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MY LIFE STORY
By Amos L. Haywood

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DEDICATION

To my faithful wife, Mary, who has been my co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, who has gone with me, up and down, back and forth, across the country through the years. Who has been my song leader and a successful altar and personal worker and has rendered valuable service in the writing of this book, we affectionately dedicate this humble effort.

* * * * *

FOREWORD

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," but it is "Whosoever believeth on Him" that "shall have everlasting life."

The subject of this book is one of those who chose to believe this message, after which he felt called to preach it to his fellowmen and yielding his personality to God allowed Him to work out His divine purpose in his life.

I have known A. L. Haywood for over twenty five years, we being members of the same annual conference of the church of our choice, and closely associated in the work in earlier years, and occasionally in these later years while he served in the field of evangelism to which he felt

especially called. He is a man who has taken his calling seriously, who did not shrink from the hard places, and has given without stint of his time and strength. His ministry has placed a strong emphasis on prayer, an exercise he has practiced faithfully during his life.

This book contains a brief unvarnished narrative of the incidents of his life, and as the reading of the Acts of the Apostles has been an inspiration to men everywhere, may those who read these pages find inspiration and courage to better serve the Lord.

Bishop M. D. Ormston

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PREFACE

While traveling across the country in evangelistic work, I have related parts of my life story to many audiences, and have since been urged to write my complete life story.

I did not keep a diary the first part of my life, and many incidents are recorded as I remember them. Since the Lord gave me a remarkable memory, they are quite accurate.

When God started in on me in the raw material, he did not have to unteach me.

I have prayed much for the help of the Holy Spirit. My only aim and ambition is to help others, especially young people, who like myself were deprived of the early advantages of religious training and schooling.

I do, therefore, commit this humble effort to the Lord, praying that it may prove a blessing to all who may read it.

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Chapter 1

MY PEOPLE -- BOYHOOD DAYS

I was no prophet neither was I a prophet's son -- Amos 7:14.

My father's people were very irreligious at the time of my conversion. Nearly all of them drank, used tobacco, desecrated the Holy Sabbath Day and made a practice of taking the name of God in vain. I never knew one who was a regular attendant at church services. As far as I knew, at that time, I was the only Haywood who professed religion.

A great many of my people among the older generation did not know how to read or write. The reason for their lack of education was partly due to the fact there were no schools for them to attend.

My father's people were given to athletic sports. Some of the stories about my grandfather are almost unbelievable; however, they have been verified by a number of people. He was known as a pugilist of reputation and taught boxing for fourteen years. He had a full set of double teeth and was fully double jointed, According to his timing he lived to be one hundred and one years of age.

He was offered a suit of clothes by some of the business men of Grand Rapids, Michigan if he would walk the twenty five miles from his home to Grand Rapids on his one-hundredth birthday. He walked the twenty five miles and received the suit of clothes. Then they asked him, "Uncle John, would you like a ride home?" and he answered, "No thanks, I believe I'd just as soon walk." I did not hear, but I don't suppose he walked back the same day. He was so very strong he could shoulder a barrel of salt, or take a two-bushel bag of grain between his teeth and shoulder it without touching it with his hands.

My father was known as a champion wood chopper and rail splitter. They said he could split five hundred rails a day. There was a man in the neighborhood who bragged about being a better chopper than my father. One day he came along where several men were working with my father in the woods. Someone suggested a contest. In those days, the early settlers seemed to revel in having contests. They had few books to read, and many of them could not read had they had the opportunity. One of the men said, "You have been bragging around that you could out-chop John, now let us see you prove it." In those days, they chopped big logs instead of sawing them, as they had no saws. They said my father took the butt log, or the one nearest the stump which was the largest. The signal was given, and how the chips did fly as they chopped and grunted! For some reason or other, those choppers always grunted every time they buried their ax in the wood. My father chopped his log off and went around the other man and chopped the log above him before he had finished his log.

While at large gatherings, such as raisings, my Uncle George would climb to the top of a tall tree, cut off the top and stand on his head up there.

Uncle Sam had only one finger on one hand. When a boy he was playing with his brother, and his brother said, "Sammy, if you will lay your fingers on this block, I will chop them off." He laid them on the block and his brother chopped them off. They were, at least, boys of their word. As a boy, I thought it a strange story until they explained that the boy with the ax supposed that Sammy would jerk his fingers away and Sammy felt safe thinking his brother would only pretend to do it.

My father's people thought of my conversion as about the eighth wonder. When visiting my Uncle Sam and Aunt Sally, they would always want me to pray and ask the blessing at the table. They would watch me closely as I walked around the room, as if they were looking to see if there were wings sprouting. One day, while at their home, Aunt Sally said, "Amos, my! but we would like to hear you preach sometime." Uncle Sam nodded his head in assent. I answered, "If you will get permission to use the Gun Lake Church, I'll come over next Sunday night." However, I did not

think they would go to all that trouble since they did not attend church services, but to my surprise, they sent me the word to come as they had the arrangements made. When I arrived at the church, a large congregation was already there. The church was located on the banks of Gun Lake, my old stamping ground. Here, I had attended many celebrations, bowery dances, and such like. When my old companions, who had been so surprised to hear of my conversion, and especially when I became a preacher, heard I was coming to preach, they filled the church. Sure enough, my old Uncle Sam and Aunt Sally were there waiting right up in front. I took for my text, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." If God ever helped a poor farm boy to preach, he surely did help me that night. My old Uncle Sam and Aunt Sally were all broken up and sat there with tears running down their cheeks. After the service, some of my old friends came rushing up and grasping me by the hand, with tears in their eyes, said, "Amos, we are sure glad to see you sticking to it." They took an offering that night, and my uncle, thinking the offering was for me, put in twenty-five cents, but later learning that the pastor of the church got the offering, he was very much disappointed, and said again and again, "I supposed Amos was going to get that offering, or I would not have put in that twenty-five cents." He never got over it to his dying day. Just a little while before his death, my brother and I called on him. As we left the house, my brother laughingly said, "Uncle Sam is still talking about that twenty-five cents he gave in that offering years ago, and is still feeling very badly about it."

So much for my father's people.

My mother's people were of a different type. A good many of them professed religion, but if they had any, it must have been of a very mild form, for I am sure their religion never helped me any; and I fear it did not help them very much, for I never heard one of them pray or ask the blessing at the table. When hearing of my radical conversion, and later that I was trying to preach and had gone on a circuit, some of them feared for the family tree. One of my uncles, who was a traveling salesman, decided to come and visit on my circuit, thinking, no doubt, that he might talk me out of the notion of making a fool of myself and going crazy over religion. He arrived a little too late, for when a boy, or anyone else, gets wonderfully saved and gloriously sanctified, he is just about a hopeless case, and it will take more than a traveling salesman along with the devil to talk him out of it. My uncle could chew tobacco, and he did not think it hurt his religion either. I agreed with him there -- "his religion." I thought I would try and find out how much religion he did have before he left me, and I said, "Uncle, I think we should have prayer together before you go," and then I said, "You lead us in prayer," and he answered, "Oh, no, my dear boy, I think you had better pray." When we were both on our feet, I was no match for him, but when on our knees, I had a decided advantage.

Before my conversion, while working for a relative hauling grain, we were on our way to the barn through a wood lot when we got stuck. The man, after failing to get the horses to pull the load, took a club, struck one of the horses over the head, knocking him down so that, he fell on a green stub that had been cut off about fourteen inches from the ground. As it ran into his side, the horse made a noise quite like a human being screaming, because of the pain. When the horse got up, there was a large bunch bulging from his side which remained there.

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Chapter 2 MY BOYHOOD DAYS

"In thought I wander back tonight to my old country home,
What joyful scenes pass through my mind, as in the past I roam."

I was born in a little log house in Wayland Township, Allegan County, Michigan. This cabin was a crude old-fashioned log cabin. The logs were their natural size with a little chinking between, leaving, a crevice between every log which made it difficult to build anything tightly against the logs. There were two rooms on the main floor and an attic where my two sisters, my brother and I slept. A crude stairway led up to the attic. Since the logs were so uneven, there was a space between the side of the stairway and the logs. One day my sister was on her way upstairs, and noticed something that looked like a strap between the logs and the stairway. Reaching down, she took hold of it and jumped back screaming. It was a long, blue snake. The men were called and killed the six-foot snake. They dragged him out of the house and I can see him yet as he hung over the clothes line.

My people were very poor, and we children had to get along as best we could. I did not have a store-bought suit of clothes before I was thirteen or fourteen years old. We did not get Christmas presents except what our mother made out of fried cake dough which represented certain animals or possibly dolls.

The only fight I ever had in my life was with two boys who I thought stole a pair of my homemade mittens which my mother made for me, and I prized very highly.

We went barefooted summers. I remember having a pair of shoes when a young lad with the upper torn from the bottom part of the shoes. I had taken white twine and sewed the upper part of the shoes to the bottom. Sometimes I begged my mother to let me wear them just for a little while. I would put them on and proudly wear them as I ran around the yard for a time.

We attended school in a little country school house about a mile from our home. I greatly enjoyed my school work, but one day I asked my mother if I could remain at home, telling her I was ill. My mother, thinking I was playing off, told me I must go to school. I went with the other children, part way to school, but lay down in the fence corner and lay there sick all day long, not daring to go back home during the day. When the other children came home at night, I arose and walked along with them as if I had been to school. My mother, finding out that I had not gone to school, gave me a very hard whipping which was the only whipping I can remember having received from my mother. A few days later, I became very ill and was ill for months, and for a time, they almost despaired of my life. My mother never forgave herself for the hard whipping she gave me when I was too ill to go to school.

The Old Life Given Up For Something Better

I later became pitcher for a ball team known who played mostly on Sunday. The first camp meeting I ever attended was about four miles from my home and one-half mile south of Bradley. I rode my bicycle over there on Sunday afternoon. I think they were having love-feast, but as I could

not see much there to interest me, I jumped on my bicycle, rode about seventeen miles and pitched a ball game that afternoon.

After I was converted, in the early spring, the captain of our ball team heard about it, and drove a long way one night to try and persuade me to come back and play with them that summer. He used as an argument: We haven't anyone to pitch for us if you leave us. He sure had an argument there, for if anything in the world could have tempted me to go back to the old life, it would have been to pitch baseball.

I am very glad, however, that God did a thorough-work in saving me, and I gave him to understand I had something far better than anything the old life had to offer. I don't think that ball team ever played another ball game on Sunday.

* * * * *

Chapter 3 MY CONVERSION

No man cared for my soul Psa. 142:4

I was reared in a home where I never heard the name of God in prayer. My father's people did not care for my soul. I never knew my father or mother to attend one church service before my conversion. They never told me I ought to go to Sunday School or church services. They never taught me any little prayer. I never knew of a Haywood who practiced attending church services before my conversion.

My mother's people did not care for my soul, for while many of them professed religion, they never talked to me about my soul. I never heard one of them ask the blessing at the table or pray, before my conversion. Sadly enough, the church people did not seem to care either. I attended church services in the Bradley and Gregoryville Churches for years, but no one ever spoke to me about salvation, or asked me if I would like to go to the altar. As far as I knew no person ever named my name in prayer before I was converted.

On Monday following the camp meeting before mentioned, I was riding my bicycle down the road toward the camp ground when I saw a man and his wife, who were both preachers, driving toward me. When I saw them coming I wondered if those good people would speak to me, if they would notice me. I hoped they would. I watched in vain, for they did not even look my way. I went on down the road more lonesome and homesick than ever, for it seemed no one cared for my soul. They later became our preachers and I had the satisfaction of telling them about it.

I went to a district meeting in Sparta, Michigan one time with several other young men. No one paid any particular attention to me in church. They sent me to stay, or to sleep with a certain preacher who seemed to be a good man. I wondered and wondered if he would talk to me about my soul, but he did not. Had some of these good people taken an interest in me, talked to me and tried to help me get converted, I might have been saved much earlier in life. It would have been

worth everything to me. I would give millions today, if I had them, if I could buy back those good wasted years; but we can't buy back wasted years, they are gone never to return.

I left that District Quarterly Meeting on Saturday with another wicked young man, and started for the wilds of the north. Why should I stay? No one cared for my soul anyway as the poet writes:

"The worst of all heartaches that anyone bears --
Is caused by the feeling that nobody cares."

The young man forsook me on the way north, and I went on alone to be gone from home for a period of time. During the summer and fall, I never darkened a church door. I don't think anyone ever invited me to Sunday School or a church service during that time. Oh, how many boys and girls might be saved from a wicked life if the church people would only take an interest in them.

Ours was a wicked, godless neighborhood until God sent a Free Methodist preacher into it to hold a revival meeting. He was a man of God. His hair and beard were fiery red, and he had the fire of the Holy Ghost in his heart. He had no church to hold the meeting in, not even a tent, but went out in the pine grove and fixed some plank seats and a crude platform from which he preached the old time gospel. The Devil was greatly stirred, and some, no doubt, wanted to chase him out of the country. He told them they would have to repent, straighten up their back track, etc., which the devil and carnality did not like. However, God set his seal, as He always does. People were brought under old time conviction, sought God until they really found Him. They retraced their back tracks and made restitution, set up a family altar and the Spirit was poured out mightily and the country stirred. This meeting resulted in the organization of a class, and the building of a church down by Rapid River known as the Gregoryville Church.

To this church we worldly young people went, not to hear the preaching or singing so much, but to see them perform. We young people advertised their meetings for them, although we thought we were working overtime for Satan. We would say to the other young people who had not had the pleasure of attending, somewhat as follows: "Have you ever been over to those Free Methodist Meetings?" and they would likely say, "No, why?" We would say, "You wouldn't ask why if you had ever gone," and we would add, "it is better than a show to go to those meetings." They would be interested and come, and I never knew those good old saints to disappoint them.

There were two seats on each side in front known as the Amen Corners, and these seats were usually full even if there weren't many in the congregation. The people in those days seemed to want to get up where the fire fell. They loved the fire. Little Sister Norris sat on one side in the Amen Corner. She had a big, wicked, English husband who tried to pound her religion out of her, but little Sister Norris was English, too. The more he pounded, the more she was blessed. On the other side in the Amen Corner, along with Will Grinage and others, sat old Father Williams, who I think, preached the longest sermons I ever heard. They were in reality about twenty miles long. He lived way up in the Yankee Springs Hills, about ten miles from the church. He either had no horses, or they were too tired to bring him to church on Sunday. He loved the house of God, and every Sunday found old Father Williams, plodding his weary way over the hills and through the sand, ten miles and back, to attend the little church. Is it any wonder he was blessed? -- for that is

farther than some holiness professors of today would go in an eight cylinder. Little Sister Norris, whose wicked husband wouldn't take her to church, plodded her weary way several miles to the little church, as long as she could walk those miles. When she could no longer walk that distance, they said she would go to the back corner of their farm to an elevation of ground, where she could look down across the valley (about one mile as the crow flies) to the little church she loved so well, hoping she could hear some verse of song, some part of a prayer, or a bit of a sermon; as they were wafted out across the valley on the still air, that she might still worship God, together with the saints with whom she had so long worshipped. It was, indeed, surprising how far one could hear some of those early preachers pray and preach, for God did, indeed, make some of them Sons of Thunder.

Those wonderful meetings were always interesting to us worldly young people. There was always something doing. Never were they monotonous. A big giant by the name of Lue Hahn and his little wife came to our circuit for their first charge. Lue Hahn was an uneducated lumber-jack from the Northwoods. I think he had about the finest physique and was about the strongest man, I ever saw. In the days when the rowdies would try to break up our camp meetings, he would pick them up as if they were little dolls, lay them down on the ground, saying, "Bring on your hand cuffs." They say that when he became angry, before he was converted, the whole camp would run for their lives.

One time in one of our meetings, a big husky man by the name of Ed Lake was hit by the truth and became angry. He went outdoors and waited for the preacher, declaring he would thrash him. Someone, fearing for the preacher, came in and warned him, telling him not to go out, because Ed Lake was waiting to thrash him. The preacher laughed and said, "I will go out and see." He went out, walked up to Ed Lake, and before he could do anything the preacher put his brawny arm all the way around him, drew him up to him, and Ed Lake was helpless. He then talked to him about how he loved him and how God could save him and no doubt Ed Lake got the worst licking he ever had. Later he became converted and became a preacher.

No, it was never tedious nor monotonous attending church services in the little Gregoryville Church. Sometimes big Lue Hahn would get blessed and go walking down one aisle while his little wife was going up the other. If we worldly young folk became tired of looking at the big man going down one aisle all we had to do was turn around and watch his little wife go up the other. That is what I call variation with a vengeance. How could anyone get very far trying to be an unbeliever in such an atmosphere as that? Finney said, "Some churches produce more infidels than converts," but not the little old Gregoryville Church. We read in the good book that there were saints in Caesar's household, and I have told the world there were saints who worshipped God in the little Gregoryville Church.

They were having revival meetings on a certain occasion. Rev. and Mrs. William Caywood and a young lady by the name of Bertha Bassett, who later became Bertha Kiffer, were assisting. The pastors at this time were Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Griswold, both good preachers. We young people came to see them perform, but one night God put conviction on my heart. The young people usually attended in a group, sitting together and sometimes not behaving too well. For some reason I happened to get separated from the group that night and sat by myself. God spoke to my heart that night, as far as I can recall, for the first time in my life. Satan was in the habit of

attending church services in those days. In fact there was so much of God around there he just about had to be on the job or he would lose all of his fans, such as we.

When the Lord began to talk to me about giving my heart to Him, Satan also began to talk, saying in effect, "What would those young people think if you were to go to the altar? Wouldn't they have a great time? They would make fun of you." And the old devil told the truth for once, for that is just what they did. When they would meet me on the street they would say, "Here comes Brother Amos, or how are you elder?" One time I was in front of a blacksmith shop across from the saloon when a rowdy stepped out and said, "Come on over Amos and have a drink." I said "no thanks." I heard the boys on the inside laugh and I knew they had set him up to say it. They said of me, "It won't last him long, we know him, he will be back with the boys in a little while."

Lee Chapple was our postmaster, and umpired sometimes while I was pitching baseball. He was thought to be an infidel. After I was converted I walked into his post-office. He asked, "Are you playing ball this summer, Amos?" I answered, "No, no more Sunday ball-playing for me." He laughed and said, "Oh, you will be back playing ball with the boys in a little while." All of my friends predicted about the same thing. Had not God done a thorough work of grace in my heart, their predictions would have come true. Mrs. Haywood was in Lee Chapple's store years later and happened to tell him she was Amos Haywood's wife. He looked at her and said, "I never was so surprised in my life as when that boy got religion, stuck to it, and went out preaching."

While the enemy was trying to shame me out and get me to think my friends would laugh at me and turn me down, the Lord put the matter up to me something like this: "Boy, the question is not, what your friends think about it, the question is, is it the right thing to do?" I had to admit it was the right thing to do. Then He put the issue up to me about like this: "Well then boy, are you big enough to do the thing you know you ought to do regardless of what people think about it?" I did not want to admit I was too small or too big a coward, hence I straightened up in what little manhood I had and said, "I will do it." As soon as I had it settled I began to wish the preacher would hurry and finish so I could get up there and have it over with. I have always thought whenever I have anything to do that I dread, I want to do it and get it over with, since the dread sometimes is worse than the ordeal itself. I also thought, if I go to the altar tonight I would like to be the first one there. After Rev. J. B. Griswold concluded his message, for the pastor preached one night and Bro. Caywood the next, Sister Caywood arose and sang, "Weighed in The Balance and Found Wanting," and before she had finished the first line of the first stanza I was at the altar. As far as I knew I was the first Haywood to bow at a mourner's bench.

Others followed me but I have always been glad I led the way to the altar that night. They all gathered around and prayed for us, and how they did pray. If the prayers of others could save a soul, I would have been saved that night. But the prayers of others will not save you unless you are willing to meet the conditions, pay the price, and pray for yourself.

After they had prayed for some time, they changed the order and arose. The friends gathered around us, and some said to me, "Amos, we are glad you made a start, stick to it."

I did not know much about salvation but had enough of an idea to know I did not have anything, as yet, to stick to. Had I made the mistake that many do who go to the altar, or go through the motions, I would have been back with the old crowd in a little while as they predicted.

While I did not get converted that night, I did get more conviction. All the next day I was so restless I could hardly contain myself. I had been in the habit of going to Wayland every Saturday afternoon and spending the evening with the young people and staying for the dance at night. I was so troubled that Saturday, I thought if I would go to town I might find something that would satisfy. But oh, I was headed for the wrong place to find that something to satisfy my soul.

We were in the habit of driving through town to the church shed, leaving our horse, and coming back to town and spending the afternoon and evening. I was driving through the town on my way to the church shed when one of my old chums who had arrived earlier saw me from the side walk. He ran out to the buggy, jumped in, pulled out a cigar and said, "Have a cigar." I said, "No, I don't want any cigar." He began talking about those crazy meetings over at the Free Methodist Church but he, not being out the night before, did not know I had been to the altar. I did not seem to be getting much satisfaction out of his company; I really wished he would mind his own business and leave me alone. Neither did he seem to be enjoying my company too well for on the way back he left me somewhere and has never bothered me since. There did not seem to be any fellowship between us and I was not even converted yet. I was only repenting.

Some people seem to have such a hard time getting rid of the old crowd after they profess to be converted but we think Bible repentance will so change us we won't want the old crowd nor the old pleasures anymore. "Old things have passed away and behold all things have become new." Here is an example: Before I was converted I heard of a circus down at Plainwell about seventeen miles away. I had to go, of course, since I was such a show fan. I rode my bicycle down there. About one or two o'clock in the afternoon I was hungry and thinking about going home. There was a little side show which charged ten cents admission. I had just ten cents to my name. I was very hungry not having had any dinner but I debated the important question, should I buy a little lunch or spend my last ten cents for the side show? As was my habit I voted in favor of the side show, and pumped my old bicycle all the way home hungry and tired, and it served me right.

Now back to my story. I was going up town to find something to satisfy that ache in my heart. When I arrived at the main four corners I looked across the road to a vacant lot and saw a miserable little tent show. I looked and became sick to my spiritual stomach and said to myself, in effect, "My God there isn't anything here to satisfy my poor aching heart." I turned around, went back, got my horse and went home. I was only repenting. I was not even converted yet.

While I was coming home from town my heart was heavier than ever before. I did not find what I was looking for in the town and I came home with a heavy heart. I carried this heavy burden through the night. It became so heavy by morning it did not seem I could carry it any longer. I suppose the reason I did not get through before I did, was because I was not willing to meet all the conditions or because it did not seem possible for me to take up my cross and erect a family altar in our unsaved home. As far as I ever knew there had never been a family altar in a Haywood's home.

While sitting at breakfast that Sunday morning with the load almost unbearable, I settled the one last thing and said, to God, "I will, however, difficult it may be." I then arose from the table, stepped over to the northwest corner of the kitchen, took down from a corner shelf an old brown leather covered Bible. As far as I can remember it was the first time I ever took a Bible in my hands to read. My father, mother and sister saw me take down the Bible and start for the front room. They arose and followed me. It was indeed a heavy cross for me. I think I must have trembled and staggered under the load. My father, mother, and sister followed in single file. It was more like a funeral procession than anything else, in fact, that is about what it turned out to be, a funeral -- my funeral. I was going along with the rest to my own funeral. I died and was resurrected that Sunday morning.

I walked to the southwest corner of the parlor, as far as I could without going on into the front bedroom. I sat down and the others sat around me. I opened the Bible somewhere. I don't remember where. I don't know that I knew there were two Testaments in the Bible at that time. Had I looked for the Gospel of John I might have looked in the Old Testament as Moody did after his conversion. I read a chapter thinking I would get down on my knees and at least try to pray, but the devil who was fighting me to the last, said, in effect, "You can't pray, you have never prayed. You don't even know the Lord's Prayer." I read another chapter, I really don't know how many chapters I did read but there is one thing certain my people heard Bible reading for once.

At last I became desperate and said to myself something like this, "When I get this chapter read I will get down on my knees even if I can't pray very many words. I will do the best I can, I will try." When sinners go at it like that God will save them no matter how wicked they are. At last, I closed the Book, went down on my knees, opened my mouth and began to try to pray. Before I had uttered five words something unearthly happened. Almost to my surprise and to my great joy, that heavy burden rolled off and my soul was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I arose a brand new creature. Old things had indeed passed away and behold all things became new. The transformation was so definite, radical, and real, God never had to do it over again. The grace of God has proved sufficient. He took the love of the world out of my heart and gave me a great love for my Lord and His work and I could say with the poet --

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired it's trifles too --
But grace has set me free."

"I'm satisfied with Jesus here,
He's everything to me;
His dying love has won my heart,
And now He sets me free."

"Amen, praise the Lord." Some said at first it would wear off, but instead it has been wearing on for over forty years, and we have proved the following text true:--"But the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Proverbs 4:18.

I will ever thank the Lord for a definite, positive, know-so experience, I will ever be glad, I can say with the poet:

"There is a spot to me more dear,
Than native vale and mountain.
A spot from which affection's tear,
Springs grateful from its fountain.

"'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven,
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven."

* * * * *

Chapter 4 I WAS BLESSED

The blessing of God maketh rich. (Pro. 10:22)

We used to sing, "It is good for soul and body." Nehemiah said, "The joy of the Lord is our strength." There isn't any question but what the Lord wants his children to be happy. Isaiah said, "Cry out and shout thou inhabitant of Zion for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of Thee." Jesus said, "I came that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

I was greatly surprised when I was converted. I thought if I became a Christian I would have to live a sedate, sanctimonious, joyless life. But to my great surprise God filled my heart to overflowing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. I arose from the family altar and went up stairs to get ready to go to church. Hardly knowing what I was doing, I fell on my knees, prayed and praised the Lord.

I started down the road on foot for church which was about one and one-half miles and laughed about all the way. This I think was the first time I had ever been able to laugh the laugh I had always wanted to and could not. It seemed to come without any effort. Other times it would tire me but this time it seemed to laugh itself. It seemed to come spontaneously, bubbling up and rippling from the lips like a bubbling spring or a babbling brook.

I sat in a front seat that day. While the preacher preached I laughed him in the face and was so ashamed of myself. I said, "You shouldn't do this, these people know you have been getting religion the last few days. You ought to be sedate and sanctimonious." I tried to smooth the wrinkles out of my face hardly knowing where the good feeling came from. The more I tried to suppress it in my ignorance, the more it bubbled up.

Then they gave an altar call and of all the people under the sun, I went to the altar. God came in mighty power and gave me a jumping blessing. I had a record in that country as a high jumper, but think I might have broke my record that day. I don't know how high I jumped but I

remember one time on my way down I lighted on top of the altar rail. As far as I ever knew I went through that whole performance without making one break and had never rehearsed it once.

Well did it pay me to go to the altar that day? I think it did for I received a jumping blessing. I had a laughing blessing on the way to church and now I get a jumping blessing which makes two types of blessing on my first day as a Christian, and that is more than some seem to get in forty years.

After my conversion I made a practice of praying in secret three times a day, and besides I had a special season of praying through down in a certain fence corner in the pasture field in the evening. The Lord would bless me much and often during the day, but especially in the fence corner where I went with the express purpose of praying through and getting blessed out in my soul. The Lord did not disappoint me and often I was so blessed I would jump to my feet and shout. When the blessing became so great I could not express myself by merely shouting I would take a run around and around the field, and when I could not seem to express myself satisfactorily by running, I would jump way up in the air as high as I could jump and whoop something like a wild Indian. What seasons of refreshing we had down in the old pasture field.

I was converted in the spring, of the year and soon after it came time to have the big Fourth of July celebration at wicked old Gun Lake resort. The people all knew I was about the biggest picnic and Fourth of July fan in the whole country. When the young people began driving by on their way to Gun Lake on the Fourth of July and saw me out in the field mowing hay they knew a great change had taken place. As they rode by they shouted and called, and the devil said to me, "See what you are missing! Did not I tell you," but by that time I had learned the source of true joy and I said, "Whoa" to the horses. I rolled down off the mowing machine seat, slipped over under a hickory tree, fell on my knees and about the time my knees hit the sand the glory of God struck my soul and I had a whole Fourth of July celebration, fire works and all, in my soul inside of five minutes. I arose and went on my way singing.

"How oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track,
I think of my Savior, my mind wanders back,
To the place where they nailed him, on Calvary's tree,
I hear a voice saying, 'I suffered for thee.'
I love Him far better than in days of yore,
I will serve Him more truly than ever before."

I have never wanted to go to a Fourth of July celebration since.

Soon after I was converted they sent us a new pastor whose name was Rev. Burt. Sister Burt was soon taken sick and was very ill. The Lord told me He wanted me to go stewarding for them and told me I could not go to the members but must go to the outsiders. I had not been elected steward by the church but God appointed me one for this occasion and oh, what a heavy cross it was for that bashful backward boy. It seemed almost more than I could carry.

I made a practice of tackling any and everything the Lord told me to do, and if I could not do well I would do the best I could. That is all an angel could do. I started east from our house and

stopped first at Bill Robinson's. I took my cross and he gave me fifty cents and I went on my way encouraged. I then started on toward Sam Andrew's home. On the way there the Lord spoke to me and said, "You may be preaching the gospel some time. Your wife may be sick in bed and in destitute circumstances." I got blessed and shouted and shouted along the road. Later, I could hardly figure out what there was about my wife being sick in bed and me being hard up that would cause me to get blessed and shout along the road. There have been many times through the years of my ministry, when my wife has been sick in bed, and I have been in close circumstances, but I did not see anything on those occasions to shout about. The pilgrims where I worshipped taught us, or at least I received the impression, we ought to get blessed every time we went to meeting. To my surprise and sorrow, some of them were not blessed. I thought it was so wonderful to be blessed. I felt very sorry for those who sat there dry-eyed and cold-hearted, while a few of us were having such a wonderful time praising the Lord. For that matter, I feel the same way yet.

In my ignorance, for I was, indeed, very ignorant, I seemed to get the idea the Lord started in with a few of us up in the Amen Corner, and went as far as he could with what he had on hand, and would run out before he could get all around. I was very much concerned about those unblest church members, and I am yet, and I made it a special subject of prayer that week down in my fence corner in the pasture field. I prayed and prayed until I thought I prayed through and God had answered. I looked forward with anticipation to the next service. After we had assembled in the little Gregoryville church for our next service, sure enough, God came and poured out His Spirit, and the saints began to get blessed. I was having such a wonderful time watching the others praising the Lord, I forgot myself and the first thing I knew I was shouting as loud or louder than most of the others. That day God taught me the lesson, that after He was all through blessing me, He had enough left to go all around and give the others their meat in due season. In those days, we all went to church expecting to see an outpouring of God's Spirit. Many were the mighty outpourings of God's power, and marvelous the manifestations and demonstrations of His Spirit. Today, I am homesick to go back once more and witness those scenes of the supernatural, such as we saw before and after our conversion in the old home church. Where is the Lord God of Elijah today?

"Is not His grace as mighty now,
As when Elijah felt His power,
When glory beamed from Moses brow;
Or Job endured his trying hour?"

I believe it is, if we will but pay the price and let God have His way.

After the Lord had taken my first wife, Grace, home to be with Him, I was doing evangelistic work and happened to be home for a few days. They were having a tent meeting down in a pine grove across from the church. A young lady evangelist, by the name of Mary Mieras, later became my [wife and] co-worker in the vineyard of the Lord, and has labored faithfully by my side on several circuits and one district. For over twenty years she has gone with me in the evangelistic work across the United States and Canada, ever praying and holding up my hands. That day she sang as a special, "Every Bridge is Burned Behind Me." She used as a text, "Launch out into the deep." I was wonderfully blessed in the service. After the service closed, the blessing and power still lingered. When I started for home, the blessing and power of God surged and

throbbed until it seemed I scarcely had to put forth any effort in lifting my feet and putting them down again. Thus I walked about a mile and a half in the strength of that blessing, and if I had not reached my destination at that time, I suppose I might have been going yet.

On one of our circuits, there lived a wicked man who would come to church, testify, and then go out and live as the devil wanted him to. We dealt with him, forbidding him taking part in the services until he straightened up. He became very angry and decided to come to the parsonage and thrash the preacher or do something drastic. A sister was ironing for us that day and all at once I felt like having prayer. I asked the sister to leave her work while we prayed, and God came and poured out His Spirit. We prayed on and on praying and praising God. It seemed this man came to the back door about the time we began to pray. He waited and waited, and listened and became more and more nervous and possibly frightened until, when we came to the door after praying, he seemed to be whipped. He could hardly talk. God's blessings are always timely. God really wants to come and bless us all far above ourselves, surroundings, and circumstances. This will make backsliders and sinners hungry for God. Until we get more of the blessing and joy of the Lord than we can hold, others will not get much good out of our religion.

