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# TICKET STORIES

## COMPILED BY DUANE V. MAXEY

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### INTRODUCTION

The one thing that all of these stories have in common is that they all speak of a "ticket" of some kind. Although most of them are "travel tickets" not all of them are. Also, although a number of them are good illustrations of how God provides in answer to prayer and faith, some best illustrate other aspects of truth. I do find it to be interesting that there is such an abundance of Christian stories about "tickets" and I hope that the reader will find a number of them in this collection to be useful and edifying. -- DVM

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**001 -- WHY THEY COULDN'T SELL TICKETS TO THE SHOW**  
**From E. A. Fergerson Warmly Remembered**  
**By W. B. Yates**

At the close of the great Chicago convention we separated again and I turned my face toward Texas. We saw nothing of each other again until October, when we met at Omaha, Illinois. The second meeting was one of the best that we ever held together where he and I did all the preaching, or at least we were the called workers. If I am not mistaken Brother Niles came to this meeting and preached once for us, and we also had Bro. Tom Talbot and many others whose names are in the Book of Life. At this meeting Brother Ed did some of the greatest preaching that I ever heard him do up to that time. I think that he improved more in one year than any man that I ever saw.

There was one thing that took place in this meeting that I will never forget. Right in the middle of our meeting and just at the time that the whole town was stirred, and also the country for miles around, a big show came to the little town and as we had the folks in the grip of the meeting, the devil put up an awful hard fight for the show as he always does; the devil is a great showman. The first night of the show they gave away a few complimentary tickets and I think that they claimed that they only sold a dozen tickets, while we had at least fifteen hundred people at the holiness meeting, and the altars full. The services ran till almost midnight and the showmen beat their drums and blew horns, and nobody went. They finally dismissed and came to the big holiness meeting to see what we had going on, and as the saints shouted and the sinners prayed and the glory rolled, the show crowd was perfectly amazed. Big Brother Ed warned them of an awful hell until they quaked and trembled, and some of their crowd were at the altar seeking God.

The next day we had a very great service at ten in the morning, and as we went down the street to our dinner, they were on the streets with horns and drums, and the showmaster was on a box pleading for a crowd, with the

promise that if the people would only come out and give them one trial that night, if they were not well pleased when the show was half over, that they would refund the money. Brother Ed and I stopped and listened to their speech as they plead for the crowd. Brother Ed stood on the street corner and told his experience, how that God had saved and sanctified him and taken him off of the railroad, and put him in the field as an evangelist to persuade men to flee from hell. He told the people where we would be that night and told them that they had better be there early if they wanted a seat.

At night we had in the big hall and on the street together, not less than two thousand, and the showmen sold no tickets at all. Just after dark they lit up and beat their drums and the old horn began a doleful wail and nobody went at all. The showman pulled up and left town and the crowd was outside and could not get into the meeting. They said that the showman went out of town cursing the meeting and the big preacher at the top of his voice. When dear Brother Ed heard about it he got up and shouted and praised God. for something that would break up a show.

**002 -- HOW WIREMAN GOT A TICKET TO HIS FIRST MEETING**  
**From "Kentucky Mountain Outlaw Transformed"**  
**By Charles Little Wireman**

I went into a room and got on my knees and said, Now, Lord, here is a call to hold a revival meeting. I know you have called me to preach. If you want me to go to this particular meeting, make it plain in some way." Committing this matter into His hands I said "Amen." Upon opening my eyes, hanging on the wall before me was a motto. My sister told me it had been there eight months, and I had never noticed it until this time, and this is what it said: "My presence shall go with thee." I said, "Amen, that is all that I wanted." I went in and told my mother that I would go and hold the meeting in the Presbyterian Church, I went to the depot and asked the price of the ticket to that place, walked back down the street, met a fellow that I had gambled with and never had known him to have much money, always took all I would have away from me with the cards, and he noticed as I talked with him, there was something preying upon my mind. He asked me what it was, and I told him that I had received a call to hold a meeting and did not have money to pay my fare and I was praying and thinking about it. He said, "Charlie, how much would it take, do you know?" I was prepared to tell him. He ran his hand in his pocket, pulled out the amount and gave me thirty cents extra. I said, "I will pay you back some day." With tears in his eyes, wicked man that he was, he said, "No Charlie, you will not pay me back. I want the honor of being the first contributor to your ministry." God

will see us through, even if He does have to make some old gambler or drunkard pay our bills.

### **003 -- MOODY'S FIRST-CLASS TICKET TO HEAVEN**

**From "Why Worry When You Can Pray"**

**By E. E. Wordsworth**

There is a motto which reads: "You can do more than pray after you have prayed, but you cannot do more than pray until you have prayed." Jesus said, "Without me you can do nothing." When Lincoln was talking with a friend during the Civil War, he told him how often he was driven to his knees -- because there was nowhere else to go. The time comes when we have none but God to whom we can go for help, guidance, deliverance. But always He is there inviting us to cast all our cares upon Him.

Moody's favorite verse was, "I will trust, and not be afraid" (Isa. 12:2). He used to say: "You can travel first class or second class to heaven. Second class is, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust.' First class is, 'I will trust, and not be afraid.'" This latter surely is the better way to travel. Why not buy a first-class ticket, board the heavenly train, commit yourself to the safekeeping of the competent Engineer and Conductor, and pull into the Union Depot of the skies in comfort and victory?

### **004 -- HE REFUSED TO GIVE THE TRAIN CONDUCTOR HIS TICKET**

**From "Bulldog Charlie and The Devil"**

**By Charles Little Wireman**

It was during World War II, I boarded a midnight train at Albany, N. Y. People were smoking in every coach. A woman and a little girl became very sick because of the smoke. I went into the coach ahead and met the conductor. I told him I was glad he was coming so he could stop their smoking. He said in a very ugly mood, "I can't stop them." I said, "Do you not have a smoker where they are supposed to go when they smoke?" He told me since women began to smoke, they smoked everywhere. I went back to my seat in the other car. When he came by, collecting tickets, I refused to give him mine. I said I had paid for a decent ride from Albany, N. Y. to Louisville, Ky. and wasn't getting it. I repeated, "You will not get my ticket until you stop the smoking in the coach." He asked, "Do you have a ticket?" I showed my ticket and put it back in my pocket. He went down the coach but came back later and asked if I was ready to give him my ticket. I said, "Are you going to stop this smoking?" He said, "I can stop the train and put you off." I replied, "You certainly can. All you have to do is stop the train and order me off and I will get off, but I already have the names and addresses of some of these people who will make good witnesses in court."



He was very angry as he went away, but without the ticket. I do not know whether he consulted someone or not. He was gone but a few minutes when he entered the coach, stopping at every smoker and telling them they could not smoke in the coach; saying if they smoked they would have to go to the smoker. Then he came and asked me for the ticket. I gave it to him and said, "You would never have gotten it if you had not stopped the smoking." I hoped he lived happily ever after.

## **005 -- GOT HIS TICKET WITH TWO CHIHUAHUAS BARKING AT HIM**

**From "Bulldog Charlie and The Devil"**

**By Charles Little Wireman**

After having preached for a few days in a certain place, I realized the gospel gun had shot the pastor and some others off the Christmas tree. I heard the pastor one morning on the phone. He said, "Yes, I will tell him!" He came in my room and said, "We want to see you down at the church in a little while." I went down and found the "we" who wanted to see me consisted of the pastor and an old tobacco-squirting church boss.

There was a time when I didn't know which I had rather meet -- a church boss or the devil himself. I have long since made up my mind. I had rather meet the devil at any time or place, for I read, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." But my experience has been Resist a church boss and he will jump on you. These men at the church proceeded to tell me they had decided that my preaching was destructive rather than constructive. I said, "It has about destroyed both of you fellows, has it not?" They replied, "You have your choice, either change your way or close the meeting."

I said to them in Southern parlance, "The meetin' is dun closed." They went on to say, "We don't want the meeting closed. We just want you to change your way of preaching." I said, "I am not going to do it." They told me, "You haven't got an offering yet." I told them I was not for sale, for I had sold out long ago -- lock, stock and barrel to God Almighty.

I inquired when the next train would leave for Kentucky and when they told me I replied, "I will be taking it." They accompanied me to the train. While I was purchasing my ticket, one of them said, "If Brother Wireman just will go, I feel alright about it." The other man replied, "So do I." Turning to me they asked, "How do you feel about it?" I said, "I imagine about like a great big brindle bulldog would feel with two little Chihuahuas barking at him."

**006 -- THIRD-CLASS TICKETS AND HOBO PORTERS**  
**From "Gospel Over The Andes"**  
**By Roger S. Winans**

Finally the amount tallied with what the steamship company asked for third-class tickets for our family, and we were off. Being green in the ways of the world, I entrusted our baggage to some hoboes at the pier and the dock officials refused to let them come aboard until I assured them that it was my baggage. "Those fellows would steal anything they could lay their hands on," I was told. Evidently our baggage was not worth stealing. I have often read of the leave-taking of missionaries at the pier, but these hoboes were the only people to see us off at the pier.

**007 -- THE ATTITUDE OF A RAILWAY TICKET-AGENT WAS CHANGED**  
**From "Pastor and People"**  
**By R. T. Williams**

A friend of mine purchased a ticket at a railway station. The agent evidently was a little unfriendly to the ministry and said to my friend, "What right have you fellows to ride on half fare?"

My friend replied, "The railroad grants ministers this gracious courtesy which is sincerely appreciated, because of the service we try to render. Did you ever stop to think," said he, "that the services of a minister can be had by anyone at any time without compensation? If you get sick and the doctor comes, he must be paid. If you die the undertaker will bury you. He must be paid. But the preacher can be called day or night to visit the sick bed, to comfort the broken-hearted, to preach funerals, all without charge. He is one man who never presents a bill for special services. Even when he marries the young he accepts what is given him. He sets no price on this or other service."

The railroad agent replied, "I never thought of it in that way and appreciate your calling my attention to these facts."

**008 -- HE HAD HIS TICKET AND WAS ALL READY**  
**From "Where Art Thou"**  
**By L. Milton Williams**

Without holiness, without sanctification, no man shall see the Lord. It is a subject I like to preach about. It is a theme that does my soul good. When I go to bed I say, "Lord Jesus, if you call before morning, be sure and wake me up, so I will catch the early morning train. I have my ticket, and



am all ready." And the first thing in the morning I say, "Lord, you did not call last night; help me to walk today so that if you should call before night, I should not fail to hear nor be ashamed to go."

**009 -- A DOOR OF HOPE TICKET -- RESTITUTIONS -- RENEWED JOY**  
**From "Records of Modern Miracles"**  
**By Emma M. Whittemore**

The trial took place two days later in a New Jersey city, and she was sent to Trenton Prison for nine months. One day, a tract-distributor was walking through the corridor and on passing Bertha's lonely cell, noticed the distressed face. She tarried for a few minutes, but Bertha was feeling so bitter towards all mankind that she was positively unapproachable. When handed a small testament, she uttered an oath and threw it back at the giver.

A few days later, however, this same woman of God attempted again to engage in conversation with the poor girl and this time Bertha listened. It was evident that some impression had been made. The visitor tactfully ventured to present Bertha with a few leaflets and was more than pleased that they were not refused.

As the time drew near for her release, she sometimes wondered whether there was any possibility of redeeming the past. Reasoning within herself, as she read and re-read some of the short stories in the tracts of how God had forgiven other girls, who had been wicked and sinful, she felt that perhaps He might have mercy upon her. Although unhappy, she at last began eagerly counting the days until her discharge.

Accordingly, with a settled determination to do the right, the very morning she was let out, she purchased a ticket to New York and found her way to the Door of Hope, then on 61st Street. She told us afterward that five times were those stone steps ascended before she could get sufficient courage to ring the bell.

A warm welcome was given her and she was ushered into the reception room. Hearing some music in the other room and the girls laughing and singing, she inquired somewhat timidly if anything unusual was going on, and upon being informed that it was the girls' recreation time, she said with some surprise: "Do you let them laugh and make a noise if they want to?" She was assured that the Door of Hope was no prison nor did we like it to be called an institution. We desired that it might be a happy home for all girls who needed a friend.

