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FORTY-SEVEN YEARS WITH THE GOSPEL PLOW
(The Life Story of John H. Carroll)

By John H. Carroll

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DEDICATION

I lovingly dedicate this book to all my beloved children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and to all those that love the old paths.

The Author

* * * * *

PREFACE

Jesus told His disciples that when the Holy Ghost had come they should be witnesses unto Him. Millions have witnessed by word of mouth and personal testimony. Men have considered the life and work of the Christian more than the momentary verbal expression by word of mouth. Excerpts outlining the life's history of John H. Carroll certainly give witness to the grace of God.

It has been the privilege of the writer to labor in camp meetings with Rev. Carroll, visit in his home, live in the homes of his children, labor with his missionary son and pray with his grandchildren.

It has been a great inspiration to see how God has faithfully led and cared for His ministering servant. May many be inspired by the faith, enduring obedience, faithfulness, watchfulness and consideration of this man of God. May all recognize how God has fulfilled His covenant in giving, health and finance and in bringing the family to God. Truly "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

The word of Paul referred to God's people as a "cloud of witnesses". While we may be inspired by the witness of others may each of us recognize that the witness we have borne will soon be all that is left of us. Then "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

Rev. Scott B. Pyle,
Council Bluffs, Iowa

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AN APOLOGY

Soon after husband and I were married in 1952 he showed me the manuscript he had written containing the story of his life. After reading it I felt it should be published as a witness of the grace and power of God in the life of one who dared to trust and obey the Lord. I wanted him to have someone correct and copy it ready for publication but he desired that I should do it. We felt unqualified but, upon request, we set ourselves to the task this past winter and now have it ready to give to the publisher.

It has been our desire to leave it in as near the words of the writer as we could possibly do. We felt that in that way it would be more interesting, especially to those who know husband. It would seem more like a message from him.

We send this book forth with a prayer that it may prove a blessing to the reader and may someone be inspired to put their hands to the plow that he is now having to lay down. He was seriously ill a year ago and since then he has not been able to continue in evangelistic work. Many times when asked to come for a revival he is like an old war horse, chewing the bit and stamping the ground, eager for another battle, but strength will not permit so he must be content to rest and let someone else go in his place.

Lovingly yours,
Mary Carroll

* * * * *

1

CHILDHOOD DAYS

In the early days when Indiana was first being settled and was still the home of the wild beasts that roamed through the thick forests by night, Uncle Ben Carroll, as he was then called, made his way to Orange Co., Ind., settled near the Patoka river and bought land from the government at 12 ½ cents an acre. He cut timber and built a huge log house with a wide fire place, a few windows and a clapboard roof.

He began the task of clearing the land by day, and listening to the howling of the wolves by night. There were no neighbors near with whom to visit or council. Prosperity seemed only to come by hard, honest toil, but after much courageous labor the forest began to disappear.

One by one boys came into that home. It was one of those boys, Hickman, that became the writer's father. He settled in a little log cabin on the old homestead. Into that new home I tumbled on the 17th of October, 1884, full of life and possibilities, just in time for pumpkin harvest. Little did I know of pumpkins or harvest either, but, as I grew, I learned there were fish in Patoka river, and that by sitting on the bank long enough, they could be caught.

Thus many childhood days were spent with a can of bait and a fishing pole. Also I found that a boy could lay across a poplar fence rail and learn to swim without any serious danger of being drowned.

But this life of pleasure didn't always last. Father soon learned that I could use a hoe and later a plow. Thus I developed into a real farmer boy. To be a farmer became the goal of my life. That seemed an ideal life to me. All my ambitions were wrapped in one desire, that of being an independent farmer.

My father had a sense of humor, even in the seriousness of life at that time, and we boys seemed to inherit some of it. We loved fun. The neighbor boys often gathered at our house on Sundays where we played ball, croquet, pitched horse shoes, or went swimming. We took delight in teasing the stock. We would often tie a saddle on a cow and watched her antics as she went bawling over the hills, kicking and bucking. We also thought it fun to tie a bell on a calf and see it run and bawl.

One day we were wondering what we could do for more fun. Finally we thought of a sheep we had that would butt. We caught him and dressed him in one of the boy's Sunday clothes, tied a red handkerchief over his face and turned him loose. He took after the other sheep. This frightened them and he ran them all over the field while we boys made sport. In the chase he got the boy's coat under his feet and it was hard on the new coat. Finally we managed to catch him and get the coat off.

One day brother and I were cutting corn down in the river bottom. We found a nice pumpkin and it popped into my mind to have some fun, just like it does in any boy's mind. A neighbor boy had an old shepherd dog and he was always teasing us about going coon hunting. I told brother we were going to have some fun with that pumpkin. We cut eyes, nose and a mouth with big teeth in the pumpkin and fixed a candle in it. Then brother took it, and father's big sheep skin that he used in the wagon seat, and went down the river bluff to a dark place in the thick woods, hung the pumpkin face in a tree and spread the sheep skin over it so that it looked like an animal. Then I took Bill, the neighbor boy, his brother and the shepherd dog out hunting. We circled around through the fields and woods, giving brother plenty of time to get the animal fixed. When it got real dark we took out through the woods toward the river bluff. All at once the dog started barking. Bill thought it had a coon treed. Down through the woods he went as fast as he could with Ed and me trying to keep up. Suddenly he saw the big red eyes and shining teeth. Brother was growling and rustling the leaves and bushes. Back through the woods he came as fast

as he could run, saying, "Boys, lets get out of here." I fell into a tree top and he tried to pull me out. When he saw he couldn't get me out he left me and made for home with his brother following him. When he learned a few days later that it was a joke he didn't like it very well. He never knew that my brother was the one that fixed the animal.

The little log cabin where we lived soon became too small for a fast growing family that now numbered five children, making seven in the family. Father decided to build a new frame house; to us it was to be a real mansion with five rooms. It seemed to us that the day of prosperity had truly come our way and our fortune was in sight.

Father cut the logs and had a house pattern sawed at the saw mill. He hired a carpenter and the building was soon on its way. I was just a lad of nine years, but my ambitions ran high until I was told that the carpenter's tools had to be sharpened and I was to turn the grindstone. The carpenter fixed a seat for himself and sat and held the tool on the stone. I turned and turned until it seemed my arm was going to drop off, and I would wonder if the tool would ever get sharp. He had plenty of patience and never seemed to tire. No difference how long it took it must be done right. I truly got my fill of turning grindstones and don't care for it to this day.

The new house developed slowly; finally it was completed and ready for us to occupy. Moving day was planned. Bright and early in the morning we were at the job. Everyone was as busy as a bee; it was truly moving day. Excitement ran high. We were getting a promotion from the old log cabin to what, to us, was a mansion. The distance was only a few yards, but that, in no way detracted from the excitement. It was moving anyway. We didn't need a moving van. If we had there would have been none to get. Everyone seemed anxious to do their part and our simple furniture was soon carried over to the new house. We bid the little humble cabin good-bye, thinking of brighter days ahead.

Soon all was clouded with disappointment and sorrow. Mother had never been strong and now her health was failing fast. In our childhood we had failed to see it until one beautiful Sunday morning in the spring of 1894. The sky was blue, the grass was green, the birds singing; it seemed that all nature was demonstrating life. The relatives had all gathered. I didn't know why. Father told me not to go fishing that day but to stay around the house. Mother was bad but I didn't realize it until about nine o'clock. All had gathered around her bed in the front room when grandpa said, "she's gone." Father fell over in the floor with grief. Some took me in their arms and tried to tell me that I was a motherless boy.

I realized very little what it meant at that time, but it soon began to unfold to me that I had lost my best earthly friend. Many times in the still dark night I would cry and my heart would long for a mother's love.

God has given me many fathers and mothers in the evangelistic work, yet I can feel a longing for my very own. Some day by the grace of God, she will take me again in her arms and be forever my own little mother.

My school days began and ended in the little frame school house at Newton Stewart. I was a bashful boy and had a dislike for school. With no mother to look after my clothes they would get

ragged. The other children would laugh at me and tease me. To make it worse, two large girls would get me by the arms and lead me around over the school yard at recess time while I would cry and make sport for them. I was so bashful that I dreaded for recess to come. When I should have been studying I was wishing it would rain or snow so I could stay in the house and escape my tormentors. When I would get home I would beg father to let me stay at home from school, but father kept me going for which I am thankful now. I have always had sympathy for bashful boys and never enjoyed teasing them.

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2

HOW I GOT SAVED

As early as I can remember I had a desire to live right. In my childhood days I would go to secret prayer and my heart would feel better. Before mother died I promised her that I would meet her in heaven. Little did I know what it would mean to keep that promise but it has clung to me all these years.

One day after mother had gone father took a severe pain in his tooth. All doctoring that he did didn't do any good. I slipped out in the garden, fell down on my knees, looked up to heaven and said, "O Lord, heal pa's tooth." I arose and returned to the house and it was done; the pain was gone, the suffering over. I didn't know anything about works of grace or getting saved, but I was ever after that a believer in divine healing.

When I was twelve years of age I attended a revival meeting at Newton Stewart in the U. B. church. While the preacher was giving the altar call conviction gripped my heart and I started for the altar, but a larger boy caught me and held me just for mischief. I was bashful and failed to go on forward to seek the Lord so the conviction left me. Then I began to drift out in sin and for three years I drifted from God. I would be glad to go back and erase those years out of my life, but there is no way back to the past. Thank God it is all under the blood.

The young man that hindered me from going to the altar was later attending another revival in the same church when God spoke to his heart; conviction seized him and he left the church. As he went out the door he felt the Spirit leave him. He saw his condition, became alarmed and began to seek everywhere, but the Spirit didn't come back. He thought his destiny was sealed. After he was married and had two children he lived at New Albany. He went to a revival and one of his children got saved. She ran to him and threw her arms around his neck, with tears streaming down her face. The spirit came back and spoke to him again. He went to the altar and sought but didn't get through. He went home, fell on his knees in the floor and there he was saved. I met him at Silver Heights Camp after he was saved. He took me to his home and asked me to forgive him for being so mean to tease me. He was truly a happy man.

After drifting with the world for three years Bro. Billie Hobson was sent as pastor of the U. B. church at Newton Stewart. The church had run down and the interest was gone. He spoke of having a revival but was told that there was no use to try because he couldn't do any good, but he had courage. He said he never did fail to have a revival, so he came on. My father's home was the

preacher's stopping place, so I was soon under his influence. It began to have effect on me right away. I was chumming with another boy and he also began to feel the effects of the meeting. He said, "I will back you up going to give your hand to the preacher for prayer tomorrow night." I took him up for I was wanting to get saved anyway. The next night when the call was made he started and I followed. Bro. Hobson asked us to kneel and we did, and started seeking. We were the first ones to the altar in that revival. My chum soon professed to get through but I sought on night and day for two weeks. While I was seeking about thirty-five prayed through and claimed victory. The workers tried everything they knew to help me get through; had me join the church, stand on my feet and pray looking up, hold up my hands, and everything they knew, but it didn't get me through. One night going home from church alone about midnight God saved me. The burden lifted, peace came and joy sprang up in my soul. I couldn't tell how but I knew the work was done and has been from that time to this. I don't know about the others that sought in that meeting whether any of them have victory or not. The last I knew there were two or three professing, but if no one else stood true, it was a great meeting to my soul. Bro. Hobson has long ago gone to his reward but I am still thankful for his courage. If he had given way to discouragement and failed to hold that meeting my soul might have been lost. It helps me yet, if I feel discouraged, to think that some soul may be depending on my effort, and to fail might mean defeat to them and possibly to me also.

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3

THE CHUBBY GIRL

It was truly a crooked old road! Up one hill and down another with rocks a plenty. The road was poorly kept but no one seemed to notice the bad road. They had been used to it all their lives. Only occasionally they used it, then only to go horseback or in a road wagon, to market or to church. If a neighbor got sick they would go to see them. On the weekend they all tried to get to market even if the mud was knee deep to the horse. They must have some groceries and a little candy for the children. There they could meet the neighbors and get the neighborhood news. It was a very important day when neighbors met at the market and talked over the current events. It was really more interesting than to listen over the radio or get the daily paper; it was first hand news, and news was so scarce that it was appreciated.

It was down a little ravine between two hills at the head of a hollow where sat a little frame house. Forests grew on each hillside and squirrels played in the trees and through the brush, barking from the limbs after the showers when the sun came out and everything was quiet. Then the boys crept through the woods with their guns and soon had a good mess of squirrel for dinner or supper. Opossums ran in the woods at night, feeding on the persimmons until they were fat. It was sport to tree them in saplings at night, shake them out and watch the dogs shake them to death. The boys would then skin them and go for another. Raccoons would slip up the branch looking for crawfish or whatever they could find. It was sport to the coon hunter to see the dogs track a coon and then sometimes tree them, then to shine his eyes and shoot him out. Sometimes they would cross a skunk's trail and give him a chase. Furs came in handy about Christmas time when the market was good because there were Christmas gifts to buy.

In this frame house lived a little chubby girl, short and plump, with hair reaching to her waist and large blue eyes; a real child of nature. There were no busy streets or rumbling street cars or honking automobiles, no thronging crowds, pushing and crowding as they hurried along. But that girl had privileges above price. The birds sang in the trees, the crickets chirped in the grass, there were fireflies to be chased in the evenings, the chickens came home to roost at night, while the pups and lambs were her playmates. She knew where to find the bird's nests and how many eggs they contained and when the birds were ready to fly.

The old limestone spring came out at the foot of the hill, ran through the milk trough and poured into the watering trough where the horses came to quench their thirst after a hard day's work in the field. The cows and sheep found by this spring a cool place to rest and quench their thirst. Many trips were made back and forth to the old spring for water. And around that old spring many an hour was spent by that chubby girl and her two brothers, climbing saplings, making swings in the branches, watching the squirrels, listening to the birds that came to drink from the branch and bathe in the running water. Over those hills many a chase was made and around the hill to an old cave where the vulture's nest was. Oh, such a place it was with its awful odor but a child wants to examine everything.

The little old school house sat on the hill. It was on the public road that led to the old meeting house known as Wesley Chapel. There the old time Methodists sang and shouted in the old time revivals of fifty years ago. Many events that took place around that old community are now history but the old road over which we walked is still there. While Uncle Sherman, Eva and Shrilda and all the rest are gone, still memories remain. The fact that people grow old doesn't change these memories.

The old home has changed, and the boys no longer hunt the squirrels; opossums and raccoons can go free and the birds still make their nests; the old spring has stayed in its place, still, discharging its duty as faithfully as ever. Children no longer play around the old milk box or disturb its cream, or climb the saplings but the birds and squirrels have full right of way.

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4

HOW I GOT MY WIFE

One hot summer day brother and I were stacking hay. In the afternoon brother's wife came out to the field. Her sister was visiting them at that time and also came to the field. When this sister looked at me something seemed to move in my heart. I was bashful and she was shy but I found my eyes following her as she left the field. After she was gone my mind still worked. There was something peculiar in those eyes; that look had just seemed to awaken something inside of me. We were only children too young to feel so serious, but somehow it didn't die away like usual. It was so easily revived. Just the sight of her again would kindle like a flame and I soon got interested in finding out where she lived and where she went to church. I found she was the little chubby girl that attended church at Wesley Chapel and lived in the valley at the foot of two great hills near the old family spring. And it was a spring. My, it was a gusher! Cold or hot, wet or dry, it was the same old faithful family friend.

I found myself more and more interested in the girl that lived at the head of the hollow and about every other Sunday evening I was entertained in the kitchen of that frame house. It was hard on the cook wood but who minds a little cook wood in times like that? The woods were full of it any way. I couldn't tell just what kind of furniture was in the kitchen. Time passed then the same as it does now but somehow I couldn't forget those few short hours in the kitchen. In the front side of my watch case was a little chubby girl's picture. It just fit in the lid so nicely by rounding the corners a little. Many times while plowing corn or shocking wheat I would take time to open that watch to see what time it was. Sometimes at home with the clock in plain view, I suppose from force of habit, I would look at the watch.

Two weeks seemed a long time. Sometimes I met her at church or somewhere else and occasionally the mail man stopped. You know I became much interested in Uncle Sam's mail system, even though it was rather slow. It gave me time to read and reread my mail. After all the second reading is oftentimes the best and sometimes it would even bear the third reading. Well, everyone has their own make up, but I tell you, I was interested in getting a buggy fixed up. Father's old buggy had been a good one but time and wear tell on things. It had begun to look pretty bad and the cows had about chewed up the harness but courage and ambition and something stirring in a boy's heart will help one to change the looks of an old buggy and add lots to old harness. Even paint and oil help. Well, finally I drove off with a brand new whip. Most any girl those days noticed a boy who was driving a horse and buggy, especially if the horse was nice and fat. I would find myself daydreaming of the future. Sure there was a future for a boy even if he was bashful and backward. I thought to furnish a room at home. There wouldn't be anything wrong about that, even if I never married. While you have the money is always the best time to buy. Sitting among the furniture, occasionally looking at my watch or looking over my mail was no bad pastime. Three years of this kind of life make a farm boy older and his thoughts become more serious. He doesn't always ride stick horses, play marble, pitch horseshoes, or sit on the creek bank with a fishing pole in his hands. Life is worth too much to trifle away. Solid thoughts lodge in a young man's mind. He begins to want to know something. There in that same old kitchen the fire was burning low, there was a question in my mind; it was about time for the clock to strike and I knew what that would mean. I wanted to say something but it seemed that a lump had gotten in my throat; I didn't want to leave without saying it. Finally my courage rose and in a few words it was said. The answer was postponed for two weeks but the look in those eyes removed all fears. Life does seem at times to go faster, although I suppose it doesn't, but when a man is making plans and devising ways and means to develop them it occupies his time and it moves on rapidly.