They tell us Egypt would have been a parched desert had it not been for the overflowing of the Nile. Is it not true that many of the dry parched souls around us are thus dry because some of us never overflow?

Time and space fail and forbid us to tell of the many, many times when and where the Lord so richly blessed us, but suffice it to say, that through all the years the rich blessings of God have attended and at times the showers have been so great there has not been room to receive them. I have felt many times like the little girl who said, "I can't hold very much but I can run over a lot." Or, as expressed in the poem written by E. E. Shelhamer:

Master, Thou knowest what I need:
Not fame, nor friends, nor foes to bleed,
Not pelf, nor pleasure -- and the rest,
But, oh, I need my soul well blest!

Others may pray for great success,
And -- 'tis a proper thing, I guess;
But, Lord, here is my heart-request:
Please daily keep my soul well blest!

Without Thy presence I am poor,
And trivial trials cannot endure;
But I can weather every test
If Thou wilt only keep me blest!

Then let the criticisms come;
Let friends deprive me of my home;
And let me be nobody's guest --
But, Spirit, kindly keep me blest!"

* * * * *

Chapter 5 MY SANCTIFICATION

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

After I was converted, I began to take up my cross and walk in all the light. I had no books to read to help me in getting the experience. There was no one to teach me, but still we believe, if one will walk in all of the light after he is converted, the Holy Spirit will lead him definitely and unerringly into this wonderful experience of entire sanctification. Before my conversion, I had been keeping company for some time with a very nice girl, who of course, was unsaved. A few days after I was saved, the Lord spoke to me, saying, "Now you are converted, you cannot keep company with unsaved young people." I did not know at that time that the Bible plainly forbade it, but the Holy Spirit spoke to me, and I believe He will [speak] to all, who are willing to listen. Oh, how many young people we have known, who have made a shipwreck of life and faith, all because they did not separate themselves and come out from among the worldly companions, as the Bible commands. I thought of going to this young lady and telling her I could not keep company with her any longer. It was so hard for me, I feared I could not talk and say what I wanted to when I arrived there. I decided to write on paper what I wanted to say and hand it to her. I, accordingly, rode my bicycle over there, handed it to her and rode away with the blessing of God on my soul.

One day while plowing, I felt the Lord wanted me to go up the road and pray with an unsaved neighbor. I almost sank to the ground and cried, "Oh, God, you will have to help me." The Lord blessed my soul, and I think right there behind the plow, as it was with Elisha -- the Lord hinted or whispered something about preaching the Gospel. I could eat no supper that night, but took my Bible and started up the hill. It was less than a half mile, but it took me quite a while to get there. It seemed I prayed in almost every fence corner on the way, fearing I wouldn't have grace enough to bear the cross. I had yet to learn I did not need strength to kill the lion until I came to where the lion was.

In due time I arrived at the house, and looking through the window, I saw an unsaved neighbor boy there, and feared I only had grace enough just for the family. That was all I had in mind when I prayed, and accordingly, in my ignorance, I went back over the hill prayed for a little extra grace, to take care of the neighbor boy. Then I staggered up the hill, weak and getting weaker all the time. I walked into the house, and lo, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me and stirred me in the Camp of Dan. God gave me grace and enabled me to bear my cross, and oh, what a time I had on the way home, shouting, and praising God.

A few days after my conversion, God put a heavy burden on my heart for an old friend and comrade in sin. I took my horse and buggy one night, went to this party's home, got him into my buggy and started down the road. I began trying to talk about salvation, but did not know how.

The more I tried to talk the more I became burdened, and soon I became so broken up, I could hardly talk at all. Then I began to get numb all over, I was frightened, fearing I was getting a stroke or something like that. I knew nothing about a burden, and before I was hardly a week old spiritually, God was putting a burden on me for a soul. Strangely enough, some who profess to be saved and sanctified, go on year after year, seemingly without much concern for lost souls.

I stopped my horse, climbed out of the buggy, walked and stamped around trying to limber up and get rid of that strange feeling. I could not stamp it off, climbed back into the buggy, and drove on to the church to the revival meeting. I managed to get my horse tied, staggered into the church, slumped into a seat and did not seem to know enough to take off my overcoat. I don't think we knew much about what the preacher was talking about. When the invitation was given there were two souls who fell at the altar, side by side. I was one, and the other was the first soul God enabled this poor ignorant country boy to bring to Christ in a public way. Satan might have said, "You can't pray for this soul, you don't even know the Lord's prayer." I did not pay any attention to him, but fell on my knees with a heart breaking burden on my soul.

No one accused me of praying a great prayer that night, but some one said, you roared just like a lion. There is really no excuse for anyone saying, "I just can't pray at the altar, I am not gifted in prayer." Well, they ought to be able to roar, or weep. I have always been so glad I listened to the voice of God that night, went out and brought that soul to Christ for that precious soul has been in heaven many years.

While working one day the Lord spoke to me saying, "After the work for the day is done, drive about five miles and talk about salvation to an old comrade in sin. Oh, what a cross that was but I said, "I will, Lord, if you will only go with me, strengthen, and give me grace." This was about the heaviest cross I had ever borne. I went, called the party outside and talked to him the best I knew how. I don't know that it did the person any good but I am sure it did me good. Sometimes I think God asks us to do things for our own good, as well as for the good of others.

When I went back to the buggy the Lord was standing there, as it were, waiting for me and when I climbed in, He sat down by my side, rode and talked with me all the way home. And did not my heart burn within me as we rode and talked by the way?

On the way home He said to me, "You ought to be holy," as if He were talking it over with me. I drove on home having a wonderful time, went to bed, had a peaceful night's sleep, getting more rest no doubt, than if I had refused to make the ten mile trip and had gone to bed and tried to sleep on a smiting conscience. The next morning I was wonderfully blessed, and went out to help my father dig potatoes. While digging away the Lord spoke to me definitely saying, "YOU OUGHT TO BE HOLY!" This was in the form of a call.

Some seem to think they have to be about half backslidden while fighting carnality before they are candidates for holiness, but this is a mistake. They need, instead, to have a sky-blue experience in justification. I did that day, for I don't think I was ever more blessed in my life. I tell all of this to prove to you, reader, that, even though we do not have books to read or much of any teaching, if we walk the light as He is in the light He will lead us right up to, and over into the experience of heart cleaning. I could relate many other stories about making confessions and

restitution and such, but this will suffice to show that if we are willing to bear our cross and follow the Spirit, He will lead honest, earnest souls on to definite victory.

The Lord spoke to me saying, "YOU OUGHT TO BE HOLY!" I dropped my hoe. I had something more important to do than dig potatoes, and when God speaks to any of us, calling us to this high and holy calling, this matter is more important than anything else in our lives. I did not have anyone to sing or exhort to me. I did not need it, for when one is in earnest he doesn't need any coaxing. I might have said, "I will wait until next Sunday or until camp meeting time," but I knew enough to know that when God speaks it is time to obey. If more people would obey promptly when God speaks it would be much easier to get through. When God said, "YOU OUGHT TO BE HOLY!" I answered, "And by the grace of God, I will be holy." I dropped my hoe and started across the hayfield to the brush in the back fields. I have often thought I would like to have a moving picture of that boy [that I then was] marching down across that field, saying, with every step, "AND BY THE GRACE OF GOD I WILL BE HOLY." I rather think the devil saw the whole picture, and calling the other little devils around him said, "Boys, I want to teach you a lesson. Look at that determined walk. You can't do anything with a walk like that. We might as well let him go. He will get it in spite of all of us."

I walked on across the field toward the oak brush determined never to come out there until I had my Pentecost. Plunging into the brush, I fell on my knees. I did not have an altar to lean on, I did not need one. I did not have anyone to say, "Now hold your head up." I did not need anyone for, my head was up. I did not have anyone to say, "Now lead us in a little word of prayer," for I was soon leading in a big word of prayer, so loud and earnest that the neighbors heard me, as well as my people. I became so absorbed in seeking God I forgot all about noise, everything and everybody else I soon passed on from the stage of earnestness to the stage of desperation. Since I had no books on faith and did not know much about how to exercise it, God just had to do something about it, for He could not deny such earnestness and desperation. He accordingly gave me an unusual vision.

[No doubt the Lord gave Amos Haywood this unusual vision as a help to his faith, and it did aid him in receiving the sanctifying Baptism of the Holy Ghost. However, this was a personal means given especially to him, and should not be taken as something others should expect while seeking for entire sanctification. -- DVM]

I looked up into the sky and just over my head I saw Jesus about as we see Him in the pictures, when He was taken up, while the disciples beheld Him. He seemed to have something in His hand like a rope or a cable all coiled up. As I looked up and saw Him, He looked down and saw me and then He loosed the cable, which was the cable of faith, and it came rolling and uncoiling itself, down to where I was. His aim was exact, for it came within my reach.

If we really get in earnest, and meet the conditions, we believe faith will come within the reach of all. Jesus said to me, in effect, "Lay hold upon the cable of faith and pull. I will hold fast to the other end and as you pull, hand over hand, I will come nearer, and nearer, and when you get me down to where you are, you will have the victory." I then laid hold upon the cable and began to pull hand over hand. As I pulled I would measure the distance, and I could see with every hand hold, He was coming nearer and so was the victory. When I saw I was gaining with every hand

pull I became so interested, absorbed and possibly excited, I became lost to everything else, and made so much noise I woke up the neighborhood. Soon I had the Lord down where I could almost touch Him, and just then He said, "Now if you will reach up with both hands, take hold of the cable firmly, and give one last strong pull, you will have Me and the victory. I reached up, laid hold firmly, gave one last mighty pull, and down He came and down I came, prostrate on the ground while the power of the Holy Ghost surged all through me, throbbing, purging, cleansing from all dross.

When praying so loudly and earnestly some of the neighbors heard me, as well as my people at the house. When I fell to the ground and so suddenly became perfectly still, it nearly frightened them out of their wits. Our neighbors came over to find out what could be the matter. My mother, father, and nephew became so frightened, my father and nephew came down across the field to find, out what could be the matter. They began to walk around in the brush calling my name, fearing they would find me dead, while my mother and the neighbors waited at the house for the sad news. All of this time, I lay on the ground under the power of God. It must have been a long time. When I began to regain consciousness I heard them calling, and answered, "Here am I." My father and nephew came up and fairly gasped their relief. My father exclaimed, "We thought you were dead."

Little did my father know he spoke one of the greatest truths any prophet or sage ever spoke, for that day I died -- so dead I have never come to life through all the past years. I then arose from the ground never to be the same person through time and all eternity. I started to walk back across the field while the enduement of power from on high continued throbbing and pulsating through my being until I could feel it clear out in my finger tips. "Glory be to God," I had received my Pentecost, and it has stood the test of the years. He has enabled me to witness for Him in the demonstration of the Holy Ghost and power ever since.

This Pentecostal experience always has been and still is God's equipment for service. E. Stanley Jones, Dr. Connet. and Bishop B. T. Roberts said it is absolutely impossible to witness as we ought without it. --

"Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book."

* * * * *

Chapter 6
MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY

The gifts and callings of God are without repentance. (Romans 11:29).

I told about the time God whispered to me about preaching while kneeling behind the plow, praying for grace after he had asked me to go and pray with my neighbor; also while on my way stewarding, but could not make myself believe, God would call a poor, ignorant, backward, farmer boy like me. I accordingly kept those things hidden in my heart, like Mary of old.

Since I did not have the privilege of attending a Bible School or joining a debating club, God had to lead me out some other way. If God ever calls any boy or girl to preach the gospel, you can depend upon it, He will find a way to get him at it.

I also told of going down in the pasture field to pray each night. Usually the Lord blessed me and after I had shouted and praised the Lord a while, He would give me a message. I had mullein stalks [mullein n. any herbaceous plant of the genus *Verbascum*, with woolly leaves and yellow flowers.] and pine stumps for a congregation, and, believe it or not, I had more inspiration preaching to those mullein stalks and pine stumps than I have had preaching to some congregations since. I suppose it was because there was no carnality in them to kick back.

I don't know, but the Lord might have been fitting me up in those days to preach to souls harder than pine stumps and dryer than mullein stalks. The Lord began to lead me out in testimony. After saying a few words, when about to sit down, the Spirit would prompt me to say something more, and then more, and as I moved out in response to the Holy Spirit, I would get inspiration and the next thing I knew, I would be exhorting like everything. How my soul would be refreshed, and I would thus become stronger and stronger in the Lord, and in the meantime, even though, I did not realize it at the time, He was leading me out toward a field of service in His vineyard.

While a revival meeting was in progress the pastor said, "I would like to have you preach at the Bradley Church next Saturday night." I had never learned to say no or I can't. I thought I was supposed to try everything I was asked to do, and I was surely busy.

Sometimes the devil would tell me I would fail or fall but I had a motto, which was, "All right, Mr. devil, if I fall I will be about six feet nearer the goal than when I began." The Lord never let me fall any farther than my knees. I am sure I did not eat or sleep too well while waiting and dreading the dead line, Saturday night. I think I prayed in the meantime something like Finley, the early Methodist preacher, when looking forward to his first appointment. It was such a cross for him; he went out in the woods, and prayed God to keep all the people away. He said he thought he prayed through, but must have gotten his wires crossed, for instead of everybody staying away, everybody was there.

That was just about my experience. Some of them came, I suppose, to hear the boy try to preach his first sermon, and some to see him fail. Nevertheless they were all there.

I left my horse in the church shed about one block from our church. As I remember, I staggered along the sidewalk towards the church. I did not go very fast, but I did manage to keep going in the right direction, which is all God requires of any of us. I don't think I had eaten much or slept very much for the few preceding days and nights. I was getting weaker all the time. It seemed

like a long trip from the church shed to the church, but in due time I arrived there, opened the door and stepped in. I avoided even looking toward the pulpit. I hardly dared look at the people, but could see at a side glance, the house was packed.

I stood by the stove in the back of the church as long as I dared before taking that last long, solemn walk up the aisle to the pulpit.

Those who never started out as a green, country boy, or those who never had to bear that first cross, on the way to their first appointment, never will know just how that poor, green, bashful country boy felt. I had just about enough strength left to go up the aisle to the platform, and about two steps up to the pulpit. With what little strength I had left, I began to read my text, "FOXES HAVE HOLES." (and I guess I wished I had one also about that time) "AND THE BIRDS OF THE AIR HAVE NESTS, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." (Matthew 8:20). By the time I finished reading my text I had reached my extremity. I felt myself slipping and sinking, but God knew I had done my best, I had borne my cross, I had gone as far as I could go. About the time it seemed all would be lost, I felt an unearthly power take hold of me. An invisible hand began to lift me, and God himself took over and began to speak through lips of clay, as men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

I would give much to know what God said through that boy that night. The Lord spoke through me what seemed to be a few minutes, and then I seemed to be through. I felt a little embarrassed sitting down after what seemed only a few minutes, for I thought if I am going to be a preacher I ought to be able to stay on my feet a reasonable length of time. However, since I did not seem to have any more to say I thought I might as well sit down. I did better in that respect than some old preachers do, for some of them keep right on talking after they run out of something to say. The preacher said he timed me and God only spoke through the boy one hour and fifteen minutes that first night.

When I went out from there I was so blessed I hardly knew whether I was walking or flying, and that wonderful blessing lingered and tingled through my being for days. I am not sure I am entirely over it yet. I went into the church that night not knowing for certain that I was called to preach, but I came out never to doubt it for one minute to this day.

Later, I was asked to take charge of several services in the Gregoryville Church. I then began to think, "If I must preach, why not get at it? What will I gain by putting it off? Will it get any easier? Is not the dread of some things worse than the ordeal?" About this time, Reverend J. A. Watson, our District Elder, came to hold a Quarterly Meeting. I told Reverend Watson I had been feeling the burden on me and had been thinking about going to a certain schoolhouse, quite a distance away from the other points on the circuit, and leave an appointment for Sunday night preaching. I then asked his advice. He answered in these words, "Launch out." That is just what I did. Brother Watson became a real father in Israel to me, and was responsible for my first assignment to my first circuit. I went to a schoolhouse in Martin Township, far enough from the other church services I thought, so as not to interfere with them.

I asked them at the school to announce a regular appointment for every Sunday night. I never asked a soul to come and hear me. I was ashamed to do so, for I seemed to know I couldn't

preach; but how they did come. Many of the young people, who laughed and made fun of me when I first started out, quit their laughing, and when they heard we were preaching, came along with others for many miles, until they filled the schoolhouse and a part of the surrounding yard. We had the largest congregations ever to attend church services on that circuit. I never heard of anyone saying, "Amos preached a good sermon," but I did hear of some wicked people, who, when they went away, spoke in hushed voices to another, saying "God helps that boy." To me that was better than having them say, "It was a great sermon."

I knew but little about preaching. I don't think I had any books to read and had no one to teach me; in fact, I have never had the privilege of sitting at the feet of a religious instructor one hour in my life, but I have had the privilege of sitting at the feet of a greater than a Gamaliel, The Holy Spirit, of whom Jesus said, "When He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth." (John 16:13). Since I knew nothing about homiletics, and did not know how to introduce a subject, my most difficult problem was getting started. This is about the way I proceeded. I would pray until the Lord gave me a text, then I would memorize several verses preceding the text, start in with the first verse, go as fast as I could, hoping I could get up enough momentum by the time I reached my text, so I could take off. Sometimes, I think I took off before reaching my text, and sometimes, after. But after making a get-a-way, and reaching enough altitude to lift me above the heads of the people above the house tops, and the tree tops; I soared and swept along above the clouds happily, until it came time to land. Then I was up against another problem -- I did not know how or where to land, and fear I made more than one crash landing, but in spite of all of my ignorance, God marvelously blessed, and led me out slowly but surely into His will and service. After all of these many years, He is still teaching, and I am still learning more and more about how to witness for Him.

We are still as much in love with the work of God as ever, and feel like saying today with the poet,

"One more day's work for Jesus
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story, to show the glory,
When Christ's flock enters in."

How it did shine in this poor heart of mine!

* * * * *

Chapter 7

HOW THE LORD LED US INTO HIS VINEYARD AND MARVELOUSLY BLESSED US IN OUR IGNORANCE

God hath chosen the foolish things -- to confound the wise -- the weak things to confound the things which are mighty. (I Corinthians 1:27).

That, according as it is written, "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

After preaching at the schoolhouse during the summer, I decided to attend our annual conference. I had never attended a conference, nor seen a Bishop of our church. Brother William Grinage and I went together. What a time we had listening to the Bishop and the messages from the different preachers.

While working around the altar one night, trying to help a seeker, two of the brethren watched me and whispered to each other. One of them then spoke to me, saying, "I don't think the Spirit leads us in that way in helping a seeker." I will admit that I had a zeal which was not always according to knowledge, but it hurt me so much, it nearly broke my heart to think I was hindering a soul, which I was so anxious to help. I threw my arms around the brother who spoke to me and cried as if my heart would break. I understood later that he was sorry he spoke as he did. It hurt me so much, it might have crushed me; but I arose early the next morning, walked out into the country, found a cornfield, and prayed until God gave me the victory over the affair.

It was Saturday night, the Bishop was reading the appointments, while a great tenseness gripped the atmosphere. I was nervous, along with others; because I was interested in who our next pastor was to be, having no thought, whatsoever, of hearing my name read. In fact, I never thought of leaving my home country and going out to preach the Gospel. I thought of myself as a local preacher working around home.

When the bishop read Stanton and Fishville Circuit, A. L. Haywood, I could hardly believe my ears. After the meeting was dismissed, some came to me and insisted it was I who was given a circuit. Someone said, "Now you can go home and get your things ready to go to your circuit." I said, "All right." Although to some, it might have seemed almost impossible, since I had rented a farm for three years, and had been there only about six months. A contract was signed in black and white to that effect. I had learned to think that God could do anything, even though it seemed to man impossible.

I was really worse off in my situation than the man in the Bible, who married a wife and said he could not come, since he could have taken his wife along with him. Or the man who bought several yoke of oxen, for he could have killed his oxen and given a farewell to his old friends and neighbors, but I had signed the contract for three years. The people were unsaved and might not want to release me. However, I knew God had never failed me, and I knew He would make a way though there seemed to be none.

I had two good horses out in a nearby pasture field, and accordingly offered one of them for sale, fully expecting the Lord to work out everything according to His will. A minister by the name of Harding bought the horse, and I started home with only one horse. When I arrived home, either the same day or the next, a man drove into the yard who wanted to rent a farm for two years and six months; and take over in the middle of the summer. I wasn't at all surprised but expected something like this to happen. I don't think this has happened before or since in history -- a man wanting to rent a farm for two years and six months, and begin in the middle of the summer.

About two and one-half years before this, I had married a wonderful girl by the name of Grace Morris. We lived in the farm tenant house, but had no children as yet. The people who owned the farm released me, and I began to sell my cows, horses, chickens, etc., preparatory to

leaving the farm for good. Some felt sorry for us having to give up my stock, but I needed none of their sympathy. My heart was no longer in a farm, but in the work of God on a little pine stump circuit where souls were dying for the want of the Bread of Life.

I went behind the barn every night to pray. I had learned a few hymns by this time, and since the words of a certain hymn expressed my heart's desire -- better than any sentence I could frame, I prayed,

"Let me go, let me go to the vineyard of God
Let me go and forever abide;
Ever valiant and strong in the work of the Lord,
Working close by the Crucified side.

"Let me go, tell the world I am dead to its charms,
For my friends ring a final death knell;
From the vineyard of God I have heard the alarm,
Work to do, dearest idols farewell.

"Let me go, let me go, till the sheaves are all bound,
And are meet for the garner on high;
Till the Lord of the harvest shall say, "I have found
All my sheaves for the sweet by and by"

"Let me go, let me go, till I've crossed the cold stream,
And have joined the redeemed on the shore;
Till I've swept through the gate like the lightning's bright gleam,
And I gaze on my Christ evermore.

The next day after our first baby girl was born I said good-bye to them and the old farm life and started for my first circuit. That trip of about seventy-five miles was a long trip. I would pray, get blessed, shout awhile, then the devil would tempt me and say, "You can't make it, you will fail." Then I would groan and moan for awhile until I touched God again. I would go shouting again saying, "I believe I can if you will help me." Thus the trip was made amid shoutings and groanings.

There lived in Stanton a man known as Old Father Havens. When the young man who was assigned to the circuit did not appear he began to be troubled, fearing I had become discouraged, not knowing we had so much to do in disposing of our farm stock and such like before we could get away.

Father Havens was a great man of prayer, and wrote me he was praying for me and encouraged me to come along, telling me he and Mother Havens would back us up and do all they could to assist us in the good work of God, and that is just what they did. He wrote me to come right over to his place and make it my home. I arrived in Stanton Saturday night, and went over the hill past the Court House to Father and Mother Havens' humble home.

The fateful Sunday morning dawned, and I started across the sand plains to our Fishville appointment, and arrived there in time for the morning service. What a cross it was, as I entered the church and almost staggered up the aisle and sank in the front seat. It seemed I did not have strength enough to go on up to the pulpit. In the amen corner, over on the right side, sat a converted lumber-jack by the name of Ben Greenhoe, who had had a marvelous conversion, and was a good saint of God. As I sat on the front seat so very weak and helpless, he started singing,

"Shall this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
Shall pure joy pass by untasted.
And my soul remain unfilled?"

On he sang with the chorus --

"No, no, ever faithful let me be,
And each precious hour redeeming --
Wait for thee eternity."

As he sang, something unearthly took hold of me; I felt a super-natural power lift and stir me in the Camp of Dan. I did not want my life to be wasted and my vineyard to lie untilled. Pure joys pass by untasted and my soul remain unfilled, and then I said, "God helping me, here is where I begin." That was over forty long years ago, and God helping me, we are still going strong for the Lord.

I arose in the strength of the Lord, walked up to the pulpit, and announced for my text -- "He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." God lifted the boy and blessed him as he made the first attempt to bring his first message on his first circuit.

Sunday night was the big important service in the Stanton city church. It was nearly time to go to the church service. I was feeling the cross greatly, my weakness, and dependence upon God. Just before going, I went out to the barn to pray. I had to pass several buildings on my way. While passing one of the smaller buildings, as I walked toward the barn, I heard a noise and hesitated for a moment. I heard my name spoken. Old Father Havens was in the building praying for the boy preacher, who was soon to carry a heavy, heavy, cross. When I heard the old man praying for me, it gave me strength and grace. The service at the church began. I announced my hymns. I would like the reader to keep in mind the title of this chapter, remembering we are giving God the glory for blessing so marvelously, even though I was green and ignorant. One of the hymns announced was,

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep."

It may be laughable thinking about it now, but it was anything but laughable to that boy that night. It was, indeed, a solemn occasion. I did not know enough to know that this was a funeral hymn. I do not know how the people took it, since, no doubt, they knew the difference, I was so absorbed in the task at hand, I did not notice their reaction.

After all, it might not have been too far fetched, for, no doubt, a good many of them needed to be brought back to life. The following week was one of prayer. I prayed and prayed in the parsonage for a text for the next Sunday night -- until I prayed through, and God gave me this text: "Ye shall be hated by all men for my name's sake." In those days, the early Free Methodist preachers got their text from the Throne of God, but in these last days, too many get them from the publishing house, or from some book of sermons, possibly written by some disgruntled preacher, who would not bend in subjection to his church order, but went out and started a tabernacle of his own. I have always believed and still maintain, if a preacher gets his message fresh from the throne of grace, God will write it in the fiber and texture of his soul, and engrave it indelibly on the walls of his heart, until he won't need a whole lot of manuscript, or a sermon book to carry to the pulpit.

Sunday night came and so did God, breaking in upon us in great power, giving the boy preacher great liberty and power with God and man. I started out immediately to win souls for the Lord. I did not know much about how to go at it, but went from house to house calling and asking people if I could have a prayer meeting at their house. God was blessing in spite of my ignorance and giving success. In one instance I went to an old, wicked soldier by the name of Billy Bordon and asked him if I could have a prayer meeting at his house. It touched his heart to think that the good Christian people cared enough about their souls to come into their wicked humble home and hold a prayer meeting. I did not know too much about how to conduct a prayer meeting but I did know enough to read the word, sing some, and ask if there were any who wanted to get saved. Up goes the hand of Mr. Bordon. "Down on your knees, Mr. Bordon," I said. Down he went to his knees and began to pray earnestly. His tall, gaunt wife, who had traveled with Barnum's Show as a living skeleton for years, looked down at him as he prayed. She could hardly believe her eyes, to see Billy kneeling and praying for the first time in his life. She was greatly affected. I looked up at her and said, "Mrs. Bordon, won't you get saved too?" She broke down and said, "If Billy can get saved, I can too." Billy did get saved and Mrs. Bordon also. They became steadfast Christians and thought the Lord called them to be missionaries. Billy went running around the streets carrying mail or taking an orange to some sick person, thinking he was doing missionary work. I'm sure he was. A little later some people from another organization tried to get them to join their church, but Billy said, "No, I'm going to stick by the hen that hatched me out." They joined our church and were very happy serving the Lord. Still a little later, they decided to go visiting. She went out to the country visiting her daughter. He intended visiting his son a few days later, in the opposite direction.

After about two weeks, not hearing from Billy, she became worried, and with her daughter, came to town to determine the cause. They drove up to the fence, tied their horse, and walked down the path to the kitchen door. They then walked through the kitchen into the bedroom, rolled up the window curtains, and noticed the bed clothes piled up in the center of the bed. Pulling them back, they found what was left of Billy Bordon, who, as nearly as they could determine, had been in Heaven about ten days. I've always been glad that I did not postpone going out into the vineyard of the Lord until it was too late to help Billy Bordon get saved and through to Heaven.

Since I was bashful and backward it was a great cross for me to do pastoral work. Nevertheless I took my life in my hands and went up and down the streets calling and visiting. Someone gave me a funny looking little satchel. It looked like a bean pod with a handle on one

side. The boy preacher and the satchel were about like Mary and the little lamb. Wherever the preacher went the satchel was sure to go. I seemed to think I had to have my satchel with me to do pastoral work rightly. When walking in the yard I could be taken for a doctor and his medicine case. I would drive up to a home, tie my horse, go around behind the buggy, lift up the lid to the back of the buggy box, take out my medicine case, and start for the house. After conversing a few minutes about salvation, I would suggest prayer, and open my satchel to take out my tools which consisted of the Bible, song book, and discipline if needed. This constituted practically all of my library for I had very few books. I would read my Bible, try to sing a little, and then we would pray. Strangely enough the Lord would come, bless and break us up together and we would have a wonderful time and sometimes some would seek the Lord. God richly blessed us and others as we went up and down the road striving to build up His cause and Kingdom. He gave us revivals on the established points, and two new classes were organized.

I arrived on my circuit about the fifteenth of September, 1905. This same year we entertained the district meeting. I knew I should look after the entertainment, assigning the people to their respective quarters, but did not seem to know I was not supposed to preach, exhort, or take any part in the public services, everything was so new to me.

A certain preacher was preaching one afternoon from the text: "As ye go, preach," but he did not seem to be doing much of either. The people had lost interest, and some were nodding or sleeping. I was sitting toward the back of the church when the Spirit spoke to me, saying, "I want you to exhort after that preacher gets through." I said, "But Lord, I would not be able to get all the way from here to there before one of those old preachers on the platform will be exhorting."

Reverend W. Caywood was sitting on one side of the speaker, and Reverend W. Huffman, who was known as the walking Bible, on the other. I knew both liked to talk. The Lord said to me, "I will take care of that matter. You go up and take the front seat in the amen corner." I walked up and sat down very near the altar rail. I think the people were too near asleep to pay much attention to what I was doing. He then said, "I want you to be all ready, and just the second the preacher says, 'Amen,' jump over the altar rail and stand behind the pulpit, and you will be up there almost before the other two preachers have time to think about it."

I did not know any more than to do just what the Lord told me to do. There I sat like a sprinter waiting for the gong to sound. At last, the preacher said, "Amen," and I made the jump over the altar rail, and was there almost before the two preachers could untangle their legs.

I turned and faced the congregation. I think my jumping over the altar rail so suddenly startled some of the people and partly aroused them. I then shouted, "As ye go, preach, but how can a man preach without the Holy Ghost?" I supposed the preacher had said about the very same thing a dozen times or more with no effect other than to lull the people to sleep. I do not mean to say anything against this good man only that he did not seem to be called to preach and soon faded out of the picture as a preacher.

About the time I had finished the first sentence something unearthly took place. The people were aroused with a start and a jolt, and began to shout. I then related this story which I had heard somewhere. Three men living out in the brush a long distance from any railroad were told there

was a big, long machine over there that would run right down across the country without any horses, mules or oxen hitched to it, carrying a lot of people.

They would not believe such an incredible story, but did become quite excited about it and after discussing it at length pro-and-con decided to go on a pilgrimage, find out for themselves and then come back and prove to the people it was all a terrible lie. Accordingly, they made due preparation and started out across the country on their journey. In due time they came to the place and sure enough there it stood, the big long machine. They, not willing to be fooled, began looking all around in front of the machine for whipple trees, neck yokes, and such like, but could find none, stepped back and looked bewildered.

The fellow who seemed to be spokesman for the trio looked at the other fellows wisely, as if he was now ready to pronounce his verdict, and said seriously, "Boys, this thing will never go." Then I added that this is just the way some people talk about the church. They then stood by for awhile, which is good advice to the doubters, thinking they would soon be on their way home to prove to the rest of the boys the thing would not go.

As they stood there looking around, all of a sudden the thing snorted. They jumped and staggered back nearly frightened out of their wits, their hair fairly standing on end. It snorted again and then several times in quick succession and to their great amazement the wheels began to turn and the whole machine moved while they continued backing off.

Down it went across the country until for all the world it seemed the farther it went the faster it tore along. At last the spokesman who stood scratching his head to help him think the better, turned and looked at his fellows, as if he had unraveled some great mystery. The same fellow, mind you, who had said, this thing will never go declared, "Boys, this thing will never stop going." Now we have some converts!