A few days from that time she gave her heart to Christ and the changed expression on her face denoted what had taken place. After three or four weeks had passed by, she suddenly appeared very unhappy and tried to keep away from others. When requested to tell what was the matter, she would only reply: "Nothing, nothing at all!" Then the sunlight of God's presence Seemed to light up her countenance again. But again would come the unhappy days. After the same thing had occurred three or four times, the girls would come and Say, "I guess Bertha has the blues again."

Being strongly of the opinion that a child of God has no time to give to what is termed the "blues" or anything else that cannot reflect His glory, I felt constrained to have a very earnest interview with her after the sixth or seventh of these mysterious spells. She entered the matron's room at my request. Putting my arm lovingly around her, I said gravely and emphatically: "Bertha, my child, this thing must stop. It is dishonoring to God. You must tell me, dear, what the trouble is." Bursting almost convulsively into tears, she sobbed out: "Oh, I'm so wretched! I'm so wretched! I wish I were dead!" "Why, Bertha, Bertha," I exclaimed in amazement, "my dear child, a saved girl must not say that. You are saved, aren't you?"

She looked me full in the face and in the depths of her honest brown eyes, I could almost read the truth of the assertion then made, as she said with great earnestness: "Oh, yes, Mother Whittemore, I am saved and that's the reason I'm miserable. If I weren't saved, I'm sure I wouldn't care." Then she went on to pour out the sorrow which filled her very being.

"Mother Whittemore, I will tell you all. You know I have a trunk upstairs, don't you?" Wondering what was to follow, I said, "Why, yes, dear." "Well, then," she said, "that's it, that's it, Mother Whittemore." "That's it! That's what, child?" I asked. "Oh, I'll tell you, I'll tell you if I have to die." Dropping on the floor by the side of my chair she buried her face in my lap and between her sobs whisperingly breathed out her pitiful story. "My trunk, Mother Whittemore, is almost three-quarters filled with stolen goods. It almost breaks my heart. The very thought of it haunts me day and night, and although I know my Savior has forgiven the theft, the things remain and it all seems like covered up sin. Sometimes I feel so happy and free and then I remember again the trunk and that's the reason I've had these strange turns."

Stroking her hair and lifting up her tearful face, I asked if she knew to whom the articles belonged. She replied: "Yes, I remember where most all of them came from." "Well, then, my child," I replied, "it is an easy matter to settle. They must of course be returned to their rightful owners." "Oh, Mother Whittemore, please, oh please don't ask me, don't," she cried. "Why,

Mrs. Richards said that if she ever discovered who the thief was who stole from her, if it took the last cent she owned, she would imprison her for life if she could. Mother Whittemore," she sobbed, "I'd rather die than go to prison again." "Bertha, dear," I answered, "you had better go to prison a hundred times over with Christ in your heart than to try to live apparently free in the world with a sin unrequited. You cannot remain a Christian and be a thief. The stolen goods must be returned."

For the bravest of us such a task as lay before Bertha would not be easy and yet we felt there was no alternative -- restoration must be made as speedily as possible. Tears and terror were mingled on her face more than once as she stopped me in the hallways to speak pathetically, "Oh, Mother Whittemore, must I really take all the things back?" or some similar question. I assured her that no one ever lost anything that was worth while by doing right, but no matter what happened, the right must be done. She personally, must restore the things and ask forgiveness of man as she had asked it of God.

At last she realized no other course could be taken and it comforted her to know that one of us would go with her. She threw her arms around my neck and said, "I'll do it; God helping me, I'll do it." She felt convinced that she would be sent to jail and although we knew our God was able to deliver, yet we could not feel justified in telling her He would do so. I did say that probably nothing that was to follow would be more difficult than the brave decision she had made.

For three days the work of restoration went on. In most cases Bertha's own statement of what had taken place was sufficient. The poor girl's penitence could not be doubted and the more reasonable ones of those purse-proud women whom she had robbed were willing to give her a chance of living down the past. One or two thought that "such a girl should not be allowed to get off" and to such we brought loving appeal as from one woman to another in the interest of one of our sex who had fallen from right, but who of her own volition had acknowledged the sin and was demonstrating her purpose to live a new life. Several wiped away the tears and revealed a tenderness and forgiveness that filled our hearts with grateful surprise.

The lady of whom Bertha had thought with the greatest fear and who had said she would never let any girl who stole from her escape the clutches of the law, was evidently stirred by Bertha's trembling but honest statement. The timid girl ended by asking, "Oh, ma'am, can you forgive me? I'm so sorry! Please give me a chance to show you that I want to do right, and with God's help, I will do right." The words seemed commonplace and cold as I read them over, but the tone in which they were uttered was not

commonplace. Sometimes stammering lips and trembling utterances may be more forceful than eloquence or clear and steady speech.

God was especially near to Bertha in that hour and her words reached the heart that once intended to be revengeful. The reply surprised us both. She began slowly and with some emotion, "Oh, well, if that is how she feels about it, she need not be afraid of me. Perhaps if I had tried to do as much for her as you have done, madam, it would never have happened." She walked over to Bertha and placing a hand on the shoulder of the weeping girl said, "Good-bye, Bertha; may God forgive me, too; you have been braver than I would have been."

We reached the sidewalk. The last of the stolen articles had been returned and no prison cell faced the dear child. it was too much for her. Her arms were flung around my neck and unmindful of the crowd passing to and fro, she sobbed and sobbed, doubtless in part because the terrific strain had ended and in part for sheer joy.

What a night we had in the Door of Hope! Never before had we a keener consciousness of the "wideness in God's mercy", and we retired to our beds with hearts filled with praise. Bertha's subsequent life was ample evidence of the genuine change that God's spirit had wrought in her and the other girls took cognizance of it.

**010 -- A FREE TICKET PLUS ENCOURAGEMENT TO WIN THE RACE**  
**From "Living Waters**  
**By Daniel Isom Vanderpool**

[Though borrowed from a scene that many might frown upon, this story has always touched my heart and illustrates well how beyond the Blood-bought, Free "Ticket" of Christ's Salvation, it takes encouragement to finish and win the race. -- DVM]

I remember one time when I was bowed down and pretty low. Dr. Reynolds put his hand on my shoulder and said, "God bless you, Son. You're going to make it yet." You don't know how much good that did me. And there are fellows out there that need just a word of encouragement. They're fighting a pretty hard battle and a little cheering wouldn't hurt them.

I remember back in our part of the country when I was a boy, we had a fellow in our school that we thought could run. We thought that Cotton Adams was one of the best runners in the whole state. So we made arrangements to send Cotton Adams over to a certain town where they were going to have a tournament. We thought our school ought to be represented

over there. So we got together some money, about three or four dollars, to buy him a ticket and we sent him over there to run and represent our school. Then we got to thinking, Wouldn't it be too bad for Cotton to go over there to run and be the only one over there to represent our school?

We had a fellow that was a one-man cheering section. Jonesy could make more noise and could whoop louder and cheer more than a half-dozen average fellows. So we got together a few more dollars and sent Jonesy over to the race too. Cotton was all set to go; Jonesy was in the cheering section. The signal was given and the runners were off. Cotton came running around past that big cheering section with nobody in it but Jonesy. Jonesy had a red sweater, and as Cotton went by Jonesy stood up in that cheering section, swung his red sweater, and yelled, "Go to it, Cotton!" And Cotton went to it. As he came by on the last round, he was nearly exhausted but giving it all he had. As he went past he glanced at that cheering section and Jonesy swung that red sweater around his head and yelled like a wild boy, "Go to it, Cotton!" An extra surge and burst of speed and Cotton won the race.

When they came back home we carried Cotton all around. We whooped, yelled, and celebrated. But when he got a chance Cotton said, "Wait a minute, boys. Wait a minute! I never would have made it if it hadn't been for Jonesy. Jonesy in the cheering section, swinging that red sweater, did something for me."

I want the Lord to help me to stand up now and then in the cheering section and swing the red sweater and do my best to give a little encouragement to the fellow that's in there giving it all he has.

**011 -- GRATITUDE FOR A SACRIFICIAL TICKET OF SALVATION**  
**From "Effective Illustrations"**  
**By William Moses Tidwell**

It was Dr. R. T. Williams who related the following beautiful incident A ship was wrecked. There were only half enough lifeboats for the passengers. What could be done! The captain fell on this plan: A hat was placed. The passengers were informed of the situation. Said the captain, "We have just enough lifeboats for half of the passengers. In this hat there are just as many cards as there are passengers. Babies not counted. On half of these cards is a cross. Half of them are blank. We want all to pass by and draw a card. Those who get a card with a cross on it will be permitted to enter the lifeboat. That is your ticket. Those who draw a blank must remain on the sinking ship." The passengers said, "It is fair." Thus they filed by. The hat was covered. Were they drawing life or death? It was a solemn hour. Among those who passed was a father, mother and child. They solemnly drew their cards and passed. Almost afraid to look. Finally the husband looked and he

was happy. He had drawn a cross. The wife looked a nd she had drawn a blank. One ticket to life. The other a ticket to death. The husband exchanged his ticket with her. She hesitated. He said, "Yes, you must; I have just one request. Be true and meet me in heaven. Take care of our baby and the day she is twelve years of age tell her of this tragic incident." There was no time to lose. The ship was listing. The man kissed his wife and baby good-bye and tenderly helped them into the boat. Soon the old ship sank and he with it. The years sped by, and the day the little girl was twelve years old arrived. True to her promise, the mother took her into the living room and related the sad experience to her. Told her how her father took their place. The father's picture was near by. As the mother talked, the little girl wept bitterly. She took the picture up and kissed it and pressed it against her cheek and said, "Oh, Daddy, dear Daddy. You were a good daddy. You died for us and I love you so." That was gratitude. But think of the sacrificial love of Jesus; He did not die for His friends but for his enemies. "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us." It is base ingratitude to refuse to love and serve Him.

**012 -- TICKETS INTO THE DARKNESS OF MAMMOTH CAVE**  
**From "The Last Good-Bye"**  
**By William Moses Tidwell**

Heaven is a day without a night and Hell is a night without a day. Some time back we were driving across the state of Kentucky and passed Mammoth Cave. We had a little time and decided to see this one of the "Seven Wonders of the world." We went to the office, with a number of others, and secured tickets for the trip. We told them we wished to take the route that led to "Echo River," as we had heard much of that. Tickets purchased and the guide secured, we began this momentous trip. The cave, at first, is not so prepossessing. At times very low. You may have to stoop to walk. Then suddenly you enter a great spacious cavern. The guide admonishes you to be careful for there is great danger if you make a wrong step. Finally we came to the "Bottomless Pit." The guide took a piece of cloth and saturated it with some combustible material and threw it over and down into this darkened pit. Ample room in this black hole to drop a skyscraper. Finally we reached "Echo River." While in a little boat on this river, Mrs. Tidwell sang almost in a whisper, "Jesus Savior, Pilot Me." Then we knew why it was thus called. After she ceased to sing, there was the most weird sound. It seemed to echo or reverberate for almost a minute after she ceased singing. Then the guide asked us if he should put out his light. This he did, and oh, the darkness. One could no more find his way out of this place than he could fly to the moon. But we were not alarmed for we knew the true and tried guide would lead us out. But while in this blackness of darkness we thought of the darkness of Hell. Hell is a place of "Blackness and Darkness forever." They told us of a man who had gotten lost from a



party some time before. When he was finally located, about three hours afterwards, he was jammed up between rocks, seeking to climb out. His shoes were off, his feet and hands were bleeding and he was a raving maniac. His effort to escape was in vain. This was the effect of being lost in Mammoth Cave for three hours, What will it mean to die in sin and take a leap in the dark and have it dawn upon us that we are lost in Hell FOREVER. I think I hear some lost, damned soul in Hell cry out piteously, "How long till morning?" And I hear ten thousand hoarse voices answer, as it reverberates through the corridors of Hell, "Morning will never come. This is Hell." It will be, "Good-bye light, forever."