There are many events in a young man's life that are hard to forget. One occurred in the front room one Sunday evening before I was invited to the kitchen. The fire was burning bright, the old clock set on the shelf slowly ticking the minutes away, being urged on by the heavy weights that hang from the cords. It seemed to be saying, "take your time, take your time", but something inside of me was fluttering and seemed to say, "I wish it were over". The dear old father sat by the stove and kept the fire roaring, occasionally clearing his throat. I think he was expecting something. I couldn't feel clear to take his girl without asking for her. I have had some hard things to do in my life but this was different. I didn't know just how it would come out. I knew very well it was the last girl he had and his only cook, her mother being dead, and that it would leave him with two boys to care for. It was asking a big thing. The girl left the room. There I sat face to face

with the biggest problem I had ever met, but something had to be done or I never could bear up under the strain. I was getting very nervous. It seemed my courage just would not stay but I knew that what I did I must do quickly. In my awkward way I blurted out enough to make my request known. What a relief it was to obtain a favorable answer but to get back down to normal was the next problem. However, the opportunity soon came to go to the kitchen and I was myself again, only that I felt myself truly a hero in that I had conquered in the great battle of life and that I would obtain spoils that would forever satisfy my affections. I felt as great a hero as Christopher Columbus when he set foot on American soil; or George Washington when he had made our American people free and formed a new nation; or Abraham Lincoln when he had set the colored man free and brought a thrill of joy all through the south land, causing the colored man to walk out of the cotton fields, throw his hat in the air and declare no more whipping posts for the black man. Some great achievements have been made in these United States of America but I must say none more satisfactory to me than the one just mentioned.

I was looking forward to a great event in my life that meant more to me than the achievement of Henry Ford in the automobile business that has meant employment to thousands of men and provided them a way of travel; or that of Thomas A. Edison with his powerful inventions that provide electricity for homes and power to run the graphophone that entertains the children: or even Rockefeller, the great oil king that has furnished gasoline like a river, making transportation simple.

My goal was set; I must reach it, although it would take some planning. Father's old "weaning house" was badly in need of repair; it had been vacant since my brother had lost his wife and had returned home to live. The door had gone to pieces, the chink dobbing had fallen out between the logs, one window was gone and the other one needed some repair, but to one full of determination those cracks didn't look so bad; there was plenty of dirt and lime to make mud and chunks of wood to chink with, and there never were more willing hands to work than those of a young man that had a day set for which he must prepare. Occasionally he stopped long enough to look at his watch and glance in the lid, then hasten on with quickened step. My work was so easy and done with such pleasure that there seemed to be no time to stop, except to look over the mail a time or two. A new door had to be ordered and transportation was not so fast in those days as now, but finally it arrived. Great was our disappointment to find that it was too large and had to be exchanged. The day was getting close, the arrangements had already been made, something had to be done; there was a block in the wheel. What to do next one can't always tell. To get that door changed in time was an impossibility; work as fast as I could I just could not make it and we were to be married in the house with it ready to live in. I was facing an impossibility. Many a man has had to change his plans even though they were made in good faith. We can't always tell what is best at first. Experience after all has been our best teacher even though it cost us great anxiety. After all, the costly lesson like the expensive suit of clothing, lasts longer and is cheaper in the long run.

We had no way to stop time. It went on hour by hour; the sun rose and set just the same as if the door had fit. Plans had to be quickly made, as always in emergencies, and you don't always have time to think, or rearrange or counsel. There was no other Sunday appointment and they didn't make those frequent, unexpected appointments in those days as now. It threw the plans all into uncertainty, but as the old adage goes, "Where there is a will there is a way".

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5

THE WEDDING DAY

Friday morning Uncle and I saddled our horses and started for the county seat after the license. There was some suspicion by a few parties, but it was not necessary for them to know, so we went a little out of our way instead of going directly toward the county seat. But in going out of the way we missed the road and found that we were lost. We didn't want to inquire lest people become suspicious. We didn't know what to do. Finally we saw a man working in a field and asked him if he knew anyone that had a horse for sale. He told us about a man that did have but said he had gone to Taswell. We asked him how to get to Taswell and he directed us. We thanked him kindly and rode off. We knew the way from Taswell.

Well, we returned with the license yet without plans, but we had gone too far then to stop so we just decided to make the plans as we went. Many a man has had to make plans as he went if he kept going.

Sunday morning I was up early as it was going to be a busy day. I had the buggy and harness shined up and all ready but the horse had to be curried, and some way I wanted her to look her best, so I put in some extra time that morning. Finally she was hitched up looking very nice and sleek. Then I went to get myself washed and dressed in my best suit with my hair combed and parted in the middle. One last look and I was ready to go. Uncle rode out to the gate with me to open the gate and see me off. I bade him good-bye and rode off feeling like a great hero. Many thoughts were going through my mind as to how I was going to make this work out. I didn't have any preacher engaged. I thought of Bro. Wolfington, a U. B. preacher that had to preach that morning at old Union. He was a single man too, so I thought it wouldn't be so embarrassing to approach him on the subject. I went past Union and waited for him to get the service over, then he got in his buggy and followed me around the road until we came to the girl's home. When they saw us coming down the road there was some excitement in the house at the foot of the hill. The bride was making bread for dinner. She jerked her hands out of the dough, washed, ran to the wardrobe and got real busy. Her cousin was there to help her with the arrangements. A neighbor lady happened in and she baked the bread. It was an exciting time around there, in fact, too much so for the dear old father. He slipped off into the other room, feeling he could not stand to see the tragedy. Finally it was all over and we were in our buggy headed for father's old homestead. My fortune had been won. I was driving down the road more than a conqueror.

We had to cross a creek where there was no bridge and it had to be forded. It was very muddy and when we got to the farther bank we stuck in the mud. The horse tried hard but she couldn't pull us out and finally fell in the mud. I had on my best clothes and was sitting by my new wife. What could I do? The mud was deep; my shoes were shined, and I was taking home a bride. She was dressed in her best. I was never a prouder man in all my life. There are drawbacks to almost everything. In the midst of prosperity you may have adversity. They say it is a long lane that has no curves. We couldn't always stay in the mud. There are two sides to everything. The

preacher was an older man than I. He stopped and helped me out. I went on realizing that life isn't all sunshine, but we must take the bitter with the sweet.

We finally arrived at the Carroll home. A crowd of young folk had gathered to welcome the new bride. The wedding supper was prepared and three hungry ones enjoyed it. Surely all things had worked together for good to those that love the Lord and we were both lovers of the Lord.

Other plans then began to frame and we had soon decided to put an extension to the little log cabin and a shed kitchen was built in the rear. In about two weeks all the work had been finished. The door had come and we were ready to move in and establish a new home. We started it with family prayer and from that time until now we have not ceased to have a family altar.

It was only a humble little log cabin without much furniture and away back off of the public road on the river bluff, yet it was a very dear spot to both of us. Still our minds go back with pleasure to that spot where we started our first home. We have had several different homes but that old log cabin seems to be at the bottom of our heart.

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6

MY EXPERIENCE OF SANCTIFICATION AND CALL TO PREACH

I was saved at the age of fifteen and went into active work in the U. B. Church at Newton Stewart. I was made president of the Young People's Society and was an active worker in the church for ten years but had never heard a message on holiness. We got a new preacher by the name of Eskew and he was a sanctified man. When I met him it made me hungry for the blessing. I became a seeker and sought wherever I could find a place, on the farm, around the barn, in my room or any place where I could. I got a book on just plain, simple holiness and read it and my Bible and sought on. No altar calls were given at the church at that time. Holiness was new in our neighborhood. I was trying to pray through alone. As I kept praying I kept getting more hungry and God began to talk to me about preaching. I had no preparation to preach and I would excuse myself and tell the Lord that I could not preach. I was planning to be a farmer and felt I had no talent to preach. Being so bashful and backward it seemed impossible for me to make a preacher. However, I had felt from a child that I would have to be a preacher and when I was just a little lad they called me John Wesley, the preacher boy, but I was doing everything I could to get away from preaching. One day, after I had been seeking for about three months, my father and I went to Eckerty to attend the Quarterly Meeting. When the service was over Bro. Eskew invited us to go down to Anderson Chapel where they were in a revival meeting. When we got there they were having a testimony meeting. A woman got up to testify and she said, "I have been rubbing up my guns, getting ready for the battle". While she was testifying I could see she had what I was seeking for and it made me so hungry for the blessing. I said, "I must have it" and God said, "Will you preach?" I answered, "I will if you will go with me," and at that time the Holy Ghost went through me and filled me with Himself. When I returned home from the meeting I thought everyone would want it but when I began to tell them about it they looked at me so strangely. They thought I had gone too far and that I would hinder all the young converts if I kept testifying to it. I got to thinking

about hindering them and the devil told me not to call it sanctification but to say I was saved and kept, or saved and had overcoming power. I tried it and lost the blessing and had to pray through again. I promised God I would never again quit testifying to the experience and I have kept my promise.

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7

BEGINNING MY MINISTRY

Old Jericho School House in Crawford Co. was the scene of our first attempt to preach. How well I remember that Sunday morning when I saddled my horse and started for my first appointment. I was bashful and backward but I had promised God when He sanctified me over at Anderson Chapel that I would preach the Gospel. I was determined to mind the Lord at any cost. When I arrived there were twelve men and boys out to hear the young preacher. No women were present. God was with me and I did the best I could, the Lord helping me. When I got through an older preacher that was present from another denomination got up and followed me, urging them to stand by the young preacher, telling what a good message I had brought. I left an appointment to be back in two weeks. When the time arrived I was on hand with another message, this time on carnality. The older preacher was present again but this time not to brag on the sermon but to criticize and to lay out the young preacher. I learned that the man that would puff you up might soon take the puff out of you, so we can't afford to get puffed up.

McDonald Chapel was the place of our first revival. One bright autumn day while living down in the woods on father's farm Bro. Charlie King came riding up to our place and told us they wanted us to come to McDonald's Chapel for a meeting. I told him I couldn't hold a meeting, that I had only preached a few times, but he said the people wanted me and that he had come after me to go that day. I told him that if he would go with me the next day and get Bro. Logan King to help me that I would go. He consented so we went and started the meeting that night. The next day we went after Logan but he had gone to a funeral and his mother told us that he was billed to start a meeting himself that coming Saturday and that he wouldn't be able to help us in our meeting, so I was left with the meeting on my hands. Bro. Charlie asked us what we were going to do and I told him we would go on as far as we could go and then stop. We went into the battle. It was a run down U. B. Church and I was a U. B. preacher at that time, holding license. The battle went hard at the start. One old man from Union came over to see how I was getting along. He was a holiness fighter; he stayed a few days, discouraged me all he could, and left. Then my father came to the meeting and gave me a boost in the Spirit and we went over the top. The altar filled with young people and we had a good meeting. Before we left the people gave me a pounding and it took two horses to take the things home that they gave me that night.

We continued to supply as pastor at that place the remainder of the year. The next year we went back for a revival but not very many prayed through. Years later we met one of the converts from there at New Albany and she still had a good experience of grace. The pastor that was over that point came to stop the meeting but got there too late. We had closed the night before he came. The Lord knew that he was coming and laid it on Sister King's heart to close the night before he got there. God works all things together for good to them that love the Lord, to them who are called

according to His purpose. Later they changed pastors and he called me to help him in a revival. God gave us a real good meeting and about twenty five prayed through.

One of the leading church members got under conviction and called for us about midnight. There was a big sleet on the ground but we went and found him down by his bedside praying and crying like his heart would break. We asked him what was the trouble and he said that he was lost and wanted to be saved. We prayed with him but he didn't seem to get anywhere. He said that he had a restitution to make and wanted to do it right then. The pastor told him to get the mules and he would go with him. Away they went in the middle of the night to make restitution, called the man out of bed and straightened up the trouble. Toward morning they returned and we continued to pray until nearly day. We found that he didn't want to go to the altar at church so told him that he would have to be willing to do anything that God wanted him to do and he said he would. It got noised over the country that he had been out at midnight making a restitution. The next morning his father came before breakfast to see him and wanted him to go to the doctor for some medicine but he said he wasn't sick and didn't need medicine. After breakfast we went to church and the people gathered in. This church member went to the altar and began to pray. The people got their heads together and decided he was losing his mind. They came and took him away from the altar and out of the house. They told the preacher that he was losing his mind. This stirred the pastor and he couldn't do anything, so I took charge of the service and at the altar call the man tumbled in again. While we prayed they had the pastor to close the meeting. I left for home but the man kept praying out in the fields until he got through, and he has good victory yet.

Another man in the same community got under conviction and they said that he was crazy and they sent him to the asylum, but he was sent back. They didn't want that kind of crazy folks in the asylum. He is still living a true Christian life as far as I know.

A third man there got under conviction and didn't know what was the matter. He went to the doctor and got some medicine but finally prayed through and was all right after he got salvation.

Bro. O. L. King and I held another meeting in a grove of a near by neighborhood where we had quite a little opposition. The people got stirred and the rude class threw rocks, apples and eggs. One man ran back in the crowd to see who was throwing. He caught one of the fellows by the arm and called, "Here is the man". Just about that time someone hit him. He threw up his hands and screamed, "I am hit". When investigation was made, it was found that only his hat had been hit with a partridge egg and hadn't even broken the egg. When the excitement was over we found that no one was hurt.

Another night one of our gasoline torches was stolen off a pole. The next night Bro. King told them that he wasn't asleep when that torch was taken off the pole and if the boy didn't get the torch back on that pole by Saturday that he would go to English Monday morning. English was the county seat and he had to go through there to go home. The meeting was to close Sunday night but the boys didn't know all that. On Friday one of the boys came to me and wanted to pay for the light. I sent him to Bro. King who told him that he couldn't take money for stolen goods but for him to put the light back on the pole. The boy told Bro. King he couldn't put it back because it was all smashed up. They had taken it down the branch and smashed it all up with rocks. Bro. King gave him a good talking to, telling him where such things would lead. Then I told him that he could

order one from Sears and Roebuck and put it on the pole and we wouldn't bother him. He sent and got the new one and put it on the pole in the place of the one they had destroyed. It was a lesson to the boys and there was no more disturbance.

We pitched a tent in the churchyard at McDonald's Chapel and started a revival. Church prejudice began to arise and soon the battle was on. One morning word came to where I was staying that the tent had been cut down. I went over to the tent and there it lay with every rope on one side cut. We tied the ropes together and soon had it back up and ready for use again. The battle went on, people got light and turned it down. God moved what holiness people there were in the community out to other places and the people there went back to sleep to wake up at the judgment and find they had missed their opportunity.

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8

MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE OUTLAW

Well do I remember those horseback rides every two weeks to that little school house at Brownstown, in the valley near the creek between those high hills. There I would find the house full waiting for me. It was a rough community, noted for its drinking and fighting, but they seemed anxious to hear the young preacher. Finally the devil got stirred and some opposition began, but God was working too, and the people were getting under conviction. We pitched a tent and started a meeting. I was depending on Bro. Eskew to help me in the meeting but when I got started I found that he couldn't come and there I was left with the meeting on my hands. I went on and my uncle came and helped. After the meeting closed some one set fire to the school house and it burned down so we were left with no place to have services until a man let us have an old saloon building. We cleaned it up and had services there. God wonderfully honored the Word. There was such shouting that sometimes it seemed they would take the place. People from English and other places would come. The Lewis family came and brought their folding organ, and such singing and shouting as we had then! It stirred the country for miles.

We decided to put on another tent meeting. We took two big tents and fastening them together made a large tent forty by eighty feet and started the meeting. Rev. H. L. Holden helped in the meeting. Opposition was strong; they were determined to stop the meeting. The whiskey men were going to sell whiskey by the tent. The saints began to come to us and tell us what was going to happen to our meeting. I told them to pray and that if God wanted the meeting to be stopped then let it be stopped because we wanted what God wanted; and if He didn't want it disturbed He could take care of it. One of the opposers was an outlaw and the other an infidel. We went on with the meeting, and they with preparation to sell whiskey. One day as we were leaving the service we met them bringing the roof for their stand. We didn't say anything but trusted God to take care of the situation. That night before they were to put up their stand God let the outlaw see hell and he and his family were hanging over it. He saw how he was going to hell and taking his family with him. The next morning he went and told the man who was letting him have the place where he could set up his stand that he would not sell whiskey by the side of that tent meeting. The owner of the stand told him that if he wouldn't sell whiskey he couldn't have the stand. The outlaw told him that he was through with it. The next day no one was working; everything was there but no one at work.

The two men came over and sat in the back of the tent. After church the outlaw came to me and asked me to go home with him. I knew that he was a bad man but I told him that we would go. Bro. Holden and I went with him for the night. God had the man in His grip. At home he began to cry and confess how mean he had been, one confession after another. He didn't want to go to bed but wanted to confess his sins. His wife was under such conviction that she could hardly talk. He and his wife prayed through and that started the revival. Hard hearted men broke under conviction. We would go up on the hill side to pray before night service. After the outlaw got saved he would go with us. One evening he took a hard hearted man with him up the mountain to pray. When he got there he said, "Now, Billie, get on both knees and begin to dig. Dig, Billie, dig and throw leaves. That's the way I got it". He thought every one would get it just like he did. Later the sheriff at English asked a man if he remembered that big Brown they had chased over the hills around English and couldn't catch him. "Well," he said, "the holiness folks have caught him."

The infidel invited us to his home and treated us with courtesy but never got saved.

It was a great revival. At the close of the meeting we organized a Pilgrim Holiness Church. Afterward they built a new church on the spot where the school house had stood.

One night during this tent meeting a storm came up. It looked like the big tent was coming down on the crowd. All got excited and ran out in the storm and rain, as they saw the stakes being pulled out of the ground on one side of the tent. Bro. Holden called them to prayer and prayed as hard as he could while father and I, with some other men, held the ropes and got it staked down again. This saved them from getting soaked in the rain.

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9

OUR CHURCH AFFILIATIONS

We united with the U. B. Church at the time we were seeking to be saved and sometime later were baptized in the Patoka river near the old water mill at Newton Stewart. At one time flour was ground in that mill but they had ceased to grind flour and at the time of my baptism it was only used to grind meal and feed for stock. It was a well known mill because of the tragedy that had happened there. One day while my cousin was grinding feed some wedges worked loose on the main shaft and he went down in the fore-bay to tighten them. The shaft caught his clothes and wound him up to the shaft and beat his feet off against the other timbers in the fore-bay. A young man going home from school heard him scream and ran to the mill and shut it down but it was too late. My cousin was gone. People cut him loose from the shaft and brought him to father's home. They arrived with him just after dark. It made such an impression on me that I never could forget it. About a year after his death some one found his feet in the river below the mill. They were still in his boots. They brought them out and buried them in the grave where he had been buried. That was something that wasn't easily forgotten.