Then after staring a little while longer he finally turned and looked as if he had discovered the last great mystery, saying, "Boys, its the FIRE in her that makes her go." Then almost before we could make the application and tell them it is the Holy Ghost and fire that makes the church go, pandemonium broke loose. They made so much noise shouting and crying I could scarcely be heard. I stood there hardly knowing what to do next when the district elder shouted, "Strike while the iron is hot." I seemed to know enough to understand what he meant and shouted, "If any of you want to seek God come to the altar." There was mighty rush to the altar and the glory of the Lord filled the place. I repeat, the Lord must have taken advantage of the boy's ignorance. Some people never forgot that service to their dying day.

On Sunday morning of that district meeting the district elder, Rev. J. A. Hudnut preached a very good sermon from the text, "O worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness." I liked the sermon very much. With the good memory the Lord had given me I had the sermon almost by heart by the time he had finished. A few days later we visited a district meeting on a neighboring district. This meeting was held at Lakeview. F. O. Wyman was the district elder, and asked me to preach one afternoon, I had been thinking about our district elder's sermon, and I had it on my mind. In my ignorance I could see no harm in using his text and sermon. I've thought since it was a good thing for me the district elder didn't happen around a few days later to preach his own sermon. The

sermon was only nicely started when the Lord came in such power some fell to the floor, crying for mercy, and the Holy Ghost took the meeting over. Again God blessed me in my ignorance. As I was leaving the church to go home an old father in Israel by the name of Jacobs, with a long white beard, took me by the hand saying, "Boy, if you will keep humble God is going to use you." By the grace of God I have tried to keep humble and believe I can say that in at least some small measure his prediction has come true.

I had never attended a camp meeting until I became a circuit preacher. As the camp meeting date drew near I became somewhat nervous, fearing I would not know what to do or how to act. Since I was supposed to be a full-fledged preacher now, I thought I should know how to go to camp meeting. Happily for me, I happened to go along with the district elder, J. A. Hudnut, who lived in Stanton near me. The meeting was to be held at Elm Hall. We went by rail to Vesterburg, and walked from there to the camp ground. I had made up my mind I would keep my eye on the district elder to see what he did and how he acted, and then I would do the same way myself for I wanted to do things correctly as full-fledged preachers should. The district elder turned in at the little Elm Hall store on the way. I had my eye on him and followed him in there. He stepped up to the counter, saying, "I would like a pair of canvas gloves." I was listening carefully and when he stepped back I walked up to the counter saying, "I would like to have a pair of canvas gloves, also." I hadn't the least idea what in the world he wanted canvas gloves for, but I was trying my best to go to camp meeting and do the job well. I learned later the district elder had a sore finger. It could be said to my credit that at least I was trying to go to camp meeting in the way a real preacher should. We always had a good attendance at these early camp meetings.

Many were the unusual manifestations and demonstrations of God's power. One Sunday morning after our wives had come while we were having family prayer in front of our tent, a young lady who was tenting with us fell under the power of God. All through the love feast and the preaching service and on through the afternoon and evening services she lay there. Between the services there was almost a constant procession of people walking by, sinners as well as saints shaking their heads and speaking in hushed voices one to another, saying, "That is God." She lay all day without blinking an eyelash or quivering a muscle, as far as any one could see, and the people knew no one could do that in his own strength.

There were some good sermons preached on the camp ground that day but that was the greatest. Whenever we heard anyone praying in a tent, away we hurried that we might help a little in praying souls through. I heard someone praying in a tent one day and hurried over there to find a young lady seeking God. We prayed and prayed but she did not get through. She seemed willing to meet the conditions but was afraid to venture out on the promise of God. We urged her to trust the Lord, and say, "I believe He saves me now." She would answer, "But I don't feel it and I am afraid I would be doing wrong." At last in my desperation I said, "Say it, and if there is any wrong in it I will take it on myself." She thought that was fair enough and looking up said, "I am the Lord's," and like a flash the Spirit came and she and the rest of us began to praise God. It was real. It was victory. I think we must have been there about two hours trying to get her to believe and trust God. During all of this time a young lady sat near by watching the procedure closely. Some of us tried a number of times to get her to seek God also. She would not, but remained watching earnestly. The minute the other young lady broke through she fell on her knees, looked up and cried, "I take Thee

as my Savior, too." The Lord came suddenly and she got it inside of two minutes, as will all who meet the conditions and believe from the heart.

Many were the scenes and manifestations of God's power witnessed, and many were the victories won in our first camp meeting. May God give us more of those old-time camp meetings in these last days. This is the great need of the church today.

I can only notice a few instances in passing where God especially blessed me in spite of my greenness and ignorance. After two years, I was transferred to the Walkerville and Filo School House Circuit. Two years were about the limit for a young preacher in those days. In due time I drove into the edge of my new circuit at the Filo point, into the yard of our class leader, a godly woman by the name of Sister Spoon. Later, she told me she looked me over and after I left went in the house, and cried, saying, "Why in the world did they ever send that green-looking boy up here to starve to death." I have often wondered how I must have looked when I arrived on my first circuit, if I looked that green, after I had had two hard years of seasoning.

The next Sunday afternoon we came over to the Filo school house to fill our first appointment. Sister Spoon and all the rest of the friends and members were out to welcome or look over the green-looking preacher. I took for my text: "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." God came, gave great liberty and freedom. He lifted me above curiosity and everything else and gave sweeping victory. If Sister Spoon cried at all that day, it was for joy and she became one of our most loyal supporters ever after.

A few days after arriving I went calling over at the opposite end of our circuit. Rev. F. O. Wyman, a district elder on one of the other districts, lived in that section. I stopped at his home, walked into the kitchen where he was and was visiting with him. His married daughter who lived on the next farm came to visit her mother and they were in the next room talking. She was very curious to see what the new preacher looked like. Her curiosity got the best of her and she peeked around the edge of the door and one look was enough. She turned back and groaned, saying, "Huh -- that fellow can't preach."

She and her husband decided, however, the next Sunday, to make the long trip of about eleven or twelve miles to the Walkerville Church and hear what the young preacher had to say. She told us about it in after years, saying, "You took for your text: 'Fear not little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.'" She said God came in mighty power gave the boy preacher great liberty and blessed us altogether. From that day they became our loyal supporters.

While on our third charge the Kingsley, Traverse City, Beitner and Williamsburg Circuit, God blessed us many times in an unusual manner, but since this chapter is getting rather lengthy and since we have convinced the reader by now, no doubt, that God can bless and use us in an unusual manner, even if we are ignorant, if we trust in God and let the holy Spirit lead us, we will conclude this chapter by relating this unusual incident.

We were holding a revival in Traverse City. In those days the pastor did the most of his own evangelistic work. There lived at that time in Traverse City a man and wife by the name of

Blodget. They were formal professors without any experience. They had attended many of our meetings, listened to many of our best preachers but nothing ever seemed to puncture that cold, formal veneer, He was a shoe-cobbler and would talk and argue about religion in his shop by the hour. They were present in this service.

In our early days we were in the habit of "lining" our hymns or reading all of the hymns before singing them. While reading the opening hymn this night the Spirit checked me and said, "Before you read anymore say this." I hesitated and said what the Spirit told me to, thinking I would then go back to the reading but before I had finished saying what he told me to, He said, "Now when you get this said, say this."

In the meantime I began to feel the Spirit of God stirring us in the Camp of Dan. Nevertheless, I began to worry a little about what was to become of the subject and text, but no preacher has anything to worry about as long as he knows what he is to say after he gets through saying what he is saying at the present time. As I responded to the prompting of the Spirit and kept saying what he told me. I began to feel an unearthly power gripping me and the atmosphere. About this time I felt impressed that the Lord wanted me to forget about such small matters as texts and subjects and turn everything over into the hands of the Holy Spirit.

I then responded and said, "Holy Spirit take over." About that time the power of God fell in a marvelous manner, everything seemed to melt and break, and the almost unbelievable took place. The dry, dead, cold, formal professor and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Blodget, came rushing to the altar all smashed to pieces, weeping and crying their hearts out to God. In due time they both broke clear through to glorious victory. They jumped to their feet and began to praise the Lord. They began to walk back and forth across the front of the church, he shouting as loudly as he could and she crying. He seemed to get so much relief and blessing out of his shouting he felt sorry for his wife who was only crying, and one time as they met on their regular trips he stopped her and putting his arm around her said, "Oh you dear little woman, if you would only shout once, you don't know how much good it would do you. Try it once." He could not stop long since he had about so many trips to make and went on his way shouting. She, having too much good sense to even try to shout, since she was having such a wonderful time crying, went on her happy way crying.

From this time on through the years, Bro. Blodget went on his way shouting and little Sister Blodget crying. Years later when I came back to visit North Michigan Conference, while standing on the camp ground one day, I saw little Sister Blodget coming towards me crying and grabbing me by the hand she said, "Bro. Haywood, John wanted me to tell you he made it through." By that time I was crying and thanking God that way back there I let go of my text and subject and let the Holy Spirit take over, for if I had not, Bro. Blodget might not have made it through.

"Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;

Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,

Whisp'ring softly, 'wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

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Chapter 8 MAKING RESTITUTION

Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee -- Matt. 5:23.

At the time of my conversion I did not think one thing about making restitution. I knew so little about salvation I doubt if I knew one was supposed to make things right. When I began to make restitution it was not because any person told me to, or because I read about it in the Bible, but the Holy Spirit who led me step by step spoke to me from time to time, not all at once, but one cross at a time He thought was enough. I never once backed up on one of them but did the best I could to make everything right. A few of these instances will show the reader how God leads an honest soul in straightening up his back track and how important it is to get everything out of the way so that we can say, "There is nothing between my soul and God and man." Then we will be able to come to God with full assurance of faith and a conscience void of offense toward God and man, knowing that if our heart condemns us, God is greater than our heart, who knoweth all things." But "If our heart condemns us not, then have we confidence toward God and believe that whatsoever we ask we receive because we keep His commandments and do those things that are pleasing in His sight."

Soon after I was converted while painting our parlor ceiling one day the Spirit spoke to me saying, "I want you to go down to Frank Warner and ask his forgiveness for that matter he accuses you of and the hard feelings existing between you. A year or so before I was converted I traded an old bicycle for a little old skinny horse whose back was about like the edge of a board. Frank Warner's boy, Roy, was at our house one day and wanted to ride this horse. I was afraid to let him go out in the road at first and suggested he try it down the lane. When they started down the lane, he fell off and broke his arm. Frank Warner was a wicked man, whom I never saw in a church, and he held this against me. I was afraid to go on his premises. About all I had to call my own was a nice horse and I thought much of that horse. When the Lord spoke to me about the matter I did not know but it might cost me my horse to make it right. Also I did not know what he might try to do to me if I went on his premises.

I therefore began to get weak as soon as the Lord spoke to me. I became so weak I feared if I did not hurry and get there soon I might faint and fall before I reached him. I started out but seemed to be getting weaker at every step and I can assure you I broke no speed limits on my way there. At last I reached his place and found him but could not find my voice. I followed him around for some time trying to get my voice and start my confession. When at last in desperation I managed to get started, I broke down and wicked Frank Warner broke down also and said, "Amos, we will let the past be a thing of the past," and from that time on Frank Warner became one of the best friends I had in that country. How very happy and strong I felt on my way home. How the Lord did bless me and I am feeling the effects yet, today.

When I was a little boy, a cousin who was a little older than I came to visit us. He and I walked to Wayland, and went into John Turner's store. He set me up to take a stick of candy. I don't think I would have done it by myself but I was in bad company. Beware of had company! He helped me eat the candy and told on me after we got home, which is about the way the devil treats us.

About twelve years later I was converted, I had forgotten all about this incident, but the Lord had not, and reminded me of it one day. When I would get down to pray I would see that penny deal and it bothered me. The devil would suggest that it was such a silly, foolish little thing, it didn't amount to anything at all. If you went to make that right they would think you were going crazy over religion. Then I would try to pray around it but it grew so large it threatened to eclipse the Sun of Righteousness Himself. At last I saw God really wanted me to go and make it right but oh, what a cross it was since this man was a cashier in the bank at this time. In obedience to the Lord I drove to Wayland, tied my horse and walked up the sidewalk to the Bank, not fast, but as fast as I could with the load I was carrying. I must have felt somewhat as a brother who was saved in one of our meetings, who when he started out to make a wrong right, declared he felt as though there was an eighty acre farm hitched to each one of his feet. I walked right into the bank and not knowing enough to call the man aside for a private talk, bolted right up to the cashier's window. If there were any there who had a mere matter of a few thousand dollars to look after they could wait since my affair was more important than all of theirs put together -- I had eternal interests at stake. I made my humble confession to John Turner. Then all the clerks stopped, looked, and listened. That seemed to be something new and strange to them. John Turner who was supposed to be an infidel, turning to the others said, "I believe in that kind of religion." Yes, all men do.

It was a good thing there was no speed limit on my way home. I could hardly wait to get to my secret place of prayer and how God did come and bless me, for there was nothing between my soul and the Saviour.

Years previous to my conversion I was working with a man hauling timber. Someone had thrown some boards off beside the road. The man with me suggested we grab a few of those boards. I simply went along with him and agreed to what he suggested. It is true, he was responsible, since he was a man and I a boy but this was another case of getting into wrong company. After my conversion the Lord told me I should go to the man who owned the lumber, confess, and pay for it all even if it was only a few boards and the other man was really responsible. This man was a Jew and when I went to him and humbly confessed, he was very mean and said he could put me in jail but if I would pay him a certain amount, which was much more than the boards were worth, he would forgive me. When some of the unsaved neighbors heard about how this boy was trying to make things right and how that man had treated me, they became very angry. They urged me not to pay a cent and if he went to law they would back me up financially. I wondered what I should do and while looking to the Lord I opened my testament and read, "Suffer yourselves rather to be defrauded than to go to law." I said, "Amen," and picked cucumbers to get the money, paid the man, and will be ready to meet him at the judgment.

On our second circuit we were very poor and I broke some colts to help financially. About twenty-five miles from the parsonage there lived a very good saint of God who had a wicked

husband. He had tried to break a colt which had slammed into a stump and he had given it up as a bad job. I thought I would like to get on the good side of the man and possibly help him spiritually, so offered to break his colt for nothing. On the way home I thought I noticed the colt limp a little. He became worse and I wrote to them telling them the colt was quite lame. They wrote that I should bring him home and turn him out in the pasture field which I did. The man was not home at the time. A week or so later I received a letter from the sister telling me her husband was very angry and accused me of ruining his horse. I was quite sure he had hurt the horse, possibly when he ran into the stump before I took him, but nevertheless I could not sleep that night. I arose the next morning, hitched up my ponies and drove twenty-five miles through the rain to make a matter right when I was not to blame. The man, at first, was very mean and angry but when I told him I wanted to make it right even if I had to pay him what the colt was worth before he was hurt, and even if I did not have a dollar to my name, he quieted down, for what could a man say to an offer like that. He then said if I would pay the doctor bill he would call it square. The bill came to ten dollars. I raised kidney beans to get the money, and was happy and blessed over the matter and will be ready to meet him also at the judgment.

On our third circuit, the Kingsley, Beitner, Traverse City and Williamsburg, the word was brought to me that a brother at the far end of my circuit by the name of Bro. Beebe had something against me, and had lost out over the matter. I thought at first, "Well, you have never wronged him, why should you bother," but when I went to pray, it bothered and hindered me. I kept thinking, "If you bring your gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee leave there thy gift and go and be reconciled to thy brother," Matt. 5:23,24. After a little time I asked the Lord, "Do you want me to drive over there fifteen miles to ask a man's forgiveness I have never wronged?" The Spirit told me that I must go, and I said, "Amen, I will go." I therefore hitched up my ponies and drove from Traverse City over the hills fifteen miles to Williamsburg to ask a man's forgiveness I had never intentionally harmed in any way. When I arrived I saw him out in the field. Leaving my ponies, I went over to where he was and said, "Bro. Beebe, I have come over to talk to you about the matter." He said, "I don't want to talk about it," for Bro. Beebe had backslidden. I said, "Bro. Beebe, you will have to listen for I have come all the way over here to make this matter right." "Now, brother, before we talk let us pray." Any man who had driven fifteen miles over the hills to ask a man's forgiveness should be dangerously or blessedly near an old fashioned Methodist blessing. About the time my knees hit the sand it seemed a good part of Heaven struck me, breaking me all up. It wasn't a bit hard then to ask forgiveness. Reaching over I put my arm around Bro. Beebe and said, "Bro. Beebe, will you forgive me. At that Bro. Beebe broke down and cried as if his heart would break. Reaching out and putting his arm around me, he said, "Oh, Bro. Haywood, I am to blame for the whole matter, can you ever forgive me?" Well, God came down and gave us a revival meeting out there in the buckwheat patch and restored a backslider to himself. We arose and had a love feast crying, laughing, and having a wonderful time. I then said, "Well, Bro. Beebe, I guess I will have to be going." He said, "No, Bro. Haywood, you must come down and eat dinner with me." Down across the field we went, not a long ways apart, but close together. From a little distance we might have been mistaken for Jonathan and David. There was nothing between our souls and the Saviour. We ate dinner, had sweet communion together, then I said, "I must be going." He said, "Oh, no, let us have another season of prayer together," which suited me fine, for there was nothing to hinder me now, all was out of the way. We prayed, got blessed some more, went on our way and I have never gotten entirely over the blessing God gave

me that day, after driving thirty miles over the hills to ask a man's forgiveness I had never wronged.

How small a matter should we confess or make right? We answer, "No matter how small -- if it is big enough to hurt or grieve the Spirit, or hurt or grieve another, or our own spirit or conscience, or big enough for the Lord to notice, or bless us when making it right." If the devil cannot keep us from making things right he will get us to stumble over the smallness of the matter. I will relate some of my own experiences in making little things right.

Just back of the Evert parsonage and across the road lived Bro. and Sister York. One day I stepped into their home and found several visitors present. During the conversation they spoke ill of some absent parties. I listened and at least consented to the talk. I then left for home. Just as I came to the first wheel track of the road the Spirit checked me saying, "You did wrong in consenting to that conversation, go back and confess it." I immediately turned around, went back and made my humble confession which was a great cross. I then started for home again and just as I came to the same wheel track the blessing of the Lord fell upon me and I went on home crying and praising the Lord. My heavenly Father was pleased and let me know it.

One year while in the evangelistic work we rented a little house in Lansing, Michigan. We were contemplating painting the kitchen. Mrs. Haywood and my boy, Wesley, said, "I think we ought to paint it a certain color." I said, "No, I think it should be such a color." They said, "Oh, no, that wouldn't blend rightly." Then I started to say, "No, I think it should be the other color," when the Spirit checked me saying, "You have carried this argument too far," and I felt the Spirit was grieved. My wife and boy went down town to get the paint they wanted, and by that time I did not care what the color of the paint was. I hurried into the bedroom to pray, feeling so bad and heavy hearted, I did not care very much whether it was ever painted at all. While they were away, I prayed the Lord to lift that sadness and burden from my heart while the Lord kept asking me if I was willing to confess to them that I carried the argument too far. At last I said, "Yes, Lord I will, I will." I was waiting for them when they came into the house. I stepped out and made my confession; the Lord blessed me so much I had to hurry out on the back porch and cry it out. It was a very small thing, but big enough for the Lord to notice, and to let me know he was pleased by blessing me. Many are the similar experiences I could give, but these few may suffice to give the reader the idea that we must take care of the little things, if we would keep our conscience tender and our hearts pure.

"So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

* * * * *

Chapter 9
CIRCUIT WORK

Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. -- St. John 4:35.

I have already stated that when beginning to preach around my home country I never thought of leaving the farm and going out all over the country telling the story of the cross. However, when my name was read off for the Stanton and Fishville Circuit at the Belding Conference I immediately said, "Amen," and my heart went on up to my new field. For some time before my conversion I kept company with a very lovely girl by the name of Grace Morris who had about the most even disposition of any person I ever knew. Before her conversion and through the years after our marriage I never knew her to manifest a wrong spirit or say an unkind word to anyone.

At the time of my conversion I gave her up and some of the young people laughed and joked saying, "Amos has the glory but has lost the Grace." However, the Lord put a burden on my heart for her and enabled me to bring her to Him and then I had the laugh on the young people, for I had both Grace and the glory.

About one year after my conversion, Grace and I drove over to Sunfield, Michigan where Rev. J. B. Griswold and wife had gone from our circuit, and we were married at Christmas time. About two and one-half years after we were married and the next day after our first baby was born whom we named Goldie, I left the mother and child, farm, home and country, and started out alone for my first circuit. The trip was made up mostly with groaning, praying, and then shouting and praising. The devil would suggest, "You can never make it." I would half believe him and begin to groan and pray. God would come and I would go on shouting and praising God until Satan came again to test, then I would go through the same procedure again and again, thus making the journey safely.

At the end of three weeks I went home after my wife and little baby and brought them to the little humble parsonage one block east of the Stanton Church. We did not get much support our first year. I don't think they took one offering for us during our two year stay. Many of the Free Methodists did not believe in taking offerings in those days. Some are like that yet. I think we received about fifty dollars during the entire year. They paid us off mostly in squash, pumpkins, and culled potatoes. I have known some to bring their good potatoes to market and the culls on over to us. When we ran out of flour our little steward, Sister Suttlemire, would start out, going from place to place getting ten cents here and five there, and making the rounds would usually come back lacking about ten or fifteen cents. If we happened to have the ten or fifteen cents we would get our flour but if not we would have to wait until we did. We went out and cut pine roots from pulled stumps for our fuel. When the suit of clothes I had was worn out, I was given a Prince Albert coat an old veteran of the cross outgrew when he went to heaven. There was one advantage in wearing those long coats they wore in those days, they covered up a multitude of patches. It was a good thing we did not have to buy gasoline and tires in those days. The Lord gave us a number of good revivals on our first circuit and two new societies.

My first attempt in holding a revival was in Stanton. I had a little assistance from the district elder, Reverend J. A. Hudnut, who lived across the way from the church. One night, I announced for my text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." One honest soul by the name of Mrs. C_____ sat in the congregation. When I announced the text, God spoke to this

woman, asking her, "How about you? Are you found wanting?" She answered "Oh God, I am, but if you will help me, I will not be when this meeting closes!" When the altar call was given, she rushed to the altar, fell on her knees and began to pray. Her husband, who was a very wicked man, seemed to become demon possessed and began to storm around and around the house, cursing, swearing, etc. At last he stepped back of her, shaking his fist over her head, and while he was shaking his fist over her, she threw up her arms and cried, "Satan, get behind me," and right then God came down and gave her sweeping victory. This wicked man threatened her life, and threatened to kill her mother with an ax. No doubt, he drove her to a premature grave, but Sister C_____ was always true to God and went home to glory.

The first revival I ever held all alone was at the little Fishville Church. A girl by the name of Myrtle Bloss was my first convert. She later married Charles Everst, and she always remained true to God. A few days before the revival began, while calling around the neighborhood to invite the people out to the coming meeting, I chanced to call on a man by the name of Sam Crawford. I said, "Mr. Crawford, you are getting old, you should be getting ready to meet Him." He said, "I would like to tell you a story. Years ago, God strove and strove with my heart. I felt my need of God, but I rejected and rejected Him. That feeling left me and has never returned. I know I am getting old, and should be getting ready to meet the Lord. I will tell you what I will do. I will come to church, if possible, every night, sit well up in front near the altar; and if that feeling comes back again, I will hurry to the altar and seek God." I said, "Do that, Mr. Crawford." I was encouraged, thinking I would surely have a convert. Mr. Crawford came night after night until the last sermon was preached; the last benediction pronounced, and poor old Sam Crawford went home without God and hope, all because he did not feel as he did before he grieved God's Spirit away. It is very, very, dangerous to trifle with the strivings of God's Spirit, for God said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

After I had served two years on my first charge, which was usually the time limit for a young preacher in those days, I was assigned to the Walkerville and Filo School House Charge. Before the reading of the appointments that year, I met a preacher, who told me about the hard time he had had on his circuit the last year, and that he was in such difficult circumstances, he could not have come to conference had not his father sent him the money. He was the only preacher, who told me such a discouraging story, and lo and behold, when the appointments were read, I was sent to that very same charge. I surely did not have too good an impression of my new field. I did not even tell my wife the story, but went ahead with faith and courage, and God saw us all the way through. We went there with one horse and came away with a young team of very nice ponies. These ponies were known as about the nicest team in the country. They were about four years old. They were only partly broken when I got them. I finished breaking them to suit myself, and they were a wonderful pair. I thought a great deal of them.

We held meetings in almost every schoolhouse and town hall for miles around. We saw souls saved, and one good new class organized of which I will write later. We had a very good local preacher on this charge by the name of Hubert Packard, who was always ready to go any place at any time, filling appointments and preaching the gospel. We went together a great deal and made quite a team. Some of us young preachers in those days thought, in order to let the Holy Spirit have His way, we had to preach and pray about as loud as we could, and feared we might not be counted good soldiers of the Cross, if we did not keep ourselves hoarse from much loud preaching

and praying. We also thought a good throat medicine was a necessary part of our equipment. While on my first charge, someone gave me a recipe for throat medicine which I had filled out and carried with me. Of course, I told my local preacher about it, and he, wanting to be a full-fledged preacher, had to have some to carry around with him also. Sometimes we only had one bottle between us, and on these occasions, we would treat each other. After getting to the meeting place, just before entering the house, we would pull out our bottle, take a swig, hand it to the other fellow, and he would take some, slip it back in his pocket and go on in the house ready for business. About this time, we began to fear that if someone saw us, they might think, we were taking something stronger than throat medicine. Naturally then, we would sort of peek around to see if anyone was looking, or might see us, before pulling out our bottle. Soon we began to feel more guilty, for we thought if anyone should see us peeking around, and then taking a swig on the sly, they would think for certain, we were drinking something we should not. We became so convicted we threw the stuff away and managed very well after that, as most people will.

Our boy, Forrest, was born while on this charge. After two good prosperous years on this charge, we went to conference at Manton, Michigan. This conference was held in a park just east of the town. At this conference, I was asked to preach for the first time at an annual conference. What a cross it was. I took for my text, "Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God." (Ephesians 6:13). I had not much more than started when the power of God fell. The people shouted and rushed to the altar. There was no more preaching that afternoon, we had something better.

We were assigned to the Kingsley, Traverse City, Williamsburg and Beitner School House Circuit that year. Later we went to one or two other places which made us a good-sized circuit and took us several days to drive around. This was a hard field and I had nervous prostration twice while there. There was division and strife on one point, my nerves broke and I was very ill at one time. Some thought I might die but about that time I had a vision similar to the one Finley, an early Methodist preacher, said he had. He said, "I was very ill; some thought I was dying. A heavenly visitant entered my room, lifted me up and carried me away through luminous worlds afar with the velocity of thought until we came in sight of the emerald portals wide and high, and watched them as they rolled back on their golden hinges. Then could we say with the poet.

"Burst ye emerald gates and bring
To my raptured vision all the ecstatic joys
That spring round the bright elysium."

He then added, "He then brought me back to earth, laid his hands on me and raised me up to health and strength." This was about like my experience at that time. After the Heavenly visitant had taken me up, and given me a vision of glory, he brought me back to the humble Kingsley parsonage, laid his hands on me, raised me up to health and strength again. I have often said, "If death is anything like that experience I would like to die at least a dozen times." At another time my health broke and I went out on a little farm and did some farming with my ponies but tried to keep up my appointments at the same time. My friends thought my preaching days were over, but as conference drew near my heart became so burdened for souls I could hardly see the bean and potato rows for tears. I said, "I must go on preaching the gospel." The devil and some of my friends said, "You will die if you do." I said, "I will die if I don't. I might better die while in the

battle for souls." I went to conference and told them I wanted some little place to work for the Lord. They did not think I should take work but when they saw I was determined they said, "Well, all right, then." I think they were somewhat disgusted with me. They gave us the Lodi Circuit.

I asked a brother to go out into the woods with me and pray for my healing. God came, answered prayer and touched my body. On the way back to the camp I said to the brother, "Brother, I don't believe I am going to die, do you?" He said, "Why no, Bro. Haywood, lightning couldn't kill you," and it has not. God has kept me going for Him ever since and that was over thirty years ago. I can still, run, jump, play ball and do almost any thing most boys can do, Praise the Lord.

God taught me another valuable lesson while on the Kingsley Circuit. I previously stated that I, with some other preachers who had a zeal not always according to knowledge, thought in order to let the Holy Ghost have his way we had to preach and pray almost at the top of our voice. While on this charge I lost my voice due no doubt to this fact. After loosing my voice I had to go around whispering my messages and lo, I learned God could bless one while whispering as well as yelling, I have tried to be more sensible since.

Our little boy, Wesley, was born on this circuit. He had long curly hair and some people thought he was a girl. I would like to relate one other instance before passing on to the field of labor. We did not get much cash on these poor circuits in those days. Sometimes I was tempted especially when the children needed clothes or shoes. One time I started out on my long trip around my circuit sorely tempted. My family needed things and I did not have the money to get them. The old devil must have been hitch-hiking up through that country and jumped into the buggy without my permission and began talking to me. My little girl, Goldie, needed a new pair of shoes. I promised her before leaving if she would be a good little girl while I was away, papa would get her a new pair of shoes. The devil suggested as follows, "And so you promised your little girl you would get a new pair of shoes, did you? Well just how are you going to do it when you haven't a dollar to your name?" Don't you think you made a fool of yourself to refuse when your people offered you all they had if you would stay at home and take care of them? Your family might have had what they needed had you not made such a fool of yourself." About that time I recognized the voice of Satan and looking up cried to God saying, "Oh, God, you are able to open the way and help us get the things we need and I believe you will." God came and gave me the assurance and I went on shouting and praising God. The first call I made was on Bro. Boyonton at Williamsburg. They were poor people but when I was about to leave Bro. Boyonton said, "Bro. Haywood, the Lord told me to give you a dollar." How blessed I was for I could see God was answering prayer and one whole dollar was a lot of money to get at one time in those days. I went on down to Bro. Orcutt's and before I left he said, "Bro. Haywood, God has told me to give you a dollar." I could hardly contain myself for I could see the hand of the Lord in this also. I then went on down to call on Bro. Beebe, before leaving he said, "Bro. Haywood, God has told me to give you five dollars," and that was too much for me. I managed to get by the one dollar blessing and some way got past the second but the five dollar blessing overcame me, and I staggered over into the other corner of the room and cried out my thanksgiving to God. God is able to provide a lamb for the burnt offering when there are no sheep in the whole country side, as God did for Abraham. Also one other time when about to leave on my long trip I was tempted sorely, wondering if it was worth the

effort if the people appreciated our efforts, if we had or could see anything worthwhile accomplished.

When about to start, my little girl, Goldie, asked if she could ride a little way, and walk back as they used to do in the pony age. Goldie was a great little singer even before she could read or talk plain. Goldie climbed into the buggy, I was heavy-hearted, she began to sing:

"Some poor fainting struggling seaman
You may rescue you may save."

It came to me as a message from God through my little girl. I have heard great sermons from great preachers but never a sermon, I think, that went straight to my heart as that one did. It was just what I needed. I said good-bye and Goldie ran back home but the sermon did not go back, it followed me and does to this day. I went on across the plains that day weeping and saying, "Yes, that is it, that is it, Lord. If I can but rescue some poor fainting struggling seaman, I WILL GO, GO, and we are still on the go for poor lost souls."

We were assigned to the Lodi and Kalkaska Circuit as our next charge. The parsonage and church was out in the country. The parsonage was a tumble down old thing hardly fit to live in. Some said they would not have moved in had they been I. We did move in, for we remembered what Jesus said, "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." We had some peculiar people living here and strange experiences while on this circuit. Some of the men members did not like each other too well. One day one of these brethren testified and when he sat down the other man who did not like him started up and sang "God is calling the prodigal." About the first thing I did was to announce some work bees and began working on the parsonage foundation wall. About the only one who came was a good faithful man by the name of Frank Ceiting.

He and I worked away day after day alone. A man by the name of Blodget had a farm south of the parsonage and one east. He must needs go back and forth by the parsonage. When going by instead of looking at Bro. Ceiting and me as we worked he would look the other way, he was so condemned. He came to church one Sunday, arose and said: "I have a confession to make." This is substantially what he said, "I felt condemned for not helping on the parsonage and was driving along the other day with my old gray horse when something happened or broke and I fell down behind the horse, and to my surprise this horse that had always been gentle hauled off and kicked me and as I went sailing through the air I saw Bro. Ceiting and Bro. Haywood working alone at the parsonage when I knew I should have been there. I promised God if He would let me light safely somewhere I would go to the church, make a confession and do my best to help," which he did. Some seemed to be happy and shouted Glory to God. I rather think I said or thought: glory be to the old horse.