**013 -- WOULDN'T ROB GOD TO BUY A TICKET ALL THE WAY THERE**  
**From "Pointed Illustrations"**  
**By William Moses Tidwell**

It is said that during the depression a jobless man heard that work might be secured in a town some distance away. The ticket to this place cost one dollar He had just one dollar and planned to make the trip Monday morning. But fifty cents of the dollar was unpaid tithe money; so, when the plate was passed on Sunday, he promptly put in fifty cents. Monday he took the other fifty cents and bought a ticket just halfway to the town. He got off the train, preparing to walk the remainder of the way. The devil whispered to him, "You are just a fool," and it did look a little that way from the human standpoint. But as he was about to start, he saw a sign, "Men wanted," giving the name of a place in that town. He went over and secured a job at five dollars per week more than the other place would have paid. God says, "Them that honour me I will honour," and He always makes good.

**014 -- A FAKE MINISTER UNDESERVING OF A FREE TICKET**  
**From "Story of My Life"**  
**By William Taylor**

Steamship and stagecoach companies in the early days of California became noted for their generosity to Gospel ministers. Captain Gelson, as one of the owners of the steamer McKim, that plied between two cities, offered a free passage to all regular ministers -- those sent out as missionaries, or those having pastoral charges. I believe in that way the precedent was established; at any rate, it became a custom with the owners and agents of steamboats running on the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers to give to all regular ministers a free ticket; and when the California Steamboat Navigation Company was organized they adopted that as an item in one of their by-laws. They subsequently thought that the privilege was abused; that preachers multiplied too fast for the wants of the country; in

other words, that many who were not pastors, and possibly not preachers at all, took advantage of it.

It was said, for example, that a man took passage on a Sacramento boat for himself and a lot of mules. When the captain demanded his fare he replied, "O, I'm a preacher, sir." "Indeed!" said time captain, and, pointing to the mules, inquired, "and are these preachers, too?" The fellow had to walk up to the captain's office and settle. In consequence of these abuses the company passed a resolution making it necessary for all ministers wishing to travel on their boats to apply to the president of the company, who would, on the evidence that they were ministers, give them a free ticket.

### 015 -- CALIFORNIA GOLD COULD NOT BUY A TICKET TO HEAVEN

From "Story of My Life"

By William Taylor

"California is full of backsliders, and they are the most miserable men, and many of them the meanest men in this land. One old apostate said, 'God don't hold any man to answer for his conduct after he crosses the Missouri River.' And thousands have staked the interests of their souls on that lie. Another, who, it is said, was a preacher once, said, 'I knew I could not carry my religion through California; so when I left my home in Missouri I hung my religious cloak on my gatepost till I should return.' Thus, if he ever had any religion, he threw it away before he started for California. This is the worst class of backsliders. They backslide in principle, deliberately. The Lord have mercy upon them! Jesus is looking after you, my backslidden brother, as he looked after apostate Peter. He is very anxious to save you, and he will save you if you let him. Will you? Blessed be God, we have the men here in California who, in opposition to flame and flood and death, have 'drawn out understanding,' and they are happy. The merchandise, or exchange value and circulation of this article, namely, developed religion, understanding drawn out, is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold, even fine Yuba gold.

By the gain of gold and the merchandise of silver you may make sunshine, friends; supply the wants of your mortal bodies, which will be dead and rotten in a few years; gratify your fleshly lusts, which will, when the sources of all gratification are cut off, as they will be when your tabernacle is taken down, like so many vultures, prey upon your deathless spirit forever. Your money, to be sure, may be applied to useful purposes. It will buy you a cabin ticket to New York; but it will not secure you even a steerage passage across death's dark flood. It will give you position among the honorables of the land; but it will not secure you the favor of God and good angels. It will build a church, if you please; but it will not buy your soul

a place in heaven. A man who came to California in 1848, and made a fortune, laid him down, not long since, in Washington Street in this city, and died. He had plenty of silver and gold; but as he informed me, was destitute of religion. When dying, he said, "It is very hard. I have just got ready to live, and now I must die." What a miserably poor man he was!

An old colored man from Baltimore city died recently in the City Hospital on Pacific Street, but a few blocks from this spot. He had not one red cent with which to bless himself; but he had wisdom and was happy. I saw him frequently, and every time he was happy.

A short time before his death I administered to him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after which he clapped his bony black hands and shouted the praise of God. Said he, "The Lord only knows how I have been pinched with poverty and what this poor body has suffered; but I am rich; I have an inheritance in heaven. Glory be to God! I shall soon be released from these sufferings and go to my home in heaven;" and then the good old man sang, just as the colored people only can sing.

I wish you could have seen how his big eyes glistened with rapturous delight as he sang of his home in heaven. Religion gave him a royal heirship in the kingdom of glory. The truth of our text he proved in life, confirming it by his triumphs in death, and is now realizing it in the fruition of a blessed immortality in heaven.

**016 -- TAYLOR HAD NOT BOUGHT A TICKET TO TARSHISH**  
**From "Story of My Life"**  
**By William Taylor**

In Joppa we engaged passage, by a French steamer, for Alexandria, in Egypt. The ship lay tout more than a mile in the offing, and three hours before the time for sailing Jim and I hired a boat to take us to the steamer; but before we had made half the distance we were struck suddenly by a tornado, kindred to the one that struck poor Jonah's ship in the olden time. We had to "about ship" and pull for the shore, and came very near being swamped and swallowed up. I was vividly reminded of the sad experience of Jonah, but was comforted by the assurance that I had never taken a ticket for Tarshish nor disobeyed my heavenly calling. By the extraordinary pulling of our men and the good providence of God we safely reached the land.

**017 -- DRINK COSTS INCLUDED IN THE TICKET PRICE PROTESTED**  
**From "Story of My Life"**  
**By William Taylor**

I embarked in the early spring of 1863 at Suez on the steamer Moo/tan, of the Peninsula and Oriental line of steamers. My ticket from Suez to Melbourne, Australia, cost me one hundred and twenty pounds, including a liberal supply of wine and whisky. I said to the ticket agent in London, "You charge me on my ticket to Australia twenty pounds for drinks. I am a total abstainer, and protest against paying such a sum for no value received."

"We have our rates, and I am not at liberty to change them. You are at liberty to drink or not, as you like."

A few years later the company sold the tickets at reduced rates, and sold the drinks to such as wished to spend their money in that way.

**018 -- GOD TOLD HIM TO BUY A TICKET ONLY PART OF THE WAY**  
**From "Christian Experiences of the Taggarts**  
**By Margaret Whiting Taggart**

The Lord said I should go with Him. He would pay the bill; and when I inquired how much I should take, I was told to take about one-third of the regular fare from Buffalo to Philadelphia. In other words, I should take \$3.65 and that was all. I was to go to the depot and buy a ticket by the Lehigh Valley Railroad to Philadelphia or as far that way as it would take me. When I got to the depot I didn't know what to make of it, but the Lord kept saying, "They that trust in the Lord shall never be ashamed nor confounded."

Upon that I went into the depot and inquired of the ticket agent how far toward Philadelphia \$3.65 would take me. He replied it would take me to Elmira, so I bought a ticket and got on the train and rode down to within about fifteen or twenty minutes of Elmira, when an old gentleman came from the car in front of the one in which I was riding and said to me, "I have two tickets I bought in Leavenworth, Kansas, and Elmira is as far as I want to go on them. One goes to Philadelphia and one goes to New York and you are just as welcome to them as you can be if you can use them." I could but say the Lord is in this somehow, some way. He handed me the tickets and I raised to my feet and said, "Is there anyone in this car who wants a ticket to New York cheap?"

A man lying in a seat raised up and said, "Here, yes, what have you got?" I went down to him and showed him the ticket and he said, "What will you take for it?"

I answered, "What will you give?"

"If it is good, I will give you \$5.00 for it."

I said, "Here is the conductor, ask him." The conductor said it was good on that train to New York. He gave me \$5.00 and I still had the ticket to Philadelphia.

I went to the old gentleman and tendered the money and ticket back to him, and he said, "No, that is yours," but finally he consented to take \$1.00. Fifty cents each would pay carfare for himself and wife to some little suburban place near Elmira. We bade each other good-bye after a little conversation about Heaven and Heavenly things. We parted to meet in Heaven and I went on to Philadelphia. This was a train in the night and the next morning about 7:30 I got off the train in Philadelphia with \$4.00, which was more than I had when I started from Buffalo.

**019 -- A PROVIDENTIAL TICKET TO A TRAIN-WRECK**  
**From "Meeting Life Situations"**  
**By C. B. Strang**

The train from Fort Worth to Oklahoma City was speeding along at about sixty miles an hour. It was a beautiful day, and I was relaxing after my breakfast, and had just resumed reading Buttrick's book, "Prayer."

I had bought my ticket in Abilene, thinking at the time that I was being routed over the Rock Island from Fort Worth to Oklahoma City, only to discover that I had been sold over the Santa Fe from there. At the time I debated about changing the ticket, but finally decided to keep it.

The night before I had been asked to return by automobile from Abilene to Oklahoma City. In fact, some friends had insisted on it, but I had elected to come by train, and here I was on this particular train speeding homeward.

Suddenly there was a terrible lurching and jarring, and I was aware that our train had left the rails, and we were running along the ties. In a few seconds, which seemed an eternity, there was a tremendous impact. Our locomotive had struck a pier on a bridge across a river. Instantly there was

the utmost confusion. People screamed and ran toward the doors as the train trembled to a stop.

I happened to be at the extreme rear of our car. I stood up and exhorted the people to be calm. I succeeded in getting some degree of order. I then opened the door of our car, and discovered that the locomotive, two baggage cars and two coaches were off the tracks, and the two baggage cars and the locomotive had turned over. Steam was escaping from the great engine as it lay panting on its side.

I ran down the track to the locomotive. We found the engineer pinned in his cab and up to his neck in the soft mud of the river. The engine had stopped right at the edge of the water. With the help of two or three others we finally extricated the engineer. He was badly injured.

After a long delay we were all put in the cars that had not been overturned, another locomotive was attached to our train, and we backtracked several miles and were rerouted toward Oklahoma City, but a more frightened group of people I never have seen. Fortunately, not a passenger was seriously injured, but they all knew they had come within a few feet of death.

Four Pullman porters had been deadheading to Chicago. They had been riding in one of the overturned baggage cars. I contacted them in the washroom as I attempted to clean up. I was covered with mud from head to foot. The colored fellows sure were scared.

"Boys, it pays to be ready," I said to them. "It sure does, Boss," they replied in unison. How they escaped injury or death in a car full of trunks and baggage is a mystery. I really preached them a sermon, and they were ready for it.

It took me twelve hours to reach home from the scene of the wreck. I improved almost every minute of that time by doing personal work, and don't think people were not receptive!

One lady stopped puffing her cigarette as I went by. "Sit down," she invited. She was almost a nervous wreck.

"I want you to do something tonight before you retire," I suggested. "What's that?" she replied.

"I want you to kneel down and thank God for sparing your life and giving you a chance to get ready to live and serve Him," I answered.



"And will I do it!" she exclaimed. "This has certainly taught me a lesson."

And so it went. One after another wanted to talk to me, and in each case they were willing and anxious to discuss salvation. There were a lady from Colorado, a soldier boy from New York, an officer's wife from Louisiana, the claim agent from Texas, and many, many others.

I began to see why I was permitted to ride that train. God wanted my presence on it to meet an emergency situation. I really believe I did more good on that train than I had done in the four-day convention from which I was returning.

Thank God for the privilege of witnessing for Him, and for an opportunity to help meet life situations.

**020 -- HOW A PROFESSOR-PREACHER GOT TICKETS ON HOME**  
**From "Investments Here and Hereafter**  
**By John Stockton**

In all of our colleges there were many teachers who put their lives into the cause of Christian education, whether they got paid or not. It was not only hard on the teachers; it was also hard on the businessmen. They would furnish groceries and other necessities for the teachers when they hardly know how or when they could be paid. College and administrators were also making contributions of service with little or no financial return. Eternity alone will tell the sacrifice that was made by Christian stewards in order to keep our college doors open.

