a godly man. The grace of God can go deeper than any sin has gone and change even a murderer into a holiness preacher.

## A Great Miracle of Grace

Leonor was living with a young man to whom she was not married. He had several other women living in the same house to whom he was not married. Leonor liked to go to our church, stand outside and listen to the singing and preaching. One Sunday night she did that and when she went back home she found the door locked against her. The young man had told her if she ever went into that Protestant church and got that kind of religion he would kill her.

When she found the door locked she knew he did not want her anymore so turned and went back to the church. The preacher was giving an altar call, and Leonor walked into the church and straight to the altar and found God. Later on she was wonderfully sanctified. She was then sixty-five years old. That was the first time she had ever been in a Protestant church.

She felt a call to preach, but she was too old to go to school, so she found a job as a maid in a home to support herself. She would take all of the money she could spare and buy tracts and go to town and pass them out on the streets as she testified. One day God called her to go north to the Quechua Indians and tell them of the true God. There were no roads there at that time. She had to walk on narrow mountain paths. As she had to sleep on the mountain paths at night she contracted arthritis in her lower limbs. She could hardly walk and finally had to drag herself up the mountain sides. She finally came to a village of the Quechua Indians. They crowded around her asking who she was and why she had come. She told them she had come to tell them of the true God and His Son Jesus. She had them to build her a mud hut. They, at her request, put grass in it for a bed. She crawled into it and asked them to come in one at a time.

Their minds were so darkened that for a long time they did not understand what she was telling them. Finally the light dawned on one of them and he was saved. Then several more found God. By that time the government had built a road up to that village so that a truck could travel up there. Also the Lord had healed her. She rented a truck and brought fifteen of those Indians down to the conference and led them up the aisle of the church and said, "Take them into the church. I have won them to Jesus lying on my grass bed in my mud hut."

As I looked into the face of the now eighty-five year old saint of God I said, "Is there anyone here to pray with me? I want to pray. I have two good feet and two good hands but what am I doing to win souls to Christ?" May I ask what are you doing reader, to win them,

## Hunger for the Word of God

While visiting missionary work in Mexico, as Secretary of Foreign Missions of my church, I was asked to visit a church on a high mountain. We were to go in a small bus for all but three miles of the way. The last three miles were to walk. That three miles was to be rugged. The small bus had stopped in front of the house where I was staying. We were ready to load. It was supposed to take about ten or twelve people. when we started we had thirty-two people on it. After leaving the bus we started the hard climb up the mountain side.

I wondered why they had ever built a church in that out-of-the-way place. However, when we arrived the church was already filled, and many were standing outside who could not get in the building. As I sat on the platform by the side of our superintendent, Rev. Soltero, I noticed a very old lady sitting on the third bench. I asked him how old she was. He said he did not know but would find out. When he asked her she stood up out of respect and said she was eighty. He asked how far she had walked to the service. She replied that she had walked ten miles barefoot over the mountain. He then asked what she would do when the service was over. She said she would curl up on a bench and sleep until morning and then walk the ten miles back home. Twenty mile walk just to hear one message.

A few nights later I was sitting on the platform of another church when five men came in the door. I turned to Brother Soltero and said, "I have seen those men somewhere." He told me where I had seen them.

I said' "That is a long ways from here."

He said it was eighty miles away. I asked how they had come and he said they told him they wanted to hear me preach one more time before I left Mexico so they had walked the eighty miles or one hundred and sixty miles for the round trip. That was to hear only one message. Oh, that Americans were so hungry for His Word.

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## Chapter 12 NARROW ESCAPES

### Narrow Escape

As Secretary of Foreign Missions in my church, I had spent a number of weeks in Africa visiting our missionary work. I had made all my reservations to leave Johannesburg, Africa, on a Pan American plane and had rushed through my work to be able to make it. In the meantime I had received a message from the Secretary of Youth of our church requesting me to speak at a National Youth Convention. To accept this invitation I would have to leave Africa a week earlier. My work being finished in Africa, I felt strongly that I should accept it. I did, and left one week earlier. I made it safely home and spoke at the convention. The plane I would have flown on went down in the African jungle and all on board lost their lives and were all buried in one grave at a Lutheran Mission station out from Acra, Africa. I would have been one of them had not God intervened.

### Looking Into A Volcano

I was flying from Mediene, Columbia to Chicalayo, Peru. We were trying to follow the valleys to escape, it seemed, the high mountains. A steward came to me and said, "If you will look out of the right window you will see three live volcanoes."

Sure enough, there they were throwing out smoke and lava. I thought we were to fly past them, but our pilot headed his plane toward the largest one, circled it until he was near the top,

then flew over so we could look into the boiling mass. He did not need to do it for my benefit. Sometime after that, a plane trying it, fell into the crater and was of course never seen again. Again I saw the protecting hand of God.

### Storm Over Alabama

It was on my way back from Peru. As I checked in at Miami, the ticket agent said, "You will strike a storm over Northern Florida and Alabama." The storm was so severe we could not get down. Many buildings in Montgomery were destroyed. Our plane was tossed around like a rubber ball. We were nose-diving, tail-spinning and doing everything but barrel-rolling. We finally landed at Nashville, Tennessee. The plane was so damaged they would not fly it again. Eight hours later they put us on another plane and flew us through a snow storm to Indianapolis where an anxious wife met me at the airport. For months I could not get on a plane. I thought I never would again, but I have flown around the world since. Again God had saved me.

### Snake in Bed

I was visiting our missionary work in the interior of British Guyana, South America. The nights were chilly so I had to sleep under two, or at times, three quilts. The day I left by plane for the coast, I left my bed unmade. When the missionary's wife was making my bed that morning, she found a four foot poisonous snake in my bed. He had evidently been there all night. Had I known it, he could have had the whole bed. Another time I praised Him for His protection.

### Gun In Face

The superintendent of our missionary work in the Philippines had taken me to Bagio, Luzon to see about purchasing land for a site for our Bible school. We had to take more time than we thought and were late starting back to our mission station at Cabanatuan. Night had overtaken us. As we drove up to a Barrio we found it surrounded with Huks or Communists. They stopped us and one of them put his gun in front of my face with his finger on the trigger. The end of that gun was no more than six inches from my nose. Fortunately I had on a white shirt and collar. Usually I dressed in Khaki clothes when traveling in foreign lands. When he saw my white shirt, he knew I was not an enemy, so lowered his gun, asked a number of questions and told us to go. That night the Huks burned every house in that Barrio and stole the grain of the people, leaving them homeless and without food. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them."

### Meeting Disturbed

I had organized a church at B\_\_\_\_, Virginia. I had returned some months later for some meetings. As I attempted to preach a young man and his girl friend, sitting on the third seat from the front, kept talking and disturbing the service. I kindly asked them to stop and they did for a few minutes, then they started again. I again kindly asked them to stop and they got up and traded seats with someone a few seats further back. There they started to talk out loud. I then told them I was taught to never speak when others were talking and if they would not stop I would. With that the young man jumped to his feet, and pulled out his revolver, and leveled it on me. Some men near

him jumped to their feet and started for him. He ran from the church. I felt led to step off the platform, down the aisle, and tell the people we would dismiss the service. When I dismissed some men from outside came in and said it was a good thing I stepped from the platform for that young man had gone to the back of the church and was trying to get aim on me through a window in the side of the pulpit. The men tried to overpower him, but he got away, ran to a car, and drove rapidly away. Some of the men followed him in another car. As he drove down the road, he shot at several houses, but rushed on to the Rappahanock River and crossed into another county and escaped. Another time, God had saved my life.

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THE END