There was a sinner living in the neighborhood who was a very homely man, add to that the fact, he was a hunchback and deformed; then add to all of this the fact that he was a poor backslider -- all of which made him so homely, one could hardly look at him. I called on him one day and found him out in the field and prayed with him. God brought him under deep conviction. He came to church about the next Sunday and came to the altar. I knelt in front of him and closed

my eyes, fearing the looks of him might distract my mind and hinder my praying. Soon he broke through to victory and began to praise the Lord. I could not very well keep my eyes closed longer, and opening them, I looked at him in surprise and wonder as the glory of God shone on his countenance, and said to myself, "Well, I declare, he isn't such a bad looking fellow after all." You may be homely as a sinner, and more so as a backslider, but all are good-looking when the glory of God shines on their faces.

We were calling one day on some outsiders, when, after leaving, they came rushing out, calling and yelling, "Come back and help us." We hurried back; they took us upstairs, and what a sight we beheld -- a woman of tremendous size, weighing somewhere between four and five hundred pounds, and a beard all over her face. She had fallen out of bed and lay there on the floor. She wasn't quite right mentally, and seemed to be their "secret in the closet." The public wasn't supposed to know about her. The only reason we saw her, which was no great privilege, was that they wanted someone to help them get her back in bed. They realized they could never do it alone. There she sprawled out on the floor, and the great problem was, how in the world to get her back in bed. We thought first of each grabbing hold of her somewhere and trying to lift her some way, but soon decided we could never make it, and there was no place to put a pulley and rope up in the ceiling. Finally a thought occurred to me, and I suggested we get a strong blanket, which we did, laid it down on the floor beside her, rolled the poor creature over it about like you would a dead hog. Each one took hold of a corner, lifted for all we were worth, raised her up on the edge of the bed, and then rolled her off on the bed. I could not see much else besides this awful looking creature for days.

We must now close our experience on this circuit with the sad, tragic story of the death of my young wife. Our twins, Roy and Ruth, were born here. Shortly after they were born, my wife was taken ill. We called a doctor. He did not seem to think her case serious, and after coming a time or two, said, he did not think it necessary to come any more. He thought she would get along all right. I had three strange experiences during these days. Three times God took me through the ordeal of separation and death. God must have been fitting me up for what was in store for me. I was so worried I called another doctor. When he came he looked the patient over and said, "There is no hope and called it Quick Consumption." This doctor hurt me more than the first but I have always thought more of him since he told me the truth which gave me an opportunity to prepare for the inevitable. One day Grace said, "I had a vision I heard some beautiful music. A group of angels came down and formed a circle around me and oh, what beautiful music." A few days later the angels did come down and took one of the best women in the world home to glory. My mother-in-law and sister-in-law took the little girl twin whose name was Ruth home with her and Nettie Starr from Kingsley, our former charge, took the little boy, Roy, home with her.

I then started home to Wayland with the casket in the baggage coach ahead and the children, Goldie, Forrest, and Wesley with me in the coach behind. What a sad, sad journey and funeral, but God gave us grace and strength for our day. Leaving the three children with my sister, Jennie, I went back to my circuit all alone. I came into the yard and stood there wondering, "How can I ever go into that parsonage and stay all alone," but again God supported and strengthened for the hour.

We had quite a good revival at the Lodi Church that year. I managed to stay around the circuit most of the year and at the next conference took an evangelistic relation, making my home

with my sister near Wayland where my children were. The Lord gave us several very good revivals that year. One was with Bro. and Sister McGrath at First Church in Grand Rapids, Michigan, the other at St. Louis, Michigan.

For certain reasons I thought it best to take a circuit at the next conference, and was assigned to the Evert Church, where there was a very good church building but no parsonage. Since I was alone I stayed around at the homes of the members for a time and then bought a little parsonage where I tried to live alone for a time. I began to find it very difficult trying to travel a circuit, keep house and get along alone, and since my wife had been gone about two years, some began to advise me to get married again. About this time I attended a District Quarterly Meeting at Coral and met a very nice girl by the name of Mary Mieras. She had been a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. She was an evangelist and had traveled for years in the evangelistic work. She had just previously joined the Free Methodist Church. After writing back and forth for some time, and praying much about the matter we agreed to meet at Bro. and Sister Brocket's in Grand Rapids for a visit on a certain night. That evening we walked out in a park known as Lincoln Park and after thinking, talking, and praying about the matter we agreed the Lord wanted us to walk and work together.

We were married by J. E. Sanders at Coral, Michigan in the home of Bro. and Sister Stoughten December 27, 1913. Rev. and Mrs. G. A. McGrath were the witnesses. We went directly home from there to my circuit in Evert, Michigan and began our married life together. The poet wrote:

"God works in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

At the time of our marriage I did not know I was to travel for over twenty-two years all over the United States and Canada in the evangelistic work. It seemed however, God knew all about it and chose a wife for me who would fit into that picture and be the best help as a song leader, personal and altar worker of almost any girl in the state of Michigan.

Our first year on the Evert charge was a very good year. The second was quite unusual and outstanding. I became very much burdened about conference time and declared before leaving conference there would be a real revival or a funeral on our charge that year. We felt impressed to start in calling from house to house and praying with the people, beginning at the first house in the southeast corner of the town and thus go all across our part of town and then when we finished go right back and start all over, keeping it up until God came and gave us a revival. To our surprise before we had finished the first street God came, blessed and broke us up, and began to break up the hearts of the people. The revival was beginning. The Lord was coming suddenly to his temple as he promised to do when the way is prepared. -- Mal. 3:1.

One remarkable thing about these conversions was they were so genuine. The majority of the converts never have backslidden through the years. After thirty years they are still serving God. We might mention several incidents which occurred while on this field that might be worth recording. We were in a revival and holding prayer meetings afternoons. We held a meeting one

afternoon in a widow's home who had several grown daughters. One was under deep conviction but refused to surrender, saying, "The price is too great."

She was keeping company with an unsaved young man and did not want to give him up. After the meeting was over, while standing at the ironing board, she fell like one dead. She was a strong healthy young lady, and it nearly frightened the family out of their wits. They carried her into the front room, laid her on a couch, and called a doctor. The doctor came, shook his head, and admitted it was out of his line and went away. They then sent for us. We came and stood around the couch. It was, indeed, a solemn scene; her sisters and mother crying, and we scarcely knowing what to do or say.

All of a sudden she uttered one piercing, blood-curdling scream which nearly made our hair stand on end. Sinking, (then lower) sinking, then on down until her voice faded away and she lay as one dead again; and then in a few minutes, it was repeated again and again.

We began to realize God was giving her a vision of what it would mean to sink into hell, She recovered, gave her heart to God, and has been true to Him ever since.

Our boy, Wesley, who was about five years old, was taken sick with the measles. He became very ill; several doctors had about given him up. We feared unless the Lord undertook, he would die. We did not seem to feel definitely led or impressed to anoint him, but thought if he should die, we would feel better if we had anointed him, and thus fulfilled the scriptures. We anointed him in the name of the Lord and prayed for him. We did not feel a definite, clear witness to his healing, but a calmness and resignation came over us. We felt perfectly resigned to God's will. However, he began to mend from that selfsame hour, and at the present writing, has been preaching the gospel and traveling circuits for many years.

We served the Evert charge for two years, and were transferred to the Coral and Howard City circuit. They had had trouble on the circuit, and during part of the previous year, the work had been supplied by a retired preacher who lived on a farm near Coral. The work was at a very low ebb. There had been no one living in the parsonage for some time.

We shipped our goods by freight, and some of our friends or members hauled it to the parsonage. We came several days later, and found it thrown into a very dirty house in any way to get it in. We were tired, but began sorting and unpacking, trying to get straightened around so we could stay all night. No one met, greeted or welcomed us. We were left alone. Towards evening I went away for something and when I returned I found Mrs. Haywood on the floor where she had fallen when she had fainted after working so hard.

Some began to take a little interest when they learned about this. We began to visit, call, and do everything we knew how to do to get souls saved and a revival started, but nothing seemed to move. At last in our desperation we agreed to put the children to bed one night, go to prayer and stay there until we prayed things through which is a very good thing to do at times, on every circuit. We prayed and held on and prayed until sometime in the night. We heard a noise and our oldest girl Goldie, came downstairs, crying, and saying she wanted to be saved and wanted us to pray for her. The revival began that night in the parsonage, where every revival should begin.

The good work extended out over the circuit until we saw a goodly number brought into the fold at both points. The Lord gave us one new society at a town called Morley of which we may write later. We had a few unusual experiences while on this charge, We were holding a revival on the Howard City point when a woman by the name of Mrs. Bar was marvelously converted. We had called at their home, they were under conviction and coming to the services. Mrs. Bar was a very quiet person. One night while Rev. E. Drew, who was assisting us, was preaching in an ordinary manner we were suddenly surprised and startled to hear someone shouting, loudly, behind us. Whirling around we saw, of all people, quiet Mrs. Bar waving her hands, shouting and praising God with all her might.

At first we wondered what could have happened but later she told us all about it. She said that she had been settling up things for days, and during preaching she had said the last yes to the last thing and God was so anxious to give her the victory she could not wait for the altar call. We have always said, "When we say the last yes to God he will come suddenly to his temple." Mr. Bar was also saved, and we understand both were true to the end. Some with whom God strove, however, resisted, and I fear went into eternity without hope.

A man by the name of Hokum, who was a funeral director in Coral, Michigan, came to some of our meetings. The last Sunday night, before going to the conference one year, Mr. Hokum was present. God spoke to him that night, and I, burdened for him, went back and talked to him; but in spite of all we could do, he shook his head and went away. We went to conference about Tuesday. Some of our members came in a few days and asked, "Did you hear about Mr. Hokum?" We said, "No, what about him?" They said, "They found him dead in his bed the other morning." We were shocked but glad we had tried to help him in the last meeting he ever attended.

We got our first Ford car, brass and all, while at Coral. We had been driving a small horse for years. We were very anxious to get a car and prayed about it. I fear however, we were something like the old preacher, who wanted to marry a young girl. He met with the brethren, as the discipline suggests, knelt to pray, got happy, and jumped up, saying, "Brethren, I think it must be the Lord's will, for I feel so good when I pray about it." I am afraid there might have been some of the human connected with my praying, also, for I, too, felt very good when praying about it. At any rate, we got our Ford car, and were very happy about it and with it.

After serving two years on the Coral and Howard City charge; having a very good revival at Coral and Howard City; and seeing a new class organized at Morley, we were assigned to the Grand Ledge circuit. We were very happy to be sent to this good charge. One of the first things we did after arriving was to begin street meetings. The Lord wonderfully blessed, large crowds attended, some were brought under conviction, came to the church, sought and found God, lived for him. and I believe are in Heaven now. The Lord gave us revivals and a goodly number of souls there. We might mention several unusual incidents which occurred while we served this charge. A very good and godly woman lived out in the country several miles from Grand Ledge. Her husband was a very wicked man and seldom ever came to church. We were holding a tent meeting in Grand Ledge. The crowds were coming and the interest was quite high. One night this man came to the meeting and sat near the tent entrance. He always wore a black beard. God came in a powerful manner that night and brought deep conviction. We were giving the altar call, pleading and

pleading, while the people resisted God. At last in my desperation I said, "I feel impressed to say if no one comes to this altar, Hell will hold a jubilee over some soul tonight." Just then the man with the black beard came rushing down the isle shouting almost at the top of his voice, "Hell will hold no jubilee over my soul tonight." He became a changed man. That was many years ago. About two years ago we went to their home in Florida, and found him dying. We went into his room and found it like -- heaven. A short time later he went out into eternity, and I firmly believe Hell was at last cheated out of the celebration.

There were two families on this circuit who made a vastly different choice. One lived out near the Eagle point the other near Grand Ledge. The two men are brothers. We were in a revival meeting at the Eagle point. A family by the name of Duel attended the services. I believe God dealt with the whole family especially the father and mother. We called on them, talked and prayed with them, pleaded with them in the services, trying to persuade them to give their hearts to God. In spite of all we could do the man said no, his wife said no, the children also said no. Had the father said yes, the mother might have followed and all of the children. Such is the power of influence. The Lord would have transformed their home into a heaven, become the unseen guest at every meal and the silent listener to every conversation. Instead they excluded the Christ and allowed old Satan to continue making their home a hell. The father and mother quarreled violently at times and sometimes did not speak to each other for days.

Soon after the revival they had another one of their quarrels which had lasted several days. The man went out to the barn but did not return. The woman becoming alarmed, went out to look for him and found him, but with a rope around his neck hanging to a rafter. She ran screaming and sent for us. We came but did not know what to say, for we were thinking about the revival and how different it might have been had they accepted Christ. They asked us to take charge of the funeral. We tried to, but it seemed the devil was running everything. The devil seemed to get into our tires and try to hinder us from getting there, tried to tip the hearse into the ditch on the way to the church, get the people to faint away during the service and never released his grip until we left the cemetery. All of the time we kept thinking how differently it might have been and how different many wrecked homes, ruined lives and lost souls might have been had they but made the right choice.

Another family lived near the Grand Ledge Point. Mrs. Duel was brought under deep conviction and wanted to take the straight and narrow way that she might find peace to her soul. When she told her husband about it he became angry and said, "No you will not take that way, there will be a separation in our home if you do. I will not live with you." But her burden became so heavy she wanted a heavenly home more than an earthly home, a Saviour more than an earthly companion. Of course, God came to her soul as He always will when we are ready to pay the price. She was very happy, went home to tell her husband about it, not knowing what would await her there, but almost before Milo had time to pack his suitcase she had prayed him under such deep conviction. He too wanted this great salvation.

The next service found Milo at the altar seeking earnestly. He arose that night and confessed, "I have been a professor for twenty years but have never been a Christian. I haven't even been a man, for I professed something I did not have, but if there is any salvation for a lost sinner like me I will find it or die trying." After several days he broke through to clear victory and

there was no separation in that home nor will there be in the world to come for they have both gone to that heavenly home some years since.

We had a very strange and exciting experience with a man who went insane while we were on this charge. He was a very good faithful member, but Satan took advantage of him. He thought he had a vision or a revelation telling him someone was prowling around their big house after his wife and that his good wife was untrue to him. He would take a knife and go hunting around the house mostly in the night trying to find the man. She would become frightened and send for me, sometimes, in the middle of the night. He was a big strong man and sometimes he would pound me thinking the Lord wanted him to do so. After a time my wife feared for my life and insisted on my taking some other man with me. After he would get over his spells he would be as nice and friendly as could be.

Finally, his wife and his people decided they would have to take him to the asylum. The night came to go and get him. Two men, Bro. Plank and Bro. Brewer went with me. They took their car and I took mine. The man's brother was also there. The sheriff from Grand Ledge was supposed to come and get him with our help. We all arrived in good time, waited and waited hour after hour but no sheriff appeared. We sat there all of that time visiting with the insane man and he was more calm and composed than any of us. One man said later, "He thought he felt something like Judas did, talking in such a friendly way to the man and at the same time planning to take him away."

Along toward midnight the man said calmly, "Well brethren you can sit up here and visit as long as you like but I am tired and believe I will go to bed," and I declare if he didn't go to bed and go to sleep, which was more than any of us could have done. I think he knew all of the time what we were there for.

Sometime later the sheriff came, partly drunk. We were all ready now to take him but our first problem was to get his wife and baby away before they tried to get him. The baby was asleep in bed with him. We agreed I would go out, get my car started and have it all ready to go. She would slip into his room, grab the baby from the bed and hurry out hoping he would not awaken until she got safely away. We did not know what he might try to do to her when he found out what was taking place. She slipped in quietly grabbed the baby and hurried out but he awakened, jumped out of bed and ran after her. She raced down the back steps jumped into my car and away we went. He came as far as the back porch, saw us going and asked, "Where is she going?" A man said, "She is going with Bro. Haywood." He calmly said, "That is all right if she goes with them." They then told him they had come after him to take him away for treatment. He told them that was perfectly all right with him. He was willing to go and seemed to think it was God's plan.

I took the wife to our home in Grand Ledge where she was to make her home for a time. The sheriff took him and his brother in his car. Bro. Plank and Brewer were to go in their car, but when they tried to start it, it would not start. After trying for sometime to get it started they hitched it to the sheriff's car and started down the road. This was in the middle of the winter and the roads were almost a solid glare of ice. Add to this the fact that the sheriff was drunk, and you would have a dangerous situation. They got along all right until they came near town where there is a

small hill and a deep ravine on the left of the road about forty or fifty feet deep and almost straight down.

While they were going down this grade on the ice the rear car which was larger and heavier than the small one, gained on the front car and loosened the rope. When the rope tightened it swung the rear car to the right of the road and loosened the rope again. When the front car jerked the rope the next time it gave the rear car a mighty swing to the left and it skidded over the cliff, pulling the other car with it and together they went rolling and crashing to the bottom of the cliff, smashing the cars badly. Bro. Brewer jumped as the car went over and was unhurt, but all the rest were injured except the insane man. The rest tried to jump and escape but were bruised and broken while he sat perfectly still, trusting the Lord to take care of him and it looked as though He did, for when the car finally landed it was right side up, what was left of it, and he was sitting in the back seat calm and without a scratch on him while the others were strewn all along the way. Bro. Plank was hurt quite badly and the sheriff was injured seriously.

The insane man got out of the car and began to help others, since he was the only one unhurt. He was calm and collected. His brother, an unsaved man was crying saying, "I don't believe it was God's will to take him away." "Shut your mouth," the insane man said, "God is having His way here and everything is working out according to His will." In the meantime he was helping the sheriff up the hill to his home and helped take care of him the rest of the night. The sheriff died sometime later. Some thought his death was due partly or mostly to this accident. Bro. Plank also suffered as a result of his injury. At any rate the insane man turned out to be the hero of the night and that was one time whisky did not save the drunkard.

God gave me a wonderful vision while on this charge. I rather think I had preached as much about prayer, and prayed as much as the average preacher through the years of my ministry. However, at this time God gave me a vision of a greater field of usefulness and effectiveness if I would go with Him out there in a life of prayer. When I saw this vision it seemed to me I had never prayed. I broke down and with the tears rolling down my cheeks I told the Lord I would go with Him outside the camp, making prayer the first business of my life. He also showed me He wanted me to give him the first and best part of each day in fervent supplication and prayer. Jesus set the example before us, when he "rose up a great while before it was day and went out into a solitary place and there prayed." Mark 1:35.

I began getting up in the early morning about one hour before any one else, to meet my Lord in the quiet of the early morning.

"I sought God in the morning
When the day was at its best,
And His presence came like sunshine,
And His glory filled my breast."

God began to bless me as He had never done before and a new era began in my Christian life. God made Himself and His will known to me as He had never done and gave me some unusual experiences and victories to let me know He was pleased with my obedience to the heavenly vision.

I am giving one example. Some little time after this we attended a camp meeting at Alma. One early morning while the camp was yet asleep I arose and went out to a solitary place to pray. God came, melted, blessed and then put a heavy burden on me for a man and woman by the name of Charley and Rachel Smith who were backsliders. They were quite hard and scarcely ever came to church any more. I started down the sidewalk weeping as I went, walked into their house so broken and burdened I could hardly talk. I tried to tell them God had burdened me and sent me over to pray for them. They broke down and we all fell on our knees and they both prayed through to glorious victory. All of this happened before the camp was up. Only a few days after this, Rachel, who seemed healthy at this time, suddenly died and was ready to go to heaven. Charley never could forget our coming over that morning and helping his Rachel get ready to meet the Lord. One writer said, "No man is capable of looking any man, woman, child, or even a dog, in the face any day until he has first seen the face of his Saviour."

We had one other dream vision while on this field which might be worth relating. One night in a dream vision, I saw the Lord come in the clouds for His saints. It was so wonderful, but it was so sad, since I saw some of my own members who were not ready. I was so broken up and burdened over the vision, I went out on Sunday and told my people about it. A day or two later, I met one of my members on the street. He stopped me, saying, "Brother Haywood, tell me your dream vision again, tell it to me again." I told it to him. He broke down, saying, "Brother Haywood that was I, but if you will pray for me, and God will help me, I will get ready." He did, and the last time I saw him, he took me by the hand with tears in his eyes, saying, "Brother Haywood, if we never meet again down here, we will meet up in heaven." I believe we will, for I understand this converted drunkard, who was converted as a result of our street meetings is there, and I am sure we are well on our way.

Our next charge was the Belding circuit. We had a very nice church and parsonage and a good society. We were happy when we were sent to this charge. We had an impression we were going there and mentally measured the floors for rugs before conference. We began our street meetings about the first thing, with great crowds and some wonderful meetings. As usual there was some difficulty in getting the members to attend, especially, since there were so many good fishing lakes near the town.

One Sunday I was talking earnestly about working for souls and urging the people to attend the street meetings and added, "Some people care more for blue-gills than they do for souls." My class leader was sitting in the second seat and dropped his head. Later he arose, saying, "I might as well confess, for when Brother Haywood was talking about blue-gills, I looked down at my shoes and saw some fish scales I had failed to wash off."

While on this charge, the Lord greatly burdened me with a message on prayer and directed in the organization of what has been known throughout the church as the ONE HOUR A DAY PRAYER BAND. The Lord assisted me in printing a Prayer Leaflet including a pledge blank, which I have carried with me and distributed through my four years on a district, and over twenty-two years through out the United States and Canada. Thousands have joined and many more should have. It has been discouraging at times when so few responded, but knowing we were in the right, and that it was, indeed, very important, we have persevered in trying to get people to pray

systematically ONE HOUR A DAY. Some wonder why we do not see more and greater revivals. I wonder we see any at all when we think of the little praying being done by the church today, when prayer should be the first business of our lives. Too many have relegated it to the last. Fenolen said, "Of all the duties enjoined upon Christians, prayer is the most important and yet strangely enough, the least practiced." Bounds said, "Out of the average congregation, where you can get fifty people to pay, you can only get one to pray."

It is not because we do not know our duty. We know our duty, but do it not. Sims said, "It isn't our ignorance, but our woeful neglect of the prayer life that most grieves the heart of God." Bounds also said, "To be prayerless is to be powerless and passionless," and the most of us know to be powerless and passionless is to be barren and unfruitful." One writer, said, "If we neglect to pray once, we feel it; twice, our family feels it; three times, our neighbors feel it," and we add, "four times, and the heathen suffer." Another writer said, "The greatest work any man can do is to get men to pray." We have found to our sorrow, it isn't the easiest task, but have long since determined to keep right on trying. Too many ministers have ability enough, but not power and Spirit enough, to succeed. In a certain conference two ministers who had joined the Prayer Band and were interested in getting others to pray, held early morning prayer meetings during the sessions of conference.

One minister who was considered about the least intelligent, about the most uncultured, and uneducated, got a vision and went out in the woods, and with his face to the ground, broken in spirit and heart, vowed to God, "From now on I will pray if I do nothing else." Soon after this, he, along with another minister who was considered about the least intellectual, took an evangelistic relation. The one who was the least intellectual, but gave himself to prayer, made a glorious success while the other made a failure. Nothing can be substituted for the program of prayer. I am convinced this is just where we are falling down and failing in these last days. There are so few who weep between the porch and the altar, who give themselves wholeheartedly to supplication and prayer, who know what it really means to travail in birth for souls. One writer said, "The word agonize is no longer a popular word in the vocabulary of the modern church. It has been largely substituted by the word organize.

We had several unusual experiences while on this charge. We wanted a revival very much and engaged an evangelist or a pastor from Ohio who had been an evangelist but who at that time was pastoring, he said, "a dry, dead church." He was to come and begin about the middle of a certain week. Wanting to prepare the way for the coming of the evangelist and the Lord, we announced about one and a half weeks before he was to arrive something I never heard of before or since in a Protestant church:-- Confession Week, a whole week of confession and restitution. We met with the group the first night with much fear, and trembling not knowing what might happen, but God set his seal and began to break and smash things all to pieces from the very first.

On the following Sunday we preached on consecration and God came. The church, in mass, rushed to the altar. Sinners came also and the revival began before the evangelist arrived. We were content to wait for the revival to come along with the evangelist, but it seemed God was more anxious and concerned than we and could not wait. God taught us the lesson that when the way is prepared God will come suddenly to His temple, evangelist or no evangelist. -- Mal. 3:1.

The evangelist admitted he could not catch up with the spirit of the meeting all the time he was there.

We had a very strange experience in a woodcutting deal. We were sending several children to Spring Arbor, our church school, and tried every way possible to make ends meet financially. A certain man whose wife was a member of the church at Orleans offered to let a superannuate preacher and myself cut some poles in his woods for a buzz pile. The old preacher was to give him, I think, half of what he cut, but he said since I was the pastor in charge he would give me all I would cut. The old preacher, Bro. McKibben went to work cutting and piling poles and I went at it with a vengeance as I usually do, for that was right along my line. The old minister soon had one nice buzz pile ready, and I had two. We arranged for a buzz rig to come and we buzzed it all up and had a lot of nice hard wood. We waited for the snow to come and then began to draw our wood. I had one pile near the road and my best pile back away from the road. I hauled the pile nearest the road saving the best for the last. I could hardly wait to get at the last and best wood pile.

When the time came for me to begin hauling the last pile I drove back there for my first load, when to my great surprise and disappointment it was all gone. What a disappointment it was. The old minister and others thought it was a shame. As near as we could figure it out, the man not knowing me, thought he would be safe in offering me all I would cut, since the former pastor to whom he made the same offer did not cut much. He made the mistake of thinking all preachers were alike. When he saw my two nice piles, he thought it was too much to give away and took one for himself. Some urged me to do something about it, bring him to time, etc., but after praying about the matter I decided to do as Isaac did about the wells the enemy took after he had digged them. We decided to say nothing and trust the Lord. We figured it would take all we cut to last us while on the circuit. We put what we had in the basement, used out of it all the time we were there and did not seem able to use it up and left some when we moved away. It looked as though the Lord replenished it as he did the widow's oil. The Lord gave us two good years while on this good charge. We saw a goodly number saved and sanctified and some of them are still true to God waiting for the Consolation of Israel.

We had been thinking of changing conferences for several years. We asked the advice of Bishop Pearce and he said, "Every pastor should change conferences about every fifteen years. We had belonged to the North Michigan Conference seventeen years and decided to transfer to the East Michigan Conference.

In order to finish our chapter on circuit work we will bypass two years on a district as traveling elder, and proceed to write about our next charge. After we had served two years on the Alpena district we were made stationed Elder and were assigned to the Alpena Circuit. We found the circuit divided just about in half. About half of the people were determined to have the old preacher back and the other half did not want him. They said some of the members almost had a fist fight over the matter, the Sunday before we arrived. A number of the members backslid and later came to the altar, prayed through, confessed out, and asked our forgiveness. We soon met for our first official meeting. Some of the people came prepared to cut the pastor's support. They seemed to say by their attitude, "You members wanted this preacher, now you can support him." They had been giving the pastor both of the Sunday offerings and the first thing they did was to take

the best one away. The question was then asked, "How much do you need for your support during the coming year?" We noticed some of the members had their pencils and notebooks ready to cut the pastor's salary as close as possible. When we said, "We don't want any salary we will trust the Lord," some of them gasped and slipped their pencils and notebooks away sheepishly. God began to get hold of the situation and some of the opposers. Some who were on our side said, "We will give all the more and see these preachers through at any cost." Some of the outsiders heard about the situation and said, "We will support these people who dare to trust the Lord."

God began to get hold of the opposers and although they would not give us the satisfaction of knowing who was giving, the support began to come from every direction. Someone put several tons of coal in the bin. The milkman began to leave milk. We asked him, "Who is paying for this milk?" He said, "I am not supposed to tell." We asked, "How much are we supposed to take?" He answered, "All you want." It kept coming all the year. We came home one time and found sacks of flour sitting all across the kitchen floor. We did not know where all of this came from and did not try too hard to find out. We gave God the credit and the glory. Someone told us later that some of those opposers told them they did not want to give, but God made them.

At the end of the year we reported a larger salary than any former pastor. We still believe if we will obey God and trust Him He will supply all of our needs according to His riches in glory. The work on this field had been almost at a standstill for years. Just the same few attending. The burden came on us for the work until we became desperate. We cried to God in our desperation, "Oh, God, either send the people to us or send us to them for there must be hungry souls somewhere in this large city." God began to do both. We called, went out across the city holding cottage prayer meetings. Some of the neighbors came in, wanted a prayer meeting in their house, and then some of them began to come to the church services. Thus the good work went on.

About this time we felt led to hold street meetings. Some of the members said, "It won't do any good for the Salvation Army with all of their music, can't even get a small attendance." Some of the members would not go out on the street with us, but were seen peeking around a telephone pole from across the street. We would take or send our Gospel Car down to our corner and leave it parked there to hold our place until time for the meetings. One time we sent our boy, Forrest, down early with the Gospel Car and he found another car parked on our corner. He not knowing what to do saw the Chief of Police on the other side of the street, went over and said, "My father sent me down to park our car over there and there is another car there." He and the Chief of Police proceeded to push the other car down the street and when the owner came up asking, "Heh! there, what are you doing with my car?" The chief answered, "That place belongs to these Free Methodists and keep your car out of there after this."

The crowds began to come and increased until we had to have the policemen look after the traffic, and strangely enough they seemed to enjoy it. Some came, stood, listened, were touched, came to the church and gave their hearts to God. Thus our street meetings proved a feeder for the church as they always will. We began a revival meeting a few weeks after our arrival. God soon came in power. Some of the opposers came to the altar, prayed through, confessed out and some said it was the greatest revival in the history of the church. Mrs. Haywood had a Sunday School class of about twenty-three young ladies and she saw all except two of them seeking God.

I will give one outstanding incident, which occurred during this revival. One night while some were at the altar I noticed a little boy off to one side on his knees. I went over there asking him, "Do you want to get saved, little boy?" He looking up with tears in his eyes said, "Yes I want to get saved." I said, "Pilgrims, here is a little boy who wants to get saved, come and pray for the little boy."

We gathered around him and he was soon happily converted. He went home telling his unsaved family all about it. The next day he tried to get his older sister to go to the meeting with him that night. He coaxed and coaxed until she ran away down town to get rid of him. The next day he tried it again but she ran away to the neighbors to get away from him. He followed her, kept begging her until she gave in and consented to go with him, for God was answering his prayers. That night when the invitation was given the sister came to the altar. The little boy came and knelt by the sister and prayed until she was saved.

There were two of them now to work together for the salvation of the family. The next night they persuaded the father to come and when the invitation was given he came to the altar. The boy and girl came to pray for him and he was converted. There were three of them now to pray for the rest of the family. The next night they persuaded the mother to come. When I saw her sitting back there with the look of hunger on her countenance I said, "We will have another soul tonight." She came and found the Lord also. Then all of the family who were old enough sought the Lord and thus the good work went on.

A young man attended this revival night after night, seemed interested but did not make any effort to get saved. At last one of us went to him asking him why he did not seek the Lord. He said, "About one and one-half years ago during the camp meeting out at Wilson, God ceased to strive with me. I was under such deep conviction I went out in the fields, fell on my face and wept as if my heart would break. I refused and refused to obey the voice of God. God's Spirit left me and has never striven with me since." I tried to keep an eye on this young man and to my knowledge he has never made any effort to get right with God. Again we say, "How dangerous it is to trifle with God's Spirit."

In order to finish our chapter on circuit work we will again bypass one year of district work. After we had served our four years on the Alpena district we decided to take an evangelistic relation. We shipped our goods to Spring Arbor and rented a house. We were asked while on the stationing committee if we would go to a certain charge. It seems they had had some trouble on this circuit also. About half of the people wanted the other pastor back and the other half did not. If there was any advantage in that, they were running about half and half. I think both were wrong for some on both sides manifested a wrong spirit. One might better be on the wrong side of a question in the right spirit than on the right side in the wrong spirit.

They told us about the situation and asked us if we would be willing to go there. We told them, "We would if that was the Lord's will." Some of the members did not feel very good-natured, and about the first thing they did was to cut our salary about two and one-half dollars a week. We admit we did not feel too good about this for we were sending several of our children to Spring Arbor School and thought we needed the support as badly as the former pastor.

We were tempted but decided to work just as hard as we knew how, for the Lord and the circuit, and trust the Lord to work out everything in His own good way, to His glory.