Living by faith was a daily necessity and practice. I had one professor who would feel the Lord wanted him to go to a certain place and hold a revival meeting. He wouldn't have enough money to pay the railroad fare. But he would pray about it and make all the arrangements to go. Then he would wait on the Lord. Invariably someone would knock on his door and give him a love offering. Then he would buy his ticket and hold the revival.

On one such trip he was paid just enough to get his wife and himself halfway home. They had close friends living in a town about midway, so they bought tickets for that distance and had one dollar left. The wife laughingly said later she looked back to where her husband sat on the train and saw him reading a book. She went back and asked him where he got the book. Calmly he replied, "I bought it."

"With the only dollar we had left in the world?" she asked.

"Yes, we might as well read."

"But just suppose our friends aren't home when we get there. What will we do then?"

As providence provided, however, the friends were at home. They gladly entertained their teacher friends for about a week. Daily the professor would go away to a quiet place and talk to the Lord about the financial predicament he was in. He told his host nothing at all about it. Finally, toward the end of the week, he returned from his place of prayer and told his wife to pack, for they were leaving the next day.

Perplexed, she asked, "Do you have the money?"

"No, I don't have any money, but the Lord has told me that I'm to go home tomorrow."

So, on the morrow, their friends took them to the depot. But on the way they passed a bank and the host said, "Would you mind waiting for me just a minute? I need to go in the bank." Returning, he slipped some bills into the professor's hand and said, "Here's a love offering I want to give you before you leave." And he gave them enough money to buy the needed tickets back to the college.

These are not just stories. I could give you the names and addresses of these good men who proved to be stewards of the highest order.

**021 -- BIBLE-OPENING VERSES LIKENED TO LOTTERY TICKETS**  
**From "Milestone Papers"**  
**By Daniel Steele**

A favorite method of determining divine direction, with minds not the best informed, is a species of Bible sortilege. At the random opening of the book the first verse that meets the eye is regarded as decisive of the question. For instance, a Methodist preacher in his perplexity about "the five points," arising from his Calvinian education, kneeled down, opened his Bible, appealing to God to direct his eyes, and read, "This persuasion cometh not of Him who calleth you." This lottery ticket drawn out of the sacred oracles afforded the distressed Arminian more comfort than it probably does to my Calvinistic reader. A much safer way would be to "search the scriptures," and not treat them in this lazy and presumptuous manner.

**022 -- HOW HE LEARNED THE BENEFIT OF FIRST-CLASS TICKETS**  
**From "How to Melt Icicles in a Church"**  
**By Joshua Stauffer**

In England during the days of the stage coach, people could travel as first, second, or third class passengers. An American traveling there purchased a ticket as a first-class passenger. Others purchased second fare, and some third. When the time came to start, all went aboard, with no distinction being made where they sat. The American wondered what difference there was when any passenger could sit where he pleased. Many times, however, we learn by being silent and observant. They traveled without any distinction until they came to a steep hill. Here the driver stopped and said, "All first-class passengers stay in your seats. All second-class passengers get out and walk. All third-class passengers push."

**023 -- THERE WAS NO USE BICKERING ABOUT THE TICKET PRICE**  
**From "Holy Ghost Messages"**  
**By Charles Henry Stalker**

One day, after they raised the price of tickets in our country, I was standing in the station waiting for the train, and a man went to the booking office and asked for a ticket; the clerk told him how much it would cost, and he said, "Oh, I am not going to pay that," and the clerk said, "You are not obliged to do so." I went to the train, but that man sat still in the station. I do not know how long he sat. What did it matter to the railway company? They have made the plans and arranged the fares, and if people do not pay they cannot have the benefits. What does the railway company care? That is just how much God cares when you go to a meeting and will not walk in the light.

**024 -- HOW STALKER GOT A TICKET TO SOUTH AMERICA**  
**From "Holy Ghost Messages"**  
**By Charles Henry Stalker**

I went to New York, and wanted to come here [to South America], and the authorities said, "You can't have a ticket." I left the office and went down and looked at the water, and the Holy Ghost said, "You can go. I took the train and went back home, and Mrs. Stalker said, "What did they say? I told her they said I could not come, but the Holy Ghost said I could. A few days later I went to hear a man speak. I don't very often go, but I went that day, and that man got up and said it would be an impossibility for anyone to cross the Atlantic without special authority, and the people believed it. I sat back there and the Holy Ghost said, "You can go."

I was just about to come when the war broke out, and I went to the agent, but he advised me not to go. I went home and went to my room, took my Bible and prayed a little, and the Holy Ghost told me I could go to Central America. I went down there and everything was all right. They had malaria and people were afraid I should get the disease, but I was not a bit afraid. I stayed there four months, never slept on a bed and never had a meal in a house, but some people received the Holy Ghost and have been going on ever since. I was entertained in one beautiful place, and they drove out the hogs while I had my supper, luncheon or tea. I returned thanks and ate willingly, and the folk came to the meetings and were saved from sin. The hogs have never been back since, but the Holiness Movement is going on.

**025 -- HOW STALKER GOT TICKETS TO JAFFA**  
**From "Twice Around the World with the Holy Ghost"**  
**By Charles Henry Stalker**

Before leaving the home land, we felt that the Lord made it plain to us that we should stop in Palestine. We felt that it might be too much of a luxury for us, but when the Holy Ghost spoke, that settled it.

On arriving in Port Said, the agent in the ticket office informed us that Jaffa was under quarantine, and had been for some time, and that we would have to go a roundabout way that would take a week longer to go and a week to return, and even then it was uncertain, as he would not assure us anything. As we only had a month for the entire trip, and the steamer we came in on would leave in an hour for India, we must decide quickly.

So we went to the Lord in prayer, and He made it plain that we were to stop regardless of circumstances and seeming impossibilities. It is wonderful how he leads, sometimes in places we cannot see. We had our baggage taken off the steamer, and she soon pulled out, leaving us with nothing in sight but the assurance in our hearts that God had spoke and He would fulfill, in what way we could not see. We went to the office to buy our tickets the long way around, and while there the word came, The quarantine is lifted, book all passengers to Jaffa."

We were the first to land there for months. Our hearts were assured, "The iron gates had opened of their own accord." Praise the Lord, He always has a way through for the one who will trust and not be afraid. "He leadeth me, oh blessed thought."

## 026 -- HOW SPARKS AND BLY GOT TICKETS TO EUROPE

From "I Met Jesus"

By Samuel F. Sparks

One day Rev. Ferguson suggested we go to Europe. That really did seem fantastic, for we had no money for passage and no invitation from Rev. Frame. We dropped the matter for a few days. One night as Bly and I were talking, God definitely laid it upon our hearts to go. Still there was no money, and no invitation.

We went to the Steamship office in Toronto -- there we were greeted with what seemed an utter impossibility to obtain passage within the next eighteen to twenty-four months.

Soon we had the invitation. Dr. Frame's letter was warm and we felt a tremendous "pull" to Europe as we read his letter telling of the great need and open-door opportunity.

We wrote that if God would undertake and get us there we were willing to come. Time passed. Then one day in the fall of 1946, Bly was purchasing a railroad ticket at the Southern Railway office in his home town of Asheville, North Carolina. The agent and Bly engaged in conversation, which led to international travel. It was then that Bly found he was doing business with an agent for the world's largest steamship company. The agent could promise nothing definite at the time, but did promise to do his best for us. In some three weeks, he had secured a sailing date for us and many of the necessary particulars.

God was working. He had been working since that night in Canada when He laid upon our hearts the burden for Britain. Our faith skyrocketed when two of our prerequisites were met, namely, the invitation to Europe and the sailing date -- now only one thing was preventing our plans for materializing. We needed the money to finance this expensive trip. Neither of us had an extra dollar. The Nazarenes of the British Isles have been hard-hit as well as the rest of the people and to expect them to finance the trip would be presumptuous. But we knew how to pray and began to daily present the matter to the Lord. Our only hope lay in the sanctified, sacrificial, holiness friends of America.

Our first gift came in Detroit, Michigan, while in a meeting in our Hazel Park Church. Brother Bearinger asked his people to cooperate and to give toward this need. Brother Edmund L. Dickson, of the Bible Book Store in Royal Oak, Michigan, left a one-hundred-dollar check in my hand that night

as he left the church. I shouted and the people shouted. In that meeting folks gave us nearly \$200.00 on our trip.

In the next campaign in Fairmont, W. Va., the people responded generously under the leadership of our friend and brother, Rev. Lloyd W. Hail. The good pastor and people of Dayton, Ohio, Parkview Church, Midland, Mich., and Bay City, Mich., all stood by us loyally so that by the first of March God had marvelously supplied our financial need.

It humbled us to the dust. That which looked impossible six months before was now not just a dream or a desire, but a reality.

**027 -- HOW "GIPSY" SMITH'S FATHER USED HIS TICKET**  
**From "Gipsy Smith, His Life and Work"**  
**By Himself**

My father was frequently engaged by a gentleman in Norwich, Mr. George Chamberlain, to do evangelistic work in the vicinity. At the time of this story there was an exhibition of machinery in connection with the agricultural show then being held in the old city. Mr. Chamberlain gave my father a ticket of admission to it, saying, "Go, Cornelius, see what there is to be seen; it will interest you. I'm coming down myself very soon." when Mr. Chamberlain reached the ground he found my father standing on a machine, with a great crowd, to whom he was preaching the gospel, gathered round him. He gazed upon the spectacle with delight and astonishment. when my father came down from this pulpit, Mr. Chamberlain said to him:

"Well, Cornelius, what led you to address the people -- without any previous arrangement, too, and without consulting the officials? I sent you here to examine the exhibits."

"That's all right," said my father; "but the fact is I looked round at all the latest inventions, and I did not see one that even claimed to take away the guilt and the power of sin from men's hearts. I knew of something that could do this, and I thought these people should be told about it There were such a lot of them, too, that I thought it was a very good opportunity."

**028 -- A TICKET TO THE GUILLOTINE**  
**From "Sin The Tell-Tale"**  
**By William Edward Shepard**

Three years ago Mme. Jules Guion, the wealthy widow of a former governor of the Bank of Paris, started by train from Paris for her country home near Fontainebleau. She occupied a compartment alone. On the



following morning her body was found lying beside the tracks. As there was no evidence of crime, the police dismissed the case on the theory that in a fit of despondency over the death of her husband, she had thrown herself from the cars.

But a certain detective was not satisfied with this explanation. Weeks later he undertook an investigation on his own account. He carefully examined the compartment, hoping to find some clue to substantiate his own belief that the woman had been murdered. Nothing was revealed by his search until, as a last resort, he ripped up the carpet. Underneath he found a railway ticket bearing the bloody imprint of a finger. The ticket was such as is given to French soldiers on furlough. Now, in France, as in Great Britain and in the United States, the finger prints of every soldier and sailor are taken at the time of enlistment. Somewhere among the army records there was one fingerprint -- and only one -- that exactly corresponded with the smudge on the ticket. The records were searched and the corresponding impression was found. Within a week both the murderer and his accomplice were arrested, confessions were obtained, and both were sentenced to the guillotine.

### **029 -- HE THOUGHT HIS TICKET ENTITLED HIM TO WALK**

**From "How to be Healed"**

**By Julia A. Shelhamer**

A foreigner was seen carrying cooking utensils and clothing on his back while walking along the Lehi Valley R. R. at Scranton, Pa. The ticket agent told him it was against the law to walk the track, when the poor man in proof of his right to travel the ties, produced a first class ticket to New York.

"Well," said the agent, "this ticket entitles you to ride instead of walking." He had already walked a long distance and had paid a fancy price for a full fare ticket and might as well have been riding. As he sat down in the depot to wait for the train he felt like scolding himself for being so ignorant of his privilege.