Bro. Eskew, the pastor of the U. B. church there at Newton Stewart, secured local license for me to preach and I became a supply pastor at McDonald's Chapel for a year. When the year was up I took my report to conference and read it there. They were well pleased with it. I had had

a good year. However, during the year Bro. Eskew had held a camp meeting at Eckerty, Ind. It had been a good camp and a number of people had been saved and sanctified. My precious wife was in that number. At the close of the camp they organized a camp meeting association, known as the Eckerty Camp Meeting Association, and I was elected on the board.

At the Conference when my license was to be renewed a motion was made and seconded to renew them and it was thrown open for discussion. Some of the members of the conference were against holiness and they rose up against renewing my license, saying that I should go to College. I told them that I could not go to college because I had a family and was not able to support myself in school and my family at home. I told them that I was willing to take the study course required by the U. B. church but that I could not go to school. After they had discussed it over and over Bro. Snider, our superintendent, said there was a motion before the house that would have to be voted on. He took the vote and I carried the majority and my license was renewed. After the Conference had adjourned Bro. Snider took me aside and told me that it wasn't my education that was in the way, but that it was my holiness. He said that I was leaning too much toward this holiness. I told him that I wasn't teaching anything but what our church discipline stood for because our discipline said, "We believe in sanctification as being a work of God's grace wrought in the heart subsequent to regeneration, and without holiness no man can see the Lord." I told him that was just as strong as the Bible made it. He said that was all right but warned me to be careful about this holiness. I told him that God called me to preach and that I would have to mind Him. He told me to go on but be careful.

Bro. Eskew called a holiness evangelist and had a revival at the church at Newton Stewart. At the close of the meeting we organized an International Apostolic Holiness church and I went in as a charter member. I took my recommendation to their Conference at Medora, Ind. and they gave me license to preach for them. This is the church that was organized by Martin Wells Knapp, John Butler, and Seth C. Rees at God's Bible School at Cincinnati, Ohio. It later became known as the Pilgrim Holiness Church. We worked with this church for twenty-five years.

When I joined up with the Apostolic Holiness people it was just a baby church of only eight years in Indiana. Everyone was ready to deny themselves and their hearts were filled with joy. They were very zealous for holiness. It was surely a fine crowd to work with. No one thought of what their pay would be; the pay was in minding God. There were some very fine people in our following. Bro. Crider was our superintendent at that time. He was such a fine man, one of whom the world was not worthy. When my house burned down and my family was homeless he came to my side with words of comfort and a willing hand. He stood true until the Heavenly Father called him home. We watched the little church grow. It was like a healthy child. It had plenty of persecutions and hardships but God was back of it and was always there in time. It seemed that everyone was ready to take up the oars and pull with all his might.

I think of Bro. Ewing, who was superintendent after Bro. Crider, as a hero that was like a bull dog. When he took hold of a task he never let go until he was bringing something out. He was such a friend of mine and had a big place in my heart. I never could have been as I am without him. I count it such a privilege to have had him for my superintendent for so many years.

Then I think of Bro. Area Montgomery, his self-denying spirit, and how he wore his life out for the church. He was always so tender. And to think I had him for a friend! Some day I can have them all for my special friends forever with all the dear Pilgrims that have worked with me and made the load a bit lighter. They encouraged me to try again when I might have given up and failed.

I think of the dear pastors that have fought with me in the battles that sometimes were a little hard and it seemed that I might fail, but I felt that they were lifting, and to hear their shouts of victory as they beat the devil back until I could gain another footing and renew the battle again.

I think of the dear evangelists that would throw themselves into the gap when the ranks looked so broken. Then they threw their forces into the gap, making a solid front and we all together could wave the banner and shout triumphantly.

When I think of the coming rapture and the meeting in the air, I think how wonderful it will be to greet all this host at that meeting in the air.

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10

SETTLING THE FARM QUESTION AND MY FIRST HELPERS

Our Experience at Riddle, Ind.

While holding a revival at Riddle, Ind. we decided the farm question. Up to this time we had preached and farmed for a living. God had tried to get us loose from the farm for quite awhile but we were afraid to launch out by faith alone, so still clung to the farm for support. We were having one loss after another, yet we were afraid to risk it without the farm to lean on. But when we went to Riddle for the meeting we laid out our fleece. Up on the hillside back of the barn on Bro. Satterfield's farm down on our knees we told the Lord that if He would give us a revival in that old abandoned M. E. church, then I would feel clear to leave the farm and go out in the work, trusting Him for my support. The meeting started with no prospects of victory in sight, but God was there to help me and in a few nights there were signs that God was working. The dry bones began to come together, old sores began to heal, troubles began to be fixed up and God began to bless. Crowds poured in and seekers came to the altar until we could see that we were in the midst of a real revival. It ran on like that for awhile and then began to look like it might be over. I didn't feel clear about my fleece. Back up on the hillside I went to ask God to show me again. The meeting broke out anew and as before many prayed through to victory; then again it seemed it might close. Back up the hillside I went the third time and told the Lord I was just as willing to go as to stay but I didn't want to make a mistake and asked Him to help me to be sure. The third time the meeting broke out and others swept in until I was sure I had the will of God and I have never doubted it since that time. The meeting finally closed with the church in good shape. We had bought an organ and a set of new song books and the Conference sent them a pastor to take care of the work.

The trustees asked me to come and hold them another meeting the next summer and I consented to do it. When the time came I went to start the meeting. The pastor was there but the superintendent came and took the service. He skinned me and then skinned the people for having

me there. He left and I went on with the meeting and God gave us a revival. A goodly number prayed through to victory but they never invited me back any more for a meeting. It is now an abandoned church, rotting down, but there are some in heaven that attended those meetings.

Beech Wood

Beech Wood was the place where I found some of my workers. It was through the influence of Bro. and Sister Roberts that we got to go to Beech Wood. They attended our meeting at Riddle. In our first meeting at Riddle, Sister Wiseman played the organ for the meeting; that was before she was married to Bro. Roberts. Bro. Roberts was then teaching school and keeping company with Miss Wiseman. He came to our meeting at Riddle to see Miss Wiseman, got under conviction, came to the altar and sought to be saved. Soon after that he was saved. The next year when we were there again for our second meeting Bro. Roberts was sanctified. Soon after this second meeting he and Miss Wiseman were married and moved to Beech Wood. There they bought a store and took care of the post office. They invited me to hold a meeting for them at Beech Wood. The first meeting seemed to be a failure. The people didn't seem to co-operate with us very well. For five consecutive years we held a meeting in that place and each year it got better. The fifth year the Lord gave us a real revival and at the close of it we organized a Pilgrim Holiness church. It was from these meetings Bro. and Sister Roberts were led to do evangelistic work. They sold the store, gave up teaching and went with me for twelve years in the work. With their songs, shouts and tears they helped to win many souls. Some time ago they went to their reward but the fruits of their labors still remain.

Other Helpers

Bro. Eskew was a railroad operator and depot agent for many years. He had a call to preach and served as pastor most of the time, also he helped in evangelistic work. He brought me the light on holiness when he was pastoring the U. B. church at Newton Stewart. He helped me get my first license to preach and took me for my first tent meeting. He finished his work in the ministry while helping in a tent meeting at Washington, Ind. Just before he went to heaven he told his wife to give me his big new Gospel tent with all the furniture that went with it. He was like a father to me. When they called me to preach his funeral it seemed that my heart would sink. I felt it so keenly because he had been such a friend to me.

I found Bro. and Sister C. I. Wilson at Epsom, Ind. He was a merchant and ran a peddling truck through the country. He had a fine young family and they were members of the M. E. church. In a tent meeting we were holding in the neighborhood of Epsom I met them and they became interested in holiness. He and his wife sought and obtained the blessing. They were a great help to me in that community. From there we went out into the surrounding towns, holding meetings and organizing churches for the Pilgrim Holiness church. Bro. Wilson was truly a worker for the Lord; was a great soul winner and the best altar worker I ever met. His wife was an old time shouter. They helped me over the top many times when the devil made the battle hard. They had a fine family and all were saved while young. Ermal, the baby boy, was only four years old when he was saved, sanctified and called to preach. He made a missionary in the Pilgrim Holiness church and they sent him to Africa. There they made him general superintendent of all their work on the field. He is still a great man in their church.

There are so many others that I would like to tell about but there isn't time or space. However, their memory is cherished in my heart and their names are written in the book of life. In a little while we will attend another meeting together. It will be the meeting in the air that Bro. and Sister Roberts so often sang about while we worked in meetings down here.

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11

SOME OF OUR TENT MEETINGS IN CRAWFORD COUNTY

Centerville

Near the middle of Crawford county, not far from the county farm, we pitched a tent and stayed at Bro. Laswells. The meeting opened up in good shape, folks from Burnett Chapel helped in the battle, also some from Riddle and Beech Wood came. The battle was going good, souls were getting saved and the devil and carnality got stirred. Thinking to break up the meeting, some started having a dance in a field right close to our tent, but God came on the meeting with such power that they couldn't get enough people to the dance to be able to couple off so they had to quit, but the meeting went on and wound up with a blaze of glory.

The next year, when we were planning to return to Centerville for another meeting, Ivan Hovis and Ellis Holt, young preachers, wanted to get some experience in the work. They came to me and wanted to know if they could go with me for the experience and to drive my Gospel truck. I consented and they were on hand in good time with their grips packed and ready to go into the battle. We loaded the truck and were soon off. Upon arriving we put up the tent on the ground and began the battle. It was one of those hard kind when it seemed impossible to move anything. The young men both began to get discouraged and homesick and began to beg to close but I told them that we had come for the meeting and that we couldn't quit until it was through. It seemed a long time to them and when we got started home they were two happy boys. They never asked to go with me for another meeting. However, one of them went on and made a preacher. The other was later killed in a car wreck.

Grantsburg

While we were at Centerville Bro. Senn, the pastor from the holiness church at Grantsburg, came to the meeting and said that he would like to have me come for a meeting but he was afraid they would not pay anything. I told him that I would come if he would just do his best even if I didn't get a cent. He said he would do his best if I would come so we went and pitched the battle. God was on the scene and the people came well. The revival broke out, souls began to find God and the community got stirred. The finance came so easily and soon they had about \$150.00. The pastor was so surprised that his heart failed him and he only gave me \$110.00. It was a powerful meeting.

One night when I gave the altar call a big strong man that was standing on the outside of the tent was under such conviction that he started to fall and caught hold of the tent pole. The pastor

went after him and just about the time he got to him he let loose and started to fall. The pastor caught him and tried to drag him to the altar but he was too heavy for him so he left him stretched out down the isle. Some thought he was dead while others didn't know what to do but we went to prayer for him. The Lord had the situation in hand and took the man through to real victory. There was such shouting that we couldn't do anything with the meeting only let it go until the Lord got through.

Burnett Chapel

Burnett Chapel was a place where we fought some real battles and saw some wonderful victories. There was nothing very outstanding but we organized a class there that stood fine for awhile and we had some very dear friends there that have already gone to their reward.

English

English was the county seat of Crawford Co. The Pilgrims had tried a number of times to get a work started there but it seemed that all their efforts had failed. God laid it on Bro. Eskew's heart to put a tent meeting in there and he called me to help him in the meeting. It was God's time to start something there and He gave us a real revival. At the close of the meeting we organized a Pilgrim Holiness class and started a work that now has a new church and parsonage.

It was while in the meeting at English that I had my first auto wreck. I was staying at Uncle Joe Denbo's and driving his car to church for him. One Sunday as we were coming home from church, a young man, with some girls in the car with him, came up behind us and honked for us to give them the road. Then to be smart he said to the girls, "Watch how close I can come to that car without hitting it". Then he cut in and hooked his rear hub on our front one, throwing us into the ditch against a telephone pole. It tore the top off our car and the man that was sitting by me looked like he went through the wind shield. He was a sight. His breast was split open until it took sixteen stitches to sew him up. His wife's head swelled until she hardly looked like a human and their daughter was unconscious when we got her out from under the car. There was another lady in the car that didn't get bruised very much but she was old and it took her a long time to get over it. The boy that hit us was frightened and didn't know what to do but walk the road, wring his hands and say, "I didn't hit you". The girls had presence of mind enough to help me get the folks out from under the car. We got them in cars, took them home and got two doctors to dress their wounds. We got a nurse to care for them and they finally all got well. The last I heard Sr. Denbo hadn't been in a car since. The law took it in hand and stopped the boy from driving. I think the boy's father paid the doctors and nurse and had the car fixed. I never want to have another experience like it although I didn't get hurt much myself.

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After we had laid out our fleece and God had made His will so definitely clear to us we began to plan to leave the farm. There were a number of places open for us to take work, but all of

a sudden they all seemed to close and there was no place to go; then I was tried about it. I was sure that God had called for us to go but there seemed to be no place to go. I cried and prayed and didn't know what to do. Finally I thought I would have to farm and began to get ready to do it. It was only the Lord trying me to see if I would hold steady but I was too fearful to hold still. The day I started the plow in the garden we received a letter from East Enterprise asking us to come and pastor the work there. We piled our tools up by the garden fence and told our brother that we were quitting the farm. He told me that I was foolish and that I would starve my family and said that if I left he would never help me. Father took his side and said there was not a charge in the Holiness work that would support my family. Wife said that if the Lord wanted us to go hungry she was willing to go hungry. So we sold the tools, feed and all the stock we could and left the rest with father, with the exception of a horse, a cow and a few chickens which we took with us.

It was a move of about one hundred fifty miles and that was a long ways in those days before we had an automobile of our own. We loaded what we had on two wagons and my brother Hermon and I started for the Ohio River where we expected to take a boat. It took two days to drive to the river. We drove to Burnett Chapel the first day and spent the night with Bro. Hubbard. The next morning when we were getting ready to start on, Sister Hubbard came out with a jar of pickled peaches and asked me if I wanted them. I told her I did and thanked her for them. It was always our custom to receive anything that was offered to us and to thank the giver whether we needed them or not. We did wonder a lot what to do with that jar of peaches and just why she was prompted to give them at that time. When we had everything packed there seemed to be no place for that jar. Then I thought of a sack of bran I had along for the horse and cow and I just put it in that sack where it would not get broken and we went on our way.

In the afternoon we reached Leavenworth. Bro. Alonzo Brown had gone with us the second day to help us unload onto the boat. After our things were unloaded my brother and Bro. Brown returned with the wagons and I remained on the boat with my things. My wife and children were to go on the train to Louisville and meet me there. There I was on my first steam boat.

I landed in Louisville Saturday morning and had my things transferred to a boat to Cincinnati. While transferring my things they told me I could not take my cow because of the quarantine against the hoof and mouth disease. I went to the Captain of the boat that had brought her that far but he said he could not take her back. I didn't know what to do so began to talk to the Lord about it and told Him that all I had was on that boat, that I was doing my best to mind him, and that I would trust Him to help me now. I spoke to a man about it and God touched his heart. He told me to go with him up town and he would see what we could do. We went up town with him, trusting the Lord to help me out and get my cow through. He took me up on an elevator several stories and then told me to wait until he came back. He was gone for quite awhile. When he returned he had me to follow him around a hall and into a room where there was a council of doctors. They asked me a few questions and said that was all. I returned with the man that had brought me up there. He asked me about my occupation and my family. I told him about them coming on the train. He told me the train would soon be there and for me to go and meet my family and that they would send my cow through all right. I asked him what he charged and he said he didn't charge anything. Then he advised me to be careful about talking to strangers in the city because it was dangerous. I knew that, but I had to have help and I was trusting God to see me through and He did. I don't know

whether the quarantine was ever broken again or not but that is one time God broke it to let my children have milk.

I went to the train, met my wife and children and took them to the boat. When we got there we found the boat didn't go until the next day and that we would have to stay all night. We were strangers in Louisville and there was a large family of us just from the farm and we didn't know what to do or where to go. We didn't have much money so wondered what we were going to do. Wife suggested that they might let us stay on the boat if I would see the superintendent. I went to him telling him that all I had was on that boat and that we would like to stay on it too if he would let us. He finally gave his consent and we went and registered. They gave us two rooms and that solved the sleeping question but we wondered what we would do for something to eat. Wife said that she had fixed their dinner at her brothers but had not eaten it on the train since they had never ridden on the train before and had not been hungry. There was a box of fried chicken and I thought of my can of pickled peaches. Then I realized why the Lord had prompted Sister Hubbard to give those peaches. I got a loaf of bread for a nickel and we had a good supper that had just cost us a nickel. With two beds in each room there was plenty of room for us all to sleep. When we had prayer that night we surely felt thankful to the Lord for the wonderful ways that He had helped us that day.

The next morning we were surprised to be given our breakfast on the boat, yet very thankful. We had about seventy-five miles to go that day. It was the first boat ride our family had ever had. It was a beautiful day and they saw many new sights. In the afternoon we arrived at Markland. Bro. Byrum was at the boat to meet us and take us to his home for the night. The children were tired and cross and we were surely glad to land and get some rest.

The next day the folks from East Enterprise came for our things and Bro. McCrary brought the carriage after the family. We were so glad to get into our first parsonage although we were one hundred fifty miles from any of our folks, the farthest that we had ever been away from home. We were soon busy getting the furniture arranged and starting on our new charge with many lessons to learn. We knew so little about pastoring but we had settled it to go through at any cost.

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13

OUR FIRST PASTORATE

When we moved to East Enterprise we took all with us off the farm that we could, such as flour, potatoes, etc. We had to learn the lesson of trusting God. I remember how one day after we had been there for awhile I told wife that she had better not fry the potatoes because it would take more fried than it would to boil them but she said the Lord would give us more when they were gone. I told her that if she had faith for more to go on and fry them. She did and before they were gone a neighbor asked me if we had potatoes. I told him that we had a few. He said he had a bushel for us. I thanked him for them. Before they were gone another neighbor told me to come up and get some potatoes. I thanked him and went after them. The Lord was whipping me for my unbelief. Before they were gone a neighbor told me we could have all the potatoes we needed. The Lord just gave me a real whipping while He was at it and it was a lesson I never forgot.

While we were pastoring in this place we had Rev. H. B. Jackson for a revival. He let the Gospel plow run deep and plowed out all kinds of things. God gave us a real revival that ran in the church for six weeks and then from house to house all the rest of the winter; but it was not without opposition. The opposition rose and the devil fought us hard over that meeting for two years, but during those two years that I was under fire I had some of the greatest victories of my life. God was with me in a special way.