The Lord began to bless in an unusual way and before long they had another official meeting. They not only gave us what they took away but added two dollars and a half more, which proved to us that God could take care of our affairs better than we. The first Sunday we went to service we were heartsick. The atmosphere was so cold. We went away burdened, and as we prayed and looked to God He gave us a text for the next Sunday which was a challenge. This was the text; "Is there no balm in Gilead is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughters of my people recovered?" We accepted the challenge and answered, "Yes, we believe there is a balm in Gilead, and a God on the Throne who is able to give us victory here and a revival."

We went out the next Sunday morning to use our text and God set His seal, gripped the situation and we believe began to work that day. We began to hold street meetings. Great crowds attended and how the Lord did bless us out on the street corner. Some were touched, came to the church and sought the Lord. The work began to move forward and in about two months we began a revival ourselves which lasted about five weeks. Some felt sorry for us when we came and talked about the many souls who were saved in connection with our Pioneer work in the North. One man said, "Bro. Haywood, you must not be discouraged if you only see one or two saved down here in a year, for it is different in this section, Only about one was saved last year and we had a big evangelist too." I laughed to myself and thought, "Oh, ye of little faith."

When in the midst of our revival and a goodly number had been saved I took pleasure in reminding him of what he had said. He in turn took pleasure in admitting he was wrong, since God is able to send revivals anywhere if we but pay the price. One whole family of about eight sought the Lord. The mother and oldest daughter first, then some of the young men and then the father. The father had used tobacco since he was a boy when they grew it down in "Old Virginny." He said, he used so much, that some weeks he paid more for tobacco than he did for flour for his family. His wife did all the baking for a family of nine. He often said, "It was worth all it cost me to get religion, just to get rid of that filthy old habit." At the close of this first revival we received over twenty, mostly adults, into the church. Some said this revival was the best they had had since the organization of the church. At the close of the revival after they had talked it over among themselves, one man arose saying, "We have had evangelists, year after year for some years, raising a good offering for them and not seeing a real revival. Now since our own pastor has held his own meeting and been our evangelist, we have decided to take a special offering for him as our evangelist, in addition to his regular pay."

We were very happy when getting this extra offering and especially when the people thus showed their appreciation. This good work continued during the three years we served this circuit. The District Elder told someone we had had a successive revival during our three years pastorate and the last year we had two regular revivals one tent meeting and one camp meeting. We give God all the glory for the success which attended our humble efforts while on this field of labor.

We had some unusual experiences while on this charge. We might mention one or two. We were having a baptismal service in a river in connection with our tent and camp meeting. While the

service was in progress God came in a very unusual manner, some were greatly blessed while I was lifted up to another world. I think it must have been the third heaven Paul talked about. I seemed to be in another world all through the rest of the service and on the way home, and did not get back to this world until after I arrived home. An unearthly supernatural power throbbed, tingled and vibrated through my entire being for some time.

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Chapter 10 PIONEER WORK

But when he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them, as sheep having no shepherd. Matt. 9:36.

"Have you looked for the sheep in the desert?
For the lambs who have wandered away?
Have you been in the wilderness places,
Where the poor and the wandering stray?
Have you trodden the sad, lonely highway,
On the foul and the dim-lighted street?
You might, then, have seen in the gloaming,
The fresh prints of the Good Shepherd's feet."

From the time I began to feel impressed with the call to the ministry I became interested in the New Field, Pioneer Work. After I had attempted to preach a few times, I felt led to go to a schoolhouse a long way from the other religious services and leave an appointment. This was in a wicked neighborhood and as far as I ever knew it was the first time they had ever had any religious services there. We had crowds so large they filled the schoolhouse and a part of the yard.

After preaching a few months in this schoolhouse we were assigned to our first circuit. Strangely enough no one ever went back to preach to the poor souls of our first appointment. I have often wondered what would have happened had we continued holding meetings in that new field. Soon after we arrived on our first circuit we began to look for schoolhouses and townhalls in which to hold meetings. We held meetings in a number of these places. We were on the go nearly every night trying to tell the story of the cross to hungry souls. At last we decided to go to a village about five miles away by the name of McBrides to hold a revival and try to raise up a work. The only place we could find was a secret order hall on a second floor. I had to drive back and forth, do my own janitor work, call, preach, and nearly everything else. Some of the time I had to lead my own singing. Of course, that was before I found out I could not sing much and as far as I ever knew the rest of the people had not found it out either. In that case it did not matter. We held on there for several weeks. God blessed and we organized a small society of four or five members.

A strange thing happened here about the time the meetings began. A certain woman who sought the Lord and joined the society had a worthless sort of a husband who was too lazy to work. He pretended to be a horse doctor and went around doctoring horses. One time he was called to perform some minor operation on a colt. They said he did not sterilize his instruments. The colt

became infected and died right away with lock-jaw. This man and woman had a beautiful boy, who was, I think, about seven or eight. He had long curly hair which came down to about his waist. This man almost worshipped this boy. As I recall, it was two weeks from the day the colt died that this boy was taken with the lock-jaw. The very same day of the week and the very same hour of the day this boy died. Some of the people around there thought it was a judgment on him and I don't think he ever tried to do any more horse doctoring.

After we had traveled back and forth for weeks, worked hard, calling and preaching, we had organized the new society. The district elder who lived about one block from us said to me, "That is the way to do, get right out into those new places and work for the Lord." I thought it would have been so much more encouraging if he had said a few words of encouragement while we were making trips back and forth. Still better had he led the way and said, "Come on boys, let us go out into no man's land and do some Pioneer work, as I think every Superintendent should.

Later we became interested in a little village by the name of Westville which was also about five miles from Stanton. A few people had bought an old schoolhouse and converted it into a little church. We held some meetings there, organized a society and bought the church. This was a very prospective field until something tragic happened about the next year after we left the circuit. A young man was sent as pastor to this charge. He either did not have a horse or wanted a better one. He persuaded one of those new members to sign a note with him when buying the horse. The preacher did not pay the note, backslid, and left the country. This poor man had to pay the note, which hurt and discouraged him and the rest of the new society, and I think they left the church.

We were transferred to Walkerville and Filo Schoolhouse for our next appointment. We heard of a community known as Klondyke. It was known as a very wicked place. We were told the people were rough and disrespectful. The last time a Free Methodist preacher ever tried to preach in the schoolhouse, they acted so badly he closed his Bible right in the midst of his sermon, and without even saying good-bye, walked out and never came back. There was one thing you could say for the community, they always filled the schoolhouse. Soon after we were well settled, we felt the Lord wanted us to go there and leave an appointment. We had two children at that time, our little girl, Goldie, who was about three, and the baby, Forrest. A lady member by the name of Spoon, who lived near the Filo Schoolhouse, went with us to our first Sunday night meeting. As usual the house was full. Mrs. Haywood was busy looking after the little baby, and so Sister Spoon took over the little girl, Goldie. They were sitting in separate front seats, and while I was preaching, Goldie jumped up, got away from Sister Spoon, walked up to the blackboard, and began to mark it. Naturally, she attracted the attention of the people. I had to quit preaching, go and get her, shake her a little, and set her down again with Sister Spoon. The rowdies saw me do that, and thinking she was Sister Spoon's child, became angry and declared the next time I came, they would give me a thrashing. I came the next time, not knowing about their threat; but before I arrived, they had learned she was our girl, and they let me off that time.

One time later I said something they did not like and I think possibly unwisely reproved them for stealing my buggy whip. Always looking for trouble, they agreed among themselves during the next few days, they would give the preacher a thrashing the next time he came. They sure were a rough, husky bunch of young, single men. In the meantime while calling in the community we became acquainted with the young married people. Among them there were a number of young

men even more husky than the single ones. When they heard what the young ruffians were planning to do they went to them and said, "All right, you fellows, come right along and we will see who gets the whipping."

The younger men did not dare, for they knew those married young men meant business and would be too much for them. Thus we escaped our second thrashing. Our coming to this service in spite of the threats was no credit to us, since we did not know about it until after the meeting was over. While eating a lunch with some of the young married people they told us about the threat.

Later we decided the Lord wanted us to hold a revival meeting in this wicked place. We had to drive about eight miles back and forth every day. We called during the day, held prayer meetings in the afternoon, and preached in the evening to a large crowd that always filled the schoolhouse. After we had been working thus for a week or more the old devil tried to discourage us and get us to give up. On the way to the field one day Satan tempted me, saying, "You might as well give up. You won't see anything done; why not quit the whole thing?" Then I realized it was Satan and looked up to God praying, "Oh God if You will help me I will see this thing through if I die in the conflict." Just then the Lord came and blessed my soul so much I shouted and shouted along the road. It was just about that day the revival broke and souls began to seek God. The meeting lasted for several weeks and a goodly number of souls were saved and it became, I think, the best society on the circuit.

Later we entertained a district meeting at this place. Some strange things happened in connection with this meeting. One young couple were very friendly and hospitable inviting me to their home saying, "Just come any time; drive your ponies in and feed them and just make yourself at home." In due time the wife became wonderfully converted and he became very angry at me. He even got down on his knees and begged his wife to give up her religion and come back to him saying, "We used to have such a good time together but now there seems to be a deep gulf between us." She answered, "There doesn't need to be, if you will just get saved and come over on this side of the gulf." He became so angry at me he tried to get some of the men to help "rotten-egg" me out of the country. Later he yielded and gave his heart to God and declared, "He actually believed he would have lost his reason if he had not yielded to God."

There were two country storekeepers converted in this meeting. They were quite alike in some respects. Both kept their stores open on Sundays, which was quite a disgrace in those days. Both were backslidden preachers and very talented speakers. One was the father-in-law to the other and one had only one leg and the other one arm. God surely did a marvelous work of grace in that country and we praise God for it all. Our next experience in going into a new field was quite an unusual one.

After my wife, Grace, went to heaven while on the Lodi charge, I was quite unsettled the rest of the year. Rev. J. A. Watson, our District Elder, wanted someone to go to Escanaba, a wicked Catholic city, to hold a tent meeting and try and organize a society. A man by the name of James Tuxford from New York had been employed by the city to superintend a veneer factory. This man, Tuxford, was a very representative man and later built, they said, the largest veneer factory in the world in Canada. He had a son who was known as the best veneer cutter in the world. Bro. Tuxford had a very fine home and family. They belonged to the Free Methodist Church

in Jamestown, New York and were much interested in organizing a work in this wicked city. He offered to finance the effort. I was chosen as leader of the band. Three others were to go with me. Since I was single at this time, a couple who had been thinking of getting married were urged to get married right away so they could go along with a single young lady and myself. I am sorry to relate, the lady who was married must have backslidden before we started and the man lost out on the way. What a predicament! When we arrived on the scene two saved and sanctified, and two backslidden, to begin a meeting in a very difficult field. If there was any advantage in that, we were running about fifty-fifty. We could not very well go to Bro. Tuxford and say, "Here we are ready for business two saved, two backslidden."

Therefore, after our tents were erected and we were settled I said to the brother, "Come on with me." He was more than anxious to go, for he realized their predicament. As he was several hundred miles from home and no money with which to go back. We started down the railroad track until we saw a patch of woods. We turned in, plunged into the brush and the mosquitoes came down on us like a blanket. We were desperate. We could not go back without the victory and knew we never could stay there very long for those mosquitoes would drive us wild in a little while. We fell on our knees and if ever anyone prayed earnestly and exercised faith quickly we did that day. In about fifteen minutes he claimed to get saved and sanctified. He seemed to pray through, for I never knew of him backsliding again. That is one time the miserable mosquitoes proved an incentive to faith and earnestness.

We had some strange experiences in connection with this meeting. Nearly all the people in this city were Catholic. We had our big tent pitched right on main street. The crowds would gather outside the tent but we could not get them inside. One night I stood on the platform shouting at the people outside the tent, trying to get them inside. I said "Now while we sing this verse, you people out there come right in. We won't hurt you." A few of them came in. I said, "That is fine. Now while we sing this verse let others come in." Some more ventured in. We were encouraged but just then we saw Bro. Tuxford who was keeping order outside the tent, tussling with someone. Fearing the rough crowd might harm him, I jumped down from the platform and rushed down the aisle, and out of the tent to help him. The people whom we had coaxed in, not seeing what was happening on the outside, saw me rushing down the aisle toward them and seemed to think we were after them. They jumped and ran as if they were running for their lives. The few workers who were sitting in front knew I had spent a lot of time and effort trying to get the people in. When they saw me jump down from the platform and rush down the aisle, they turned around and saw the people running out and me chasing them. Not knowing what was happening on the outside, they thought it very strange, after I had tried so hard to get the people inside, then to turn around and drive them out. Among others who sought the Lord in this meeting was a poor prodigal boy about sixteen years of age. He had run away from his home in New York some months earlier. He found work, but injured his hand and for some time was unable to work. During this time his money ran out. His clothes became rags and when he became well enough to work he was such a sight no one would hire him. He became a wondering tramp. He came into the tent, broken down and came to the altar. He repented, confessed, and cried as if his heart would break. His face was black with dirt. He had no handkerchief and when he cried the tears fairly plowed furrows down through the dirt. He was a sight to behold. The Lord had mercy on the poor prodigal boy and saved him. Bro. Tuxford also had mercy on him as the father in the parable did. He took him to his beautiful home, washed him up, gave him a suit of clothes, a hat, shoes, and clothed him throughout. About the next day we

saw a fine-looking well-dressed young man coming down the street, THE PRODIGAL HAD COME HOME. Bro. Tuxford found him work. This was the last we ever saw or heard of the boy but the happy ending was THE PRODIGAL CAME HOME.

"The prodigal always finds an open door
A Heavenly Father's loving care
And though he be wretched and sick and poor,
He is sure of a Welcome there."

We stated in the preceding chapter that we had thought of changing conferences for several years, and decided to transfer to the East Michigan Conference. We attended the conference at Manton, Michigan in the year 1920 and asked for a transfer to the East Michigan Conference. We then went over to the East Michigan Conference which convened the next week. We handed in our transfer and were appointed to the Alpena District as district elder.

A few days later we shipped our goods by train, loaded our family of six into our little Ford car and started out for the Onaway country. This was a strange land to us. We had no district parsonage but for some reason were supposed to live at Onaway. We arrived in due time not knowing a soul in that section of the country and not having any house to move into. We searched and searched in vain for some kind of a house and finally had to store our goods in a garage and live in our tent. We pitched our tent in the yard of a Bro. and Sister Stalker. After we had roughed it for awhile we went to Belding and when we were there we were so burdened and tested not having any home and remembering the lovely parsonage and church we left. We avoided going near enough to be able to see them. We took Bro. LeRoy Brown and family back with us. He was to serve as pastor at Onaway. We all lived in a tent until we froze out, then in our desperation found an empty house next to the city dump. Bro. Brown and I found the house and found bed bugs galore. They were mostly dead behind boards and cleats on the wall. Bro. Brown and I said to the women, "You just stay here we will go and clean the house and you can come later." We were afraid if they came and saw the awful condition of the house they would not move in.

In due time our two families moved into this small house and settled after a fashion. We had no water and had to carry it for some distance. We gathered pine knots from the woods for fuel. We moved four times in about one year. Some think it is a hardship if they have to move once in three or four years. Fearing we would see hard times while up in this poor country we renewed our consecration and made some vows to God. We told God if he would give us the bare necessities of life we would not spend a penny for such things as candy, peanuts, ice cream, and such like. We kept those vows as long as we were in that north land.

Before we ever arrived on this needy field our soul was much burdened. We began to pray for souls and when we started out for our first Quarterly Meeting we prayed earnestly, as we rode along alone. We prayed, "Oh, God give us one hundred souls this year, one hundred souls." As we prayed, all of a sudden God gave us an inspiration, and we cried, "Two hundred souls, Lord." God came, and gave us the witness of the Spirit. We went on the rest of the way shouting the praises of God. We had approximately three hundred and sixty-five at our altar that year. We praised God and took courage. We found much poverty and privation in the north part of the district. Many were suffering for the want of clothing. This situation touched our hearts and we made an appeal.

Literally tons of clothing came. They came in boxes and barrels and more boxes and barrels. We clothed over six hundred children and a good many adults the first year. We gave clothes to as many as forty children in one day.

Our first meeting was held in a place called Afton which was about fifteen miles west of Onaway. There had been a small class in this place years previously, but it had been abandoned for years. There was a little church and little log parsonage there. Bro. James Howard had been there a few months previously and held a few meetings. A few were seeking and some interest created. We held several weeks of meetings, driving back and forth from Onaway. God blessed the effort. A few more sought the Lord and we organized a small society. A little later we assigned James Howard to this field. The people in this section were very ignorant and wicked. One man traded off his little girl about fifteen years of age to an old bachelor for an old plug horse. But before the old bachelor could get the girl she skipped out and married a young man.

Another man was about to trade his little girl when the preacher heard about it and frightened him until he called off the deal. This little girl became converted and became a worker in the Sunday School. We had several unusual experiences while holding this meeting. We had to travel through a very wicked section of the country where some people shot each other without much provocation. A part of this trip was through a stretch of poor country where there were no houses. One time while driving along this road toward the middle of the night, all of a sudden I saw a woman sitting in the path just beside the wheel track. My first thought was to stop and offer assistance. My next thought was to step on the gas and get out of there as quickly as I could. Who knows what she was doing there? I never went back to find out.

After this I always took someone along with me. One night Mrs. Haywood and I took a Bro. Stalker and wife along with us. On the way home in the night we came around a corner and while going up a little hill we saw a car beside the road with several men outside. We suspected them, fearing they were up to devilry. After passing them we glanced back, saw them jump into their car and start after us. We sped down the road turned a corner and just then saw three logs across the road. I shouted to Bro. Stalker "Jump and throw the ends of the logs around so that we can get around them quickly." He jumped, threw them around. I dodged around them, he jumped on the running board. Just then a man appeared by the side of the road making a whistling noise trying to get our attention. The other car came speeding up to the logs, but before they could get around there we sped down the road as fast as we could and out-distanced them. That was one time Mrs. Haywood did not find fault with me for driving too fast.

Our next effort was made in a small village called Wolverine. Bro. Stalker from Onaway told us about a doctor who lived in this village with his wife who were Free Methodists. He thought there might be an opportunity to open a work in this place. He offered to go with me, introduce me to the doctor and show me around. We found the doctor, told him who we were and what our business was. He seemed to resent one coming with the thought of opening up a new work. He was a local preacher and had tried again and again to start a work but had utterly failed and had given up in despair. He did not seem to like the idea of another doing what he had failed to do. They invited us to dinner. He proceeded to ask his own blessing. After dinner he took the Bible, did his own reading and when we knelt to pray he did his own praying. He seemed to

purposely ignore me. During our conversation he told about trying again and again to open a work, but had decided it was of no use and could not be done.

While he seemed to be limiting the power of God, I began to feel burdened. By the time he had finished praying I was so burdened I could not restrain myself although he did not ask me to pray. I began to unburden my heart to God. Under this awful burden we began to grip the throne of God until we prayed through. God had answered. When we arose he looked and almost stared at me, as if I was some strange unearthly being. Presently, while still looking strangely at me, he said almost reverently and quietly, "Well, if you think you want to try it, you can begin in my house." From that time he backed us up in our work.

We began our meetings in private houses with a good interest and some success. The next spring we held a tent meeting followed by a camp meeting. God came in power. We had a goodly number of seekers and at the close of the camp we held a most glorious baptismal service and organized a good society. Out of this society God gave us two young men who later became ministers in our conference. At the next conference we assigned a preacher by the name of Rev. G. V. Dean to this charge. At this time we had neither church or parsonage. We rented a house for the preacher's family in which we held the services for sometime. In the beginning of the next conference year we moved to Wolverine. We rented a large, vacant house on the top of a hill in the west part of the town from which we had a beautiful view of the valley, railroad and the river.

One day while looking out of the front window God gave me a vision of a church sitting right across the road on a vacant lot. I almost ran out of the house to find the man who owned the lot. I found him and made arrangements to buy it. When some of the formal church people heard we were buying the lot to build a church on, they became very much concerned for they did not want us there. They tried to get the lot away from us but the man who was unsaved just laughed at them and said, "No, I have promised it to those Free Methodists and they shall have it."

We bought one old house for about sixty-five dollars and one old schoolhouse for twenty-five dollars, wrecked them and drew the lumber to the lot, having enough to build the church. After we had everything ready to begin to build, satan became stirred, discouraged some of the elect and practically all of them began to say we can't build, it will be too much of an undertaking. We will never be able to complete the job. We had better give it up. We became so burdened, we said, "If we stop here, after having the material on the ground it will be a great reproach to the work of God in this country. We prayed and prayed in our home until in our desperation we made a consecration, agreeing to go on with the building, pay the whole expense ourselves if necessary, if it took us twenty years to pay it.

The work began. A brother and I began building the foundation. Along came Sanballot saying, "That foundation will never stand." The brother assisting me answered, "Brother, after the skin worms destroy your body and mine this foundation will be standing, and it looks as though it might." I had a wonderful experience while building this church. I had the location of the church all pictured out in my mind and when we were all ready to begin to build I told them, "Now brethren this is the way to place the building. Build it so the entrance will come between those two maple trees." They answered "Oh, no, this is the way, have a corner entrance and build it so that it will

come out at the three corners in the road." I answered quietly, "All right we will build it that way then."

We accordingly proceeded to build it just the way they suggested. As I worked and pounded nails I felt so happy, because I felt happy. That is, if I may explain, I felt so happy because after giving up my pet notion and letting the others have their way I still felt so happy. Some people are all out of sorts if they cannot have their way. Therefore, while working away I kept thinking how wonderful it is to have an experience that keeps us sweet and happy when things go the opposite to what we would like to have them. The result of the whole matter was after the church was built the way the others wanted it, I saw their way was the best and admitted it. Thus, matters turn out often, especially when we let the Lord have His way, even if it does not look just right to us at first.

Our next meeting during our first winter was in Onaway. Since we had no church we held our meeting in an Advent Church. The snow was several feet deep. One wicked woman who was very poor who lived in a one room shanty had no shoes, but was anxious to come to the meeting. She waded the snow banks with only house slippers on her feet. The first night she came to the altar but waited until after the meeting was dismissed and the most of the people had gone home. She told us later she waited because her clothes were so poor she was ashamed to come in the presence of the congregation. She continued coming to the altar for several nights but did not seem to get through.

One night I went early to look after the janitor work and found her there. I asked her, "How are you getting along?" She answered, "Not very well. I am afraid I can never get saved." I said "Oh yes, you can. I knew a man who killed his own father and he became converted." She looked up surprised and encouraged. She then shocked me by saying, "I killed one of my own children and would have killed another had not someone interfered." Little did I think I was talking to a murderer. The Lord gave us some souls and later we bought a lot. Then we bought an empty hall, moved it on the lot, rebuilt it into a church and parsonage and the work was established in Onaway.

Our next new field meeting was held in a little village called Vanderbilt during the early summer after our first winter on the Alpena District. We pitched the big tent in the edge of the village. We put up several living tents near the big tent. There was a big grove near the tents where we and the workers could go and pray as long and as much as we liked. We had several workers with us, and the pastors and wives came and assisted us from time to time. The devil was soon stirred. Some tried to disturb the meetings, and among other things we were accused of being White Slave traders.

There lived a man in this place by the name of Jim Keller who was nicknamed "Slippery Jim" because of his wicked ways and slick, smooth tongue. It seems his wife kept books and declared he had left her eleven times. This, however, wasn't the saddest part of the story. The saddest part was he came back exactly eleven times and she had to support him. Strangely enough, this wicked man seemed to like me at first. Soon, however, he was hit. It would be no credit to the marksmanship of a preacher hitting a man like this, you couldn't miss him if you tried.

Soon he became angry at me and they said he wanted to kill me. I was praying especially for this wicked man and one night God gave me one of my dream visions. God has seen fit to give us a number of dream visions through the years. These visions have usually come in the beginning of revivals. These dream visions usually indicated the measure of success we were to attain in the effort. This time in our dream vision we saw "Slippery Jim" wonderfully saved, walking back and forth in front of the congregation stirring the camp with his exhortation. I told the workers about my dream vision and some of them laughed saying, "I guess this is one time your dream will not come true." I answered, "Don't be too sure for God is able." God, in answer to prayer, brought him under deep and pungent conviction. I think it was the next Sunday night after the rest had gone to meeting and Mr. Keller, like Jacob, was left alone.

The following is his story: Said he, " I realized I had reached the end of my rope. I could go no farther. I stood in front of a sofa sitting across the west end of the kitchen. I said, "Listen, God, you can listen also devil, Jim Keller has gone as far as he can go. He can go no farther. Listen, God, listen, devil, Jim Keller is going to get down on his knees beside this sofa. Listen, God, you can listen too old devil, Jim Keller will never get up until he finds God. He will either find God or die right here." Sometime later God came down in great mercy and saved one of the worst sinners in the country. Later, I saw him walking and exhorting as I had seen him in my dream vision.

Years later, I came back into that country and inquired what became of Jim Keller. They said, "He made it through." I got blessed and said, "If Jim Keller made it through, his soul was worth all our four years of sacrifice and hard work while on the Alpena District.

We organized a good-sized society of about ten or twelve in this place. Rev. Lloyd Richmond, a young exhorter, was one of the band in the tent meeting. He later, after having married, became pastor of this circuit and built a church at this place. Thus a Holiness Church became established in the village of Vanderbilt, Michigan.

Our next meeting was held very soon after the Vanderbilt meeting, in a settlement known as Gibbs. This settlement was located about twenty miles east of Gaylord. This was a godless section of the country. They had no church services, no Sunday School, no prayer meetings, and I don't think they had a family altar or a Christian in the settlement. Some of the people heard of our missionary work in the new and poor fields around the country, and wrote us about coming to their needy field. We were so busy we could not get there for sometime but they kept writing and begging us to come. At last the way opened and we decided to go for one service and spy out the land. We came in one day from Alpena on a railroad train known as the Cannon Ball, which was anything but a Cannon Ball in speed. The thing traveled so slowly they said sometimes some people jumped off, picked some berries and ran and caught up. Some one said they had stopped and waited while some one jumped off, went over to a little store and bought some gum. I don't know how true these stories were but I know they traveled most awfully slowly.

I arrived in the settlement about noon one day, went up to the good sized schoolhouse, and announced a meeting for that night. The news spread fast and practically every man, woman and child was there that night, filling the large schoolhouse almost to overflowing. There they all were, wicked lumberjacks and their wives and many little children. It seemed almost every shanty had

from six to a dozen. I don't think I ever preached to a more attentive congregation. It was so easy to talk to them, and it always is when people are starving for the truth. After I had finished my message the adults all came around and shook hands saying, "We are so glad you came, Mr. Haywood." Then all the little children came around saying, "We are so glad you came, Mr. Haywood," as they had heard the older people say. We visited awhile and then said, "Well, we will have to be going." Then all of the adults came around saying, "Oh, Mr. Haywood, we hope you can come back, we hope you can come again." Then all of the little children came around again saying, "Oh, Mr. Haywood, we hope you can come again." By this time I was so touched and broken up I felt almost as if I never wanted to leave. I said to them "I sure will come back in two weeks if I can." I came back in about two weeks for another meeting and received the same welcome.

We then began to plan to hold a revival meeting in the place. We came several weeks later and pitched a tent in a little grove near the schoolhouse and began our meeting. A young lady from Saginaw by the name of Maud Dean had come to live with us and assist in our work. She was a great help in singing and praying. James Howard also came over and assisted part time. We began calling around the neighborhood and the devil began to get stirred. I called alone in one shanty one day. Like many others, it was a long one-room shanty with a one-sided roof.

Another man and wife who lived in a nearby shanty were present and were very respectful. The man who owned the shanty was a big, rough, giant of a man and began to swear and try to bluff me out. He seemed to stir a combativeness in me. I said to myself, "Mr. Man, if you think you can scare or bluff me out, you are mistaken. I will pray right here if it is the last thing I ever do." His wife was a nice quiet little woman and was very much embarrassed. When I had an opportunity I turned to his wife, not giving him a chance to refuse me and said, "I would like to pray with you." She assented and before he could object I fell on my knees and if ever God helped me to pray, he did that day. The power of God fell upon that place. When I arose the three of them were broken up, and the braggart was as quiet as a lamb. There was no more swearing, God closed the lion's mouth. We began our meeting with the schoolhouse packed every night. We scarcely dared to give an altar call for several nights fearing the most of them would come to the altar. The people were so hungry, we feared they would come without enough conviction. The first Sunday morning we gave our first real altar call, and about fifteen adults came marching down the aisle. What a sight it was! Every man brought his wife and every woman her husband. They came in pairs as if they were going into an ark. In reality that was where they were going. There were only three of us to pray for all of them, but every man and woman seemed to be a special committee to do his own praying. The wonderful thing about it was they all seemed to get through to definite victory. All testified clearly. What a meeting it was! After the service we went home to our tent. The women went into the tent, but the tent was too small to hold me. I went out on a hillside shouted, praised God and sang,

"Every soul you have brought to the foot of the Cross,
Every lamb you have led to the fold,
Shall shine as bright jewels,
Your crown to adorn
In that beautiful city of gold."

The Sunday night service was another great time of victory and salvation. When a certain wicked family heard we were coming to hold revival meetings they said, "All right, let them come and we will get up a dance every night." This man and woman were leaders in getting up social functions. I suppose they thought everyone would go to the dances and no one to the revival meetings. They did not get up a dance but instead the first Sunday night found the whole family at the altar seeking God. I called on the man out in the field, a few days later and he said, "We have never had a home until last Sunday night. We have been quarreling and jangling ever since we were married, until last Sunday night. Not an unkind word has been spoken since then. We have had a home." That is what salvation does for homes. The revival swept on for weeks and many sought the Lord. At the close of the meeting we received over thirty into the church. We had a great baptismal service out in the woods in a river the last Sunday of the meeting. The people came from all around the country and the banks were lined with people. A large number were baptized, among them the little wife of the big bluffer. He was very angry and declared he would kill the preacher if he baptized his wife. He said he had two notches on his gun stock, and wanted the preacher for the third. Someone came and warned me at the river just as we were about to begin the service. It amused me so much I laughed out loud for I thought, if his little wife wasn't afraid, there wasn't much cause for me to be. The outcome was, I baptized his wife along with the others, and lived to tell the story. However, they organized a bodyguard to protect me, which was the first and last time I ever had a bodyguard.

And now I am sad to relate, sometime after this good promising work was started, it went down. It was so far from any other point, and the people were too poor to support a pastor. Hence, it seemed impossible to get a shepherd to shepherd them. Since we could not get a shepherd, grievous wolves entered in destroying the flock. Hence, the work went down from lack of leadership and shepherding. About two years later, while holding a meeting in Atlanta, a young man whose mother had died, came over from the Gibbs settlement to get me to take charge of the funeral. They had remembered us. The undertaker at Atlanta had no motor hearse. Since it was quite a distance over the hills to the house, I took the seats out of my gospel car, and used it for a hearse. The house was too small to hold the people, and we held the funeral in the yard. I preached to the people about as Jesus did on the hill sides of Judea while the people sat around on the grass. I drove into the Atlanta cemetery ahead of the people, and as I saw the large crowd leaving for their hill country, I broke down and wept, for I saw them as sheep having no shepherd. As far as I know, they have never had a true shepherd since, and as I think about them today, I weep and wish I could go back to them again.

About the time we closed our meeting at Gibbs, I had a nervous breakdown. I went to a doctor, and he said, "You will just have to take your work casually." I thought, "Oh there are so many doing that now." One preacher said, "You will just have to let the people go to hell." Again I thought, "There are so many doing that now." Soon after this, I went to our annual conference of 1921 and was scarcely able to attend the services while there. However, I was reelected to the district and came back. The Lord touched me, and I went at it again as hard as ever as I have done so many times. About the first thing we did after conference, was to move our goods from Onaway, to a great big house in Wolverine as before mentioned. Not having any quarterly meetings scheduled for the first Sunday after conference and not wanting to be idle we went out in search of appointments. A local preacher by the name of Cryderman and I went out on Friday afternoon and in about two hours had three brand new appointments. Two of them were in abandoned churches

and the other in a hall where a few people were holding a Sunday School. The hall was in the country near a little village by the name of Alanson. I am mentioning this place in particular since we held a revival here a little later which I wanted to write about.