### **030 -- SHELHAMER HAD BARELY ENOUGH TO BUY HIS TICKET**

**From "Sixty Years of Thorns and Roses"**

**By Elmer Ellsworth Shelhamer**

I had been engaged to assist in a camp for ten days, sometimes preaching three times a day. Good and frequent collections were taken, and when I left the treasurer handed me ten dollars -- hardly enough to pay for

my ticket. I said to myself, "Bless God, I am not after money, yet a preacher cannot live on wind."

I went off feeling sweet and rejoicing over one more occasion to prove a miracle-working God. At the very next camp seventy-five dollars were put into my hand, though I was there but three days. I would rather trust God to see me through than do as many evangelists, fix a price, or worse make a fuss because I do not get about so much.

### **031 -- A CLERGY TICKET AND A DANGEROUS VENTURE**

**From "How We Escaped"**

**By Elmer Ellsworth Shelhamer**

Another time, when I was going through Cincinnati to Pittsburgh, Pa. my train was late and I had to run to make connections. The B & O Railroad conductor was kind and let me pay full fare to the first big stop. He said I could hurry into the depot and buy a clergy ticket for the rest of the way. I did so, but the train started and when I tried to get on, the side doors were closed.

What should I do? A great risk, but I decided to stand outside, on the lower step and hold on until we reached the next stop. Just then the conductor, passing from one coach to another, saw me although it was midnight. Of course he was angry, but let me in.

It was zero weather and I fear my hands would have frozen in the next forty miles. Besides swinging around the sharp curves it would have been easy to have lost my grip and fallen to my death. God was good to an adventurous preacher.

### **032 -- AUNTIE COON GOT TICKETS TO AND FROM A MEETING**

**From "The Life and Labors of Auntie Coon"**

**By Elmer Ellsworth Shelhamer**

Two days before the commencement of the meeting one of our brethren, a rich farmer, came in and said:

"Sister Coon, the Lord wants you to go to the St. Louis camp-meeting."

I said, "Yes, sir, I have my satchel ready."

He, knowing how my husband felt about these things, said: "God sent me here to tell you that I would buy your ticket."

"Well," I said, "all right; I told Him I was ready and He must open up the way."

I told my husband the morning before I was to go that I was going and that I had an old motherly lady to leave with my children.

He said, "Now, remember what I say, if you go to the meeting never come back. You must never come through this door again."

I left my little boy and girl at the door throwing kisses, and he said, "If papa don't let you come in, I will come where you are, mamma." Of course I left with sad heart, but the Lord said "Go." There were six of us that went together, Dr. Redfield among the number. On arriving at the depot in St. Louis they charged us four dollars to take us to the ground with our trunks, or they would take the trunks for one dollar. I said, "Doctor, you and I will get right on the dray and go along." The drayman said, "All right, you can." And we went praising the Lord in our hearts through the city a mile, on the dray. The Lord was so present every moment I was on the ground and my work so continuous that I thought very few times of being turned away from my home.

When the meeting closed all of us got ready to take the train, I without money or ticket. This brother not even intimated that he should pay my fare back. We heard in a distance the rumbling the train. The question came, "How are you going?" I said, "I don't know, but I am going." Just then we heard a man's voice, ringing out clear, saying, "Get up, get up, get!" and putting whip across the horse, we saw him coming across the prairie. He reined up the horse so suddenly that the animal reared up on his hind legs, while the stranger cried, "Here, here, here! the Lord told me somebody needed their fare paid. My daughter was saved last night, that woman's arms were around her." I said to the preacher, "Take it and get my ticket quick." Just then the engine whistled.

I reached home safely, and found my children delighted. My little boy said, "Papa is not here, mamma, so you can come right in. Just last night I told Jesus to send you right back home." So I had two days and nights to visit and love my children. Husband came and found us happy, but not speak to me for two or three days; looked on in astonishment without asking how I got there or back.

Then I asked the Lord to put money in my hands to pay the farmer back again. It was some time in coming, for I saved it in pennies, nickels and dimes, but it came; and afterward, when this man backslid and went into terrible sin, I rejoiced the Lord had been so particular and careful and had

helped me to do so. Then I told my husband how I went and how the man had whipped horse and paid my fare, and how I paid it back again, and where I got the money. He hid his face in his hands and said, "My God, you will do whatever you undertake." "Yes," said I, "for I will not undertake outside the will of God."

### 033 -- SHE HAD A TICKET TO HEAVEN

From "Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer"

By Solomon Benjamin Shaw

In traveling we often meet with persons of different nationalities and languages; we also meet with incidents of various character, some sorrowful, others, joyful and instructive. One of the latter character I witnessed recently while traveling upon the cars. The train was going west and the time was evening. At a station a little girl about eight years old came aboard, carrying a budget under her arm. She then commenced an eager scrutiny of faces, but all were strange to her. She appeared weary, and placing her budget for a pillow, she prepared to try and secure a little sleep. Soon the conductor came along collecting tickets and fare. Observing him she asked him if she might lie there. The gentlemanly conductor replied that she might, and then kindly asked for her ticket. She informed him that she had none, when the following conversation ensued. Said the conductor:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to heaven," she answered.

"Who pays your fare?" he asked again.

She then said, "Mister, does this railroad lead to heaven, and does Jesus travel on it?"

"I think not," he answered, "Why did you think so?"

"Why sir, before my ma died she used to sing to me of a heavenly railroad, and you looked so nice and kind that I thought this was the road. My ma used to sing of Jesus on the heavenly railroad, and that He paid the fare for everybody, and that the train stopped at every station to take people on board; but my ma don't sing to me any more. Nobody sings to me now; and I thought I'd take the cars and go to ma. Mister, do you sing to your little girl about the railroad that goes to heaven? You have a little girl, haven't you?"

He replied, weeping, "No my little dear I have no little girl now. I had one once; but she died some time ago, and went to heaven."

"Did she go over this railroad, and are you going to see her now?" she asked.

By this time every person in the coach was upon their feet, and most of them were weeping. An attempt to describe what I witnessed is almost futile. Some said: "God bless the little girl." Hearing some person say that she was an angel, the little girl earnestly replied: "Yes, my ma used to say that I would be an angel some time."

Addressing herself once more to the conductor, she asked him, "Do you love Jesus? I do, and if you love Him, He will let you ride to heaven on His railroad. I am going there and I wish you would go with me. I know Jesus will let me into heaven when I get there and He will let you in, too, and everybody that will ride on His railroad -- yes, all these people. Wouldn't you like to see heaven and Jesus, and your little girl?"

These words, so pathetically and innocently uttered, brought a great gush of tears from all eyes, but most profusely from those of the conductor. Some who were traveling on the heavenly railroad shouted aloud for joy.

She asked the conductor: "Mister, may I lie here until we get to heaven?"

"Yes, dear, yes," he answered.

"Will you wake me up then so that I may see my ma and your little girl and Jesus?" she asked, "for I do so much want to see them all."

The answer came in broken accents but in words very tenderly spoken "Yes, dear angel, yes. God bless you." "Amen!" was sobbed by more than a score of voices.

Turning her eyes again upon the conductor, she interrogated him again, "What shall I tell your little girl when I see her? Shall I tell her that I saw her pa on Jesus' railroad? Shall I?"

This brought a fresh flood of tears from all present, and the conductor knelt by her side, and, embracing her wept the reply he could not utter. At this juncture the brakeman called out: "H\_\_\_\_s." The conductor arose and requested him to attend to his (the conductor's) duty at the station, for he was engaged. That was a precious place. I thank God that I was a witness to this scene, but I was sorry that at this point I was obliged to leave the train.

We learn from this incident that out of the mouths of even babes God hath ordained strength, and that we ought to be willing to represent the cause of our blessed Jesus even in a railroad coach.

### **The Sequel**

Bro. Dosh: I wish to relieve my heart by writing to you, and saying that that angel visit on the cars was a blessing to me, although I did not realize it in its fullness until some hours after. But blessed be the Redeemer, I know now that I am His, and He is mine. I no longer wonder why Christians are happy. Oh, my joy, my joy! The instrument of my salvation has gone to God. I had purposed adopting her in the place of my little daughter who is now in heaven. With this intention I took her to C\_\_\_\_b, and on my return trip I took her back to S\_\_\_\_n, where she left the cars. In consultation with my wife in regard to adopting her, she replied, "Yes, certainly, and immediately too, for there is a Divine providence in this. Oh," said she, "I could never refuse to take under my charge the instrument of my husband's salvation."

I made inquiry for the child at S\_\_\_\_n and learned that in three days after her return she died suddenly, without any apparent disease, and her happy soul had gone to dwell with her ma, my little girl and the angels in heaven. I was sorry to hear of her death but my sorrow is turned to joy when I think my angel-daughter received intelligence from earth concerning her pa, and that he is on the heavenly railway. Oh! sir, me thinks I see her near the Redeemer. I think I hear her sing! "I'm safe at home, and pa and ma are coming," and I find myself sending back the reply: "Yes, my darling we are coming and will soon be there." Oh, my dear sir, I am glad that I ever formed your acquaintance; may the blessing of the great God rest upon you. Please write to me, and be assured, I would be most happy to meet you again. -- J. M. Dosh, in Christian Expositor.

### **034 -- AFTER BUYING TICKETS THEIR MONEY WAS STOLEN**

**From "John W. Goodwin, A Biography"**

**By Asa Everette Sanner**

After a few days spent in visiting at their old home among relatives, the Goodwins left for Los Angeles, planning to attend the General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene on the first of October. Father and Mother Billings accompanied them, as did Mr. Goodwin's brother David and family. Mr. Goodwin later stated it took nearly all their money to purchase tickets. They took much of their food with them and a little money to buy a few things on the way, leaving only four ten-dollar bills pinned safely in an inside vest pocket. They were a happy company, eleven in all. They planned



to leave in time so that travel on Sunday would not be necessary, but a train missed connections and their delay necessitated travel on Sunday, so they planned a Sunday morning service in their tourist sleeper, at eleven o'clock. All travelers seemed glad to have the service. Sunday morning Mr. Goodwin left his vest hanging in the washroom for only a brief moment. As he returned and looked for the money, he found it was gone. There was no recourse. There was nothing to do. He went at once to the berth where his wife was dressing and, with a sad and trembling heart, told her the story.

With tears in her eyes she said, "What shall we do? We have only seventy-two cents left in change."

He quickly replied, "I don't know what to do." Then Mrs. Goodwin came back with her usual answer, "We have always trusted God and always shall."

Mrs. Goodwin had made friends with a fine young Baptist lady who had just graduated from the Chicago School of Music, and who was very happy over the idea of worship on the train. When Mrs. Goodwin told her of their loss she said, "That will ruin our service."

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Goodwin, "my husband will preach just the same."

This morning worship in the tourist sleeper had been announced and all seats were taken and many were standing. After a song and prayer, the young preacher took his text and preached what he always called his forty-mile-long sermon. As he was about to close, the young lady from the Chicago School of Music arose and said, "We have had a beautiful morning worship. There is just one thing left, the collection." She asked two men to pass their hats, and she handed Rev. Mr. Goodwin the offering of eight dollars and seventy-five cents. That was not a great amount of money but it was more than ten times what they had, so they thanked God and the young lady as well.

### **035 -- DON'T TEAR UP YOUR TICKET IN THE TUNNEL!**

**From "The Second Crisis in Christian Experience"**

**By Christian Wismer Ruth**

One of the most important and perhaps one of the most difficult lessons a sanctified soul has to learn, is, that the spirit of heaviness is entirely compatible with the spirit of holiness; that a person may be entirely sanctified and "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready

to be revealed in the last time," and yet be "in heaviness through manifold temptations."

Recently in making a trip across the continent, the Holy Spirit seemed to teach me the lesson of the tunnel. Before starting on my trip I was obliged to go up to the altar of the railroad company and make a consecration of about all I had and even consent to put my very life into their hands. In return they handed me a little slip of paper -- a ticket -- which in itself, as to the value of the paper, was really of no value; but on that paper was printed a promise from the railroad company to carry me to my home and loved ones. As I could feel nothing about the matter, I was obliged to take the promise by simple faith, and consent to leave myself in their hands and obey the rules of the company I was obliged to be at the depot at the time the company specified, and take the train they were pleased to send, show my ticket to a colored porter, get into the coach he told me, etc. All this I did in faith.