While we were on this charge our house burned to the ground and left us homeless in the middle of the winter. The children were just getting over the whopping cough and the weather turned bad. They took cold and coughed all winter. It was a trying time. I had just made my preparations for winter, had laid in my coal, butchered my meat and had everything in good shape. That morning I had gone to town before breakfast to send an order by the bus for a new book case. When I returned the family had eaten breakfast. I put up the horse, went to the kitchen and ate my breakfast and went in the front room. Bro. Turner came in and we were visiting while wife was at the machine sewing. One of the children went to get the baby a drink and saw the smoke. She ran back and said the house was on fire. We ran to the kitchen and found it in flames and the well bucket was in the kitchen. We could do nothing but take out what we could get out of the front part of the house and the upstairs. The neighbors were soon there but the house was built of yellow poplar lumber and it went in a few minutes. The neighbors were good to us, took us in their homes and did their best for us, but we were scattered into different homes and it was truly a trying time. But the lesson that we learned was truly worth it all. We found that we had friends that we didn't know before were our friends. Finally we were all housed together again and how we did appreciate it! We didn't have much room but we didn't mind that. It was so good to be together again in a place that we could call home.

We spent almost two years at East Enterprise and then moved back to Newton Stewart into a home that was our own. It was the first home we had ever owned and we were so thankful for it. It was near the school house where I went to school while a boy. Our orchard extended up to the school yard and I had eaten apples out of it when a little boy. I would pass between the house and the barn coming from and going to school. Many times I had looked at the house and barn and thought it was a wonderful place, never dreaming that some day I would own it myself, but God said He would not withhold any good thing from them that walk uprightly. Those years in Newton Stewart were testing times. Our support was almost cut off. The enemy was trying to put us under. That was the time that Bro. Spears proved to be the raven that fed us. He had an old water mill and he gave us the tithes of his meal so we had corn bread sometimes three times a day. I took corn bread for lunch at noon, but those were good days for my soul. I would sit down on the ground, set my bucket between my knees and thank God for the meal, and the corn bread would taste so good. Sometimes tears would run down my face as I ate.

It was while we lived here that the influenza epidemic raged. They put bans on all public gatherings so that my revival work had to stop. Then the devil tried me and asked me what I was going to do. I had depended on holding meetings for my support but now I couldn't hold any and the devil told me that my family would suffer. I looked up and told God that I had done my best and that I would trust Him to supply my needs. I felt sure that He would do it. In a few days I received a letter with a five dollar bill in it. The note read like this, "Bro. Carroll, last night as I came home

from Dayton the Lord told me that you needed some money. Here are five dollars and I will send you more when I write." That little note was worth more to me than any bank account. I knew there was no way for that man to know my circumstances only as the Lord told him. I saw that the Lord had undertaken to supply my needs and He did as long as the bans were on. Every need was supplied, the money coming from different people, until I was ready to go in meetings again. Every bill had been paid and I had about as much money on hand as I did when the bans were put on. When the bans were lifted the money quit coming. I had nothing to do with the beginning nor the quitting; the Lord managed the whole affair.

In March of the following year while still living at Newton Stewart, my father died very suddenly. I was at his house that day and he seemed as well as usual. He was busy getting things ready to boil down some maple syrup the next day. My half sister was sick with rheumatism and suffered almost all the time. When I started to go home in the afternoon father asked me to stay all night. I told him that I would if I could do them any good. He said that if anything should happen that I would be there. I saw that he wanted me to stay so I helped him do up the night work and we had supper. After supper we sat around the fire until bed time, had family prayer and father went to bed. In about fifteen minutes he had gone to heaven without a struggle. He just drew his breath as natural but so soon was in glory. In less than two weeks the half sister had gone to be with him over there. She died of flu and rheumatism.

When we went to father's funeral we were exposed to the flu and the next day or so five of us were sick with it, myself and four of the children. Wife had her hands so full that she sent for her father to come and help her. He surely had a hospital because the rest of the family soon took down with it also. He had about every room full of sick folks and everyone was afraid of it then. The Lord was good to us, brought us all through and supplied our needs. At that time a lady sent my wife fifteen dollars and in a few days sent her fifteen more. Her husband was just a day laborer. When we think about it we feel like giving God the glory. It was only He that took us through.

A peculiar thing happened the night that father died. My youngest brother that lived in Illinois, was sitting in his house playing cards with some other people. A large framed picture of father was hanging on the wall. At the time father died that picture fell from the wall on its face without breaking the glass. Brother jumped up, picked it up and examined it. The string was wrapped just like it had been around the nail. He examined the nail in the wall and it was just like it always had been. He looked at the clock and when he got home he asked what time father died. When told he said it was the time the picture fell from the wall. It stopped that game of cards and they didn't forget the incident very easily.

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After father died we soon lost interest staying at Newton Stewart. I was out in evangelistic work and wife had very few Christians to associate with. She soon began to want to move to some other community where there were some saints. I had been holding some meetings in Martin Co.

and they had been wanting us to move over near Alfordsville. One day I told the folks there that if they would move me I was willing to come. They soon had a bunch of men and wagons and were on their way to move us. When I got home and told them that we were going to move the children began to cry and to say that they didn't want to move, but the arrangements were already made.

The men arrived with the teams and wagons to move us. They were tired after the long drive so they were put up for the night. Wife hurried and fixed them a warm supper but in her hurry she put salt in the pies instead of sugar. Well, we were hurrying to get ready to move and some things are excusable when one is in a hurry. The pies were pretty salty. The next morning everyone was stirring around because it was moving day and the wagons had to be loaded. The older boys went on the wagons and it was a great trip for them. Mother and the smaller children went on the train and I went with the boys on the wagons. Everything moved off well. When we arrived wife had already arrived and was waiting for us. Bro. Divine had met them at the station and taken them to the house. Then we had the big task of getting things straightened out. After a good rest we went into it and soon were ready to keep house again. We had moved into Bro. Harbison's house on one of his farms. He was letting us have it without rent. It was a real nice place to live with a big new barn and plenty of straw in the loft. It made such a fine place for the children to play.

They often played church up in the loft. One day some of the neighbor children were there and they were playing church. Three of our children were saved and one of them was the preacher. They gave an altar call and six of them went to the altar. Wife and I were at the house putting hickory-bark bottoms in some chairs. One of the children came running to the house to get us to go and help them pray for the seekers. We went to the barn and found they had two seekers apiece to pray for. They were praying and repenting in good fashion. We prayed with them and some of them prayed through and were blessed.

The South Martin church was located not far from where we now lived. It was a nice large union church belonging to the M. E. and the U. B. churches and the United Brethren were using it. While Bro. L. S. Allen was pastor he called me for a revival. When I went I found the church in a run down condition and the people badly discouraged. They told me it was no use to try to have a revival because the people wouldn't come but I told them that we would try and we started in. The weather got bad; there was about the biggest snow I believe I have ever seen; the roads were blocked until people had to carry shovels and work their way through the drifts. Paths were dug through the fields so people could walk to church and they came from every direction in sleighs, in sleds and wagons and some walked until the house was full and the yard full of rigs. We had a wonderful meeting that stirred the community.

The above mentioned revival opened the way for other meetings. Rev. H. B. Jackson held a good meeting in another church near that community. People began to get sanctified and wanted holiness preached. Carnality began to get stirred and some were afraid of the holiness preachers but the people that were walking in the light wanted holiness preaching and they asked permission to use the Union church for services in the afternoons. Since they were U. B. and M. E. people that wanted the use of the church, permission was granted. They started Sunday School and had me preach for them. It went well for awhile until the other group saw that our crowd was larger than theirs, then prejudice began to rise and the battle started. A new board of trustees was elected and the ground posted against our coming on it under penalty of law. When Sunday afternoon came we

went as usual and found that we had a crowd of fifty people waiting for us. We lined them up on each road bank and had Sunday School; then I stood in the middle of the road and preached to them. A man came along with his team and I let him pass and went on with my message. When the service was over I asked the congregation what we were going to do next. There was a grove on the farm where I lived and they said they would fix a place there where we could go on with our Sunday School and services; thus the services continued with interest. When the weather began to get cold I asked them what we would do next and they said that they would convert the barn on our farm into a tabernacle. The straw was moved out of the loft and a stairway put on the outside. In this big tabernacle we had some wonderful times but finally it was too cold to continue in the barn tabernacle so we got permission to use an abandoned school house. There the meetings continued until we built a Pilgrim Holiness church and later a parsonage. Now there is a stationed pastor in that place and the church that fought us is gone.

Medora

I attended my first Holiness Conference at Medora, Ind. in 1911. At that time the Pilgrim Holiness church had twelve churches in Indiana and two missionaries on the field. They paid less than fifty dollars a year to foreign missions. At that conference I was given my first license to preach in the holiness church and preached for them twenty-five years. I went to that conference wearing a little gold watch chain but while among those folks I was soon condemned about it and without anyone saying a word to me I took it off. The Lord troubled me about it.

We had confidence in everyone that professed holiness in those days. It meant something then to profess to be sanctified; there was a reproach to it. Sometimes we boys would get a shower of eggs. One night while I was preaching on hell over close to Bennington, Ind. in a school house the eggs began to burst around me and they just showered in. God didn't let them hit me, neither did I lose a point in my message. God took care of the situation. The next night everything was still as death on the outside. The sheriff was there. Well, it meant something in those days to go with the holiness crowd. They were persecuted and made fun of. These days some at least are a little more popular. It was while at Medora that the meeting was closed in my face but God gave me grace to keep sweet in the hands of my persecutor.

Haleysburg

This was a small place south of Medora. Well do I remember my first trip there for a meeting. Zeak Reynolds met me at the railroad station with a wagon that had no bed on it. He tied my suitcase on so it could not fall off and then gave me a sack of straw or something to sit on. My feet hang down and thus we rode for miles on my way to a revival. I didn't feel much like an evangelist by the time we got there but more like a tie hauler or a hoop-pole splitter. However we arrived; everyone was strange to me; they put me to sleep in one place and to eat in another. I made it fairly well until I was put in a place where it was lined with bedbugs. I soon found that there were too many in the bed and it seemed that I was the only one that was willing to get out. I made up my mind that I would stay out so I went somewhere else after that where I would have more room and where it would not be so crowded, at least where there would not be so many in my bed. The meeting went on fine for awhile until a man got dug up and became very angry. He wrote my wife a good sympathizing letter, telling her how she needed me at home and that I wasn't doing any

good in the meeting there but was just flirting with the women. When wife received the letter she sent it back to me saying, "I guess you have one man dug up. Here is a letter he sent me." He was the merchant in Haleysburg. I took the letter and went over to see him, telling him that I had the letter that he had sent to my wife. When I went in he looked down and when I spoke of the letter he turned red. He saw that he was caught and began to confess that he was just mad. He apologized for writing it and later was saved and became a friend of mine. The meeting continued with good results and they called me back for other meetings later. Sister Alma Brown from Bedford, Ind. helped me in some of the meetings at Haleysburg.

In a meeting we held for Bro. Compton at Medora we met Sister Mary Friend. She was there as the singer but when I got acquainted with her I found her to be quite a preacher. We had a good meeting together at Medora and then we all went to Haleysburg for a tent meeting. In that meeting we met Sister Ida Stewart who had come to help in the meeting. We also met the Killions, Bushes, Hatibows, and Bartmans. Some very precious friendships were formed. We had a good revival and the community was stirred until they enlarged the church and later built a parsonage and now they have a pastor.

Bro. Bush took us home in his car with a number of pumpkins and other vegetables. Sister Stewart went home with us and met wife and they afterward became close friends. Sister Stewart helped us quite a lot in the work in Martin and Daviess Counties.

Inman Chapel

Bro. John William Burress met me at the depot in Loogootee with a road wagon and four horses hitched to it. He had brought some clover seed to town. When I got off the train it was cold and quite damp with snow and ice on the ground. It was a long drive to make in an open wagon and over those bad roads but Bro. Burress didn't seem to mind. He was used to traveling that way. He soon had me up on the wagon with an old coat over my lap and he jumped in the saddle on the lead horse. We were soon on our way over those hills and through the mud, sleet and snow. We were getting along pretty well until we were going down a bad hill when the wagon tongue came loose and dropped down. It looked like we might have a wreck but Bro. Burress managed to get the horses stopped, jumped off his horse and began to hunt the trouble. It was getting late but he had lots of patience and plenty of time, while I sat on the wagon trying to keep from freezing. As I watched him taking his time I saw that he wasn't in the least excited. Finally the tongue was back in place, he leaped on his horse and off we went again. The night was dark but on we went, up and down hill, around the curves until finally he pulled up to a big farm house and stopped and said, "Here is the place." I was so glad to get there; away to the house we went and found a roaring hot fire. To say that we appreciated it is making it mild. It did seem like a warm welcome and there was the good hot supper. Everything tasted so good. When we got warmed up and ready to retire Bro. Burress said that we would have prayer and get ready for bed. I never heard such praying. It sounded like a camp meeting. They all prayed at the top of their voices. I thought the revival was already on and true it was. God gave us a wonderful revival that wonderfully stirred that community. Folks prayed through in that meeting that are standing true yet today. Others rejected God and missed their opportunity while still others fought the truth. One man took his stand against holiness people and made it a point to get in a crowd and talk against them. One day he and his hired hand came in to dinner and while they were standing out in the yard washing a little cloud

came up from the west and a stroke of lightening from the cloud struck that man and sent him into eternity in a second, without hurting the other man, neither did it rain, but it put a fear on that community that lasted for years.

The farm where our family had been living was sold so that made it necessary for us to vacate. We moved across on the next farm at the cross roads. The old house had been a log cabin but they had built two rooms in front with an upstairs over them for bedrooms. The house had been vacant for some time so that it was badly run down. We had swarms of flies, plenty of mice and it looked like there might have been some snakes around the old log part. But we had nice shade around the house and we liked it well in the summer. It was while we lived here that we were called to Daviess Co. for a tent meeting. It was the first holiness meeting that had been held around Epsom. Bro. and Sr. Roberts helped us in the meeting. Sr. Stewart was at our house at the time and she and wife took turns coming to the meeting. The meeting was held in Bro. Ferguson's field. He fenced off about two acres for a parking lot and sometimes it would just be crowded with cars and rigs. It was truly a great meeting. It was something new in that community and the people came for miles around every night. When it began to break through to old time victory the people began to tumble in to the altar and sometimes the altar was about full on both sides. There were about one hundred that prayed through. Among that number were Bro. and Sr. Wilson. They were the merchants there at Epsom at the time and were leaders in the M. E. church. They just came to the tent meeting to see what was going on but God soon convinced them that there was something that they didn't have and they became seekers after it. It was hard for Sr. Wilson to go down in the straw at that old mourner's bench. She was full of pride and from a high class family. Her brothers were merchants and doctors, an uncle was judge of Martin and Daviess Counties, another was a banker and still another a lawyer. It meant so much to her pride to go down there in the straw, but down she went just like the rest. Finally she broke through to real victory and came up shouting. Her husband thought she was having a heart attack, grabbed a glass of water and a handkerchief and ran to her but she brought one of those large arms around, knocked him out of the way and went on shouting. She didn't know that he was around. It was a wonderful day. When they started home she was shouting and having such a good time but Bro. Wilson was so sad she said, "Well, dad, you wanted me to get it. Now what are you so blue about since I have gotten it." Bro. Wilson said, "Well, I didn't get it." That was the beginning of a great work in Daviess and Martin counties and from that other meetings began to open up.

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15

MY GOSPEL TENTS AND HOW I GOT THEM

I had been working with the Pentecostal Bands at Bedford, Ind. for about two years and they furnished me tents for the meetings. I held a meeting for them in their church at Bedford and helped hold two camps, so they furnished me a tent and some workers to go with me in other meetings. Sometimes Bro. Glenn, the superintendent of the work there, would go with me for a meeting. But when I quit working for them I was without a tent. One day while I was living at Newton Stewart I received a letter from Sister Smith, who lived near Norman Station where we had been for a tent meeting, and she said in the letter that God had told her that day while she was washing over the washboard that I could have a tent and for me to go and buy one and He would

furnish the money to pay for it. That was too big a step for me to take then but it stirred me to pray about it. I climbed up in the barn loft and began to pray about it and while I was praying the Lord brought Bro. Roberts up before me. I said, "All right, Lord, if You want him to buy me a tent You can tell him about it." Then I just felt that it would come out all right in God's time. I went on that season with the revivals until the last one in the fall which was at Beechwood and while there I stayed in Bro. Roberts' home. One morning while we were in family prayer the Spirit came on so good. While we were still on our knees Bro. Roberts looked at me through his tears and said, "Will you accept a Gospel tent if I buy one for you and let Lula and me help you what we can in meetings." I told him that I would be glad to and then he told me how God had spoken to him about buying the tent that spring. Then I told him my experience in the barn loft and he got blessed and said, "We will go up to the store and order it right now." He was a merchant at that time and had the post office in the store. His wife took care of the store in the winter and he taught school so they were well able to buy a tent and I knew they would mind the Lord when he spoke to them. We went to the store and he ordered the tent sent C.O.D. It did not come until the meeting was over. When it came Bro. Roberts paid for it and stored it away for the winter. When spring came it was ready for use and we started our summer campaign. Bro. and Sr. Roberts, however, only helped me in a very few meetings where it was close enough for them to drive back and forth and take care of their store. Finally the day came when they said good-bye to the store, sold out, closed up their home and went with me during the summer months. Later Bro. Roberts gave up teaching also and they gave full time to evangelistic work. We saw many souls saved and sanctified under that old tent.

Finally our tent began to get old and ragged. One day while we were holding a meeting at Bicknell, Ind., for Bro. Groshart I felt that God wanted to give me another tent. I mentioned it to Bro. Groshart and he told me to take an offering for one. We spoke about it in the night service and in just a few minutes they had given, in cash and pledges, three hundred and fifteen dollars. We went on to Burns City and mentioned the need there and they gave about one hundred and forty-five dollars. With those two offerings I had plenty with which to buy a new tent.