Our first meeting on Sunday morning was at the hall about three miles east of Alanson. A Swedish Mission man who came from Chicago and rented a farm nearby started a Sunday School in this hall. They did not have much time to advertise this meeting from Friday afternoon until Sunday morning. We nevertheless had a fair attendance. The Lord blessed us and the people seemed deeply impressed. As soon as the meeting closed the people began begging us to come again. Several loads followed us to our afternoon appointment several miles away. They continued begging and begging us to come again about as the heathen do in heathen lands. They said, "If you will promise to come again we will promise you a good attendance." We just could not resist such pleading and said, "Very well, announce a meeting for next Sunday night, and we will come." The next Sunday night we left a quarterly meeting and drove a long way over some bad roads and arrived at the hall three quarters of an hour early. I think this was the first and last time we ever began a meeting three-quarters of an hour early. And why not since the house was jammed full with a number on the outside. The children were sitting around the floor or platform. In the opening service Mrs. Haywood and Maud Dean, our helper sang, "A Heart That Was Broken for Me." Such sobbing and crying I don't think I ever heard in any congregation before or since. Strong men and women wept together with the younger ones. It broke their hearts to think that a heart was broken for them. I think I preached as I usually did in those new fields about the love of God. How easy it was to talk to those hungry souls. How the Lord did bless as we spoke and wept together. I think almost anyone could preach well to such a hungry, receptive congregation, whether they were called to preach or not. Of course, they all wanted us to come back and we in turn were as anxious to come.

We came a few times and then began a revival meeting. We drove back and forth about twenty-five miles from our home in Wolverine and usually brought workers with us. I will now tell of some of the unusual happenings in connection with this meeting. We began calling around the neighborhood. When calling at a certain home the man and woman seemed very appreciative and said, "We lived here and this is the first time any minister has ever called on us." This woman was about the first seeker at the altar. We knelt to pray. I offered prayer and then Mrs. Haywood began to pray. She just nicely started her prayer when the woman jumped up and was gone. It so surprised Mrs. Haywood when she looked up and saw her go, it left her with no one to pray for. Hence, the prayer was never finished. We both felt a little skeptical about a person getting through so easily and quickly. Mrs. Haywood said to her after the meeting, "Now you want to stick to it until you are solid." She said, "Oh, but I am solid now," and I declare if she did not prove to be, for she testified twice in the first meeting and continued to live for the Lord afterward. This proved to us, it is much easier for a hungry soul to get saved, who has never resisted the call of God, than one who has hardened his heart by much. resistance.

On another occasion while we were having a testimony meeting the blessing of the Lord fell. Without any altar call the husband of this woman, who was known as a very wicked man, arose and began to exhort with tears running down his cheeks, saying as he turned around and looked at different people calling them by name, "Come on Bill, come on, Jim, or whatever their names were, you know we are not living right and doing right. We ought to be living differently.

Come on, we ought to go to the altar and get salvation. You know we are not setting the right example." I sat still and let him go ahead for I could see he was doing a better job at exhorting his friends than I could do. While he exhorted and cried he was putting his preaching into practice by gradually edging his way to the altar. Thus our testimony meeting closed with a good altar service. We practically never took any offerings in our new field work. One reason was, because we did not want them to think we were after their money the first thing. Another reason was because the most of the people were so poor they did not have much to give. Occasionally some one of the people took it upon themselves to take an offering for us. Also they sometimes gave us food.

One poor man at this place said one night after the meeting, "If you will stop at my place I will give you something." When we stopped at his humble home, he gave us a market basket full of some thing heavy, covered with a cloth. We thanked him, took the basket and went on home. We did not know what was in it, but since it was so heavy, guessed it might be canned fruit. After arriving home we set the basket down on the table, and all gathered around while we lifted the cloth anxious to see what it was in it. To our great surprise and shall I say joy, we found it full of nice butter. Some of us almost screamed with delight for we were poor and greatly appreciated such a wonderful gift. We had a very good revival and might have had a good work started had it not been for the good brother who had opened the hall and started the Sunday School. We learned when we began to talk about organizing a society that he did not believe in organization and was not in favor of it. Since he seemed to be in authority when we came we did not think it would be the gentlemanly thing to usurp authority, and organize a society against his wishes. Thus we fear a good part of our hard work in this place was wasted. We were more convinced than ever that it is a waste of time holding meetings where we can not establish a work. What is the use of fishing if we are not going to string our fish and take them home with us. We continued holding regular and quarterly meetings at this place but never could get the consent of some of the people to organize. Years later after the work and interest had nearly died out and this man was bemoaning this fact, I reminded him that in Wolverine and other places where we had been permitted to organize we had an established thriving work. I told him if we had organized a work in his community at the time of the revival they no doubt, would have a good work also. He only grinned and remained silent.

Toward the close of our second year on the Alpena District some began agitating the matter of reuniting the Alpena and Bay City District. They tried twice to get up a petition and both times the Lord seemed to defeat the plan. I was much grieved over the matter knowing God had so wonderfully blessed in the building up of the work during the preceding two years. Some went down to conference early, no doubt, thinking they could better talk the matter over with their friends and prepare them for the coming vote. Instead of doing that we went out to a cottage by the lake spending the week in prayer, talking to God instead of men. When the time arrived we went to conference resolved not to say a word to any one about the matter, leaving it in the hands of the Lord. When the time came for the vote Reverend A. A. Warren made the motion we have five traveling elders. The opposition moved as an amendment, that we have four. Bro. Porterfield moved as a substitute that we have four traveling elders and one stationed elder. This vote carried and they sent us to the Alpena Circuit as stationed elder for the Alpena District. During the fall of this year we built a church, or built over a hall into a church, at Onaway. We held our next new field meeting in Atlanta, the county seat of Montmorency County, which, because of its wickedness, was known as the county that had no law. In many respects this was a very interesting meeting. This meeting was held the following June. The people on our circuit gave us permission

to go out and do some pioneer work. They said, "Go ahead and we will fast and pray for you and let some of the exhorters preach while you are away. After praying and planning we started out one day with our touring car, gospel car and a band of workers. Our band consisted of Maud Dean, Loyd Richmond, Goldie, Forrest, Mrs. Haywood and I. I should hesitate here and explain what I mean by our gospel car which the Lord gave us. We had been wishing and praying for a gospel car to use as a truck to carry our tent equipment. We would also use it as a bus to get and take people home from meetings.

We were driving along one day between Onaway and Alpena and saw a Dodge car in the ditch with the body all smashed. I believe the, Lord spoke to me saying, "There is a chassis for your gospel. I inquired and learned they wanted to sell it. The Lord opened the way and we bought it. We also bought a nice body and made it into a very nice gospel car. We had scripture text painted in gold on each side and the rear; also a cross and crown on one side and a large open Bible on the other side. The printing was also in gold letters which made a very attractive advertisement. And now on to our tent meeting. We loaded our tent equipment into the gospel car. One of the workers rode with me in the gospel car while the rest followed in the touring car with Forrest driving. While driving across a long stretch of sand plains where there were no houses, a band of Gypsies tried to stop us, or hold us up. Some of the women stood right in the middle of the road trying to make us stop. The road was too narrow to drive around them. I stepped on the gas and they jumped out of the way. We then motioned to Forrest to step on the gas and he came pell-mell after me. We had not gone very far before we met the sheriff who was chasing them.

We arrived in Atlanta safely, found a place for our tents in a pine grove just in the edge of the village. We had no poles or stakes, no straw for beds and no lumber for seats, but came trusting the Lord for everything. We were in a strange land knowing no one who could help us. We proceeded to look for the things we needed trusting the Lord to direct and help us. We saw some poles in a yard nearby, went to the owner and asked permission to use some telling him we would bring them back when we were through with them. He said, "Take all you want and you don't need to bring them back at all." We asked him if he had any straw we could use. He said, "No, but I have hay in the barn and if you cannot find straw help yourself to the hay." We went out in the country and asked a farmer if we could get some straw. He said, "Sure, take all you want." We saw some lumber on a vacant lot near the tent and inquired who it belonged to. They said, "To that man who has the saloon and the moving picture show."

I went into the saloon, talked with the man and asked if we could use the lumber. He was very friendly and said, "You are welcome to use the lumber if you can find what you want, if not come back and I will let you have the seats from the show room. We did not find lumber suitable for seats, came back and told him. He took me into the show room where I saw the seats all nailed down to the floor. He took a crow bar and ripped them all loose. We drew them away and had some good seats for our meeting. That was what we called an accommodation.

The Lord blessed us in our meeting. We had a regular bus route with our gospel car. At a certain time we would be at a certain corner. The poor people who did not have anyway of getting to church would be there waiting. We would bring them and take them home from church services. A number of them sought the Lord. Among them a mother and three daughters. I believe the father was away from home at the time. Their name was Justice. The daughters names were Hazel,

Helen, and Vera. They later went with us assisting in revival meetings. The oldest girl, Hazel, was engaged to an unsaved man. She did what too few young ladies do, gave him up and later married a young minister who with her has been in the work in the Michigan Conference for years. I understand the other young man became a drunkard. Her home, no doubt, would have been a drunkard's home had she not severed those connections, paid the price and followed the Lord. This family later moved to Spring Arbor where I believe all the girls graduated. I understand the father was saved before he died. The brother was also saved and died in the faith. Thus a great work was accomplished in Atlanta, the county seat of the county that had no law, even if no one other than this one family had been saved.

We had the privilege of praying with a murderer while there. A wicked man who lived out in the country a few miles quarreled with his neighbor and shot him down in cold blood. He denied it at first, but the jailer's wife, who was a friend of ours, said his conscience took him down on the cell floor where he rolled and groaned until he was willing to confess. He then wanted us to come and pray with him, which we did and he claimed to get saved. After that he loved to read his Bible and when we went to see him he would say, "Oh, how glad I am this happened to me before I had to go to the penitentiary for life." Then something like a wail would go up from his lips, "Oh, if this could only have happened to me before the other happened then my poor wife would not have been disgraced by having a murderer for a father." Yes, he sought the Lord which was right, but his timing was wrong. He sought the Lord at the wrong time, I asked him, "Why did you ever do it?" "I don't know, I did not intend to, but we began to quarrel, something grabbed hold of me and I could not help myself, I pulled up and shot him. I don't know what it was. It must have been the devil." I said, "You are right, that is what it was." By the way the old devil is still at it, leading people captive to his will.

We organized a class of six and went on our way to the camp meeting over at a place called Rust about seven miles south of Hillman. We had a very good camp and a wonderful baptismal service during the meeting at which time twenty-two, mostly fine young people were baptized. Reverend J. A. Kelly who was representing Spring Arbor at that time was with us some and preached with much help from God and said, "If your preachers will only quit preaching and go to exhorting you will have a great camp meeting. That is just about what we did and had a great meeting, for the people were starving for a heart felt message rather than a homiletical classic as they are in most places. We went to the conference of 1923 which was held in Bethel Park, west of Flint. We were elected traveling elder this year, moved from the Alpena parsonage to a house partly finished which belonged to Howard Flinn in Alpena. He agreed to let us live in the front part of the house if we would finish it.

While we were holding our tent meeting in Atlanta some friends came from a little town called Lewiston about fifteen miles southwest of Atlanta saying, "We don't have any meetings at all in our town. Can't you come over to Macedonia and help us?" We could not that year since it was too near Conference, but told them we would come as soon as we could. After getting nicely settled after conference we thought the Lord led us to go to Lewiston. We tried to get an empty church, which had been abandoned by a certain formal denomination, but they would not let us have it. Some of the formal church people did not like us at all and did their worst to hinder us. When we began meetings in Wolverine the formal church pastor warned his people saying, "Don't have anything to do with those people. They are awful people, when they go into a place and get

four or five members they never quit or give up, they stay right there until they get a church organized. Beware of them, don't go near them." Some of his best members rather liked the description he gave of us and said, "If that is the kind of people they are we would like to go over and worship with them. They came, liked us so well, they joined us and became some of our best members. Several years earlier we found a boy by the name of Harold Hazzard in Saginaw and sent him to Hillman as a supply. He was shifted at the last conference to Atlanta and assisted us in finding a place to hold meetings and live, since this was to be a part of his circuit. We got permission to use a very large town hall for the meetings and an unsaved woman let us have the use of a cabin all furnished free of charge. We drove our gospel car into the town, drove around the town getting settled and getting things ready at the hall during the day. By night practically every one in the town knew about the meetings. The gospel car with its cross and crown, texts, all in gold and the large open Bible was a great advertisement. Some called it the Holy Ghost Car. When we began to ask about the hall they said, "You can use it but it won't do you any good the people won't come out." We said, "Let us try it any way." They said, "Go ahead and try it, but I tell you the people here are not interested in going to church." We had a fair attendance the first night. The attendance and interest increased until we had to bring seats down from the upstairs hall and the large, long hall was packed to the doors. They came out of the woods and brush until we preached to the largest congregations of sinners we have ever preached to in all of the United States or Canada. Practically all of them were unsaved. We organized a Sunday School and about the second Sunday we had one hundred and one present. A number of these people were Swedish or Finnish. Some of them could not talk too plainly, but how they did listen to the simple word. They were so simple and honest-hearted. They did not try to control their emotions and would break out crying loudly in the meeting. It was easy to tell who were under conviction. I will mention some of the unusual things which occurred during this unusual meeting. One woman who was so very, very large she could not get into a car, wanted to come to church. She must have weighed four or five hundred pounds. I never dared ask her just how much. She could not walk much. We conceived the idea of backing our gospel car against their porch, helping pushing, or shoving her between the two rear doors for, of course, we could not lift her. We then drove to the hall, backed up against the floor of the hail porch and thus we managed to get her there. One night a woman was crying loudly in the congregation, I went to her asking her if she would like to come to the altar. She cried, "I want my husband, I want my husband, my husband no here." I said, "You mean you want your husband to go with you when you go?" She said, "Yes, I want my husband to go with me." I said, "If he won't go with you, you will go any way, won't you?" She answered, crying loudly, "Yes, I will, but I want my husband." The next night he was with her and they both sought the Lord earnestly like little children, doing anything you asked them to do. They both seemed to get through clearly. The next night while shaking hands with the people as they came out after the service, along came the big Swede. I said to him, "How has it been with you today, brother?" He was all smiles and putting his hand on his breast he said, "Happy and light in here all day, so happy and light, I plow, I so happy, and light in here sometimes I cry, I no know why I so happy and light it must be Jesus in here." I was blessed and said, "That is right, it is Jesus in there, for I know when he is in us, He makes us happy and light."

A wicked Swede and wife who came to the meetings had a very smart little boy about five or six years old. I think he was an only child and they almost worshipped him. The father, mother, and little boy came nearly every night. The little boy sat on the front seat and listened very intently. The next day after he had been to several services he took the Bible stepped up on a chair and

waved his arms, as he had seen the preacher do, and began to shout and preach about some solemn subjects such as hell. He would say, "Oh, ye sinners if you don't repent you will all go to hell." The parents were frightened nearly out of their wits. They did not dare to stop him, it was so awful and unearthly. He kept it up day after day until they could stand it no longer, came to the altar and sought the Lord. God seemed to take different ways of convincing the people that God was with us, and in the services. We went out in the country to dinner one day. They had been having a terrible forest fire for days all over the north country. They had had a long dry spell. Some of the buildings were threatened including the one where we were eating dinner. The people were very much excited and worried. They asked us if we would not pray God to send a rain and put out the fire. We started home after dinner and prayer, and before we had gone far it began to sprinkle, then rain, and then pour. It kept it up for days until all of the fires were put out all over the north country. We did not take the credit, we left it with the Lord. Thus closed a very unusual meeting in the northland of Michigan. We organized a society, nineteen joined the church and we won a great victory, but it cost us much. Bro. Hazzard took an offering for us at the close of the meeting and got twelve dollars and twenty eight cents.

While calling around Onaway we found an old man living in a log shanty several miles north of the town. He was dirty and ragged. His white beard was almost black with dirt. He lived mostly on raw vegetables, He only had an old smoky heating stove in his hut. He slept on a pile of straw. I tried to talk to him about God and salvation. He gave me to understand he was very happy living and communing with the spirits. He did not need God. I somehow learned he had been called to preach when a young man, had been licensed in the Wesleyan Methodist Conference and preached some as a local preacher. He had backed up on the light, left a good Christian wife, a good Christian family, ran away from home and God, and went out to join with the Spiritualists, He had refused to obey the truth, walk in the light, and his light had become darkness and oh, how great the darkness in this case. I learned also he had three boys who were Free Methodist preachers. We contacted one of them who was preaching in New York and told him about his father. He came to Onaway, found his father, brought him to town, took him into a hotel, gave him a bath, scrubbing him as you would a dirty pig. He had him shaved, had his hair cut, bought him a new suit of clothes. I saw them coming down the street. To my surprise and amazement, I saw a fine looking dignified old man. His son took him back to his lovely parsonage home in New York. We became acquainted with this minister while he was there and he engaged us for a meeting during the winter. We went, held the meeting and found the old man in this beautiful home with every comfort, but very unhappy. He wanted to go back to his hovel and his spirits. The preacher and his wife were much concerned about his salvation. We prayed for him around the family altar one morning very earnestly. Just when we were praying with all our might and desperation and thought something must happen, he began to hiss and gnash his teeth. Try as hard as we could again and again we could only get up to the place where he would hiss and gnash his teeth, as if he was demon possessed. One day he came to me on the sly and tried to get me to help him get back to his hovel and his spirits. They told me he died in that awful state, and no doubt, went to live with and commune with his spirits through all of eternity. The, reason I related this tragic story at this time was, because if I had not found this old man and contacted his son, I would not have gone to New York and held this meeting. Hence, I would not have had the experience I am about to relate in connection with this last new field. We held the meeting in New York in the winter. After we held the meeting four weeks they wanted us to hold longer, but we wanted to get back to our pioneer work, since it was nearing spring and we would be able to travel our north country. Some of them

also urged us to take that circuit since the present pastor was about to leave. We said, "No, we would rather go back to our poor, new field work." We came home, started out for this same Lewiston place to hold a quarterly meeting. I drove to Atlanta, held a prayer meeting Thursday night, helped to pray a soul through, drove on to Lewiston, held the Quarterly meeting in a very poor, humble place.

Early Sunday morning I drove to Atlanta over bad roads to get a load of our former converts and bring them over to Lewiston for the Sunday services. Among them were the Justice girls who were always good singers. After we were on the way they took out some song books and began to sing some consecration hymns. The Lord blessed me so I could hardly drive. I said, "Lord they can have their nice churches and lovely parsonages, but give me the privilege of working in the poor, new fields among a simple, folk who are hungry for the gospel and appreciate our efforts. I feel the very same today.

"Let me lead some poor sinner
To the throne of heavenly grace;
There to feel their sins forgiven,
There to see their Saviour's face;

"Into homes so poor and lowly, Lord,
I go if thou dost send,
Bearing news of joy and comfort,
Be to them a loving friend."

Our next new field meeting was in a schoolhouse community about ten miles west of Hillman known as Hard Scrabble. The people were poor and most of them lived in shanties. A young girl by the name of Elsie Barnes lived in this community. She was wonderfully converted in a meeting at Hillman while attending school there. She immediately became burdened for her people. Bro. and Sister Middaugh were the pastors at that time, I came to hold a quarterly meeting and found Elsie at the parsonage. Her father and mother had brought a load of wood with an old team and a lumber wagon across the plains about ten miles. They came by the parsonage to chat a few minutes before starting back on their long trip. Elsie began coaxing them to stay for supper. At first they did not see how they could, but later consented, for God was answering prayer. After supper she began coaxing them to stay to the meeting, but it was such a long way across the plains with an old team and lumber wagon. Later they consented, for God was answering prayer. After supper and before meeting time I chanced to go over to the church. As I drew near I heard an awful moaning and groaning inside. When looking through the door I saw a girl laying across the mourner's bench, crying and moaning as if her heart would break, burdened for her father and mother. All through the service, she was burdened, praying, and weeping. Her people hardened their hearts, went out and started for home. Instead of the girl giving up, as too many do, she cried to God the more earnestly. The burden fell heavier, and she fell out of the seat on the floor, crying with a heart breaking cry, "Oh, God bring them back!" I said to myself, "God cannot turn down such a heart breaking cry as that." I decided to take my chair and sit down beside the pulpit where I could watch the door. I felt certain that father and mother would never get across those plains that night, while their girl lay on the floor crying and moaning "Oh, God bring them back."

Is it not true, my friends, that too many of our loved ones are getting across the plains of sin on towards eternity these days? Don't you think it may be because no one is standing in the gap, no one is travailing in birth for their souls?

I am aware, as one writer wrote, "The word agonize is no longer a popular word in the vocabulary of the modern church, but it has been largely substituted by the word organize, organize, organize." I am also aware that too many in these last days make light of the old-fashioned, burden-bearing, soul travail route; but I am always interested in a program that works. This program definitely worked in those days and will work today, if we but pay the price and put it into practice.

Well, I sat by the pulpit watching for the door to open. I don't know how far the father and mother went, but somewhere along the way, God stopped them and said, "You can go no farther, go back and go to that altar."

At last I saw the door open, and sure enough, there they came, went to the altar, prayed through and found God. I don't think it seemed so very far across the plains that night with the Lord riding with them. At any rate, they were back, all the way across the plains the next morning in time for love feast, and to join the church on probation. I think it paid well to bear the burden for their salvation, for, firstly, it gave us a foot hold out in that schoolhouse community. Secondly, because years ago this mother went into a booth to vote, never came out, but went to heaven from a voting booth. That would not be a bad place to go to heaven from, especially if one were voting against the miserable liquor traffic.

Bro. and Sister Middaugh, we and several other workers went out to the schoolhouse and began the meeting, We pitched a tent in the school yard and some of us stayed there. We began our meeting the twenty-sixth of May. We had very good crowds from the first. God began working in the community in an unusual manner. Previous to this meeting Sister Middaugh, Helen Potter and we had gone to New York for a trip and brought back a man by the name of Twitchel, His home was in Perry, New York. He assisted us in our work for several months that summer. I would go to Atlanta nearly every day with my gospel car and bring a load to the evening meeting. Sometimes we would have as many as eighteen in the car and sometimes we did not get back until after one o'clock in the morning. The schoolhouse would be filled night after night. God came in power. We saw in this place some of the greatest manifestations of God's supernatural presence we ever witnessed.

One night practically every Christian, including children, was under a burden of soul. One night some came to the altar while some of their friends ran out into the night, trying to get away from God. Some at the altar prayed through, jumped up and ran out into the darkness looking for their friends, found them and brought them in: to the altar. Some were slain for hours under a burden of soul. One man who was in the rear of the schoolhouse one night, declared he saw a blue flame swinging back and forth over the altar service. I can not verify this, but I know God was there in mighty power. One wicked man and wife by the name of Bently were converted in rather an unusual manner. The woman was very wicked and had a very bad temper. She said herself that when he came home under some circumstances he would throw in his hat first, to see if it was safe for him to come in, I was calling around the neighborhood when I saw a man working out in the

field clearing land. I went over where he was and talked to him about giving his heart to God. I then knelt down in the dirt and ashes, prayed with and for him. Ever after he always said, "Right there was where I made my decision." He said, "I said to myself if that preacher cares enough about my soul to come out here, get down in the sand and dirt and pray for my soul, I should care enough about my own soul to get saved," I went up to their shanty home and called on the woman. She has told the following story on me ever since. Said she, "Bro. Haywood came into my home and talked to me about my soul. He said, 'You had better come out to the schoolhouse to the meetings.' I listened to him in surprise for I did not know it could be better to go to revival meetings than to go to Barnums Show. I thought however, since he was a preacher it must be the truth for I did not know anything about such meetings. I said, to my family at night, 'Everybody get ready for we are all going to the revival meeting tonight. The preacher was here and said it was better than Barnums Show. Why go a long distance to the show when we have something better right here near home?' We all went down to the schoolhouse that night. When we learned the front seats cost no more than the back seats I said, 'We will go right up in front for if this is better than Barnums Show I want to sit where I can see everything.' The Lord brought us under deep conviction and husband and I found God. We have always since agreed with the preacher it was much better than Barnums Show." Bro. and Sr. Bently became two of the best Christians I ever knew. He later gave the ground on which the beautiful new country church was built. He went down into his basement a few years ago and when he came up he did not stop at the first floor, but went on up to the third heaven. All agreed at the close of this meeting it was one of the best revivals we were. they built a beautiful country church and changed the name of the place from Hard Scrabble to Pleasant Valley. Thus ever in. We received seventeen into the church. Later the Scripture was fulfilled. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." They have recently built a parsonage and at our last annual conference were given a preacher all of their own. And now only a few words about one last New Field meeting in the Northland of Michigan.

A few days after we closed our schoolhouse meeting we took our tent equipment in our gospel car and started for Millersburg, a few miles from Onaway. We pitched our big tent in which we lived. We had as our workers, all or part of the time, Reverend and Mrs. Middaugh, Gertrude McCellan, Alice Bowers, and Hazel Justice. All of these young people were young converts. Bro. Lloyd Richmond who was pastor at Onaway and his young wife, Helena, were also assisting. Sometimes we drove as far as thirty miles with our gospel car getting and taking the people home from the services. Some nights we would have the young people talk or give their conversion story. The large congregation would get all broken up, we would then make an appeal and the hungry souls would come to the altar and seek the Lord. We think this is a very good method in new fields.

The Lord gave us victory and souls in this place. Some who attended, or sought the Lord, later joined at Onaway. We closed our meeting in Millersburg one night, tore down the tents the next morning, loaded them into the gospel car, drove one hundred miles to Lewiston, put up the tents and began another tent meeting that night. We did not lose a night. The Lord gave us a good tent meeting which closed with our last camp meeting which in turn closed with victory and a good baptismal service in a beautiful lake south of the town. We soon after went to our annual conference which terminated our superintendency on the Alpena District. While these were years of sacrifice, self-denial, and hardship, they were among the happiest years of our lives. I am still

burdened for the pioneer, new field work. It is still very near our hearts and almost constantly on our minds. We have dreamed several times of late of being out in new fields again where precious souls were hungry for the gospel.

"Let me stay a little longer,
Gathering for the garner great,
Golden sheaves, oh, precious jewels,
Stars in, Jesus' crown complete.

Let me finish all my labor;
Then my armor I'll lay down,
And with Jesus Christ my Saviour,
Ever wear a starry crown.

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Chapter 11 EVANGELISTIC WORK

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark 16:15.

"Let me stay and wear the armor
That my father doth supply;
Let me cheer the broken-hearted,
Help the pilgrim on his way;

Let me point the poor and needy
To a boundless store of grace,
To a mansion in the heavens,
Where the weary are at rest."

We decided to take evangelistic relation when leaving the Northland District, but were urged to take the Williamston Circuit as we have already written. Having felt the evangelistic work on our hearts for years we asked for this relation in the year 1927 after having served the Williamston Church three years.

We have just closed a very long chapter on our pioneer work. We have gone into a number of New Fields and organized new societies since beginning our evangelistic work proper but since our chapter on Pioneer Work was so very long we decided we would write about our evangelistic work. I can see that our story is getting quite lengthy, and fear if we were to go into too much detail or try to write about all the meetings we have held in 22 years in the evangelistic work, we would have enough material to fill several books.

Since many of the revival meetings are quite alike, we will only notice those meetings where our experiences were unusual, or where some circumstances were out of the ordinary. We will not pay too much attention to chronological order but will try and group our meetings in

different localities in the United States and Canada. We will first write about our evangelistic work in Canada.

While serving the Williamston charge we became acquainted with a nurse from Canada whose name was Beulah Knight. This young lady was a good evangelist as well as nurse, and made her home with us for several years. One summer we took a trip to Canada with her to visit her people. While visiting some of her relatives in Ottawa, while having prayer on Sunday morning, God lifted me up to the third heaven as it were, as Paul said, and gave me a vision of the evangelistic work in Canada. God held me in this visionary state for several hours. Some things we saw and felt were unlawful for man to utter, but we felt impressed at that time and have been convinced since that God had a special work for us to do in Canada.

We have assisted, through the years, in about thirty-five regular revivals, nine camp meetings and several tent meetings in Canada. Our first meeting was held in Toronto, in the first part of the year 1928. When we crossed the border at Sarnia, the immigration officers took our car away from us, impounded it and kept the keys. We did not like it very well, told them so and said, "We will make an appeal to Ottawa." They laughed as if they were making fun of us and said, "It will do you no good for that is the regulation and has been for years." They were quite important and officious.

We went to Hamilton before returning, and saw Rev. J. W. Peach who was the superintendent of the district, and together we made an appeal to Ottawa. We explained that our ministers and missionaries traveled back and forth across the border a great deal and how it inconvenienced us having our cars taken from us. They immediately responded sending me a six month permit granting me the privilege of going back and forth with my car as much as I wished. When we came back to the border, we were the ones who had the laugh on them. We showed them our permit and said, "Now what do you think about appeal?" They grinned sheepishly and went to look for our keys, but could not find them. They looked everywhere high and low, and in different buildings but at last gave up. They held us up for hours when we were in a hurry. They were getting more humble all the time. At last they said, "We will have to wire your car so that you can get home and send to the factory and get you another set of keys. I said, "If we will have to do business with such careless fellows as you, when going back and forth, we may need a lot of keys, so you had better get us two sets while you are at it." They grinned sheepishly and said nothing.

They sent for the two sets of keys as we told them to, and in the meantime found our old set which made us three sets. We traveled back and forth a number of times on our permit. All we had to do was to wave our permit or say, "We are the parties whose keys you lost." They would grin and wave us on as if they were glad to get rid of us.

Before our six month permit had expired, they passed a new regulation in Ottawa permitting ministers and missionaries to use their cars while conducting meetings in Canada. This new regulation has been on their statute books since. We therefore had something to do with getting this new regulation enacted in Canada which has been such a help to us, ministers and missionaries ever since. Rev. B. Stevenson was the pastor of the Toronto Church. We were the third evangelist in a seven and one half week campaign. They said they held four and one half weeks without seeing a break and the people were greatly discouraged. We knew the other two preachers were

far superior to us in preaching ability. We felt our weakness and helplessness, but remembered that God had promised to send a revival if we would pay the price. We urged the people to fast and pray. Satan began to get stirred, and God came in power. We had a real old time revival and a goodly number were received into the church. I wish to relate at least one unusual or interesting experience while here. There was some talk of our assisting in their annual camp meeting the next summer and on a certain night the superintendent and a delegation were coming partly out of curiosity to find out what sort of preacher we were, and thus determine whether they wanted us for their camp meeting. I prayed much about a text and subject. The Lord seemed to impress me with a text I had never used. I was tempted to turn from this new text and subject about which I knew so little, and take a text and subject with which I was well acquainted. However, the Lord seemed to hold me to the new, text. I prayed and studied but did not seem to get much light on the matter. I wondered how I could speak forty-five minutes on a subject I knew so little about. I told the Lord if he wanted me to I would take the new text and trust Him since, He alone could help me. Night came, I went to the service feeling the cross heavily, but taking the new text the Lord gave me which was Isaiah 30:21. And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." The delegation came and so did God. The Holy Spirit inspired me as He seldom has, bringing thoughts to my mind, which gripped my own heart and others. We had a wonderful meeting with souls praying through and confessing out. The most unusual thing about it was I took the same text three nights in succession. Thus the Lord confirmed this lesson to my heart, that he could not only inspire, bless, and enable one to take a brand new text and subject for a special occasion, but he could make it last for three nights in succession.