The train had gone but a short distance on its way, when lo! suddenly I found myself in great darkness. I knew it would be perilous for me to throw away my ticket, or leap from the train -- so I simply hung on to the promise, sat still and kept on believing; directly I was again flooded with light, and even basking in the sunlight. This experience was repeated a number of times, when I began to muse about the matter; why should I thus be plunged into darkness, and have my reading interrupted, etc., when the light was so much preferred by me?

My first discovery was, though in darkness for a moment, I was still aboard the train, and still going. The promise was holding good. The darkness did not for a moment disprove the fact that I was on the train, nor that I was on the right train, nor that I was going in the right direction. All I had to do, was to sit still and "keep on believing." Though I could "see no way out," and did not "know the way through," I soon learned that there was no occasion for fear, and that I was coupled onto a power that could carry me through the darkness as well as the light.

But "why the tunnel?" I queried. "The tunnel is simply a short cut to a desired destination," seemed to be whispered by the Spirit. "Oh, I see it! then blessed be the tunnel," was the answer of my heart. And so I discovered that the tunnel was at least as much to my interest as it was to the interest of the railroad company. And I soon realized that the longer the tunnel the farther I was up the road and the nearer I was to the place I wanted to go, when I again emerged from the darkness. As this fact dawned upon me, I felt like giving thanks to the railroad company for the tunnel.

I reasoned, "The railroad company evidently knew that I was in a hurry to reach my destination; that I would not have time to go around and around all those mountains, or even to cross them by ascending them gradually, so in their great kindness, in order to get me on the other side of the mountain and to my loved ones more speedily, they took the pains and expense of boring that tunnel and quickly carrying me through."

And does not this explain why the fiercest temptations are often permitted just at the time that we have desired and sought a new experience of saving grace? Just when you tried so hard to be good, and sought, and perhaps professed a new experience, the obstacles seemed to multiply, the opposition became more intense, and everything seemed to go wrong. The Lord had simply taken you at your word, and supposing you wanted to get up the road quickly, He meant to pass you through a few tunnels and so grant you the answer to your prayers. He knew all about the tunnels, as He himself had passed that way before you. All that was necessary for you to do, was to stay aboard, cling to your ticket (the promise) and keep on believing.

**036 -- HE SHOUTED AND GOD SUPPLIED THE TICKET!**

**From "The Happy Alleghenian, Clifford B. Barrett"**

**By M. L. Rhodes**

One time he got on board the train, in full assurance of faith that God would provide a way through for him, and as the conductor waited on him for his ticket, he said to him: "I have no ticket and no money; but am going to glory; Jesus is my Savior; I'm washed in His blood" -- and then he got blest and shouted -- "HAL-LE-LU-JAH!" The conductor said to him, "Well, you seem to be happy on your journey, anyhow." But before he reached his destination, he was handed some money and paid his fare.

One time when Mr. Barrett was staying at the home of a minister at East Hickory, Pennsylvania, he arose one morning and said the Lord wanted him to go to a camp-meeting in Canada. He did not have any money to go with and the minister told him not to try to go at that time. But he said that he must start that same day, and commenced to get ready.

The minister had no money at the time, but his wife had fifty cents, which she gave him, and he said the Lord would give him enough to get through on. About an hour before train time they started, and before they got to the depot, a distance of one mile, he had enough money to get his ticket and about five dollars to spare.

At another time, at the Duke Center, Pennsylvania, camp-meeting, he was praying in a tent, and when he arose from his knees, he turned to the

same minister and said that the Lord wanted him to go down to the Pittsburgh work, and that he must go that morning. Knowing that he did not have any money, the brother tried to get him to stay until the next day, thinking that in the meantime he could get some for him. But he said that he must go at once, and could not be talked out of going. So getting the horse ready, they started for the railroad depot, and again before they reached that place he had plenty of money to pay his way through.

### **037 -- THANKFUL WITHOUT ENOUGH MONEY FOR A TICKET**

**From "Fire From Heaven"**

**By Seth Cook Rees**

"His water shall be sure." He drinks pure, sparkling mountain water. His well never goes dry. There are a great many people, you know, who have water in the wet season, who have "wet weather religion"; they have salvation in the winter time, when there is nothing else but revivals going on; they do not take much interest when the summer's work is on. Their religion fails them then.

Here was a man whose "water was sure." He lived in luxury three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days every year. When we get to the place where we accept our rations from God, the high God uses people to give them to us, we accept them as from Him; and whether there is much or little of them, we are thankful for them.

Never since God sanctified my soul have I ever left a meeting grumbling at what I got. I have not always had enough to pay for a ticket, but I have always had enough to thank God for.

### **038 -- SCRIPTURES, LIKE TICKETS -- NOT GOOD IF DETACHED**

**From "Conflicting Concepts of Holiness"**

**By Westlake Taylor Purkiser**

Many indeed are the errors from which we could be saved by applying to each verse of scripture the warning printed on the railroad ticket, "Not good if detached." Here, as always, "A text without a context is only a pretext!"

**039 -- A TICKET TO A DIVINE HEALING INSTEAD OF A FUNERAL**  
**From "The Power of God in a Redeemed Life"**  
**By Pearl Perry Poe**

When I arrived at the station, I was impressed to get my ticket to Ottumwa. When I arrived there, I prayed and asked the Lord where I should go, and He said, "To Fort Madison." When I arrived in Fort Madison, I went to Brother Armstrong's. On arriving there, he told me that my brother Vernon was preaching near Dallas. We went to hear him and he asked me to preach the next night. I told him that I would if I were there. That night I stayed with the Saintclairs.

The next evening, as we were getting ready for supper, they asked me if I knew that Sister Carpenter was not expected to live till morning. I had not heard it before, so I said, "Let us go early to see her." The doctor had said, "She may live until midnight, but not likely." When I went into her room, she said, "I am so glad you came. I want you to preach my funeral." I said, "I did not come to preach your funeral. God is going to heal you and you are going to go hear me preach." She said, "That is impossible." I said, "Not with God." I knelt by the side of the bed and laid my hand on her arm that was under the sheet. Just then the power of God came in glory -- torrents of it. I did not pray a word, but shouted and praised God and wept for joy.

There were unsaved people in the room. They knelt and began to pray and call upon God. I could not stop shouting to pray for them. The sick woman was shouting with all the strength that she had. That lasted for nearly three quarters of an hour. When we quit shouting, she said to her husband, "Get my clothes. I haven't an ache nor pain now." She dressed and walked to the car and rode nearly seven miles to meeting. She had been bedfast for nearly a year and a half with Bright's disease, in other words, T. B. of the kidneys. She was so poor in body that she looked like skin and bones. I tried to preach, but the people kept watching her, and I could not get their attention. Finally, I asked her to testify.

Sister Carpenter arose and said, "Folks, you know the doctor said I could not live till morning. When Brother Poe came in, I asked him to preach my funeral. He said, 'God is going to heal you.' I said, 'That is impossible.' 'But nothing is impossible with God,' he said, and knelt down and the healing hand of God touched me. It seemed I could see a stream of gold come down from heaven and touch me on the forehead and fold to my feet, back and forth over my body. It went through and through me. I am healed." She then praised the Lord for His great work.

**040 -- GOD TOLD HIM TO BUY A TICKET FOR MUSCATINE**  
**From "The Power of God in a Redeemed Life"**  
**By Pearl Perry Poe**

When I arrived at the next place where the Spirit had led me, I found there was a Holiness Association meeting going on there. I started to it, but received a checking of the Spirit. I hurried back to the depot, and asked the Lord where He wanted me to go, and He told me to another town. There I prayed again and the Lord led to Washington, Iowa. That was back toward home. When I arrived, a train was there going to my home. I started to buy my ticket, but felt a very slight checking. Then came a quick urge, "Get your ticket for home." Again I went to the window to get my ticket, but again, a slight checking I left the window to pray. While praying I heard the conductor say "Aboard." That same quick spoken spirit said, "You have grieved the Holy Ghost and I became fearful and uneasy. Finally I thought, The Holy Ghost is not the author of confusion. "Dear Lord, Thou knowest I did my best to obey Thee. Now where do you want me to go?" "Muscatine." I arose from my knees went to the window and asked when I could get a train to Muscatine, and was told that it was then coming in. I bought my ticket and was soon on my way, in the perfect will of God.

I want to say right here that it is not always easy to know the will of God, but if it is to do something on the spur of the moment, it is best to wait. The Word tells us to "Wait on the Lord," and if we wait, we can be much more sure. Now on the train, it was getting late and I saw that it would be midnight when we would arrive in Muscatine. I bowed my head and said "Dear Lord, have some one in town that I know so that I can go out in the country to where I know some people." As I was walking up the street, I saw a family sitting in their car. I walked over to them and spoke and said, "I am ready to go." They said, "We have been sitting here ready to go for an hour but it seemed that we must have forgotten something or that we should not leave." I told them how I had prayed. I rode with them to the home of Brother Hepter.

The next morning (Sunday), Brother Hepter and I planned for service in his home for that night. We went to Muscatine to tell some folk about it. On our way out of town, we both spoke about the same time, "Why didn't we stop somewhere for service?" He wanted to turn back, but I said, "I don't feel that we should." About four miles out in the country, we saw a church. I said, "There is the place," and we went in. There stood a tall man, just announcing his text. He had a great subject about discerning the evil and the good. He had a small box, which was divided into two parts. He had sand in both parts, and the sand in each looked the same. He said, "One of these will make glass, the other will not. The reason -- the one has a substance in



it that will not unite in melting. The other is clean sand. That is a sanctified person; the first, a justified person." He preached a striking message and I amen-ed him. He was a Methodist preacher and had the experience.

As soon as service was over, he came to me and said, "I perceive by the cut of your gib that you are a preacher." I replied, "I am." He invited me to preach for him that night. I told him that I was engaged. "Well, by the way, what would hinder you from preaching for me in First Church in town this morning." I consented.

They sang one song had prayer, and announced that I would preach. Never, in all my life, have I had an easier time preaching. In fact, I didn't preach. The Holy Spirit so came upon me until I was carried so far out in God and the Spirit, I could not tell after the message what my text was, and neither could anyone else. Those old-time Methodists were up on their feet, waving their hands and shouting, and the preacher patting me on the back and shouting. He would no more than sit down until he would be up shouting, with perhaps twenty of the people at a time. I had never seen anything like it.

**041 -- HOW A JEW AT A TICKET WINDOW LATER HEARD OF CHRIST**  
**From "The Power of God in a Redeemed Life"**  
**By Pearl Perry Poe**

Another time I was leaving Seattle, Washington, for Minneapolis, Minnesota. While at the station I felt the sacred nearness of the Lord, the presence of His great love. I would shed tears, get up, and walk around the room. Once, while I was walking, I saw two U. S. Police come in with a man to the ticket window. They had him to buy a ticket to New York to see a certain rabbi. This man was a Jew and had come to this country without a passport. He had been a lawyer in Germany, and when so many Jews were put to death there, he left his wife and daughter and hid out, going to different countries to get to the U. S. A. The police were sending him to this rabbi to secure papers for his stay in the States. On the train he sat just in front of me.

God had me greatly charged with His Spirit. At once I entered into conversation with this Jew. I told him the only hope for the Jew was Jesus Christ. He said, "I am a lawyer from Germany and because of what I have seen, I am an unbeliever." I said, "Impossible. You cannot be. You are too smart a man to be so stupid as to not be a believer in the Lord." I began with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses, the prophets, then Jesus and the saying of the Jews "Let his blood be upon us and our children."