From Burns City we went to Scotland, Indiana for a meeting. We pitched the tent and just had service one night when I took sick with blood poison and the other workers had to go on with the meeting. They took me to a doctor and then on home where I was laid up for six weeks and the report went out that I was dead. Some fixed to go to the funeral and one lady wrote wife a letter sympathizing with her over the loss of her husband. But my work was not yet finished and the Lord saw fit to leave me here awhile longer.

While the workers continued the meeting at Scotland there was a storm that tore the old tent to shreds. It couldn't be fixed and they had to close the meeting. God had seen that the storm was coming and had given me the money for a new tent. We bought a two pole block-and-tackle tent that was thirty-five by fifty-six feet. We opened up the next spring with the new tent that we used in places where we had no churches. We built several new churches as a result of the tent work.

Bro. Eskew helped me in one meeting under my tent and it was a good revival. He then decided to get him a tent. He was operator on the rail road at the time and was making plenty of money so he bought a new forty-by-seventy foot tent and one hundred folding chairs. He also bought some church seats and made folding seats out of them. It was a very nice outfit for

evangelistic work. One day while I was in prayer the Lord told me that I could have Bro. Eskew's tent. I could not understand why the Lord was going to give me that tent when I already had one. I didn't mention it to anyone but in a short time I received a letter from Bro. Eskew asking me if I could use his tent anywhere. He said that it was idle and he would be glad to let me have it and he would help me in meetings whenever he could. I answered and told him to send it to Washington, Ind., and I would put on a meeting there and he could help me. He sent the tent and all the furniture to Washington and paid the freight himself. We got permission to use the East side city park and pitched our tent. Bro. Eskew came and helped us in the meeting and it was a good revival. Souls prayed through to definite victory. When the meeting was almost over Bro. Eskew felt we should have a permanent place to continue services so we went down town to find a hall where we could start a mission. We found one where the salvation army had been. It was up over Mr. Rodgers' store. We looked at it and Bro. Eskew felt it was the place we should have. We sent Bro. Wilson to inquire about renting it. The owner said he had been renting it for twenty dollars but that he let the Salvation Army have it for fifteen and that was the least he would take for it. I felt that God wanted us to have it for ten dollars a month and told Bro. Eskew how I felt. We prayed and then went down to see the man ourselves. When we went the man wasn't in but we waited until he arrived and told him what we wanted, asking him about the rent for the building. He stood a little while and then told us that he had never rented it for less than fifteen dollars but that if we wanted it we could have it for ten. Bro. Eskew could hardly keep from breaking out in a shout right there. It was God that had done it. We told him that we would take it, Bro. Eskew promising to stand good for half of the rent and the rest of us would pay the other half. The mission started and he paid all the rent as long as I was in the mission.

When the tent meeting closed I asked Bro. Eskew what to do with the tent and he told me I could store it in the mission for the winter. When spring came he wrote and told me to slate up the tent as though it were mine and he would help me when he could, so I had two tents on my hands but I managed to keep them going with two parties of workers. Bro. Eskew's health didn't permit him to help me in very many meetings. When the season was over I stored the tent again. In the spring he wrote me again, saying that his health was better and to slate the tent for the summer and he would help me when he could. But before time for tent meetings God had called him Home. They sent for me to preach the funeral and when I arrived Sister Eskew said, "Bro. Carroll, pop told me to give you the tent and all the furniture." God had told me that two years before.

It was a wonderful funeral. About thirty minutes before he died his face lit up and he was as one transfigured. The glory remained on the corpse until after the funeral. Just as he was passing away all the lights went out in the house and they were left in midnight darkness. It was an awful time for the family. All the light they had was some little tallow candles. When I was praying about the message for the funeral God showed me that when he went that the light had gone out of that home. His family was educated, some of the children were school teachers and the rest were operators on the rail road and they were more interested in making money than they were in salvation. The teachers were there with their bouquets and the rail road men with theirs, besides what the churches, holiness camps and preachers brought. It looked like a flower garden in the room where the corpse lay.

Well, I sold my old tent and went on with the big one until it was getting old. It was so large and heavy that I wanted a smaller one. I had an opportunity to sell it to the Eastern District of

the Immanuel Missionary church for enough to get me a smaller one. Then I bought a new forty foot round tent with one center pole. I liked it much better and it was handier for my work. I could haul it in my trailer and it was easier to raise or take down. God has surely supplied all our needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. There has never been a need unsupplied. We were not worthy of all these tents but He just saw fit to give them to us without our hardly asking for them. He knows what we need before we ask. He gave us a camping tent one day when we were holding a revival for Bro. Porter. He had a good camping tent and just gave it to me. It was nearly new. I was glad and thankful for it. We have gotten so much good out of it at the camp at Frankfort, Ind.

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16

MY GOSPEL TRUCK AND HOW I GOT IT

One day while living in Martin Co. near Alfordsville I received a letter from Bro. Chandler of Taylorsville, Ohio. He said that if I would come up and visit them that he would pay my train fare and give me wages while there. When I arrived I found that he was working for a company that was building a large flood dam to protect Dayton, Ohio. That city had suffered great destruction during the flood of 1913. That dam was the largest piece of work of that kind I had ever seen. They were digging a channel for the Miami river right through solid rock and were using tons of dynamite. They had shot off as much as fifteen hundred pounds at one time. It was all new to me. I hadn't seen anything like it before.

A community hall had been built for the use of the workers and I was asked to preach some for them. I preached a few nights and there was some interest shown.

One day we were out in the yard where Bro. Chandler's car was parked. He asked me how I would like to have that car and I told him I didn't want it. I didn't know why I didn't want it. I had no car of my own but just felt like I didn't want it. He looked at me strangely and told me it would take me any place I wanted to go. I told him I knew it but somehow I didn't want it. Then he asked how I would like to have a Gospel truck. I told him that would be fine. He smiled and told me that was what the Lord had told him to get for me but he thought he could get out of it by giving me the car. I saw then why I didn't want the touring car. It was God's plan for him to give me a truck. When I was ready to leave he gave me sixty dollars and told me that I would possibly have the truck in time to start with the tent in the spring. Time went on, spring came and I started with the tent but there was no word about the truck. The season went on until fall with no word from Bro. Chandler. I had about given it up when one day wife received a letter from Sister Chandler, saying that my Gospel truck was sitting in their yard, and that every time she saw it it about blessed her to death. She wanted to know if I wanted to come after it or have Charles bring it down. Wife sent me a letter at once. I was away in a meeting at the time. I answered right back to tell him to bring it down. In a few days he drove in with the truck. It was a nice one. Bro. B. H. Colen, a garage man at East Enterprise, had gotten saved and felt a call to preach. He built the truck for evangelistic work and started out with another man but found that he needed some preparations first so sold the truck and went to Bible School at Cincinnati. That is the truck they bought for me. Bro. Chandler brought it and stayed, all night. The next morning before he left he told wife he guessed Bro.

Carroll wondered why the truck hadn't come in the spring. He said he had backslidden over getting it and was backslidden all summer but had recently been reclaimed. He said the first thing after he got through again the Lord reminded him of Bro. Carroll's truck. He knew he had to get it or lose victory again.

Well, I was anxious to get home to see that Gospel truck and to learn how to drive it. When I reached home it was the center of attraction. I didn't know how to back it out of the shed so we rolled it out and got it started. We drove around on the road and then didn't know how to turn it around. Finally I thought of finding a wide place in the road where I could circle it around. I found a place where I thought I could make it. It was in front of a house and I tried it but the body was longer than I thought. I saw I couldn't make it and didn't know what to do. I ran it into a fence post and broke it off, thus stopping the motor. The man came out laughing and helped me get backed out and started toward home. I then made it all right until I started to turn into the barn lot. I couldn't quite make the turn so hit a little building and stopped the truck. The family came out and helped me back it out and get it in the barn shed. How to back it was still a mystery to me. One day Bro. Francis Porter was at our place and I asked him if he could tell me how to back that truck. He laughed, got in it, shifted it to reverse and out it came. I saw how it was done and have been driving ever since.

One day a neighbor came and wanted to borrow the truck to take a sick woman to the doctor. I wasn't at home and wife didn't know what to tell him. He said that he would take good care of it and pay for the use of it so she let him take it. The roads were bad. I had a five gallon can of motor oil setting in the back. He didn't take it out. It turned over and spilled out all over the bed. He drove it so hard over those roads that he had it all knocked out. When he brought it back he just put it in the shed and didn't even thank wife for the use of it. It taught us to be careful about loaning our car. We had the truck worked over and on the road again. It gave us a lot of good service. It was so nice to use for hauling our tents and workers. We made a long spring seat across the bed just back of the cab where our workers could ride when there were too many to ride in the cab.

One day we were on our way to Freelingville for a tent meeting. Sr. Roberts and Sr. Stewart were riding in the back seat and the truck was running so smooth. Bro. Roberts wanted to drive but I told him he might lose his head and wreck us. He thought there was no danger so I moved over and he took the wheel to drive. He made it all right for awhile until we came to a double curve and a Culbert with a wooden floor. He made the first curve and rattled over the bridge. When he came to the second curve he got excited and headed for a stump at the side of the road. He plowed right into it. The women in the back went up into the top and Sr. Roberts screamed, "Oh, George, you have broken my neck." George jumped out and was jumping around there saying, "Oh, Lula, are you hurt much?" She insisted that her neck was broken but upon investigation we found that only her nose was skinned a little. She said, "Oh, George, I can't sing a special looking like this." The hose to the radiator was uncoupled and the water was pouring out on the hot motor so that it was popping and sputtering until Bro. Roberts thought the truck was ruined. I told him it sounded like it. A man came along in a touring car and offered to help us. He took the two women and Bro. Roberts on to Freelingville and I waited until another car came along. He helped me get the truck out and started again. I drove it on to the place where we were to pitch the tent and left it there until we could get the needed parts to fix it and get it ready to run again. Bro. Roberts never asked to drive it any more. The old truck hauled us many miles and was

a blessing in the Lord's work. When it got too old to depend on for our Gospel work we traded it on a new Model T Ford that served us for a long time.

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17

OUR MEETING IN EPSOM WITH THE M. E. FOLKS

Bro. Deal was the pastor of the M. E. church in Epsom. He came to the tent meeting out on Ferguson's farm, professing holiness, and took some part in the meeting. One day he asked me if I would hold a meeting for them in their church. We told him that we would and arrangements were made to start it in two weeks from the time our tent meeting closed. When the time came we were on hand with our evangelistic party -- Bro. and Sr. Roberts and Sr. Stewart. We opened the battle in good shape, the Lord came on the meeting from the very start and the work of salvation began. People came to the meeting and prayed through. Bro. Wilson was among the first outstanding cases and that set the meeting on fire. The members began to seek holiness and one night the pastor came to me and told me he didn't have what we had although he had professed it for a long time. He said he went to the altar, made a consecration and took it by faith but he realized he did not get the blessing, nor did he have the spirit of holiness, and he wanted to know what to do. I told him he should pray through and get the experience; he said he would, went home, locked himself in and went to seeking. Finally he broke through to victory, came back to church and confessed that he had been preaching holiness without the experience. After this his preaching was different and his wife got stirred to see her need, came to the altar but didn't get through. The meeting was running strong by this time and it stirred carnality. Some one notified the superintendent of what was going on in that meeting and here he came to see about it. Four of the main members met him at the depot and told him if he was going over there to stop the meeting that he didn't need to go any farther. It stirred his dignity and he asked why the pastor had gotten that man without his consent. They told him not to blame the pastor for getting those workers because they were the ones that had asked us to come and to blame them. They had put up with dead preachers as long as they were going to. They told him that he had sent them dead preachers long enough; that he had made them pay their conference claims while their souls were starving. They also told him that God was giving them a revival and that if he put his hand on the meeting he wouldn't have anything left out there. That cooled the Doctor Fire off a little. He asked how many joiners we had had and they said that there were not any and that we were not seeking joiners but trying to get what members they already had saved. The Doctor came on over to the meeting and treated us as though we were not there. He preached, or read, one of his big discourses, then after service he took the pastor out and gave him to understand that he was not to be guilty again of letting a thing like that happen. He also told him that it was too late then to do anything with that meeting, they would have to let it go on to a finish but not to let it happen again.

Well, we went on and fifty two prayed through in that good meeting, most of which were members of that church. The meeting closed leaving the church in fine shape spiritually. The pastor had arranged to have us with him in a revival at another one of his points but Doctor Fire had blocked that and he had to tell me that he couldn't use me but that he would take my singers so they went with him.

The community was stirred and they were having good services at the M. E. church. When they were ready to have their next revival some wanted to get us again for the meeting but the pastor knew he couldn't so he told them that they would get a holiness Methodist evangelist. They got the M. E. man and the revival went flat. That stirred carnality and the battle began. Those that were still carnal became envious of those that were sanctified and it became a real battle. The church officials waited on some of their best members and asked them to leave the church, which they finally did. They started a mission back of Bro. Wilson's store in a ware room, or room where he lived when he started the store. They called us back to Ferguson's for another tent meeting and then they wanted us to move up to their community. They offered to furnish us a place to live, let us have our groceries at cost, and not charge for moving us. We were building the new church at Mt. Zion at the time and while I was away in meetings Sister Stewart served as pastor and took care of the work there.

One day when I was coming in from a meeting I met a brother and he told me that they had had some trouble while working on the church and that I would have to straighten it out. Well, I saw that it was a real difficulty and I didn't know how to straighten it out. The more I tried the worse it got until finally I said that if it was straightened out the Lord would have to do it. It slowed down the work on the building until it came to a standstill and it looked like it would never be finished. The devil was fighting and holiness fighters were laughing and saying we would never make a go of it. But God saw the tears and heard the prayers of the faithful ones. We pitched a tent in the church yard and God gave us a revival. Ray Burress was among the converts and he began to stir them up about the church and the work started again; this time to go over the top and the church was finished.

One Sunday during the tent meeting some of the folks from Epsom attended and when they were ready to leave they asked me when I was ready to move to Epsom. I told them any time they were ready to move me and they said they would be at our house the next evening and wanted to know how many wagons we would need. I told them we would need five wagons and they said they would be there. It took me by surprise and I didn't know what to do. I asked the workers if they could finish the meeting and they said they would. I went home and began to get ready to move. I left Sister Stewart in charge of the work at Mt. Zion. Next evening the wagons began to roll in. I told them that we would go to church that night so all piled into one of the wagons and we started. The road was so rough and steep that they were afraid the wagon would turn over and some of them wanted to walk. There was no danger; they just were not used to that kind of road. When we got back from church that night they wanted to begin loading so they could start out by daylight. They finished loading before daybreak and pulled out early that morning. We went in the truck so we didn't have to leave so early. After sun up we started out past our neighbors and they couldn't keep from crying. We just had to turn our head and drive on. They had been very dear neighbors to us.

We felt that we were in the will of God in moving and afterwards it proved that we were. We drove to Loogootee for dinner and stopped with my sister and went on in the afternoon. It was a warm afternoon, and I hadn't had any sleep the night before so I began to get sleepy. Wife noticed me weaving out of the road and told me I was going to sleep and had better let her drive before we had a wreck. I slipped over and let her under the wheel and thought I would sit there and watch to

keep her from making a mistake but in a few moments I was dozing and she crossed a bridge and wobbled a little as she went off. I awakened, grabbed the wheel and turned the truck square across the road. Over the bank it went toward the creek and struck a bush. That was the only thing that saved us from going into the creek. I wasn't sleepy any more that day. I didn't know how we would ever get out of that ditch. We waited for someone to come along that could help us but there wasn't much traffic on that road and it seemed that no one was going to come. Finally a man came along with a coupe and asked if I wanted help. I told him that I did but I didn't think that coupe could pull that big truck back up over the bank into the road. He said that we would try, hitched on and out it came. We started again but not to sleep any more on the way.

We finally arrived at our new home. It was a fine big farm home on one of Bro. John Arney's farms. We were to have pasture for the cow and horse and a place for the chickens to run. It seemed we had everything that we needed. We liked it fine. It was a beautiful place to live. There was just a little bit of dirt road between us and the pike and just two families of us that had to keep it up so it would not get so muddy in the winter that we couldn't get out and in with the truck. One day I was dragging my half of the road and standing on the drag. We went to turn and one of the horses didn't want to turn. I slapped it with the line and it jumped. I stepped back and my foot went through the drag, tearing the regiments loose on one side of my foot as I fell over the drag. I was laid up for about six weeks.

We went on with the little mission back of the store until one day we organized into a Pilgrim Holiness class and began planning to build a new church. Finances came easily and soon the building was on the way. It seemed that everyone was a carpenter and they all had a mind to work. It was interesting to watch that church go up. Finally it was finished, every dollar paid, and we were ready to dedicate it. We called Bro. Groshart, the one-legged shouter, and had him dedicate it for us. It was a great time. God blessed and the people had a real time in the Lord.

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SOME OF MY EXPERIENCES IN DIVINE HEALING

From a child I have believed in divine healing. One day while I was just a small boy, before I knew anything about works of grace or salvation, father had the toothache so badly that he was walking the floor and it seemed that nothing relieved him. I slipped out in the garden, knelt down by the fence, looked up and said, "O Lord, heal pa's tooth." I believed He would, got up, went back to the house and it was done. That seemed to establish a confidence in me that made it easy for me to believe for healing. One day while we lived in Switzerland Co. one of the children took very sick and the devil came to try me about it. He reminded me of how I was one hundred fifty miles from any of our people, that I had a very sick child and now what was I going to do. I went up stairs, got on my knees and told the Lord that I didn't know what to do but that I would trust Him to help me. When I was going back down stairs one of the children came running in to tell us that Bro. and Sr. Turner were coming down the road. About that time another child came in saying that Bro. and Sr. McCrary were coming up the road. They met at our house and came in. I told them we wanted to have a healing service. They anointed and prayed for the child and the

Lord healed it. The miracle of sending both couples to our home at the same time was as great as the healing. Truly the Lord did it.

Another time while we lived at Newton Stewart wife was washing. She had a bucket of boiling water setting on the table and went outside to do something, leaving the baby in the house. It got up to the table and pulled that bucket of water off in its lap, scalding its legs until when she took off its stockings the skin came off. The blacksmith across the street heard the child scream. He ran over and put linseed oil on its legs. Wife went to prayer, trusting God to help; the child quit suffering and never had any more trouble. She didn't call me home from the meeting.