We went on from Toronto to Hamilton where God gave us another good revival. A little later we went to a new field in Woodstock. Edna Riblet had been sent there as pastor but they had no society. The women's Missionary Society in Hamilton had voted to sponsor or finance a revival meeting in this new field, hoping they might raise up a work and organize a society. This was indeed missionary work and we think a very fine idea. We only wish more Women's Missionary Societies would get such a vision. They also voted to engage us as the evangelists. We held the meetings in the city hall on the second floor. There was a room in one corner of this building where there slept the drunks, bums and tramps. They had to walk across our pulpit platform to get to the room. We were interrupted sometimes because of this situation, but made the best of it and tried to help the poor souls. The Lord blessed the effort and enabled us to organize a society to the encouragement of all, especially the missionary women in Hamilton. We had one unusual experience while there which we would like to relate. We had a nice room in the home of some good people. While here we received notice from our home country informing us there had arisen a situation which demanded for immediate attention. We realized unless we looked after the matter right away our credit might be questioned. We were in desperation far away from our own country among strangers with no one to look to but God. We went to prayer in our room, praying earnestly, telling God in our desperation, "He just must help us." We prayed through and received the witness He had heard us. We needed about three hundred dollars to take care of the matter. Later that day a couple came to our room asking if they could help us out with a loan of some money. We told them we were in dire need and had been praying earnestly about the matter. They said, "We have three hundred dollars in the bank which we do not need at present and you can just as well use it as not." Furthermore they said, "You can pay us back any time you like and it won't cost you any interest." We were made very happy and praised the Lord for this victory. We came back the next summer to

assist in the Toronto District and Housey Rapids Camp Meetings. Since these were our first camps we came feeling the cross heavily. The meeting was held in a pine grove near the village of Holland Landing. The people came from far and near and we had a great crowd. There was quite a large field near the grove where the people parked their cars. I was out across that field on Sunday morning, just before going to the service, in meditation and prayer. Looking across the field it seemed almost as if the whole field was filled with cars. We went to the service taking for our text, "The Lord added to the church daily, such as should be saved. Acts 2:47. We never finished That message for the Lord came and blessed us, the people broke loose, and went jumping and shouting, and the service ended most gloriously. This was a two Sunday meeting. The last Sunday in the morning service the Lord came again in power and the people shouted the preacher down. May God give us more of these old time Holy Ghost meetings. Many sought the Lord for pardon or purity in this camp. Several unusual incidents occurred in this meeting. One day a woman testified in the love feast saying, "I do not have the victory. I live forty miles from here, I was so hungry for God I prayed asking him to open the way so that I could come to this camp and get victory. He opened the way, I am here and want you to pray for me." We had no preaching service that morning but did have something better. The woman came to the altar. It did not take her, who had come forty miles to find the Saviour, very long to find Him who had come much farther to find her.

On a Wednesday night while the altar call was being given two men fell in the straw under a burden of soul. They lay there for some time rolling and groaning. Later they arose and went on their way. I don't know that they knew all about what the burden was for. The following Sunday night a woman dropped her baby into the lap of a sister and came rushing to the altar. Her husband came also. Both seemed under conviction and sought the Lord earnestly. The woman testified about as follows: "It was last Wednesday night about a certain time, (which was the same night and about the same time those two men lay in the straw rolling under a burden). I was smitten with conviction. My husband was away to a dance. I took the Bible, read it, knelt down and prayed, and promised God I would serve him." Truly God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. We may not always know all about why He leads or burdens us as He does, but it is our business to give ourselves over to the Holy Spirit and let Him lead, guide, direct, or burden us as He pleases, Amen." I am convinced if we will pay the price we will see again enacted some of the unearthly, supernatural manifestations and demonstrations such as we witnessed in days gone by. From the Toronto Camp we went on to the Housey Rapids Camp. This was to be a one Sunday meeting. The people around that northern country were a humble, simple, common folk, who loved the Lord and let Him have His way. We enjoyed ourselves very much while worshipping with them. The camp was located on the banks of a lake where the mosquitoes were so dreadful that they had to carry a smudge around in the tent during the services. Evidently we did not have as much faith, or at least we did not get the inspiration a former pastor's wife did, who served the Housey Rapids charge a few years earlier. It seems the mosquitoes had been so bad a certain year they had spoiled the camp meeting. Many of the people had decided they would not go back and suffer that ordeal again. The pastor's wife became burdened for the coming camp and knowing how the people felt prayed about the matter. God gave her an inspiration and she prayed through about the pests and God gave her the witness of the Spirit that He heard her and there would be no mosquitoes to trouble them at the coming camp. She accordingly sent the word out telling the people to come and informing them there would be no pests, she had prayed through about the matter. The people came from far and near, some to get the good of the camp and no doubt, others out of curiosity. God was not slack concerning his promises and they had no pests that year. May

God bless such preacher's wives for the preacher is blessed already in having such a wife. While we are on the subject of mosquitoes we might relate another experience we had in connection with a new field tent meeting in Michigan. The tent was pitched in a wood lot. We had a good attendance the first night, but the mosquitoes were so terrible we could not sing, pray, or preach and had to close the service. The next night we had a good attendance again and the devil's agents came also. These pests don't seem to like me any better than I do them, and they nearly drove me wild. I saw there was no use, we would have to close the meeting again. We had a number of workers from nearby circuits present. God gave me an inspiration, I said, "Friends, I believe God wants to come and give us a revival here while the devil and his agents are determined to prevent it if they can. God is able to give us the victory over the devil and these pests. I suggest we fast and pray definitely about this matter between now and tomorrow night." In our earnestness and desperation, we went away to fast and pray. As we prayed God drew near and we believed for victory. We came back the next night, full of faith and sure enough, God had taken care of the mosquitoes. We had a good meeting, seventeen were received into the church while God gave us victory over the devil and his agents.

Some doubters might say, "Yes, but the weather might have changed and there might not have been any mosquitoes any other place." However, that was the wonderful thing about the matter. There were mosquitoes everywhere else except in the land of Goshen, "Oh, for a faith that laughs at impossibilities and cries it shall be done." We had a very good camp at Housey Rapids. We will relate one outstanding victory. There lived in the neighborhood a wicked backslider by the name of John Hill. He had been away from God for about twenty years. He had resisted and resisted until he had become proficient in the art of God resistance. He would come and go from the place of the holy, calmly and without a tear drop glistening in his eye. One night he came and went as usual, but not quite as usual for God put a heavy burden on several saints that night. They wrestled and struggled for hours. Mr. Hill went home but not to sleep that night for some saints were weeping between the porch and the altar for his soul. To the joy of those who were so earnestly praying in the middle of the night John Hill came tumbling into the group and prayed all the way back to father's house. The next night when we were about to take our text, up jumped John Hill saying, "I have followed the devil for twenty years and Oh, what misery. Now I have followed God for one short day and Oh, how wonderful." It was well for John Hill that some one travailed in birth for his soul in that camp meeting for before they held another camp meeting in Housey Rapids John Hill was in eternity. May God help us to make the application and take this lesson to heart.

We held two interesting revivals the following winter in Ontario. One was in Brace Bridge, the other at Hannon. We went up to Brace Bridge in November. Brace Bridge is quite a distance north. Just before the meeting closed a terrific snow storm struck the place. The snow drifted and piled up until it was impossible to drive the cars. We were very anxious to get to our next meeting. We waited several days and a brother offered to take our car on his sleighs and haul us with his horses to the next town about twelve miles. We were quite comfortable sitting in our car riding over the snow banks. However, it seemed to take a long time to go that distance. We arrived in this town just before night. We hoped to find the roads better when we reached this town but found them still in bad condition. We were very anxious to hurry on and found a party who was about to start for the south. They, too, were afraid but their business was urgent. We agreed to go together and help each other along the way. We learned later to our sorrow they were a

drinking, wicked bunch. We heard the snow plow had come as far north as the next town about twenty miles away and if we could get that far we could make it through. We slowly plowed through the snow for a few miles and both of us stuck in the deep snow. by this time it was late at night and the people along the sparsely settled road were in bed. We decided the only way we could get through, would be to hire a man and team to pull us. We both agreed to share the expense. By this time after having used our lights so much, our battery became so weak we could hardly start the car with it. I decided I would have to leave my wife in the car near where those wicked men were, wade through the deep snow quite a distance to the next house, wake up the people and try to hire the man to haul us through. When the man learned there was a woman up there in the car in the cold he consented. Since it would take him quite a while to get ready I started back to where my wife was in the car. She had turned on the lights so I could see where the road was. When I was part way back the lights went out, the battery died and I was left plunging around in the deep snow. I could not tell exactly where the road bed was. At last I became exhausted, I had worked hard all day and had not eaten much since morning. I became desperate, and prayed earnestly for strength to enable me to get back to the car. God answered, gave me strength and I waded on. We at last started down the road through the snow. The man with his horses pulling my car and making a road for the rear car to follow. He pulled us all the way to the edge of the town where we reached the better road, which the snow plow had made. We stopped to loosen the ropes and settle up with the accommodating man. I was out talking to the man when all at once the man behind pulled out whirled around us and went tearing down the road. We could scarcely believe our eyes to think a man could be so mean and dishonest as to run off and let a poor preacher pay the whole bill. The man must have been a good driver or he could not have followed me all the way through the night. Now the roads were good and away he went, but not very far. He could get through the snow banks all right, but he could not get away from God, any more than Jonah could. It seemed God did not intend to let him run off and let the preacher pay his part of the bill. Before he had gone far his car left the road and plunged off into the ditch in the deep snow where it was impossible to get out. We had him where he could not get away or get out without the help of the horses. We pulled him out but would not let him go until he paid his bill. How happy we were to get through safely and find a nice warm place to stay the rest of the night. We were badly chilled. God gave us a good meeting at Brace Bridge and a goodly number were added to the church. We would like to mention one unusual conversion. There lived near the church a very wicked man by the name of Dave MacDonald. God brought him under deep conviction. He feared he might die before night, went out in the barn and prayed God to spare him until night, promising Him he would go to the altar and get saved that night. He came to the altar and sought the Lord so earnestly we could not even get his attention until he broke through to victory. His face lighted up, he opened his eyes and said, "Glory to God, Jesus is mine, I am saved." He took his seat testified twice saying, "Glory to God, Jesus is mine, I am saved." When he shook hands with the pastor on his way out of the church he said, "Glory to God, Crowder, Jesus is mine, I am saved. I am going home now to tell my May (his wife)." Some said they heard him going down the sidewalk still saying, "Glory to God, Jesus is mine, I am saved."

The meeting closed a few days later. We received letters shortly after this telling of the tragic death of Bro. MacDonald. They said, "A few days after the meeting closed he went to work hauling logs. The chain broke and the logs rolled. Mr. MacDonald fell down in front of the logs, the horses became frightened and ran away, dragging him. They gathered up what was left of him, took him to a hospital while he kept saying, "I am so glad I got saved that night." As he grew

weaker he continued saying, "I am so glad I was saved that night." He slipped out into eternity still saying, "I am so glad I got saved that night." Some day I expect to meet Bro. MacDonald on the gold paved streets, have him grasp me by the hand saying, "Oh, Bro. Haywood, I am so glad I got saved that night."

Our next meeting was in Hannon a country place about ten miles out side of Hamilton. The meetings were going well when a big snow storm struck the place, drifting and piling the snow until it was impossible for the people to get out to the services. We had to close the meeting and again get a brother to take us in our car on his sleighs to Hamilton where we proceeded slowly on our way home to Spring Arbor, Michigan. We held many more meetings in Ontario in such places as Ridgeway, Brantford, Welland, Dunnville, London, Midland, Peterborough, Harrowsmith, Westport, Vanacher, Thedford, and several other places. We also held a good tent meeting on the old Godfrey camp ground where, I think, Bishop Fairbairn held his first camp meeting in Canada. We assisted in a camp meeting near Fort William and two camps on Drummond's Island. A very unusual incident occurred in connection with the camp at Fort Wilham which we would like to relate. A woman living several miles from the camp was brought under deep conviction, and walked back and forth to the meetings every day. She would weep and weep but would not move. A number went to her but she would only weep and shake her head, God gave me an inspiration one day. I went to her saying, "Satan has an awful hold on you, hasn't he?" She nodded her head yes. I said "You will just have to jerk to get loose from him." She gave one sudden, hard jerk and landed at the altar. It looked as though she took the devil by surprise by her sudden, quick jerk and before he had time to collect his thoughts she was gone. It was wonderful the way the poor soul prayed through to a clear and definite experience. Some said, "We feel sorry for her, trying to live religion with her big, wicked, lumberjack husband." It seems she went home told her husband about it, set up a family altar and took her stand for God. Who should come to the meeting with her the next Sunday, but this big wicked husband, who was a giant in size and stood head and shoulders above some of them. When they took an offering for me that day I noticed he reached down in his colored shirt pocket and pulled out a bill and threw it into the offering plate. I thought, "Well, that fellow's heart has been touched as well as his pocket book." He was present again in the night service, and so was the wicked gang he had been associated with. When the invitation was given he boldly marched down to the altar. It looked as though he had waited until the night service on purpose so that the old gang would be present that he might take his stand right in front of them. It stirs my heart again to think of the way that wicked sinner plowed his way through to definite victory until the very atmosphere seemed charged with the glory of God. He jumped to his feet and began to exhort and if ever we heard a spiritual exhortation we heard it that night as fearlessly he walked back and forth with the truth fairly rolling from his lips. We sat there spell bound with the tears running down our cheeks. He closed his exhortation saying, "And now I am ready for any hard scrabble circuit in Canada." I would go a long way today to hear another such an exhortation as that. God give us more of such victories and exhortations. There was another strange incident in connection with this camp. In an old hall about one-fourth mile from the camp the rowdies, decided to put on a big dance, and make so much noise with their instruments they would break up our meeting, if possible. However, we began before they did and we were told that by the time they were ready to begin we had gotten up so much momentum they could not even get started. We were singing, shouting, and praising God so loudly that when they tried to start they heard our singing and shouting until they became so confused they gave up and quit. God gave us the victory again, and made the wrath of man to praise him.

In closing our report on the Ontario meetings, we will write about a tent meeting in a new field a few miles from Essex. This meeting was held in a country place on the farm of a Mr. and Mrs. Payne. Their conversion story is quite unusual. There were no Free Methodist services near where Mr. and Mrs. Payne lived. Mr. Payne went to a camp meeting one year. His wife did not go. He was deeply convicted, sought and found God. He came home overflowing with joy, telling his wife and all the neighbors about how wonderful it was to be "borned again," as he called it. He went all around the country making restitution and telling every one about his wonderful "borned again" experience. One day while praying out in the barn God spoke to him saying, "Your wife has never been 'borned again' and I want you to tell her and try and get her to get saved." Mr. Payne said, "It was a great cross for me for I knew she had been a professor of religion and a church member for years and knowing her disposition did not know what might happen." However, he must obey God and went into the house, sat down and proceeded about as follows. "Effie, come here, I want to talk with you." Effie came and waited. He said, "Effie, I don't want to make you feel bad, but God told me to tell you something. I don't want to hurt your feelings." He hesitated, and hesitated trying to get up his courage to say what he knew she would not like to hear.

At last he blurted out, "Effie, God told me to tell you, you had never been 'borned again'." If there was any doubt in his mind immediately preceding what he said, there was not immediately following. She flew into a rage, saying, "And so you think you and those Free Methodists are the only ones going to heaven, do. you?" He answered, "No, Effie, I might backslide and not get there but if you ever get there, you will have to be 'borned again'." She turned away in anger. He was deeply grieved, but held on to God in earnest prayer. God answered and brought her under deep conviction. A day or two later she came to him humbly asking him to pray for her, saying, "Husband, I realize now I have never been converted and I want you to pray for me that I might get that wonderful experience like you have." Since they did not have any preacher near them to pray for them they went at it by themselves. The following is substantially the story he told us. "We went into the front room, went down on our knees and began to pray. We prayed for some time but she did not get through. We said, 'let us go into the kitchen now and try it there, We went into the kitchen and tried it there, but she did not succeed any better. We then said, 'Well, let us go up stairs, but did not get it there. We hardly knew where to go next, but thought we might go out in the barn and try it there. We went out in the barn and prayed, she did not make it. Then I happened to think of the way I got it. I said, 'I remember now when I was praying at camp meeting Bro. Hyndman was kneeling in front of me and took hold of each of my hands with each one of his as we raised them high in the air.' We then agreed to try it that way. I knelt directly in front of her, she raised both hands up and I took hold of them and we both prayed, but it did not seem to work any better that way. We began to feel discouraged for we had tried it in almost every place and almost every way. We agreed we might as well go back to the house and try it there again, but we were almost to our wit's end. On the way to the house Effie said, "Yes," to the last thing that stood in her way. She said, "Yes, Lord, I will make that confession." Then it did not matter whether they went upstairs, out to the barn or down in the basement for when we say the last yes, God will meet any place. "We went into the house, went into the front room, fell on our knees and the power of God fell on us in such a wonderful manner that Effie was smitten to the floor and lay there under the power of the Spirit. I said, 'Effie will be very weak after scarcely eating or sleeping for days and nights. I will go out and get her a little lunch to give her a little strength.' I went out in the kitchen and while getting the lunch, all at once I heard a noise, turning around I saw Effie coming,

bounding into the kitchen." Brother Payne was a large man, weighing over two hundred pounds, while Mrs. Payne was a small woman. "Grabbing me, she threw me all around the kitchen, shouting and praising God." For, she too, had gotten that wonderful "borned again" experience. Praise the Lord. She soon saw her mother coming into the yard from where she lived up the road -- Effie ran out on the porch, praising God and saying, "Oh, Mother, good news. I have that wonderful experience too. I have been converted, and oh, it is so wonderful." Her mother looked at her, and the tears began to trickle down her cheeks. She said, "Why Effie, I supposed you always were a good Christian." "No, Mother," she said, "I was only a church member but is so wonderful to be converted." The arrow of conviction was driven to her mother's heart right there. She began seeking, and she, too, soon found a definite experience. We came and held the tent meeting on Brother Payne's farm. The devil was greatly stirred. It looked at one time as though the young rowdies would break up the meeting, but we prayed and God gave the victory. A number sought the Lord. We organized a society and closed with a baptismal service. I baptized Effie, along with a number of others, out in Old Lake Erie while the waves were rolling high, and I declare unto you, she very nearly baptized me before I could get her back to the shore. When I brought her up out of the water, she did not stop going up, but began jumping and shouting. I nearly lost my balance, but finally managed to get her to shore, but could not keep her there. She grabbed another woman, pulled her out in the lake, and they together went leaping and praising God, and all of the people saw them. In the spring of 1932, we started for Alberta to hold a number of meetings and the camp meeting. We held meetings in Calgary, Lacombe, and Edmonton. Since the one in Edmonton was the only unusual one I will only go into detail in connection with this meeting. God came and poured out His Spirit in the very first part of the meeting. Streeter Arnett was the pastor and backed up the meeting from the first to the last. Souls began to seek the Lord in the beginning of the meeting and in nearly every service. At the close of the service twenty four united with the church on probation. Thus the meeting closed with victory and success. At this time we would like to mention some of the unusual things which occurred in connection with this unusual meeting. Some went out with their cars or trucks and hauled the people in. We found a widow who had four boys from about fifteen to twenty-four. They were very poor and lived in a one-room shanty built like a chicken coop with a one sided roof. The boys came to the altar about the second night, but were so very ignorant they did not know what to do, but they tried to do what ever we told. them. When we would say look up they would open their eyes and look up at the ceiling. They did not seem to be able to grasp the situation, The mother did not come at first. One day I called on her and she told me she would like to be a Christian but did not know how to go about it. I told her to come to the meeting that night and when the invitation was given, come to the altar and gave her heart to the Lord. She said she would. She came but did not respond when the altar call was first given. It dawned on me she was waiting for me to give her a special signal since she seemed to keep eyeing me. I then motioned her to come and she started immediately. When the boys saw their mother come to the altar it broke them all up. They came hurrying to the altar to pray for her, fell down beside her, began to pray earnestly and seemed to break through themselves while praying for their mother. Then they were all very happy. About the next night after the altar service we were having a testimony meeting. One of these poor, ignorant boys arose and spoke about as follows. "I am so happy since Jesus saved me I can not begin to tell it, now I would like to go out and help others to get saved." Then he broke down until his feelings overcame him. Sinking down in his seat he covered his face and wept as if his heart would break. I said to myself, "Boy, I have a feeling you will be going out sometime and help others to get saved." That is what I am about to relate now.

They wrote me about what these boys did a little while after we left. They could not find any work around home, became restless, and decided to go up north towards the Peace River country. I think they either had a homestead or decided to take one up. Soon after they arrived they began to feel a burden for poor lost souls in that shanty country and thought they would start a Sunday School. Then they began to get so burdened they thought they should have a revival meeting. The poor boys had no education, and I don't suppose they could sing much, but happily they had not found out yet, they could not do anything but with the heaven-born desire to see souls saved, burning in their hearts they went at it. They tried to sing a little and then with their hearts all broken up would tell the people what the Lord had done for them and what He could do for others. I declare if it did not work. God endorsed, poured out His Spirit and they said, that they had the greatest revival they had, had in the Alberta Conference for years."

I am wondering if the same method would not work today. They very wisely waited to send for a preacher to organize a society until the meeting was over, for he might have spoiled the whole thing. We came back to the camp meeting the next year and met a number of the converts who had come down the river on a raft part way and then the rest of the way in an old truck. There we met some of our spirited grand children for the first time, even if some of them were older than we. I often wondered what became of those boys. When we were in that country last year we inquired and we were told three of them became preachers and We praised the Lord.

One more unusual experience in connection with this meeting. A nurse by the name of Dora Eckart came to the meeting one night and was brought under deep conviction the first night as is often the case when one has never been in many spiritual meetings. It seems she knew but little about spiritual meetings. She went out crying, saying, "I wanted to go up in front tonight but I did not have a late leave, but I am going to get a late leave tomorrow night, bring my sister and we will both go up in front."

That was just what she did. She became a soul winner before she was even converted. Dora wrote to her uncle and aunt with whom she had lived since she was a child, making some confessions and asking forgiveness. Her own father and mother had separated when she was a little girl and this was the only time she had ever known. Her uncle and aunt wrote back telling her, "She need never come home again, they were through with her if she was going to make a fool of herself and go crazy over religion."

She was broken-hearted and tempted to give up if it was going to cost her her home. I talked with her saying, "You know Jesus gave up his home, came all the way down here and died for your sake, are you not willing to give up your home for Jesus' sake?" She thought a few seconds and answered in a determined manner, "Yes, I am and I will." She did and became a very good Christian girl. Later her people forgave her and wanted her to pray for them. Her sister, Gladis, also took the way and became a good Christian. A few nights after Dora was converted she brought another nurse along with her, who also went to the altar and sought the Lord.

As the Holy Spirit began to talk to these girls they saw they were too worldly in their dress. They also saw in the Bible where it read, "We must adorn ourselves in modest apparel with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with gold or pearls or costly array. We believe all will see and feel if they follow the Holy Spirit and read the Word of God. These girls talked it over and agreed

they could not wear these worldly ornaments, but how to get rid of them was a problem. One suggested they dig a hole in the ground and bury them, another said no, for some one might dig them up and find them. Another said, "I will tell you what to do with them, let us take them down to that old high level bridge and bury them in the bottom of the old muddy river." The others said, "Amen" to that. They then asked us to go with them and hold a sort of a burial service. That was one time I enjoyed going to a burial service. The girls had been quite worldly and had a lot of trinkets, such as bracelets, rings, broaches, necklaces. There was such a wonderful spirit there and we were having such a wonderful time. They decided not to drop them all at once but decided to drop them one at a time and make the service last as long as possible. How God did bless us there and after the rest walked away I lingered loathe to leave the spot, it was so much like heaven. I felt like building some tabernacles and staying there. The next year when we came back to the camp meeting I asked Dora. "Are you sorry you gave up your idols?" She answered, "No," I asked, "Have you ever wanted them back?" She answered, "No, not once and no doubt, one reason was she couldn't get them back if she had wanted them. They were buried out of sight in mud in the bottom of the river. The reason some people go back to their idols is because they know where they are for they've tucked them away in a safe place, where they could peek at them once awhile and thus revive their appetite for the leaks and onions of Egypt. The sure way to get rid of your old habits, the old gang, and the old haunts, and your idols is not to hang around those places. Not try to taper off on the installment plan, but put the accursed thing from you once and forever.

Dora later became school nurse in one of our schools and then night supervisor in our Home of Redeeming Love in Oklahoma City and still later married a minister in Colorado who is in the work in that conference at present. We had several unusual experiences in connection with and preceding this camp. I had been ill for several weeks before starting for Alberta. We were in close circumstances financially, having labored in some poor fields, We did not have the means to pay our expenses on the way to Alberta. We prayed about this matter, and then started out trusting God. A few days before we left, a man in Grand Rapids, Michigan gave me several dollars.

We left home driving toward the north. When passing through Howard City we thought of an old sister whom we had known when on this circuit years previously. We were in a hurry but said, "Let us stop and call on this old widow woman, who was not a member of any church." We stopped and prayed. She was encouraged and handed us five dollars. We were encouraged for the Lord was providing for our needs. We stopped with an old friend near the straits that night who was not a member of any church. We had a service in a hall that night. They took a free will offering and gave us about seven dollars. We were more encouraged as we went on our way across the border of Saskatchewan. We stopped with a pastor over Sunday and spoke in the Sunday services. When we left he handed us two dollars. We drove on cross the border of Alberta and stopped with some Free Methodist people. When we left they gave us two dollars. Thus we received on our way just about enough to pay our expenses all the way there.

When we arrived at Alix, Alberta where the camp meeting was to be held, we learned Bishop Zahniser had arrived a day or two earlier. Since he had been there long enough to rest and I was tired from my long journey, they asked him to take the first night service. He used as his text, "Wilt thou not revive us again?" Psalm 85:6. His theme, What is a revival? We had a good service. The next morning was my turn since we alternated all through the camp. I had an unusual experience that morning, I had driven so far to get there and had not had the time and opportunity to

pray as much as usual, while on the way. I was feeling the heavy cross of preaching along side of one of the greatest pulpit preachers our church ever had. I therefore made my way in the early morning across the country where I could find a place alone with God. I was saying to myself, "I must have special help from God for this very special occasion and since I haven't been able to pray as much as usual while on our trip, I will therefore no doubt, have quite a siege of wrestling and holding on before I can get blessed out anew as I will need to."

I went to my knees determined to stay there until I had broken through to a real time of refreshing. I fell on my knees and began what I thought was to be a long siege when the Lord almost took my breath away by coming almost before I could begin to ask. He blessed, anointed and refreshed my soul until I shouted and shouted. God taught me the lesson that He knew all about my trip and how difficult it had been to pray under the circumstances and was ready to bless and help. I went back to the camp and spoke from the text, "Revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Habakkuk 3:2. The theme "How to promote a revival." God came in great power. Some went jumping and shouting while we were preaching. We stated in our message, if we would promote a revival we must get a revival in our own heart first of all. When we made the appeal Bishop Zahniser came rushing to the altar. How he did pray. Oh, God, I have allowed the cares and responsibilities of life to crowd out my prayer life until I have lost the keen edge. God came in power, blessed his soul anew and gave him a special anointing. He talked and talked about it during the rest of the meeting. He said, "Bro. Haywood, when you made that appeal, I said, 'I want to be the first one to the altar'," and he was. When the camp saw that good spiritual bishop come to the altar, I suppose they thought that if that spiritual bishop needs to go to the altar for a renewal and a blessing out, what about the rest of us?

With one accord the people came to the altar and the power of God came down upon us and what a meeting it was! This was the beginning of a great camp meeting. This is the way every revival should begin. We went on from there to the Saskatchewan camp and conference. The first day of the conference Bishop Zahniser received a telegram stating his wife was very ill and if he would see her before she went he would have to hurry. He left the conference and hurried home and arrived just in time to say good-bye to her. Yes, he needed that special anointing down the road just a little ways, and so may we.

We held several more meetings in the Alberta Conference after the camp and then went on to the west coast. Since then we have held a number of meetings in Saskatchewan. We will now swing back to the United States and write concerning meetings in our own country. Our first meeting after we took evangelistic relation were held in Minnesota. Our first one was at Henrictt, Minnesota. W. S. Kendall, who later became and still is, a well known evangelist in the Free Methodist Church was the pastor. The Lord gave us a good meeting here. We only wish we had space to relate in detail many interesting incidents which occurred in these different meetings but as we stated before it would take several volumes to hold them. We went on from here to South Haven. A Bro. Elliot was the pastor. We were entertained at a beautiful farm home owned by some good pilgrims by the name of Partridge. We became very good friends and still visit them as often as we can. Our meeting was starting out well when a certain thing occurred which we would like to relate. South Haven was a little rural village some distance from any large city. The announcement was made all through the neighborhood that a show troop was coming to put on a show in the large town hall continuing every night for a whole week. This was a great attraction to

these country folk. The large town hall was situated across from the little Free Methodist Church. When we came down, the first night of the show, to hold our meeting we found the streets lined with cars, which belonged to the people who had come to the show. The hall was full. We went over to our church and found only a few people present. We were very much grieved and burdened. God gave us an inspiration. We said, "I don't believe God is pleased to have the devil run off with this whole thing, I believe God is able to put the devil's show program out of business." I suggest we make this affair a subject of fasting and prayer. Let us fast and pray tomorrow, God is able to defeat the devil who, it seemed, had this show timed just right to defeat our meeting." There was a large wood lot back on the farm where we were staying, where we went everyday to pray. We went back the next day and prayed and held on until we felt we had prayed through and God had given us the witness He had heard. No doubt, the others were praying at the same time. We seemed to get the idea God would burn down the old hall. Night came, we went down to church trusting God. God had answered for there were not enough to show to that night and the show troop left the town while our meeting went on in power. Souls were saved, sanctified and added to the church. When we came to meeting that night and saw the old hall standing we were a little disappointed, but when we came back several years later to assist in another meeting the old hall was in ashes. I don't think they have ever tried to rebuild it. This was the fall of 1927. We went back to Michigan and held some meetings in the Michigan Conference. We held a three week meeting in a new field about thirteen miles from First Church Detroit, Reverend E. A. DeMille was pastor of first church. The first church sponsored the new field project. We had a good meeting in the new field and while we were there a revival broke out in First Church thirteen miles away. They had voted to have their pastor hold their fall meeting since this was his first year on the circuit. When they saw God was working so mighty they voted again to have us swing our meeting over to First Church. The good revival rolled on for three more weeks and we saw many manifestations and demonstrations of God's supernatural power. These good old fashioned saints often shouted the preacher down and he had to wait until the blessing subsided. One night while we were preaching, the glory of God burst in upon us. The saints went up and down the aisles shouting and praising God while backsliders and sinners were made hungry for the old-time blessing. I stood waiting for things to quiet down before I attempted to proceed. All at once I thought, "This would be a good time to give an altar call." Accordingly I lifted my voice and shouted, "If any of you people want to seek God come to the altar now." Hungry souls came dodging around the blessed saints as they hurried past them to the altar. One time while the blessing of the Lord was falling a great big giant of a man got blessed came up in front, grabbed me and threw me up in the air and let me get down the best way I could.

A girl by the name of Cook prayed through, the latter part of the meeting, and was so blessed she laughed and laughed. She laughed so hard she could hardly testify and sat down and laughed some more and then doubled up and laughed. She then went back and sat down by a friend still laughing. She turned and said to her friend while she kept laughing, "I never was so happy in all of my life." Strangely enough for six long weeks she had been fighting the one and only thing that could make her supremely happy. Still more strangely some have been fighting it for six or sixty years. A young man by the name of Miner prayed through in this meeting and has been preaching the gospel for years.

I have already stated that I cannot possibly write all of our travels and meetings in connection with our evangelistic work. No doubt, many of our experiences would make interesting

reading, but space forbids. We have nearly always traveled by auto. It has been our privilege to visit nearly all of our National Parks in the United States and Canada in connection with our travels. We have also visited all of our schools and colleges except one. We have held meetings in the most of the states. One year we traveled through thirty states and several provinces, held meetings in thirteen of them and two Canadian provinces. We have spent at least eight winters on the west coast holding meetings all the way from British Columbia to Southern California. We have spent a part of two winters in Florida and have kept at it steadily, going up and down and back and forth across the United States and Canada for over twenty-two years, laboring incessantly for souls and the Master. We also assisted in a number of camp meetings in the States during this time. We will now confine ourselves mostly to our own state and to some of our experiences in Poor Fields. We have assisted in approximately one hundred and twenty regular revivals in our own conference which I think break all records. We have held as many as three meetings on one circuit during one conference year. We have held as many as five, six or seven on some circuits.

We held one meeting a year for six years in one new field until the work became established. We assisted one pastor ten times, one nine, one seven, and ever-so-many three or four times. We have also held many meetings in the North Michigan Conference, the one in which I spent the early years of my ministry.

I am writing at this time about several unusual meetings and the preparation for a revival. God always comes over a prepared road. Malachi 3:1. When we do our part and get things out of the way "the Lord will come suddenly to his temple."