Two hours passed All in the coach were spellbound. Then I spoke of Paul, the veil of Moses that still is over the eyes of the Jews, and that veil of unbelief in the Messiah, God's Son, Jesus Christ; and for another hour I talked about Jesus and Him crucified. Then he broke in, saying "This is extremely interesting." I said, "Here is a new Bible; just read it and believe. I will make you a present of it." It was now late, and they turned the lights out.

The next morning, the man was reading, and now and then he would ask a question as to what this and that meant. God helped me to explain it, sometimes taking a half hour on one subject. I felt under the power of God all the way on that trip. In that coach were two rabbis from Czechoslovakia, a Catholic priest, and a Catholic woman, who was a missionary. These sat in separate seats across from me. Just behind me sat a River Brethren preacher, and across from him, a Nazarene preacher. I kept much in prayer in my heart that God would use me. I noticed that one time the Catholic priest had his paper upside down for over an hour, not reading, surely!

While I was explaining to that Jew what Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again," I felt God helped me especially. I pressed the point hard. No works of our own, no matter how good, could ever save us. Joining churches, learning catechisms, or creeds, or mode of baptism -- none of these can save us. I said, "Mister, you are not far from the kingdom. If you will repent, confess your sins to God, tell him you are sorry, and accept Jesus as your sacrifice for your sins, accept Him as your Saviour, the true Messiah, you will be saved." Tears were in his eyes. He said, "I do believe He was the Messiah." I said, "If you fully repent and accept Him as your personal Saviour, He will save you, and I believe He will work for you that you may see your wife and daughter also." He stood and gave me his hand, and said, "I do," and hugged me. He had gone to the lounge room and was there a while. I felt he had prayed.

When we arrived in St. Paul, he received a message from Seattle. The message said, "Your wife and daughter are in New York. Arrived last night." If you ever saw a happy man, he was one. He hugged me, and said, "Oh, I thank God, I found the Messiah. Now, my wife and daughter. I can never thank you enough." Most of the folk in the coach were in tears. The Catholic woman shook hands and said, "I never learned so much about the Bible in all my life. I have enjoyed this trip." The priest looked rather annoyed when she said that. But to God be all the glory.

Most of the people on the coach shook hands with me before I left. One man and woman said, "When you walked past us in the depot, we asked each other, 'What is different about that man? There is a look on his face as if he were very happy.' " I said, "It was God."

That incident happened when I was in the thickest of thorns. God did encourage me now and then. Oh, He never left me, but I had to go through those thorns without many great overflows; however, there were experiences rich and deep.

**042 -- GOD SUPPLIED TICKETS THROUGH PHILIPPIANS 4:19**  
**From "The Nazarene Preacher's Magazine" October, 1929**  
**By J. Glenn Gould**

Kiyomatsu Kimura came to America to learn of Dwight L. Moody how to be an evangelist. Moody was impressed by the young man and advised him to secure training at the Moody Institute. They were then at San Jose, California, and Mr. Moody bethought himself that the Japanese student might not have money enough for the ticket. "Have you any money?" he asked. "Yes," replied Kimura. "How much?" "Thirty-five cents." "How do you expect to get to Chicago on thirty-five cents?" "How do you interpret Philippians 4:19?" "Very well, I shall expect to see you in Chicago in September."

Kimura held revival meetings in San Jose among his countrymen, and established a church of fifty members that summer. Bishop Harris, under whom he had labored, gave him a ticket to Chicago, and his grateful church members presented him with a purse of fifty dollars. He went there and pursued the two years' course, and then was ready to return to Japan to labor. But whence would come his ticket there? One evening he was one of three speakers in a St. Louis meeting, but the preceding speaker took an hour and a half for his talk and just one minute was left for Kimura. "My name is Kirmra," he said. "I am from Japan. I have no mission board or fence behind me, only God Almighty. Remember me in your prayers.

After the meeting as he was passing out in the crowd he felt someone's hand in his pocket. Turning he saw a little old woman withdrawing her hand. She quickly slipped away in the crowd. In the pocket she had left an envelope with money enough to take him to Japan and then have a good supply over. He always remembered Philippians 4:19. -- Selected.

**043 -- TICKETS MUST BE USED IN TIME**  
**From A Message by Glenn Griffith**  
**Published in "The Missionary Revivalist" for March, 1957**

One time a large passenger boat was in, and the depot, or whatever they call it, was crowded with people. Officers were examining passports

and looking at tickets. But I noticed that over in the corner were some folks who had evidently forgotten something. It may have been a large family, or some friends and a family together. There was one who seemed to be saying that she would have to go back, there was something she would have to do. And I noticed that a little gray-haired lady, that I picked out to be the mother, would say, "Well, if you must, you had better go, because it is almost time for the boat to leave." I could not understand what they said, but that is what it seemed like to me.

The lady left, with her little handbag, and started out to do whatever it was she had to do. But while she was gone, somebody called out over the loud-speaking system, "Time to go aboard," and the people started. They marched out through that big gate that stood there as though it never would move again.

It looked as if everybody could go through, but at a certain time a man dressed in blue, wearing a peculiar kind of cap, walked over and punched a button, or did something or other. I heard a rattle, and a clang -- not loud, but like heavy machinery moving smoothly through oil. I saw the gate begin to go down, and about the time it was within four or five feet of the floor, that lady came frantically in on the other side. She ran and threw up her hands, and waved to an officer. But he paid no attention. He had had instruction to shut the gate, and the gate was shut.

She jumped up and down, she went over to the ticket office, she went back and pointed her finger in the officer's face and said, "I've got to get on that boat." But the gate did not open. The boat moved out into the harbor and was gone, while the woman stood there, frightened and disappointed. Still it would be but a week until she could go on another boat. But what I am trying to tell you is that when God's door is shut, and the old ship Zion pulls out for that shore of everlasting contentment, it will never, never come back.

**044 -- A TICKET FOR HOME ON THE BEULAH RAILWAY**  
**From "The Missionary Revivalist" for August, 1959**  
**By Kathryn Hopson**

God a great railway to heaven has planned,  
He staked out the line with His dear, loving hand;  
Away back in Eden the grant was first given,  
On Calvary's cross the last spike was driven.  
The road was surveyed with a special design,  
To make it a practical Holiness line:  
The grade was thrown up with the greatest of care,

Directly through Canaan, a country most fair.

Of fasting and praying the ballast was made,  
The ties are as solid as when they were laid;  
The crossings are guarded, not a curve on the track,  
Trains never take sidings, nor ever turn back.  
The streams are all spanned by bridges of faith,  
The last one we cross is the river of death.  
Vestibule coaches, God's chariots they are;  
"Holiness to the Lord" is inscribed on each car.

Trains stop at all stations where signal is given,  
And run to the Grand Central Depot in Heaven.  
Conviction's the station where sinners get in,  
'Soon reaching Repentance, confessing their sin;  
And Faith is the office where tickets are sold  
And baggage checked through to the City of Gold,  
Regeneration comes next into view  
The heart is now changed, all things become new.

God's Spirit bears witness with that of our own,  
That we are His children, joint heirs to His throne.  
The gage is quite narrow, with rails from above;  
Salvation's the engine, 'tis driven by love.  
Following the Spirit along in the light,  
The old Carnal Nature soon comes into sight,  
"Inbred Sin" the porter calls out through the train,  
"Put off the old man, he cannot remain."

By trusting in Jesus and reading His word.  
The all cleansing fountain is seen in the Blood;  
By faith we step in and its waves o'er us flow,  
We rise from the pool and are whiter than snow.  
What transports of rapture now sweep o'er the plain,  
The music of Paradise filling the train.  
Oh, ecstasy, ravishing! fountain of bliss!  
Scenery celestial! Is Heaven like this?

Jesus, the Heavenly Bridegroom is near,  
Making perfect in love and casting out fear;  
Our hearts are made younger as onward we glide,  
Our strength is renewed, our needs are supplied.  
All glory to Jesus. Hallelujah! Praise God!  
Travel is luxury on the old Beulah Road,  
God's railway celestial encircling the globe;

The good of all ages have traveled this road.  
Elijah and Enoch, by official request,  
Ran in on a special, not stopping at Death.

No accident has this railway yet known,  
The Dispatcher is He who sits on the throne.  
Trains only move at Jehovah's command,  
He holds the throttle with omnipotent hand.  
The Holy Spirit is the Headlight so clear,  
Revealing the track to the wise engineer.  
The angels are brakemen, so kind and urbane,  
Adding much to the comfort of all on the train.

Dying Love is a town in the Valley of Fear,  
The backslider's repair shops are located here.  
Are your vows broken, have you been untrue?  
Stop into these shops and be burnished anew.  
Dear sinners, take passage for Heaven today,  
Make haste, there is danger and death in delay,  
The Spirit is calling and so is the Bride;  
Our train is now coming and you must decide.

The road you are traveling will land you -- well  
In anguish and torment with demons to dwell.  
The fare is expensive, just think of the cost,  
When Heaven and Jesus and all may be lost!  
So many are taking the Try route to Heaven,  
When God's great Bee-Line is the only route given.  
His Word is the guide and its teachings are plain,  
You'll surely be lost if you take the wrong train.

Then, be not deceived in making your choice,  
But follow the Word and the Spirit's small voice,  
Take the train they advise, and then stay aboard,  
And you'll surely ride home to eternal reward.  
I've a ticket for home, Hallelujah! Praise God!  
My baggage is checked, I am now on the road;  
I've said to the world and its honors good-bye,  
My souls on the wing, I'm en route to the sky.



**045 -- THE TICKET TO HAPPINESS IS NOT FOUND IN THE WORLD**  
**From "Trumpets in the Camp"**  
**By Nettie A. Miller**

Not long ago I had a reservation on a train and I could not find my ticket. The conductor stood and looked at me and began to giggle. I kept looking and opened up my "lady's pocketbook." I searched everywhere but could not find my ticket. I said to the conductor, "You go on and I will find it by the time you get back." That man said, "Lady, I wouldn't miss this for anything." All of a sudden I zipped open another compartment, and there was that ticket. Now the ticket was there all the time, and I was just looking in the wrong place for it. Happiness is for you, but you are just looking in the wrong place for it. You can drink your beer and cocktails, but you will never get anything but bitter disappointments and heartaches. Folk, I would rather get down on my knees and let God come in. There is only one way -- the way of the Cross. If you miss that way, you have missed it all. Unless you get the Lord as your personal Saviour, you have not found happiness and do not know where you will spend eternity.

**046 -- RESTITUTION FOR TWO BUS TICKETS**  
**From "Trumpets in the Camp"**  
**By Nettie A. Miller**

I never will forget it. I had been converted and I was away at college preparing for the ministry. One day in my room I was trying to pray but couldn't. I said, "Lord, what is the matter with me?" Two blue bus tickets came up before me. I can see them right now. The Lord said, "Do you remember anything about these tickets?" Well, I surely did. Back there when I was in high school I was on my way to \_\_\_\_\_. I had some bus tickets. I had to use them every day. That day the bus was crowded, and there was but one seat. I thought a moment and said, "Now if I stop to give him the ticket, I will not get that seat." So I went right by that bus driver and got the seat. My conscience said, "Nettie Miller, you have never done a thing like that in your life." I said, "Well, I don't care." But I did. I kept arguing with myself. Another time I did the same thing. The Lord said, "How about fixing that up?"

I took a piece of paper out of my desk and put it into my typewriter. I began to type: "To Whom It May Concern: When I was in high school I had two free rides on your bus, but I have been converted and I am in school preparing to preach the gospel. I am returning the money for the tickets, with interest." About that time the Lord opened up heaven and poured a bucket and a half of glory down on my soul.

**047 -- WHY THEIR SON DID NOT USE HIS THEATER TICKET**  
**From "Systematic Fasting"**  
**By James Miller**

[In this story, James Miller tells of how, in answer to prayer and fasting, his son, James, was kept from using a theater ticket. -- DVM]

After we had read the letter and and were weeping on each other's shoulder, the Spirit spoke so sweetly to me saying; "Don't you remember yesterday, while you were in prayer, how that awful burden came upon you about this boy, and then how suddenly it left after you claimed God's promise? Well I took care of that boy and he did not leave Chicago and you will be hearing from him soon."