While living at Epsom, Lee had an attack of acute appendicitis and was so wild with it that it took some one to hold him in bed. They called the doctor and sent for me to come home. When I arrived we had special prayer and the Lord answered and he was better right away. A short time after when I was in a meeting the oldest girl took pneumonia fever and they called the doctor. When he arrived he looked uneasy and wanted to know how that boy was. Wife told him that the boy was all right but that a girl was sick this time. He said he thought it was the boy. He said he had had another case like Lee, only not so bad, and they operated and that boy died. When he looked at the girl he said she had pneumonia. He told wife that if he lived closer to us he would do our doctoring for nothing. When I reached home we had prayer for the girl and God healed her so that we didn't need the doctor any more.

Once while we were at Mitchell in a revival meeting one of our boys took sick and wife called the doctor. He said the boy had typhoid fever. Wife sent for me to come home because the boy was sick. The folks at Mitchell went right to prayer and told me that I would find the child better when I reached home and would be able to return and finish that meeting. Sure enough when I got home the fever was gone and I went right back to finish the meeting. One day later the doctor was talking about it and he said that that was the first time he was ever able to break up a case of typhoid fever in one trip. He didn't know that there was a greater Physician that had charge of the case.

One day wife and I were visiting at Elnora, Ind. It began to rain and I wanted to go to the bank before it got to raining too hard so went out to crank the car. I pulled down the gas and spark lever both and gave the crank a whirl. It kicked a little but didn't start. I gave it another whirl and it kicked, breaking both bones in my arm. I sent for the doctor to come and set the bones. He didn't notice that my thumb was out of joint and didn't do anything to it. I suffered until I couldn't rest any way only under medicine. It went on like that until Sunday when the pastor and some of the saints came to visit me. I was suffering so intensely that they spoke of praying for me. I told them that I wanted them to anoint me and pray. They did and the Lord just seemed to touch that hand and it never hurt me any more. I had lost so much sleep while suffering that after the Lord touched me I slept nearly all the time for two or three days.

One time while in a meeting at McDonald's Chapel my father took sick and thought he was going to die. He sent for us children to come home. As I went I had some of the saints to go with me. When we arrived home father was bad and my step-mother wanted the doctor. Father was a strong believer in divine healing, but she and my brother both wanted the doctor. I told father what they wanted and asked what he wanted us to do about it. He said we could get the doctor if we

wanted to and it would save us from having to get the coroner in case he did die, but he said he wouldn't take any medicine. He said that if it was God's time for him to go that he was ready. We called the neighbor where the doctor was to be and told them to send the doctor on over when he got to their place. At one o'clock that day we had a healing service, anointed father and God touched him and healed him. He shouted all over the house and when the other children arrived father was up and around. It was a mystery to them. My uncle had the gift of healing and he was the one that anointed father.

While we were living at Newton Stewart a man by the name of Eastridge came to our house to tell me that his wife was bad sick and he wanted me to get my uncle and come and pray for her. When we reached their home and saw his wife it looked like it was too late. I thought she would die in a few minutes. I confess that my faith for her was weak, but uncle said, "Let's pray" and we went to prayer. Uncle anointed her and she rose up in bed and asked for something to eat. She lived for several years after that.

Another time we were holding a tent meeting at Washington, Ind. and we workers were batching in a rented house that we had rented to take care of the workers. One day Bro. Burress came to the house and told us about a sick woman that lived down at south Washington. He said that she wanted us to come pray for her. She had been sick most of her life and the doctors had tried everything they knew, but had failed to even find out what her trouble was. Pearls of different sizes and shapes would form in her stomach. They would make her very sick and she would throw them up. They had saved them until they had about five hundred. They had sewed them on cloth and had them on display. Medical science could not account for it. She had suffered so much and had taken so much dope that she had become a government dope fiend. Her sickness had gotten so bad that the doctor told her that the only thing they knew to do was to take her to Indianapolis and operate. They didn't know whether it would help or not but they said they would not charge her anything for the operation. They wanted to study the case and they thought she was going to die in a short time anyway. They wanted to take her that day but she begged to wait and let her have someone to pray for her. They didn't want to wait. The doctor and her husband were both Catholics so her husband sent for the priest and wanted him to influence the doctor to wait and let them have her prayed for. He thought that she had better go and let them pray for the surgeon. She pleaded so hard that he finally asked the doctor to let her have a little more time.

A number of us went down, anointed her and prayed for her. She began to get drowsy and before we left she was almost asleep. We went back to our house and she went to sleep and slept all night, something she had not done without medicine for a long time. Next morning when she awoke she asked her husband what had happened to her. She wanted to know how long she had been asleep and he told her all night. She wanted to know if they had had her operated on and inquired the day of the week. He arose to fix his breakfast and it dawned on her what had happened. She began to realize that the Lord had healed her. A neighbor lady had been coming over every day to help turn her in bed and to help with the work. That morning she came to the door and asked her how she was and she told her that she was healed. She then turned over in bed and it frightened the lady. She said she wanted a drink and started to get out of bed. The neighbor called the sick woman's husband and told him to bring Iva a drink because she was getting up. Iva said she wanted to get it herself and went on to the water bucket. The lady told the husband to get

her in bed quick, that she was having her death thirst. She thought she was going to drop dead. But when Iva got her drink she went back and lay down.

In a few days the Lord spoke to her about using the dope. He reminded her of the fact that she had said she used it because of her sickness and that now she was healed. She went to prayer about it, telling the Lord that she would not get up off her knees until He had delivered her from the habit. She kept on praying and telling the Lord she must be delivered or she would die on her knees. She began to get weak but was determined to have the victory. Finally her strength was gone and she fell over in the floor but she kept claiming victory. Later she couldn't even lift her hand but kept on pleading. After while she felt a warm sensation in her fingers and was able to work them. It kept going up until she could lift her hand. Finally she had strength to raise up on her knees; she began to praise the Lord and the victory was hers. She never wanted dope any more. She went out to her mothers in the country. Her mother went out to the car and told her she would take her box of medicine. (She kept her dope in a box so the children couldn't get a hold of it.) She told her mother she didn't have any box because the Lord had healed her and now she didn't need any medicine. Her mother was frightened and told her they were away out there where they couldn't get a doctor in time and asked her what she would do if she should have one of her bad spells. Her mother couldn't understand although Iva tried to tell her that the Lord had healed her. Iva was blessed in her soul. Soon her mother prepared supper and called them to eat. Iva sat down and began to help herself to everything. Her mother watched her for awhile and then said, "Iva, I am willing for you to eat but I am afraid you are going to kill yourself." (For a long time she had only been able to take a little soup and some buttermilk). Her mother went to the phone, called the doctor and told him that Iva was out at her house eating everything, and asked him if it would hurt her. The doctor asked how long she had been eating like that and she told him two weeks. He said if it hadn't already hurt her it wouldn't now. One day Iva and her mother went to visit a neighbor and Iva was so blessed as they went. Her mother just could not understand and thought she was surely not going to live long.

Her mother asked her who it was that had prayed for her. She told her it was the man that had preached one night at south Washington and organized that holiness class. Her mother said, "It would have to be him, and I didn't like him one bit."

Iva stayed with her mother for several weeks and we went on with the little mission. We had forgotten what had become of her. One day I noticed a fine looking young woman in the service and wondered who it was. Upon inquiry I found that it was Iva Ham, the lady we had prayed with for healing at south Washington. I could hardly believe my eyes. She was so plump and looked so young that I could hardly believe it to be the same lady. Her doctor met her on the street and asked what had happened to her. She told him that the Lord had healed her. He asked her if she would permit him to examine her. She did and he could not find a thing wrong with her. He had to admit that the Lord had done it because it was beyond the reach of doctors. He said when he heard she had quit the dope he had a strait jacket made for her and expected to be called to put it on her at any time. He said that people went wild when that medicine was dying in their system and he had expected that of her. She told him that the Lord took the desire for it away from her. Iva went from place to place and testified to it and God wonderfully blessed her testimony. Sad to say, later she got lean in her soul and the last I knew of her she didn't go to church at all.

The last case we will mention was that of Sister Wilson at Epsom. She had been bothered with stomach trouble for years and it kept getting worse until she could hardly eat at all. She would have very bad spells when it looked like she might die. They had doctored until it got so the doctor was unable to give her any more relief. We were living at Epsom at that time and wife and I sat by her bedside for two days. She seemed to get no better. She asked for a healing service and the saints gathered in and went to prayer. She was anointed and the Spirit came. We all felt it but the enemy rushed in with a doubt and she lost the blessing. I saw it and told her what the enemy had done and told her that we would pray again, encouraging her that if the Spirit came as before to let her faith take hold and the Lord would do the work. I called on her oldest daughter to pray and while she prayed the Lord answered and she came out shouting. She shouted all over the room and after that she could eat anything she wanted to.

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EXPERIENCES AT BURNS CITY

While at Burns City we became acquainted with Bro. Osborn, or Uncle Jim, as almost everyone called him. He was proprietor of what was known as the Holiness Hotel. He batched and one of his boys, who was a drunkard, lived with him. His place was the headquarters for the holiness preachers. The town was full of dry professors of religion, bootleggers and drunkards, so they were not very friendly to holiness people. Uncle Jim talked holiness until he made it hot for them. Finally he invited us to come with our tent for a meeting. Arrangements were made, a place located for the tent and we went with our party. God came on the meeting from the beginning, conviction began to grip hearts and the battle was really on. Some got mad and fought the meeting, others plunged in and prayed through. One man, coming to the meeting, felt the power before he came in sight of the tent and just started running in the direction of the tent. He said the power was so strong that he couldn't help it. A girl in the meeting looked up and said, "Oh, I see Jesus in the tent", and wave after wave of heavenly glory swept over the congregation. Some prayed through in that meeting that are still standing true. That was the beginning of a holiness work in Burns City.

The next year we were there again for a tent meeting and the devil was on hand for another fight. We arrived at the hotel and didn't get the tent pitched that night. The next morning when we went to pitch the tent one of the center poles was gone. It had been taken while we were asleep. We took the ax and soon had another one from the woods. It was a rough one but we put the tent up and began the battle. We kept talking to the Lord about the man that took that tent pole until God was soon on his trail. He became so miserably wretched that he could stand it no longer so he went to the pond where they had put it, drug it out and brought it home. God gave us a good revival and we had the tent pole ready to take with us for the next meeting.

While in the meeting at Burns City we were entertained at the Holiness Hotel. The menu consisted of bacon and eggs for breakfast, fried potatoes and sometimes beans for the other meals. I thought Uncle Jim was the best cook I ever saw and could do it the quickest. He would put the kindling in, strike a match, then call me to get ready for breakfast and it kept me moving to be ready to sit down to the table when he announced that the meal was ready. He didn't fool with

wood; he cooked with kindling and just used one stove full to the meal. It was here at his home that the K. K. K. committee waited on us. (Found in another chapter).

We continued holding tent meetings at Burns City until we organized a holiness class. Later we built a new church, now they have a parsonage and a regular pastor. A wealthy old man and his wife lived near and attended our meetings. They became interested and gave the ground on which the church was built, also room to pitch the tent for tent meetings. This elderly couple was coming along fine with us. When the church was done we just lacked two hundred dollars having it paid for. One day we went over to visit the couple and told them what we lacked. While there we had prayer, God touched their hearts and they gave us the money to pay it off. Then when they made their will they willed one thousand dollars to our orphanage, one thousand to our old people's home and another thousand to the church there. It just seemed so good to our superintendent at that time that he thought he would go over and see if he couldn't get it before they were dead. But he was like the fellow with the goose that laid the golden egg. He was too anxious and spoiled it all. They thought he was more concerned about the money than about them so they changed the will and left them out altogether. Uncle Jim's boy drank on until finally he died suddenly when sobering up from a spree. The shock was almost too much for his father. He had prayed for him for years and it was hard for him to understand why he went unsaved. But we have no reason to question God for He never makes a mistake but does all things well. Men have their opportunity to get saved, if they fail and miss it they have no one to blame but themselves when they find their doom is sealed. Many have gone through the revival carelessly that held the opportunity for them, then looked back with sad reflections on the rejected opportunity but then it was too late to mend the mistake or gather up the time that was past. Others saw his mistake but are going on making the same one themselves.

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20

MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE KU-KLUX KLAN

When the Ku-Klux Klan was sweeping over the state of Indiana I was located at Epsom doing evangelistic work, organizing classes and building new churches. They were taking in preachers on every side and they tried to get me to join. When they failed they thought they would get in my churches and get my members but God helped me to head them off. Then they thought they would buy me. They sent their representative to a place where I was holding a tent meeting near Shoals, Ind. He approached me with the offer to bring me an offering but I told him that I would receive no money from them as an order. I also said that if they wanted to support the Gospel as citizens that it would be thankfully received. He took offense and left without giving any offering. He told a friend of mine that they would go in on me. He told them that they had better not because he was sure I would make them take the money out. But in a tent meeting one Sunday night at Epsom, Rush Moore was preaching and the tent was packed with people and crowded around the outside. Just as they rose to sing, giving the altar call, the Klans started marching in like ghosts, one after another, passed the altar, laying their dollar bills in a pile. The whole procession passed and laid their bills on the altar. I moved forward with more than human power, stated my convictions and asked them to take the money out. One of the men came and took the money. Feeling ran high. Many thought I would be mobbed but the One I was serving gave me assurance

that He was my defense so I walked out, went home and slept like a baby. When I went to pitch a tent at Burns City we received a notice not to pitch it, signed K. K. K. The folks asked me what to do. I told them to go on and that we would mind God. The tent was pitched and the meeting started. The K. K. K.s began to pile in to the meeting to spy out what we would do but we didn't say a word about it. We just poured the truth on as God gave it to us. We were staying at Bro. Osborn's hotel and the tent was pitched on his farm. One night after the service was over we went to the house and were preparing to retire when a car drove up and stopped. The driver asked for water saying the car was hot. Bro. Osborn gave them a bucket of water. They took it and then asked if that was the place where that meeting was being held. Bro. Osborn told them it was. Four men came from the car, two with guns on them. They were rough looking men and we could see that they had come for business. The spokesman was a little better looking man. He asked if we didn't receive notice not to put that tent there. Mr. Osborn told them he supposed they were the Ku-Klux Klans. They said it made no difference who they were that they were there to inform him that the meeting was over. Russell, Bro. Osborn's boy, invited them in and they came in. The men with guns buckled on them took their place by the door. While they were talking on the inside there were noises on the outside and Russell asked them who was out there. One of the men with a gun jumped up and said he would go and see. He went out, quieted them, and returned saying there was no one out there but I believe the woods were full of K. K. Klans around the house and I believe God had a body guard there too. Anyway they left and the meeting went on and God gave us victory. That was my last opposition from the Klans. After that they respected the stand that I took and admired me for standing by my God-given convictions. What the world needs today is men with God-given convictions and grace to stand by them. God will never fail a man like that. He never has and will not now. The Klans have fallen away but Burns City has a holiness church because we minded God. It pays to mind God rather than man.

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21

WORKING IN THE IMMANUEL MISSIONARY CHURCH

While I was pastoring at Indianapolis, Ind. for the Pilgrims I heard about the Immanuel Missionary church, a new church that was being organized in the West. I began to pray about it to see what God's will might be concerning working in that church. After about three months waiting on God I decided to work with them and at the end of the year I told Bro. Montgomery I had decided to go with them. He felt that I was making a mistake and tried to change my mind but I had it settled and we parted without any break in fellowship. To my knowledge there has never been any break in fellowship between me and any of the Pilgrim people. I have held revivals for them different times since and we had good fellowship together. They are very dear friends of mine.

We started a mission in Indianapolis and ran it for awhile, then moved to Columbus, Ind. to pastor at the Hawcreek tabernacle. We worked there until the Lord led us to go to Elizabethtown, Ind. and start a work in that place.

In 1937 the Lord laid it on our heart to go to Elizabethtown to start a work. We spoke to some of the holiness people about it and they said there wasn't any use to try it because they would not let me have any place in town to hold meetings. The Holiness people had tried and they

couldn't get a building any where in town. Still I felt the Lord wanted me to go and try. One day Bro. Bramble, my son-in-law, and I drove down to see what we could find. Sure enough they were right. We found plenty of empty buildings but they were all closed against churches. They said that there were enough churches in that town and they wouldn't rent us a building. We drove out in the country to Bro. Butlers and talked the matter over with them. They said that they had tried to get a building but had failed. The only place that they could find was an old wood workman's shop that was about to rot down and they didn't know whether it could be fixed up so that it could be used or not but said it was in bad shape. We had a season of prayer and I told him to see the owner of the building and see how long he would let us have it and how much rent he would want for it. Bro. Butler went to see the man and he told him that if we could fix up the building so that it was fit to use that we could use it for two years without any rent. Bro. Butler came and told us what the man said. We went to look at the building and it didn't look very encouraging. It looked more like a hog house, but the boys that were with me, my son William and Bro. Bramble, began to clear out the old work benches and to take out the rubbish. They soon looked more like colored boys than white, but soon it began to look empty. Then the cleaning and repair work began. God helped us to get what we needed to repair it with. Bro. Butler sent and bought enough building paper to line it on the inside and that made it look clean. Then we got a door, put glass in the windows and a man loaned us a stove. Bro. Butler bought a piano and Bro. McQueen loaned us seats that belonged to his tent. We were soon ready to open up for services. We opened with a revival and the Lord met with us in the very first service and gave us victory. The revival was good, souls tumbled in to the altar and prayed through to real victory. It was encouraging to see the work start off with victory in every service. Soon we bought seats for the mission and the services and Sunday School were going in good shape.

One Wednesday evening they called me and told me that the mission was burning down. By the time I got there it was burned to the ground. It was prayer meeting night and there was everything gone, not even a Sunday School leaflet left. What could we do? William was living there in town at the time and he invited us to have prayer meeting at his house so we went there and had prayer meeting that night and announced that we would have Sunday School and services there from then on. We borrowed chairs from the undertaker at Columbus and went on with the services. About the time we got to going good again the lady that owned the house where William lived wanted the house and William had to move so we were up against it again and didn't know what to do. Bro. Redding, a farmer that lived a little ways from town said that his doors were open and that we could bring the services out to his place. He had a large house with folding doors and arranged so that we could have S. S. rooms and then throw open the doors and have a place large enough for the services. It made it very nice. He had a truck that he used as a bus to bring the people out from town that didn't have cars.