We were asked by our pastor Rev. L. Howison to hold a one week Prayer Revival at our home church, Lyndon Avenue, Flint. This would be our fifth meeting in this church. Our first one was with the late Rev. C. E. Caswell which was a real revival at which time we received thirty-nine (mostly adults) into the church on probation. This last meeting was to be a Prayer Revival a whole week on Prayer, mainly for the church. Of course, they would not ask me to hold a regular revival since we had already held four in this church. And again because I was just a neighbor and now living next door to the parsonage and only two doors from the church. The meeting began on Sunday at which time I felt impressed to speak concerning the meeting. I said, "I feel impressed to make a prediction to you people today. If eighty per cent of you people will cooperate in this program of prayer and fasting, praying at least one hour a day and fasting as well I will guarantee that inside of one week God will send a revival." The people thought, it seemed, one week is not long. We will do it. They had not had a stirring revival for several years and needed one badly. The people began to fast and pray and it did not take God a week to come. He came suddenly to His temple. In about four days the Lord broke in upon us. Along with the church people, backsliders and sinners began to come without any urging. The Spirit of the Lord began to stir the camp. They had not advertised the meeting since they only thought of having a church meeting, but the supernatural did the advertising. We did not specialize in preaching sermons or special singing, but just let the Holy Spirit direct and lead. At the end of the week they had a revival on. Some in these last days have gotten the idea that in order to have a revival they will have to get an evangelist from the other end of the continent, or one who has a great reputation, but this is a great mistake. In fact, this very situation may militate against the success of the meeting since the tendency might be to depend on the man instead of God. Some around the country said, "Just think they are having a wonderful meeting over there with no one but Bro. Haywood as

evangelist." God taught them the lesson that it was not Bro. Haywood but Bro. Haywood's God they needed. The people said at the end of the week, "We can't close this meeting, Bro. Haywood, you will have to stay." We postponed our next meeting to stay another week. The interest and attendance was greater than ever. We stayed another week and still another until we had held five Sundays. We had some very good children's meetings during the Sunday School hour. There lived several miles from the church a worldly man and woman by the name of Ross and Violet Smith. They usually brought their two children, Shirley and Marvin to Sunday School and then hurried away before the preaching service. On this occasion Violet came alone with the children and since we took over during the Sunday School hour we caught her off guard. When we gave the invitation her two children came to the altar. When she saw her children go to the altar she broke down and cried so hard she was almost beside herself. She came to the altar and prayed so earnestly she soon broke through to a shouting victory. This was a great meeting. Violet and children then went home to tell, Ross who in turn became convicted. However, he would not come to meeting all of the next week but appeared to be trying to dodge the issue. Violet came every night while Ross stayed at home all alone. He began to get most awfully lonesome before the week was ended, and it served him right for he should have been at church with his family. On the next Sunday Violet and the children came to the morning service which lasted until about 2:00 in the afternoon. We had another great meeting in the evening which lasted until after midnight. When they arrived home, Ross was still up waiting. When they came in, he said, "Violet, how long are you going to keep this up. You have left me here all alone for ten hours, how long are you going to keep this up?" She answered, "Just as long as I live if I have to go every step of the way alone." This sort of took his breath, but he broke down, saying, "You won't have to go alone I will go with you." That is just what they have been doing for the past years, going together. More women would see their husbands saved if they would take a more definite, decided stand for God. The Lord began to talk to Violet about her worldliness in dress. Wanting to do just what the Lord wanted her to do, she went to her closet and began to trim her worldly dresses. As she trimmed she got blessed, shouted and wept for joy. I am convinced more people would get blessed more if they would do more trimming. She took her jewelry out in the yard, dug a hole and poured it in. She then said she heard her sainted mother say (who had been in heaven for years) "Violet, it isn't all gold that glitters." The last Sunday or during the meeting a goodly number joined the church on probation.

The next meeting we wish to write about was quite similar to the last one in that God came after due preparation had been made. This meeting was held in Pontiac First Church. This was our fourth meeting in this church. Our first introduction to the Pontiac society was as follows: While serving the Belding Church in the North Michigan Conference, the society voted to furnish a room in our Home of Redeeming Love in Detroit. This home was in charge of Sister Newberry. We were appointed a committee to take the furnishings down there. When we arrived we found a poor little thirteen year old girl in our room. They told us a tragic story connected with her fall. She, with her people, lived in Cadillac, Michigan. Her mother, like too many parents, thought her little girl was innocent and meant no harm and allowed her to run the streets nights. When her mother learned her little girl had been ruined she suffered a tremendous shock. She went to bed that night it seemed in good health, but they found her dead the next morning. They said she died of a broken heart. Many parents today are dying by degrees of broken heart because they failed to restrict or discipline their children when they were young.

On our way home from Detroit we stopped at Pontiac to visit my brother-in-law, who was pastor of the Nazarene church. They told us they were holding revival services at the Free Methodist Church and asked me if I would like to go. My father-in-law, brother-in-law, and I walked over to the service that night. When Rev. H. Barnes, who was the pastor, saw me he recognized me as a preacher from the North Michigan Conference and began to beg me to preach that night. I reluctantly consented and drew the bow at a venture for I did not know anything about the people or conditions existing. We learned later there had been strife and hard feelings between the people since the conference, a few months earlier. I learned also they had already held two or three weeks and had seen no break and the preacher had become so discouraged he had actually prayed God to let him die. The Lord directed us in the message that night. Among other things we spoke concerning confession and restitution and it seemed to be a nail driven in a sure place. God gripped the situation and we had an altar full of seekers. The Lord mightily moved the people.

Bro. Barnes begged and begged me to stay and preach the next night, but I said, "I don't believe I can, we must hurry home." The next morning I went down to the railroad station early, stepped up to the ticket window and the Lord met me there saying, "You can not go home you must stay and preach tonight." I obeyed, went back and preached that night and have always been glad I did, for we saw a marvelous outpouring of the spirit of God, and the altar was filled again. One young man fell out of his seat on the floor screaming for mercy. They told us the people had been going around that day confessing and making restitution. They told us later the tide was turned in those two meetings and the work went on in power. Bro. Barnes never ceased to remind me or what God wrought for them in those two nights. Later we assisted Rev. Barnes, Rev. A. D. Warren and Rev. N. Rensberry, in revivals in Pontiac. We will now write about the meeting we had in mind. Rev. S. R. Whims was the pastor and engaged us for an One Week Prayer Revival.

The people cooperated in prayer and fasting, confession and restitution. Again God vindicated His word, poured out His Spirit and a revival broke out before the end of the week. On Sunday night when the meeting was supposed to close, the altar was filled, some were slain and others were seeking around in the congregation. One young man ran out of the church to get away from God while his mother was slain under a burden for him. He went all the way home, but could not stay, had to come back to the church and pray through to victory. Some began to say, "This meeting ought not to close, we have a revival on." They came to me asking me if we would stay. We told them, "If we can arrange we are willing, as we always have been, to stay until God was through with us. We postponed other meetings and to make a long story short the meeting continued five Sundays. We think it should have continued longer but the next pastor refused to postpone longer and we had to close. They told us at conference the revival continued all the rest of the year. The next year Bro. Whims engaged us to hold what we called a non-stop meeting. That is, made arrangements early enough, so that we could hold as long as the Lord thus led or about as they did in the days of Cartwright and Redfield. I believe, in this type of revivals and wish we could have more of them. God gave us another good meeting which also lasted five Sundays with a number joining the church.

We are thinking of two more meetings where preparation played a vital part. The first one was in First Church Grand Rapids only a few years ago. I was taken ill while holding a meeting in a country church in Canada. We came across the border and went to Columbus, Indiana to hold a meeting. I was ill all through this meeting. I then came back to Gladwin, Michigan still ill but

trying to carry on. After about one week I was stricken very ill and taken to the hospital where I became worse and some feared I might pass over. When I was at my worst my wife sent word to several churches asking them to pray for me.

On a Sunday morning our home church at Lyndon Avenue prayed for me. The people at our old home church and the Grand Rapids Church, where we were scheduled to begin a meeting in January prayed and also the Gladwin people. It would seem almost impossible for a person to die with all of those good people praying for him at the same time. God answered prayer and I began to improve that day, I was brought home in about another week. I might tell of an experience I had when I was very low, From the time I was converted I had always felt my weakness and dependence on the Holy Spirit. I had never used any outline when preaching, but had prayed until I felt the message was burned on my heart. I never seemed to lack for enough to say but was more inclined to speak too long. While looking out into eternity I thought of the past and future and made a new covenant with the Lord. I vowed to him if He would raise me up and let me continue in His work I would try and exalt and honor the Holy Spirit as I never had before. I might add, by way of testimony, that I have endeavored to do this, ever since and God has blessed and these last few years, I believe, have been the most spiritual of all my life. The people in Grand Rapids were expecting us the first of January and began to fast and pray for the coming meeting. When we could not come then they said, "We will fast and pray until you can come." When we could not come that week they said, "We will keep on praying and fasting." They continued to fast and pray for several weeks while waiting for us. We came about the last week in January and found by the spiritual atmosphere the people has prepared the way for the coming of the Lord as well as the evangelist. Rev. E. A. Price was the pastor and backed. us up throughout the meeting. The Lord began to pour out His spirit at the beginning. We were scheduled to hold two weeks, but the Lord came in such power we decided we could not close, and sent word to New Hope, Louisiana, where we were to hold our next meeting to postpone a week. They notified us they had started their meeting about a week before we were scheduled to arrive, thus preparing the way for the revival meeting proper. At the end of the third week sent another telegram telling them we could not come for still another week. They sent us the word it would be all right and they would hold on another week while waiting for us. We held on in Grand Rapids for five Sundays. God gave us a great meeting with a large number joining the church. Some who heard about the meeting, came as far as forty or fifty miles to attend. We then drove on to New Hope, Louisiana where we found them ready for a revival. They had held three weeks while waiting for us. After holding for three weeks we all thought we were about ready to begin, when some think at the end of two weeks itis time to close. I am convinced we close our meetings many times just when it is time to begin. It will take from one to two weeks in most places to prepare the way for a real revival. Due to this preparation the second night the power of God broke in upon us and the altar was filled and the revival was on. Nearly every night we had from sixty to seventy-five unsaved people attending. A number sought the Lord and united with the church. One of them has been preaching the gospel since. One wicked man was saved who had broken up a home, taken another man's wife and raised a family out of wedlock. What a predicament, but the man was determined, made restitution, built a separate house for the woman, lived for God and they said died and went to Heaven. How merciful God must be.

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Chapter 12 MISCELLANEOUS

Hardship and Danger

Men That have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ. Acts 15:26.

We have already written about some dangers which confronted us in our work and travels, but at this time I will mention a few instances when we were confronted by grave danger and how God protected us. We have traveled by auto all through the years. Mrs. Haywood has gone with me through danger seen and unseen, through sickness as well as health, working faithfully by my side never complaining, but doing all for Jesus' sake.

While traveling the Coral and Howard City circuit we went over to Stanwood, Michigan pitched a big tent for the meetings and a small one to live in. We had held a few meetings in an unused Advent Church preceding the tent meeting and the young ruffians had yelled, scoffed and jeered around the church and as we drove along the road. We were nervous about this matter of keeping order even before we began the tent meeting, but decided to take our lives into our own hands and make the effort. On Saturday night when beginning the meeting a large crowd was in attendance, Many of them were on the outside. After the meeting closed we went to our tent, but a number of the rough young men gathered around our tent and milled around for some time. A young lady by the name of Maud Bessemer was with us and how we did pray, for we were frightened. The next day when filling our appointment at Howard City we spoke to several husky young men, one of them a converted wrestler, asking them if they would not come over and help keep order, for it looked as though we were headed for trouble. They did not seem at all anxious and when I urged them, asking why they did not want to come, they answered, "To tell the truth we are afraid to come, we know that country too well." I thought may God help us if we are left all alone with this situation. How we did pray and then trusted and committed all to God. How God did answer and give us the attention and hearty of the people. We never had the least bit of trouble when we were alone but just as surely as we had a guest speaker we had trouble and I had to go on the outside and stay among the rowdies who were as quiet and calm as could be when we walked among them. God closed the lion's mouth, protected us and gave us the victory.

On our first trip to Alberta after we had left Moosejaw, Saskatchewan it began to rain. We had a freeze that night and the roads were almost a solid glare of ice. The road through that section had been graded, rounded on top with a deep ditch on either side. We drove for hours over this dangerous road while seeing cars in the ditch all along the way. We prayed much as we drove along the way. About the middle of the afternoon the rain turned to snow and the storm became terrific. The roads became drifted and blocked for several hundred miles west of Calgary. People became stranded in little country stores and private houses. Many were marooned for days. Some who were ill had to be taken out by airplane. We managed to get to a little town and were held up there. The only place we could find to stay all night was in a rough, tough drinking outfit. The people were drinking and carousing around us nearly all night. We locked and barricaded our door and prayed. God protected us again. We had to store our car and go on our way by train.

After our last camp meeting in Alberta, we decided that instead of driving so far around by Calgary to the Moosejaw Camp, we would cut across and save mileage. We knew we could save time if it did not happen to rain. We had to travel several hundred miles over gumbo roads and knew if it rained ten or fifteen minutes we would be stuck, for fifteen minutes of rain make gumbo like grease and you can not go a rod until it dries up again. I think it was about the middle of the forenoon when we noticed a storm coming from behind. We knew if the storm overtook us we would be held up indefinitely, but if we could get to a certain village we would be safe for we would have gravel road from there on.

We therefore raced the storm all the rest of the day, praying earnestly as we drove. Sometimes the storm would almost overtake us, a few drops spattering on the wind shield. We would then increase our speed and gain on the storm. Thus we raced on during the day looking back over our shoulder at the storm in the mean time. We had a very exciting day indeed. We drove into the village where the gravel road began, stopped our car and the rain began to pour. We beat the storm by about three minutes, and what a relief. We did not find any place to stay all night. We went out to a fair ground, went into a large building, made a bed on the floor and tried to sleep. In the night time we heard a man trying to get in. We had the door fastened and would not let him in. We asked him what he wanted. He said he was the caretaker. We told him we would see him in the morning. He went away and our great caretaker watched over and protected us through the day and night. These were exciting and dangerous experiences and sapped one's nerve energy.

We are sorry we have to close our chapter on evangelistic work proper without being able to write about many other meetings and experiences which no doubt, would have been interesting and helpful. but space will not permit.

"In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more."

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Chapter 13 POOR FIELDS

The poor have the gospel preached to them. Matt. 11:5.

It has been our privilege to hold many meetings in poor fields. We are happy to state we have a clear record to date. We have never refused the poorest of places. We have been in all kinds of places. Some of the time, we could scarcely eat or sleep.

In one place we found a dead rat in the mattress and bed bugs running up and down the walls. Some of the time there was a pig or pigs under the room where we slept or tried to sleep. The reader might ask, "Why did you stay in such a place?" The answer is, "We had about sixty or seventy hungry, unsaved souls to preach to nearly every night, some of them wading through mud

and water to get there. When we left that place we went away weeping for we saw them as sheep having no shepherd."

We held three meetings in the Kentucky hills, making a special trip of a thousand miles for each meeting. We received five dollars for the three meetings and gave the poor people more than we received. When we went into these poor places we did not count on getting any thing, then if we did get a little, we figured it clear gain.

We held a meeting in a New, Poor Field in Illinois where we organized a class and where they have a church at present. I mention this meeting that I might tell about a young woman who gave her all to the Lord. Her name was Flora, she was a young married woman whose husband had been out of work for about one and a half years. The Lord gave her a wonderful experience in this meeting and she was very appreciative. She needed a new dress and had saved a penny at a time until she had saved fifty three cents and was about to buy her a dress with this amount. I am afraid it would not buy much of a dress today. One day she came to the car all broken up saying, "The Lord told me to give you this fifty three cents." Notice it was not fifty two but fifty three cents all she had. I was so deeply touched I cried, "I can not accept it." She was weeping and answered, "But you must, Bro. Haywood, the Lord told me to give it to you." I took it and of course, gave her more than she gave us before we left, which is about the way the Lord treats us. I was so deeply affected that I determined wherever the gospel was preached by me throughout all the world this should be told of this young woman who brought her alabaster box of precious ointment, broke it and gave it to her Lord.

After leaving she wrote us some wonderful letters, but one day a letter came from another friend telling us Flora had gone to Heaven. We mourned for her as we would for a child. We expect to meet her some day up on the gold paved streets and introduce her all around Heaven as the woman who gave her fifty three cents not fifty two but fifty three, all that she had. I, too, would like a story of sacrifice and self-denial to take with me when I go to the One who gave His all for me.

We have held a number of meetings in the Ozarks. Thirteen revivals and two camp meetings in the last eight years. Our first meeting was at Porter's Chapel. A friend of ours came through that country and stopped to visit the pastor, Rev. William Sines. Bro. Sines told him they would like to have a revival but could not for they were so poor they could not pay an evangelist. Our friend said, "I know of an evangelist who will come even if you are poor. Bro. Haywood will hold a meeting for you." I have always considered that a compliment. We went to Porter's Chapel to hold our first meeting in October 1942. We came back and held our second meeting the next spring. We received five dollars for our first meeting and five dollars for the next. In some of the other places we received offerings as follows: Five dollars, ten dollars, fourteen dollars, five dollars, seventeen dollars. In one short meeting we refused to accept anything. God sent means in from other parts of the country, enabling us to meet expenses. We always made a practice of giving the poor pastor an offering as soon as we arrived. We had the privilege of raising the money, buying a good car and giving it to one of the Ozark pastors. We have been glad to carry and ship many books and much clothing to the workers in the Ozarks. I am only taking space to write of one of those meetings, the first one at Porter's Chapel. We had a good congregation. It was very

interesting to see the lanterns flickering as the people came walking from every direction over the hills to church.

A number sought the Lord in this good meeting but will only mention a mother and daughter. They lived in a one-room shanty without any windows. It was built out of borrowed lumber and built on borrowed ground. You could not drive to their house, but had to walk across the fields by path. The mother and daughter came to church every night and would say to each of us, "You all come over, you all come over and see us." At last I went over., Mrs. Haywood had been there earlier. I called, visited,, and prayed with them. They came early to the parsonage that night and were so excited and overjoyed to have me call they could not contain themselves. One would talk and then the other, telling what they did and said. There were no doors on the inside of the parsonage and we could hear from our room all they were saying. The daughter's name was Kathryn. She was brought under deep conviction in the first part of the meeting but was so ignorant concerning religion she did not know what was the matter. She thought she was feeling sorry for others. At last she came to the altar but was so dense she did not say a word or seem to know what to do. After she had been there several times and had not done a thing, it dawned on me the poor girl did not know what to say. At last in my desperation I asked her, "Is it a fact you do not know what to say." She said it was true. I asked her, "If I tell you what to say will you repeat it after me?" She said she would. I said about as follows: "If you will say these things from your heart, Jesus will save you. Say, 'Lord Jesus, I am sorry for all the mean things I have ever done'." She repeated it word for word. I then said, "Lord Jesus, will you please forgive me for all the mean things I have done." She repeated after me "Lord Jesus, will you please forgive me for all of the mean things I have done," and right then and there the Lord answered and saved her and she got enough salvation in answer to that short simple prayer to keep her from giving up once in seven years.

This girl acted and looked very unpromising at this time, but God laid a burden on our hearts for her. We took her from her mountain home and became responsible for every penny of expense for clothes, railroad fare and all the rest and brought her to our church school in Spring Arbor. We remained responsible all through her six years until she graduated from Spring Arbor Junior College last June. Some said at first, "I think Bro. and Sister Haywood are making a mistake in investing so much in that girl." But they did not say it at the last for she won for herself a reputation in Spring Arbor. The last year she was there she was secretary to the business manager, assistant to the Dean of Women and was on the honor roll. During her six years in Spring Arbor she never missed a class, never missed a chapel service, or Sunday School and was never tardy to any of these, which they said broke all records for all of the years of Spring Arbor Seminary. She won for herself a reputation and left an influence as one of the most spiritual students. She has done all the typing for my Life Story and rendered other valuable service. She is teaching school this year. We think she is a wonderful girl. If you remember we told you we only received five dollars in our offering for the meeting in which Kathryn was converted but we would not trade this Christian girl today, who is planning for the Lord's work, for the largest offering any evangelist ever received anywhere.

My heart aches and almost breaks when I think of several other girls who were converted in our meetings in the Ozarks who were also promising prospects and might have become beautiful Christian women and possibly workers in the vineyard of the Lord, had some one taken an interest

in them. Since no one took any special interest in them they went back to the beggarly elements of the world, and were lost to God and the church.

We have thought many times if some rich relatives, if we had any, would leave us an inheritance, we would like nothing better than to invest it in poor, new fields, or in helping some of these promising young people who have no one to take an interest in them. They go down into the sin and wickedness of this wicked old world all because nobody cares.

"The worst of all heartaches that anyone bears,
Is caused by the feeling that 'nobody cares'."

* * * * *

Chapter 14 CHOICE AND IT'S CONSEQUENCES

By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; Hebrews 11:24-25.

We would like to relate especially for the benefit of the young people, how the matter of choice affected us young people who were associated in the wicked worldly life before any of us found God. I will only mention a few of the most outstanding as an example of how choice affects our present lives and determines our eternal destiny in the world to come.

Fred Corning was a healthy, husky, young man living in the next house east of my old home. After my conversion I went among my neighbors asking permission to pray. Fred Corning refused me permission and turned me away. After that he seemed to take special delight in scoffing and making fun of my religion and my Christ. Jesus said, "It would be better to have a mill stone hanged about our necks and be drowned in the depths of the sea than to offend one of his little ones." It is therefore dangerous to scoff at or make fun of Christ or Christians. Let us keep this in mind while we relate what happened to those who scoffed or made the wrong choice. Fred Corning was stricken down when yet a young man and went out to meet the God he scoffed.

A proud young lady in the community scoffed at some of us young people, saying, "You are fools throwing your life away. I intend to make something of myself. I am going out to live my own life." She did, and her life soon caught up with her, and they brought her home in her casket many years ago.

Dennie Chapple, was an only child. His father, Lee Chapple, was our post master, at that time and They said was an unbeliever. He laughed at me when I was converted. Soon after my conversion I went to the post office. This was in the spring of the year. Mr. Chapple having heard of my conversion said to me, "Well, Amos, are you pitching baseball this summer?" I answered "No, Mr. Chapple, I am all through playing ball on Sunday." Mr. Chapple laughed out loud as if it was the joke of the year and said, "Oh, you will be back playing ball with the boys before long." He would not have his boy, Dennie, make a fool of himself and bring disgrace on his family for

anything in the world as he thought I was doing. I went out to live for God and souls while Dennie and the others went out to live for Satan and this world. Dennie was married and divorced several times in the next few years, plunged on down into sin, became a drunken loafer, and they found him dead in his bed one morning while only a middle-aged man. Yes, Dennie was an athlete to begin with but sin as a result of the wrong choice, soon took its toll and poor Dennie went out by the drunkard's road into an awful eternity.

Louie Wesley was another of my boyhood friends. Louie had the advantage of me in that he had a praying mother which I did not have. Sadly enough Louie did not help God answer his mother's prayers but wanted his own way, turned down Christ, made the wrong choice, and went out to suffer the consequences. Louie married a pretty girl who attended the same dances I did and together they went out to live their own life. I went out from my home country to preach the gospel, win souls to Christ, and find the deepest, fullest joy on earth in the Master's service.

In due time we were assigned to the Grand Ledge Circuit and whom should I find but my old boyhood friend, Louie, He had not been getting along too well living his own life. They had trouble, disappointment, and jealousy in their home. One day his wife went away from the house for a little while and when she came back she found Louie lying in his own blood on the floor, He had taken a shot gun, tied a string to the trigger, pulled the string and went out to meet his God by the suicide route, all because he made the wrong choice.

The saddest and most tragic story of all is the story of Leslie Mane who had much the advantage of me in that he had a Godly, praying father and mother. He was reared around a family altar. He was an only child, the pride of their home and the joy of their hearts. Willard and Mrs. Mane took Leslie to Sunday School and church services at the little Gregoryville Church where I attended. My father and mother never went with me until after I was converted. Leslie attended the same revival I did when I made my choice forever.

I broke away from the old crowd and sought God until I found Him, while Leslie, I think, laughed and made more fun of me than any other person ever did. His attitude was, I am not going to make a fool of myself. I am going to have a good time in life. He went out to live his life, to plunge down into sin and vice. We read God's warning in the book of Numbers, "Be sure your sins will find you out." His sinful life soon over took him and he was smitten with palsy, He became helpless and palsied while yet a young man. There he sat shaking in his chair a helpless palsied man, while his poor broken-hearted mother took care of him as if he was a child. He already brought the gray hairs of his old father down to the grave. It was not long until his reason began to reel and they took him to the Kalamazoo Mad House, His poor old mother said, "I want to move as near the asylum as I can, for I want to be as near Leslie as possible. He is all I have left." I thought, "Poor woman if he is all you have left, you haven't much but a wreck morally, physically, and spiritually. And Leslie Mane went out from the Kalamazoo Mad House into an eternal mad house, all because he made the wrong choice.

And now, I would like in a few words to make a comparison between these examples and my own experience. I am not taking any credit to myself, but I am giving God all the credit and glory. I began to work for the Lord and bring souls to Christ as soon as I was converted. At the age of twenty three I became a traveling preacher and have been at it constantly for over forty five

years and am still at it, and still enjoy fair health. I practice taking a run every day, can play ball, ride a bicycle, and do almost anything most of the boys can do. I am still in the thick of the fight and trust I will be able to keep at it, many years yet, and all because I made the right choice back there in the days of long ago. I feel today as I did a number of years ago when talking to an unsaved, wicked relative who had spent his life in wickedness and sin. I said, "If I had a thousand lives to live I would take the same way and live the same life." He was quite well along in years. It was noticeable, he did not say, "I would live the same kind of a life if I had another life to live." It is different when one looks back across the past, I have tried and am still trying to live as I will wish I had when from up there I look back.

"O'er life's short span --
And see with wondering glad surprise
God's perfect plan --
And knowing that the path I trod was God's own way,
Will understand His wise intent in that glad day."

I am asking, "Does it pay to make the right choice, at any cost, give our lives to Him to be used for Him wherever He leads?" My answer is "It pays better than any thing else in this world."

"It pays to serve Jesus, I speak from my heart,
He will always be with us if we will do our part,
There is nought in this wide world can pleasure afford;
There is peace and contentment in serving the Lord."

* * * * *

Chapter 15 OUR EARTHLY HOME -- OUR HEAVENLY HOME

In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you. St. John 14:2.

As I near the close of my story I find myself some what disappointed because of having to by-pass and leave out so much. We bought a cheap house in Spring Arbor about the time we began our evangelistic work. We lived there for about two years, then traded it toward an income property in Lansing. We borrowed several hundred dollars with which to repair the property for renting. About the time we were ready to rent, the depression struck and we lost not our property but the money we had borrowed. It took us years to pay our obligations. After we had been without a home for several years we rented a little cheap house in Lansing for one year but since we were going to so many poor places and some of our offerings were very small we could not afford to pay the rent. We were then without any real home for a number of years. This meant sacrifice and self-denial indeed. We have both been ill and sometimes dangerously, far away from home. On one occasion Mrs. Haywood was stricken with pneumonia just as we arrived at the place we were to hold the meeting. She was very ill and among total strangers, but God saw us through.

After a number of years we became desperate and decided we must have a little home at any cost. We managed to save four hundred dollars and purchased a lot near the Lyndon Avenue

Church in Flint, Michigan. We borrowed five hundred dollars more and began building our house. Some of our friends and converts happened to be out of work and donated time. Several carpenters worked for half price until we had the frame erected and had it enclosed. We moved in without a partition and with only a sub-floor. But we thought it was wonderful. I took over from then on and did the most of the work between my meetings over a period of years.

I did not claim to be a carpenter but with a few tools I went at it. When I made a mistake I tore it out and started over again. We would work each year until our money was about gone, go out in meetings, save some more, and come back and work again.

We brought choice stones and petrified wood from different states and built them into the porch foundation. We drew choice stones about one hundred and twenty-five miles from the farm where I was born and converted and built a wall under our bay window on the front of the house. We built in many very nice cupboards and cabinets until it is one of the most convenient little houses and we think one of the nicest. Thus we kept at it for about ten years and have now a beautiful home.

Our Heavenly Home

When we began the building, Mrs. Haywood cooked for the men in the basement of the parsonage next door. As she worked away she would often look out of the basement window and watch the men putting up the frame. She would weep and say, "Our home, our home, can it be possible at last, we have a home?" She had quite a time looking out of the window as the building progressed, weeping and saying, "Our home."

God is pleased by times to give us a vision as we look out of earth's basement windows up toward our Heavenly home. It is true that we are living in a world and an age of uncertainty but Paul said, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The earthly carpenter has become our Heaven builder. It only took him a week to create the whole world and he has already been at the building of our Heavenly home two thousand years. Our Heavenly home must be very bright and fair. I long to behold it and lie longs to have us see it. He prayed in John 7:24, "That they may behold my glory." Jesus said in John 14:2-3, "I go to prepare a place for you and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." Yes, Glory to God.

"He is coming, he is coming,
And our eyes our King shall see;
Long has been the time of watching,
But he's coming after me.

Floods of joy within are bursting,
As I catch his glorious smile;
He is coming, quickly coming,
He is coming for his child."

His coming again is the great hope of the church.

"This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity."

IT is the HOPE of the CHURCH to those who are borne down by grief and sorrow and weary with the toils of the way for

"There's a land far away 'mid the stars we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the pure waters flow, through the valleys of gold,
And where life is a treasure sublime;

'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll,
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the evergreen mountains of life."

IT is the HOPE of the CHURCH to those who are pressed down by discouragement, for

"Sometimes I feel discouraged
And think it's all in vain
For us to live a Christian life
And walk in Jesus' name.

"But then I hear the Master say,
I'll lend you a helping hand,
And if you'll only trust me,
I'll guide you to that land."

IT is the HOPE of the CHURCH to those who have problems they cannot solve, for

"Some day all doubt and mystery
Will be made clear;
The threatening clouds which now we see
Will disappear.

Some day what seems a punishment,
Will prove to be God's blessing sent

For very gain.

Some day our weary feet will rest
In sweet content.
And we will know how we were blest
By what was sent.

And looking back with clearer eyes
O'er life's short span
Will see with wondering, glad surprise,
God's perfect plan.

And knowing that the path we went
Was God's own way,
Will understand His wise intent
In that glad day.

They were in the habit of having soldier's reunions every year in Stanton, Michigan when I was a boy preacher on my first circuit. The old veterans of the Civil War would meet on a hill a little west of the parsonage and what a time they would have sitting by camp fires telling stories and reliving the old days of hardship and self-denial attendant upon the life of a soldier, thinking again about the many bloody, battle fields and the glorious victories achieved, which resulted in the liberation of thousands of slaves. It was indeed a great and touching celebration. The old soldiers would come in by train from all over the country and get off at the station just across from the parsonage. The ones who arrived earlier would come down to meet and greet the late arrivals. It was indeed a touching scene as the old soldiers would hobble down off the train, while the early arrival would grasp their hands and sometimes throw their arms around each other and weep for joy. Stanton's best brass band would be there, playing old war tunes when the trains came in. I went across one day to witness the scene. As I watched the old soldiers coming down from the train step, saw the others meet and greet them, heard the band playing, my eyes overflowed with tears and through my tears I saw another celebration, another home coming, another reunion, in that great day when the saints come marching in. We can then sit on the hill sides of glory, or beside those streams whose rippings are like the murmurings of angel wings, and re-live those marvelous experiences, hard fought battles on the bloody battlefields of earth, praise God anew, for the souls we led to the cross, the lambs we brought to the fold, which now shine as bright jewels to adorn our crowns in that beautiful city of gold.

When the old gospel train pulls in to the central station on high, I want to be there, don't you? No doubt, Heaven will marshal out its best band to meet the home coming of the veterans of the cross who fought so bravely to liberate the slaves of sin and lead them out into a land of liberty and soul rest. We cannot afford to miss it and do not need to, for

"That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands,

O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

"We have loved ones around the white throne,
Shouting anthems of gladness and praise;
Their raptures we'd join as our own
Exultant in heavenly praise.

We would sit on the banks of the stream
And tell of His wonderful name;
We'd bathe in the glories that beam
From the presence of God and the Lamb."

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." Ephesians 6:10.

"We would not want to miss it,
Walking up those streets of Gold,
With the saints and martyrs blood-washed,
Playing on their harps of gold.

O, the music and the singing
Of that chorus will be grand,
As we meet our Christ and loved ones
Over in the glory land."

Rev. 21: 2-4-5. And I John saw the Holy City New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away. And he that sat up on the throne said, "Behold I make all things new." And he said unto me, "Write: for these things are true and faithful."

Rev. 22-20 AMEN EVEN SO COME LORD JESUS.

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THE END