We continued the services in Bro. Redding's home until the spring of 1938. Then God began to lay it on our hearts to build a church in Elizabethtown. Some began soliciting and found that the people were willing to help liberally so the work was soon under way. Bro. Butler bought the lot where the building had burned and soon we were clearing away the rubbish again, getting ready to build. Most of the labor was donated and the building went right up without any difficulties. Everything that we needed was supplied, some that had made fun of us at the start were helping us before we finished. The bell, stove, pulpit stand and piano were donated, the church was finished, paid for and dedicated. It was the first new Immanuel Missionary church to

be built and dedicated in the United States of America. As soon as the church was finished we had a Thanksgiving Convention in it. It was a time that will never be forgotten in Elizabethtown. God honored it with His presence and the Holy Ghost did His office work in sanctifying Sister Emma Smith of Cincinnati, Ohio. We remained at Elizabethtown as pastor for awhile, at the same time doing evangelistic work.

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22

MY FAMILY

On March 19, 1905 I was united in marriage to Ida May Gilliatt at her father's home in Crawford Co. near Taswell, Ind. by Rev. Wolfington, pastor of the U. B. church at Newton Stewart, Ind. We started house keeping on my father's farm in the little log cabin called the "weaning house". Our first child was born March 18, 1906. A little girl was the first to bless our home and we named her Gladys Jewell. She was a good, obedient child, was saved before she was ten years of age and was sanctified soon after. She kept good victory during her years at school. When she was old enough to have boy friends, a merchant's son walked home with her from church one day. He was a nice boy but wasn't saved. I told her that I didn't want her to keep company with unsaved boys and she dropped him but began to pray for him to get saved. Later in a tent meeting I was holding he got under conviction and prayed through. Later he was sanctified and then they started keeping company. They were married and had five children, three girls and two boys. Two of the girls went to Frankfort Bible school, married holiness preachers and they are now pastoring churches. The older boy made a preacher, married and is also pastoring.

On June 5, 1908 another girl arrived that we called Edna Glenn. She was also saved at an early age. (All of our children were saved before they were ten years of age). Edna grew up and married Eugene Eggman, a young preacher who has two missions in Anderson, Ind. at this time. They have five children, four girls and a boy. Two of the girls married holiness preachers that are now pastoring in holiness churches.

On Sept. 7, 1909 our first boy was born. We named him Lee Roy. He went to Bible school at Frankfort, Ind. also at Kingswood, Ky. where he met Miss Mollie May, who became his wife. They have two children, a boy and a girl. The girl is now married and has a baby boy. Lee and Mollie both felt a call to do missionary work among the colored people so went to the island of Haiti where they opened up a work in the mountains in the darkest part of the island. There the natives practice black magic and worship devils. Lee has built a mission compound and is superintendent of the work.

On March 12, 1911 Mamie Emaline was born. She is an ordained deaconess and married Willie Bramble, a holiness preacher, and they are pastoring in Kentucky. They have three boys and a girl. Their oldest boy is now in God's Bible school at Cincinnati, O.

On June 22, 1912 William Hickman, our fifth child was born. He met Miss Esther Bowman when she was singing for me in revival meetings. They were married and have two children, a boy and a girl. William is now General Superintendent of the Immanuel Missionary church.

Ernest Porter was our sixth child and was born the 22nd of June of 1914. Ernest grew up with a call to preach. He married Bernice Mouser and they have one child, a boy named Donald. Ernest is now pastoring for the Pilgrim Holiness at Logansport, Ind.

Ruth Alice was the next child. She was born the 6th of October 1915. She married Marvin Jewell, a Pilgrim Holiness preacher, and they are pastoring at Winchester, Ind. They have six girls and a boy. The oldest girl is in Frankfort Bible school.

Another boy came into our home the 19th of July of 1917 and we named him Johnnie Paul. He married Alice Jewell and they have two girls. They live in Indianapolis and Johnnie works in the office of Reid-Holcome Co. That is where they handle large road machinery.

Our ninth child was another boy that we named James Lester. He was born the 25th of February, 1920. He married Eva Taylor of Columbus, Ind. and they have two children, both boys. James has a factory of his own in Indianapolis, where they now live.

Bessie May was our tenth child and she was born the 21st of February, 1922. She is an ordained minister and taught in our Bible school in the West until she was married to Francis Taylor, a young preacher from God's Bible school at Cincinnati, Ohio. They have three little girls.

The last child was the sixth girl in the home and the eleventh child. We named her Geneva Grace. She is a musician and married David Croswait, who is also a musician and works in a factory. They live at Cincinnati, Ohio and have a baby boy. Geneva was born the 19th of January 1935.

Ours is a fast growing family. Counting the in-laws, grandchildren and great grandchildren there are eighty three living at this time and two that have gone to heaven. When people ask me how many there are in my family and I tell them they usually draw a long breath and wonder how I ever raised eleven children and stayed in the ministry as I did. I tell them that God helped me. He knew just how many shoes, socks, stockings, dresses, overalls and all that it would take and how much it took to feed them. They never lacked for something to eat, neither did I ever beg for their support. I just minded God and He took care of every need. I started to live by faith and God has never failed. When I needed Him He was there. When I left the farm my people said it was foolishness and that my family would suffer but they are all doing well and now all have homes of their own except the baby and she hasn't been married long enough yet to get a very good start. It is no credit of my own. It is what God has done for me and my family. He has called seventeen out of the family to be preachers and they are in active service at this writing.

While we were pastoring at Colorado Springs, Colorado, at our church headquarters, just about to finish our third year, my wife began to have stomach trouble. She began drinking the Manitou water and it seemed to be helping her. She had gotten so she was able to do her own house work again and helped some in canning fruit for the Bible school. One Saturday in October I went to a board meeting in the evening at the church. When I returned she had retired and when I went to bed she told me that while I was gone she had a severe pain in her chest but that it was gone. We visited a little while before we went to sleep. About midnight she awakened me, saying

that that pain had come back. She didn't think she would need the hot pad but I got it and fixed a mustard draft to go on her chest. I filled the hot water bottle for her feet and then she seemed to get easy. She told me to go in and lie on the davenport where I could get some rest. Thinking I might be keeping her from sleeping I went to the other room and she went to sleep. When I went in to awaken her the next morning she had gone to heaven. Bro. and Sr. Spilger were living in a house trailer in our back yard. I called them and they came in. They called the folks at the school and church and they were soon there. It was a sad day for me and for the entire family, but God was there to give me grace for that sad time. When the congregation gathered at church that morning for service there was a melting time. They thought so much of her and it was such a shock to them.

We had a funeral there in the tabernacle. Bro. Reynolds, our general superintendent at that time, had charge. Then we brought the corpse to Columbus, Ind. on the train and had another funeral in the Missionary Bands church, a church just next door to our house there in Columbus. Bro. Charles Wilson preached the funeral. There was a large crowd and a great floral display. We laid her to rest in Garlen Brook cemetery, there to await the resurrection of the just. We went back West to finish out our year on the charge. Then we moved with some of the children back to our home in Columbus, Ind.

Wife was to me a true companion, to the children a loving mother, to her Lord a faithful handmaiden, to everyone a true friend. She lived a poured-out life before the Lord and before her husband. There was nothing too hard or trial too great for her to go through without a murmur. In her toils in the home, in the rearing of the children, when sickness and sorrow would creep in, she stood like a hero and met me with a smile. Oftentimes the weeks would seem long and my absence was keenly felt but when I would return there was always a smile to greet me and a word of encouragement to spur me on to greater things for God and for a lost world.

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23

CONTINUING IN THE EVANGELISTIC FIELD

In the year of 1940 while still pastoring at Elizabethtown, Bro. Birch, pastor of the Carrollton mission in Carrollton, Ohio, invited us to hold a revival for him at a place called Bergholz. The arrangements were made and I went. Bro. Birch and his daughter met the train and took me to a farm home where I was entertained for a few days. It was to be a tent meeting and the weather was rainy and cold so they did not have the tent pitched. We started the meeting in his mission on Sunday. Monday we went and pitched the tent and started the tent meeting at night. Sister Ruth Gould was to help in the meeting. It was arranged for her and Bro. Birch's daughter to stay at Bergholz and I was to stay with Moodys at Carrollton, about fifteen miles from Bergholz. We drove back and forth. I had a good place to stay. It was a merchant's home and they took good care of me. The meeting was good from the start. The people of the town seemed to be glad that we had come and they gave us the best location in the town as a place to pitch our tent. The mayor and marshal both came out and gave us such a welcome that we didn't know what to think of it. We were not used to such a reception. We had good crowds from the first and in a few nights they began coming to the altar. The altars would be filled and the front seats used for seekers. As the seekers would go through and shouts would break out crowds would gather on the outside,

watching everything that went on. It was all new to them. It rained about every day but it didn't seem to have any effect on the meeting. The crowds would be right there ready for the service when the time came. We had two prayer meetings a day, one at the tent and one at the mission.

Before the meeting was over I took sick with gall bladder trouble. Bro. and Sr. Underwood had to finish the meeting for me. I had the doctor, he gave me some medicine, and told me I would have to go home on Monday. Moodys took me to the train Monday night. I was to get a train out at ten o'clock so I bought my ticket, set my watch with the clock in the depot and sat down to wait. I typed a letter and kept watching the time. Finally I saw the man close the ticket window so I went to the night man and asked him what time it was. He said that it was after eleven o'clock. I asked him if that train had gone west and he said that it had been gone for some time. I told him I was to have gone on that train and he said that it was too late. I asked him what the trouble was with their time and he said the clocks were stopped and hadn't been covered up. He told me that I would have to wait until that time the next night. I told him that I was sick and didn't want to stay over. He looked at the time table and said he thought he could stop a through train and get me through to Indianapolis. He stopped the train but when I got on I found that I couldn't make the connections they thought I could at Indianapolis so they had to take me to Chicago and send me back to Columbus, Ind. I reached home the next afternoon about three o'clock. But I stood the trip fine. The meeting at Bergholz ended well, a mission was started and Sister Snider pastored it.

Our next meeting was at Torrington, Wyoming. We went west from Columbus on the train. When we arrived at Chicago and went to get our ticket to Torrington I was informed that I could not get a train until the next day. I told the agent that I was to be met at the depot at Torrington the next day at noon and that I was supposed to go on that nine o'clock train. He said the seats on that train had been reserved already for three days and that if I had expected to go on it I should have called ahead and made a reservation. I went upstairs where the train was to load and told the Lord that if there was anyone going on the train that didn't need to go that day to cause them to fail to show up so there would be room for me. I spoke to one of the main men and told him that if there should be an empty seat on that train that I would like to go on it. He told me to be there when they began to load and they would see. When they began to load the man came and asked me if I had tried to get on yet. I told him that I hadn't. He took me to the man that oversaw the loading and told him that if there was room for him to give me a seat. He just wrote me a number for a seat and told me to get on. I was the first one in the coach. I felt sure that God had undertaken and given me a place on that train so I could meet my appointment without disappointment. Truly it has been wonderful how the Lord has undertaken so many times in my life.

I was to hold a tent meeting for my son and his wife and Ruby Reynolds and Annie Barnes were to sing for us. We had good crowds at our street meetings but it was hard to get the people to come out to the tent. We all batched while in that meeting. Bro. Reynolds, our general superintendent, was with us part of the time. Jessie Avery was with us all the time. There were a few seekers but it seemed that the meeting was very much of a failure.

Our next meeting was at Oshkosh, Nebraska with Sister Rogers. God was with us from the very first service. The same girls sang for us in that meeting. The crowds were good and the work of salvation started early in the meeting. We had prayer meetings in a private home each day and we had a wonderful time. Souls sought day and night so we were having revival all the time.

We closed the meeting on Sunday night. Monday we went up in the hills to the government reserve to see the lakes. We saw some great sights. To us it was surely the western wilds. We enjoyed the trip so much. There were thirty two lakes with all kinds of fowls, snakes and animals, with a fine herd of cattle and some horses scattered over thousands of acres of land.

From Oshkosh we went to LaGrange, Wyoming for another tent meeting with my son and his wife and the same singers. God gave us a real revival of the old fashioned type. A goodly number sought God and quite a few claimed victory. A number of people came from Mitchell, Nebraska and prayed through in the meeting.

While we were in La Grange we visited a large canyon that was about two miles through. It was a wonderful sight to me. We spent about half a day in it and took some pictures.

The meeting closed on Sunday night and we loaded up and started for home just after midnight. There were eight of us in a model A Ford, my son, Lee and his family, Annie Barnes, another man and his wife and myself. It was easy to see that it was loaded but we were headed for the east and home. The first day we made about six hundred miles and the only trouble we had was one flat tire. We arrived in Annie's home in Nebraska in time for church. We found a good supper waiting for us and a freezer of ice cream, also a fine cake. We had a good place to rest. We arose early the next morning and started out again. We made good time and spent the next night in Illinois. There we left two more of our passengers, had a good night's rest, and were on our way the next morning. We reached Indianapolis about noon, visited some places of interest, went up on top of the monument, visited the state house, did some shopping and then headed for home. We arrived in the afternoon tired and worn but glad to get home.

The next morning we were up stirring around getting ready to start to the Loveland, Ohio camp. We left home just before noon and arrived in Loveland that evening. We found the people were coming in so fast that they didn't know what they were going to do with them. Well, it was a great camp, everything was crowded with people, God was there to bless and the devil was on the job to hinder. One man came in the middle of the night, took his wife out of the hotel in her night clothes and took her home. The next day he sent one of their boys after her clothes and she didn't get to attend any more of the camp. It didn't seem to affect the meeting at all. This camp was followed by the general assembly at which time there was wonderful fellowship among the brethren and wound up with great victory.

At this assembly Bro. Finch asked me if I would come to Loveland and pastor the work there for awhile. We were still pastoring at Elizabethtown but we arranged with our son, William, to take care of the work there and we continued in Loveland for three years, after which time we returned to Columbus. From there we went out in evangelistic work.

In 1942 I was called to be one of the evangelists at our Western District camp at Colorado Springs, Colorado. We had a good camp and quite a few were saved and sanctified. For seven successive years I was one of the evangelists at that camp. We saw scores of people pray through to good victory there in those camps and in revivals throughout the Western District. We held a number of meetings in these parts with good results. Finally we moved to Colorado Springs and

pastored there at our headquarters until my dear wife went to heaven, then we came back east and stayed with my daughter, Bessie Taylor, and her husband at Covington, Ky. Her husband pastored our church there. While there I again did evangelistic work in southern Indiana, some in Ohio and New York, with some praying through.

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24

OUR HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE

While pastoring at Loveland we would have severe sick spells and the attacks of suffering became more frequent until I was almost afraid to go away from home for fear I would have an attack while gone. One day I went calling. We had just arrived, the hostess had taken our wraps when we were taken sick and had to ask immediately for the wraps and go to the doctor as quickly as we could get there. Doctor Leaver was our doctor at that time. He would give me medicine to relieve me but the attacks were getting harder and more frequent all the time. One day I went to the doctor's office and told him that I had just come for advice and asked him what he thought I had better do about my trouble. He told me that there was only one thing that I could do and that was to have an operation because I had gall stones without a doubt. He could feel them from the outside and there was nothing else that would give me permanent relief. I asked him what it would cost and he said he didn't know but that I would have to have it done.

I had always had a horror of a hospital and rather associated it with the undertaker. When he told me that was the only thing for me to do I told him to make arrangements for me to go to Christ's Hospital at Cincinnati. He said it would possibly take two weeks or more to get a place as the beds were all full but that he would watch for one and as soon as he could find a place he would call me and that I would have to get there at once or it would be taken. It was during the first world war and the hospitals were crowded all the time. In about two weeks he called me, telling me there was an empty bed and for me to get there at once.

That day I was feeling fine but I rushed to the hospital. My bed was ready; I was shown my room and given my hospital clothes. I felt foolish putting them on and crawling into bed when I didn't feel that there was a thing wrong with me at the time. A nurse came around at bed time and asked me if I wanted a back rub but I told her I didn't. Soon the doctor came in, asked me a few questions and informed me that they would be operating on me the next morning at eight o'clock. The next morning I was prepared for the operating table. They gave me medicine that I suppose they thought would put me to sleep but it didn't seem to have any effect on me. When they came after me I was wide awake and they asked me if I could get on the stretchers. I climbed on and was rolled away to the operating room, where I climbed on to the operating table. Two doctors were there but Doctor Leaver had not yet arrived and he was to administer the ether. Soon he arrived and gave me the ether and in a little bit I was unconscious. The next thing I knew they were trying to awaken me and I was in my room. Wife was on one side of my bed and the nurse on the other. When I came to, enough to know anything they were talking to me and I found that one arm was bound to a board and they were giving me a fluid through the vein. Soon I was gone again but the next time I revived I recognized my wife and found that my arm was no longer bound.

After I revived I was getting along very well only that I was so thirsty it seemed that I could not endure without water but knew that I should not have it. I would take water into my mouth and hold it there until it got warm and then spit it out and take more. A nurse came along and on seeing what I was doing told me to just drink the water, that it would not hurt me. I wanted it so badly that I drank it and it made me so sick that I felt sure I would die. When I recovered from that sick spell I began to improve.

Help was needed so badly in the hospital that wife was permitted to stay with me for a few days to help care for me. Then she got a room there near the hospital and was there with me during visiting hours. They showed wife my appendix and three gall stones, one about the size of a walnut and two others about the size of hickory nuts. We kept them for a long time. They were what had caused me the trouble.

People had been so good to me. My precious little wife stood so faithfully by my bed and watched over me like a mother would care for a sick child. I could see that she was tired but she wouldn't leave me until the nurse promised her that they would take good care of her husband. They were all so kind to me. My daughter who lived at Anderson, Ind. had been in the hospital at different times. She wrote me and said, "Pop, make them a good patient and they will be good to you." I did my best. My sister wrote me and told me not to fear because that while she was praying for me she saw Jesus in a vision standing by my operating table and that I had nothing to fear. That sister is in heaven now. There was no fear in my heart all the time.

My room was a four bed ward where there were two other men and a boy. It was on the front side of the building facing the street and we could see the people coming and going. It was very interesting to watch at visiting hours and see the visitors coming and going and look for our own friends and loved ones. We had quite a number of friends and visitors. One day a friend came to see me from East Enterprise, Ind. He told me how he had been there for an operation. I asked him how much it had cost him and he said six hundred dollars. My heart nearly sank. I didn't see how I could ever pay for mine but I trusted the Lord to see me through and He did.

Our room was arranged with two beds on a side. The man next to me had been operated on for a ruptured appendix and after they had closed the incision it inflamed and they had to open it up again and leave it open. It had to be dressed every two hours. It got so sore and he suffered intensely when it was being dressed. He could hardly bear to have it dressed. I felt so sorry for him. He finally begged them to close the incision again. The doctor feared to do it but after much begging he consented. When he returned from the operating room and began to come out from under the ether he was wild with pain. They tried to relieve him but nothing seemed to help. They took him from our room to another but I could still hear him. After awhile he got quiet and was gone. Our door was closed and they wheeled him down the hall past our room. We knew he was gone from his suffering. In a few days they brought the flowers they had used during the funeral and placed them in our room.

In our stay in the hospital we received the best of care. The doctors were so kind to us and the nurses treated us like a daughter would treat a father. They respected our being a minister and were careful to take care of every need. It melted our heart with love. When we were ready to go home it was hard to tell them good-bye. We were released and given our hospital bill. We had

been given such a reduction because we were a minister that it touched our heart. It was around fifty or sixty dollars. We could hardly believe it was correct. When my doctors came to tell me good-bye I asked the first one how much I owed him and he told me to ask the other one because he was the head surgeon. When he came I asked him how much my bill was and he told me to go home and get well, that he was not cramped for finance just then. He left me with such a tender feeling that I could not help but love him and pray for him. I haven't forgotten him yet.

I stood the trip home fine and was soon improving fast when I took arthritis in my back and shoulder. Then I suffered more than I did at the hospital. The only way I could rest at all was with an electric hot pad on my back.

After suffering for some time I began to improve so I could be up and around some. One day I thought I would walk down to Dr. Leaver's office. I was still quite weak but I got there and we visited awhile, then I asked him how much I owed him and he said I didn't owe him anything. I told him that I didn't want him to do it for nothing but he insisted that there was no bill. I asked him if he would see the other two doctors and find out what their bills were because it would be some time before I would be strong enough to go and see them. He said that he could easily find out for me because he saw them almost every day. I kept improving slowly. Sometime later when I had gotten stronger I went again to see Dr. Leaver and asked him about the bills. He said that there was no bill, that neither of them had charged me anything. It was God that took the whole matter in hand. I will never be able to repay Him and those doctors for their kindness to me. I have prayed for those doctors many times and hope to meet them over on the other side when I leave here. I have not felt any symptoms of my former trouble and have been able to eat anything I wanted to.

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25

MY WORK WITH THE INDIANS

It was in 1946 that we made our first trip up to work among the Indians. Sister Ham was working among the Seneca tribe of the North American Indians, located in the Allegheny valley in New York. The reservation was a mile wide and forty miles long. The Allegheny river ran through this strip of land, thus giving them forty miles of the river. They love the river and the woods. They furnish them a place for boating, fishing and hunting.

A car load of us drove up there for a tent meeting, Bro. Ezra McVey and his son, Sister Clifford and wife and I. We had already sent our tent on and the Indians had it up in good shape. We arrived at Salamanca in time for supper. After supper Sister Ham took us out to visit some of the people. We stopped first at Sister Halftowns. Sister Ham called from the car and told her to come out and see the evangelists. She was in no hurry but finally she did come out and Sister Ham introduced us, or rather told her who we were, and Sister Halftown just rather grunted. Then Sister Ham told her that Sister Clifford, wife and I would be staying at her house that night. She never said a word. We didn't know whether she wanted us or not. Then we went on to Pierces and he was out on the porch. We stopped and Sister Ham called him and said, "Frank we have the evangelists here. Come out and get acquainted with them." He took his time but after while came out. When he got out to the car Sister Ham introduced him to Bro. McVey, telling him that he was

part Indian and part Irish. Frank said, "That is a bad mixture." Then she informed him that Bro. McVey and his boy would be staying with him that night and he made no reply. Again we wondered if we were wanted. The next place we stopped they had a new baby so the women went in to see it. We men stayed out in the car and the man of the house didn't seem to notice us. Sister Ham said, "Watson, go out there. The preachers are in the car." He didn't seem to pay any attention but she kept telling him until he finally came out. I had never seen it like that before and I didn't know what to do about it. Sister Ham seemed to understand them better than we did. She left wife and me and Sister Clifford at Halftowns for the night. She put us to sleep up stairs. The next morning she called and said breakfast was ready. We arose and prepared for breakfast. After the meal she invited the women to go and see their river. They went with her but I didn't go. When they returned she handed me a well-worn Bible and told us we would have family worship. I read and we prayed. When she got through praying I felt like I could stay there the rest of my life. I thought I never heard such a prayer. It gripped my heart and made it easy to see that she knew the Lord.

We then began to plan for a place to stay while we were there in the meeting. There was an old abandoned house in the community. The weeds had grown up around it as high as the window sills. Sister Ham said we could use it to batch in and she thought we might find enough discarded furniture that the Indians had thrown away to furnish it. We cleaned the weeds out away from the door so we could get in and out. Bro. McVey found an old truck that looked like it wouldn't run and likely hadn't for years. I didn't think it would ever start but he kept trying until finally it started and down the road we went from one place to another, picking up what we could get, a bedstead, springs, mattress, straw tick, old pieces of furniture, etc. until we had a load. It looked like we were headed for the junk yard. Everything together might have been worth a dollar and a half. We got set up to batch that day, the Indians brought us some supper and we got ready to start the meeting that night.

The tent was up in good shape, with boards for seats without backs. The people came a little late and we started with a fair crowd. They were very distant toward us. The Indians are naturally distant toward the white people until they get acquainted and find out whether they can be trusted or not. When they find you can be trusted they are a true friend with no pretensions about them. It is the same way when they have salvation you know it too and you know it when they don't. They don't profess something they don't have.

The first morning after we had started batching Bro. McVey and his son awakened. They were sleeping in a room with two holes in the floor and when they looked around there lay two snakes on the floor. The boy was afraid they might get in the bed but his father told him he hardly thought they could. When we investigated we found the place was infested with snakes. They were not so large but there was an abundance of them. We could find them everywhere we went. Once while in Sunday School I saw one crawling through the fold of the tent curtain. Another time I saw one trying to get up on the platform. Sister Clifford made war on them. Once she lifted a door up off the ground and there were at least five under it. I don't know how many she killed but it was a large number.

The meeting started off slow. The Indians came to listen but they wouldn't move to the altar. The meeting went on for some time. One night I had preached hard and was giving the altar call but no one came forward. Suddenly Frank Pierce jumped from his seat and asked them what

they meant to let a man preach like that. He began calling them out by name, telling them to come to the altar. Soon the altar was filled and we had to put chairs out until it reached clear across the front of the tent. That night the meeting broke through and we had a good revival. The last night the tent was full, the Spirit came on, the people were blessed and there was shouting.

I noticed during the last service a large cardboard box setting on the platform and wondered what could be in it. Just before time to preach Sister Eva Pierce went to the platform and said, "We don't have much to give you dear folks but we want to show our appreciation for your coming to our Indian people." Then she took out beautiful hand-made Indian baskets, giving one to my wife, one to Bro. McVey for his wife, and one to Sr. Clifford. I have received many gifts during my ministry but none that affected me like that basket did. I have it yet as a keep-sake from my Indian people. From this meeting on I have had some very dear friends among the Indians of New York. Some of them have been to our camp here in Indiana different times and have sung us a number of specials in their own language and have testified and shouted the victory.

We have held five meetings for the Indian people and at one of them we organized them into an Immanuel Missionary church. It was truly good to see those big Indians seeking God at the altar, crying like babies. They are a tender hearted people. We had a wedding in one of our meetings under the tent. It was a man and woman that had been living together out of wedlock and when they were saved they wanted to get married. A large number attended the wedding and when the ceremony was over we invited them to come forward and congratulate the newly weds. Many shook their hands and cried on their necks. It was a tender time. The children watched the parents get married, then one of the children came up on the platform and said, "Papa and mama got married, didn't they?" This "papa" is now preaching the Gospel to his own people.

This congregation has been quite a help to our foreign missionary work. They have been good supporters to the work, both to the home and foreign fields.

Our first missionary that we sent to work with Sister Ham was Miss Leta Keith. She was a fine missionary and was well liked by the Indian people. She was later sent as a foreign missionary to Guatemala and is now at home on furlough. The next we sent to New York was the Cliffords, from Dayton, Ohio. They stayed until they went to help in the school at Colorado Springs. Then Brothers Murl Coen and Loren Spilger took over the Indian work. Also Sister Sheffield who lives in New York has been quite successful in helping the work go forward.

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26

MY SECOND MARRIAGE

While I was staying with my daughter Bessie Taylor, I began to feel lonely and longed for companionship. I began to talk to the Lord about it and He brought Miss Mary Morrow to my mind. In the year of 1925 while holding a meeting at Indianapolis at the Third P. H. church and staying with Clarence Jester I met Miss Morrow. She was working in town and staying with the Jester family. Her home was at Westfield, Ind.; she was a birthright Quaker and had attended the Bible school there at Westfield. While in our meeting at Indianapolis she was reclaimed and settled it to

mind God and be a missionary. Not long after that she went to Kentucky and worked under Sister Lela G. McConnell for about a year. Then she returned to her home, prepared and went to Bolivia, South America. She went out under the Quaker, or Friends, church and worked with the Langstons among the South American Indians for over seventeen years. Partly because of very poor health she returned to the States for her first furlough, with the intentions of returning to Bolivia later. While at home she met the Immanuel Missionary people in their camp meeting at Elizabethtown, Ind. and decided to unite with the church. She went west and taught for two winters in our Bible school out there.

In 1947 I had the privilege of administering the ordinance of Christian baptism to her. That fall she went with Bro. and Sr. Dennis Reiff to Guatemala, Central America to work under the Immanuel Missionary church. She was there for more than four years, spending most of that time in the town of Monjas. It was while she was working there that we sent her our first visiting letter which was promptly answered. Thus a correspondence started that soon became interesting. Her term was almost up. She counseled with the superintendent on the field, also corresponded with the general superintendent at home and it was found that plans for her to return to the States to get married would be approved by both superintendents. Plans were soon made for her to leave the field and she was off for home. We met her in the depot at Cincinnati, Ohio and in a few days we were married at the parsonage at Covington, Ky., Bro. Willie Bramble officiating. In a short time we went to Loveland, Ohio, for a tent meeting and from there to New York for a tent meeting with the Indian people. We had a good revival. We went to Niagara Falls for our "honey moon", back to Coens for a few days and then they brought us back to Covington to my daughters.

We then prepared and moved back to our home at Columbus, Ind. to start house-keeping anew. There was plenty to do getting everything set up and in shape ready to live. About the time we thought we had everything in good shape and felt we were settled down for the rest of our life, God awakened me one night and wouldn't let me sleep until I was willing to give the rest of my life in service for Him. They were calling me to come to Shoals, Ind. to pastor at Weisbach, so in less than two months we were packing again to leave for Shoals.

We had only been in Shoals a short time when someone told us that there were fifty unchurched children living near us. It weighed heavily on our hearts to do something for them. My wife was a children's worker so we emptied one of our front rooms, seated it with twenty-five folding chairs and announced that we were starting children's services. The first night twenty-five children filed into our house. From that on the crowd increased until we had to seat a second room, find another teacher and divide the class into two. The people from our church helped us in the services. Bro. Montgomery bought a school bus to haul the ones in from the country that had no way to come, also Bro. Ernest Holt used his pick-up to haul them in until wife had over one hundred children registered on her roll besides the grown people that came. Sometimes the rooms would be crowded and the adults would have to sit out in another room.

We put on a children's tent meeting, pitching our tent on a lot belonging to Bro. Holt that was close to our house. It was crowded from the first night. Bro. Holt helped me with the preaching. The crowds increased until we had to place about fifty folding chairs around on the outside of the tent. We had some wonderful altar services. The children would get saved and then go after their friends and get them to the altar. There were about forty-five at the altar. Possibly all

of them didn't get through but some of them showed evidence by their lives and testimonies afterwards that they did and we believe seed was sown in their hearts that they will never get away from.

While living at Shoals we were trying to find a place for our eastern headquarters for the Immanuel Missionary church. We were having some trouble to locate a place that would be suitable. One day Bro. Wayne Montgomery told my son William that there was a tabernacle out on Singing Hill on Highway 150, about halfway between Shoals and French Lick, that he would like to show him because he liked the style of it. When William saw the grove that surrounded it he liked it and wondered if it could be bought. They inquired of the owners and found it was for sale. William came to my house, telling me about it and wanted me to go with him to see it. We looked it over and decided to buy it.

Just across the highway from that tract of land were seven acres that faced the camp ground and it was also for sale. I bought it for a home. There was a two-roomed cottage and a barn on the land. Wife and I started tearing the stalls and loft out of the barn and cleaning it out ready to build. When the carpenter (my son) came to work on it it was all cleaned out ready for him to go to work. It was setting just the way we wanted it facing the highway and camp ground, so we didn't move it off the pillars; we just ran the foundation from pillar to pillar around the building. Out of that barn we built a modern five-roomed home.

Wife and I dug a water line and brought spring water from under a large bluff and piped it into our house and cottage, using an electric pump. When we moved here we had to close the children's services but other churches got the vision, saw what could be done for the children, and now at least three other churches are hauling some of the children that we had into their Sunday Schools. We also have a nice group of children in our Sunday School at the Weisbach Community church.

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27

THE Poured-OUT LIFE

In bringing this book to a close different ones have suggested that I should put in at least one message. This one is in harmony with this book.

You will find our Scripture lesson in the 23rd ,chapter of II Samuel and verses 15-17. "And David longed, and said, Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David; nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord. And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? therefore he would not drink it. These things did these three mighty men."

In the first place in this picture I see a hungering and thirsting that reminds me of the thousands of lost souls today that are dying for lack of the bread and water of life. They are trying

to feed their souls on the foolish things of this old world but they find it a disappointment and turn in disgust to try something else, only to be disappointed again. The world has plenty to offer but nothing that satisfies.

The hunger and thirst will remain, even though they may drink from every fountain that the world has to offer. Nothing they have tried has satisfied that inward thirst. There is still the longing for something that will satisfy. Thank God, "There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains." There is a satisfying portion in the blood of Calvary's Lamb for every thirsty soul that is willing to plunge.

In the second place we see that the well was in Bethlehem by the gate but how to get the water from it was what made David long and sigh. He longed for someone that could bring it to him. There are many in the world today that long for someone to bring them the water of life.

The three mighty ones in the true sense typify God the Father, Jesus the Son, and the blessed Holy Ghost -- the three in one that brought to us this great salvation. They broke through the powers of hell, drove back the enemy with all of his forces and went to Bethlehem to draw the water.

On that memorable night "There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night, And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid, And the angel said unto them, fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Here we have the announcement of the arrival of the Savior to the world where He had come to bring the water to a thirsty world, and He stood one day in the temple, crying out, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

Then while He hang on the shameful cross, He exclaimed, "It is finished," and on that glorious day a fountain was opened in the house of David for all sin and uncleanness. No wonder the poet could say with rejoicing, "The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!" Salvation was made free and for all.

The three mighty men brought the water and gave it to David. He was now in possession of the thing that he had been craving, he had the satisfying portion. But when he realized what it had cost he said he couldn't drink it and he poured it out before the Lord. "And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives? therefore he would not drink it."

Brethren, what will we do with our saved and sanctified lives? Will we consume them for ourselves or will we pour them out before the Lord? When we realize the price of our salvation, what it cost God to give His own Son, and what it cost Jesus to give Himself to take our place on the cross where He bled and died that we might be saved from a life of sin and an eternal hell. Then when we think of how faithful the Holy Ghost was to deal with our hearts in convicting power, how He helped us to confess our sins, and when the last one was confessed how He inspired faith and gave us the witness that our sins were gone.

Should we just consume this great salvation all upon ourselves and wait to die and go to heaven, or will we pour it out before the Lord? My heart cries out, "Let me lose myself and find it, Lord, in Thee." It is such a privilege to live a poured-out life before the Lord. If your sanctified life makes you happy and blessed, then pour it out on some one else. They may be filled with sorrow and sadness, or a sick one may live near you that you might be able to help. Just an act of kindness may lift a heavy load. There may be a careless soul that you might think is hard hearted but they might be touched by a warm hand-shake and a "God bless you."

Some have poured out their home life, although it was dear to them, and their hearts craved to be around the family circle, yet, for Jesus sake, they were willing to pour it out in His work. Many times while in the evangelistic work I have returned home from a revival to find my children waiting at the gate to meet me. They were so glad to see me come home and would climb up on my knees with their arms around my neck while the rest stood as near me as they could and all tried to talk at once. To me there was not a better place in the world and nothing sweeter to my ears than to hear them talk. They would ask me how long I was going to be at home and when I would tell them that I would be there just until Friday they would say, "Oh, papa, don't go again so quickly". But I could only reply that I must go. Sometimes when it was time to go a child would be sick but wife would tell me to go on assuring me that she would do her best and that God would help her and He always did. I have counted it a privilege to let God give me grace to be able to pour out my home life for Him. Many times I have cried after leaving home on my way to a meeting.

Others have left home not to return again but have given themselves to work among a strange people with a strange language and strange customs, not knowing whether it would be their privilege to return home again in this world. But the Lord has ascribed to them a rich reward both here and hereafter, so they have something for which to look forward. Some may have their riches now but others will have theirs hereafter.

Some have poured out their family before the Lord while others have kept them only to lose them. God would have blessed them and used them in His work but they held on to them so that God could not get them. God gave us eleven precious children and they all had a glad welcome to our family but we gave them back to Him. They were dedicated to Him for His service. We wanted them to pour out their lives for Him. Most of them now are and we trust that the rest will soon. Our family now numbers eighty-five. Sixteen of this number are holding license to preach, most of them being ordained. The last that I have to pour out is this little book of my life story and if you are benefited by reading it give God the glory.

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THE END