I gently pushed my wife up off my shoulder and told her that our boy did not leave Chicago and we would be hearing from him soon and he would soon be home. But she said he did go and we won't ever see him again. I said, "Oh, yes, we will, dear." She wanted to know where I got my information. I told her I had just had a Prayer-Gram from Heaven. Then I explained to her about my experience the day before while in prayer at noon after refusing to eat with the children, and what the Spirit had just now whispered to me, about how God was honoring that act of obedience, and that James never left Chicago and we would be hearing from him in a few days. And sure enough the letter came in a couple of days and then the boy himself.

Now here is how God stopped that boy from going to New York City and into the theatrical business. He and his roommate (Bob, who was much older than he) had gone to the station with the theater man and his wife, for their departure for New York City. But after arriving at the station, and before the man had bought their tickets Bob told the theater man not to buy James' ticket until he had talked with him.

Calling him aside he said something like this to our boy. "James, do you realize what you are about to do?" He said, "Listen, boy, if I had a mother like you have I would not do this kind of a thing for the whole world." He said, "It will break her heart and perhaps hasten her to her grave, and you'll never be able to forgive yourself. Then too there is your father a holiness preacher and this will break his heart and have a bad effect on his ministry to say the least, and you can't afford to do this."

James' answer to all this was, he had quit his job and didn't have any room to stay in. Bob quickly told him he could share his room as long as he

had one, and as long as he had a dollar he could have half of it, if he would not leave.

James picked up his grip quickly and away they went after telling the theater man and wife he wasn't going and goodbye. This man I call Bob in this story was not a Christian, and was not necessarily too good a moral man, but God was using him in order to answer my call, and heed my cry.

Yes friends all of God's promises are true, but they are conditional. Our boy James is in New York City and has been for twelve years or more and is one of the head men of one of the large hotels of that city, but he did not go there to sing and dance on the stage of a theater.

#### **048 -- THE TICKETS WERE RIGHT -- THEIR DIRECTION WAS WRONG**

**From "Saved and Kept"**

**By George Asbury McLaughlin**

Some years ago we were traveling in the Eastern part of the United States, one dark night. The conductor came along to take up the tickets. As he paused, across the aisle from us, we heard him say to two ladies, "Why you should have gotten off at Lawrence. You are going way down East."

The night was dark. The country was a strange one. They were in dismay and like the jailer said, "'What must we do?" This is just what every awakened soul feels like saying as he sees that he is lost.

The reply was, "There is another train coming along very soon in the opposite direction. You can get off and take that at the next station."

They did so. That was repentance. This incident well illustrates true and false repentance.

Repentance is more than change of mind. Some would have us believe, that is all there is to true repentance. These ladies had changed their minds as to the road as soon as the conductor told them they were wrong. Up to this time they felt that they were all right. But when proper authority announced that they were wrong they were in dismay. They changed their minds as to the way they were in. But after that they felt badly. They were on the wrong road just as much after they felt bad about it, as before. So when a man sees his condition in the light of God's Spirit, he is no more on the right road than he was before, but he now realizes it. The Holy Spirit is the conductor to tell us when we are wrong, if he can only get our attention so that we hear. He is faithful to tell us just where we are, if we will listen.

**049 -- THE RESULT OF SHARP WORDS TO A TICKET AGENT**  
**From "The Mountain Shall Be Thine"**  
**By Lela G. McConnell**

If you have grieved the Lord, He will show you that, too, so you can make it right. Brother Bud Robinson tells of one time he grieved the Lord. He said, "The little bird stopped singing in my soul." He had spoken sharply to the ticket agent while rushing to get a train. He said, "I had no peace in my heart until I ran back, and asked the man to forgive me. At once the little bird started singing again in my soul." We cannot go on grieving the Lord and expect to keep saved.

**050 -- WHY HE WAS TWICE-CHECKED AT THE TICKET WINDOW**  
**From "The Potter's Vessel"**  
**By Charles Allen McConnell**

As I remember, it was in connection with the visit to Nashville mentioned above that I received my most definite experience of the check of the Holy Spirit. Rev. Joseph Speakes, then living at Jonesboro, Arkansas, had written asking me to join him in opening a holiness work at Sheridan. I had a good foreman of my publishing plant, Dennis Rogers, and a dependable force of printers, and for my soul's sake needed the shock of the battle's front, so agreed to the meeting. I was to meet the other members of the committee, Edgar P. Ellyson and Roy T. Williams, at Little Rock, after the Sheridan meeting. A holiness work was established at that Arkansas county seat, but we took away from there much less money than we had brought. When I got to Little Rock at the hour of meeting, no Ellyson and no Williams got off the train; and I had depended upon borrowing enough money from them to continue our trip to Nashville. I had enough to take me back home, and went to the ticket window to make the arrangement, when I was as definitely stopped as though an audible voice had spoken. I turned, but had scarcely resumed my seat when one of our leading evangelists came in. After greeting, he said, "Brother McConnell, I owe you a bill for song books. Could I pay you? I agreed to take the money, which was more than sufficient for my trip to Nashville. Again I went to the window to buy a ticket-this time to Nashville. Again I was definitely stopped by the Spirit. As I sat praying for guidance, a belated train rolled in, and Ellyson and Williams got off. Almost the first words they said were, "Have you any money? We are broke. Been held up by a train wreck." I did have sufficient money to meet all of our immediate needs, and I thanked God for the two checks of His Spirit.

## **051 -- HOW \$110 WAS SUPPLIED FOR TICKETS TO CALIFORNIA**

**From "The Potter's Vessel"**

**By Charles Allen McConnell**

In South Texas I was given work by a farmer, work I was not able to do, and a Mexican took my place. Kind relatives fed us for a while. One day I had a letter from my kinsman, Bud Robinson, enclosing a check for \$100.00 which he offered to lend me. He said I could use that to take Maggie and me to California, where I could get work in the lemon packing house. The hundred dollars lacked ten of being enough for the tickets. We told no one but the Lord. The next morning the father of Fletcher Galloway came to where we were staying. Said he, "As I was praying this morning the Lord said to me, 'Go take ten dollars to Brother McConnell,' I don't know what you need ten dollars for, but here it is." I told him my need, thanked him and the Lord, and left for California.

## **052 -- HOW HE GOT MONEY FOR A TICKET BACK FROM HOUSTON**

**From "We'll Get To That Later"**

**By Irl Parker Maxey**

While I was president of Bible Missionary Institute we were trying to raise money to liquidate a debt on the school. A plan had been devised, "The 300 Gideon Plan," to inspire our people to pay off this debt. We were hoping to get at least 300 people to pledge a thousand dollars against the debt. I was traveling from one district to another to present this plan to pastors when they would all be meeting at their district's annual preachers' meeting. For this reason I flew down to Houston where the Louisiana-East Texas District Preachers' Meeting was being held. The school's business manager told me he could get me a ticket down there but there was not enough money for a round trip. We hoped while I was there that the district would raise an expense offering so I could get back home.

When I arrived I was cordially greeted by the district leader. He had been informed that I was coming and that I would be meeting all the pastors to present this plan. I had not been put on the program as a speaker in any of the services and when I arrived the district leader told me that they were in a real financial crunch and it looked like it would be all they could possibly do to raise money for their special speaker for that convention. He expressed his regret that they would not be able to do anything toward my expense getting down there and back because of this. I did not tell him nor anyone else that I had only a one-way ticket there.

I do not recall exactly what happened with the program for the morning service the day I flew down there but I was asked to fill in as

speaker for that main morning service at 11:00 a.m. I prepared my heart and mind the best I could on a very short notice. While the preliminaries were going on I asked the district moderator at what time I should let the service out and he told me not to go past 12:00 o'clock noon. They had a very heavy schedule for the afternoon and needed to be out in good time to get back for the afternoon services. By the time the preliminaries were over and I was put up to preach there was only about twenty minutes left. It was one of those times when God had me in gear and under the anointing almost immediately and I was right into a very interesting part of the message when twelve o'clock straight up arrived and I abruptly stopped and sat down saying that I was sorry but my time was up.

During the noon break the pastors and people insisted that I be given time to finish my message as soon as they returned from noon lunchtime. Public sentiment ruled that it should be so and God in His mercy let me hook up where I had left off and by the time I finished the glory had struck. There was nothing to do but pass the plates. I was handed the offering and had a brother rush me to the airport with enough money in hand to purchase a ticket. I was able to catch a flight back home, which I badly needed to do that day!

To God be the glory!

## **053 -- THE REST OF THE STORY ABOUT THE THEATER TICKETS**

**From "Articles of Faith"**

**By Duane V. Maxey**

I read recently about some newlyweds who had just moved into their place with their wedding gifts. Then, an unknown benefactor sent them tickets to a local show. While still wondering who the person was, they used the tickets, and, upon returning to their place, they discovered that all of their wedding gifts had been stolen in their absence. They found a note saying: "Now you know". The generous giver turned out to be a conniving, selfish thief! Even thus, satan withholds both his identity and his motive when he offers gullible souls "free" tickets to the pleasures and attractions of this world. His motive is to rob the revelers of every good and perfect gift of God, including their soul's salvation, while they enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. For satan's victims at the Judgment, the realization that "Now you know" will be a shock unparalleled in magnitude by any sad surprise that sinners have experienced on earth, for in that hour they will not be able to recover even one gift of God which satan has stolen from them. Their loss will be eternal.



**054 -- BUYING TWO TICKETS SAVED HIS LIFE AND WON A SOUL**  
**From "Truth on Fire"**  
**By John and Bona Fleming**

I know a preacher who was a good man, a praying man, who held a meeting in North Carolina one night and the next morning he was to get out of there at four o'clock. He dressed and went to the station and boarded the train for Washington, D. C. He rode one hundred miles and a station was called out. The Spirit said, "Get off here." He said, "Lord, what does this mean? I have got my ticket bought for the trip and my trunk is in the baggage car?" But the Spirit said, "Get off!" He reached for his grip and got off the train, some people got on and the train pulled out. He walked into the depot and the old devil said, "That is a pretty way to do; that is a nice way to spend your money." He said, "Lord, help me, you put me off, I do not know why." He walked into the ticket office, bought a ticket to Washington, D. C. Then he had quite a battle. He had paid for two tickets. He prayed and walked around in front of the depot. Directly the operator came out, but he looked like a corpse. The preacher was the only man out there. The operator said, "Look, what I got!" The preacher read the message that was handed to him and, after reading it, said, "Thank God!" The operator said, "Thank God for what? What do you mean? Thanking God for a railroad wreck, when people have been killed and others have been wounded!" The preacher said, "I am not thanking God for the wreck, but I am thanking Him because He spoke to me and got me off that train." "Who spoke to you?" the operator said. "I am an Ingersol man; I do not believe in anything." "I cannot help what you are, I am telling you facts." He said, "What do you mean? Who are you?" He saw that the man was a nice, clean-looking fellow and not insane. He said, "I left North Carolina this morning at four o'clock; that conductor has my ticket on that train now, and my trunk is on that train. The Holy Ghost told me to get off that train. I just walked into this depot and bought another ticket for Washington, D. C." The operator said, "I am an infidel, but you have my curiosity aroused; come on inside." The preacher went inside and took a chair. As the preacher sat down and told him the story, he said, "I want to hear it." He went back and told him how he met the Lord Jesus Christ in the corn field; how the Lord saved him from sin and a few months afterward He baptized him with the Holy Ghost and fire and sanctified him wholly. He told how that the Spirit that lived in him and guided him into all truth and in things that are right. Directly the tears started down the cheeks of the young operator and he said, "Do you reckon I could find your Christ?" "Why," he said, "sure, you can; let us pray!" The man knelt, calling on the Lord, and in three or four minutes the Lord wonderfully saved that young operator. The Lord had a twofold purpose in that. He knew that young man who was an infidel would never go to church anywhere, and He knew that no preacher would have a chance at him; so God wanted to bring him in

touch with a sanctified man that the Spirit had killed, filled and was guiding. And the young man said, "I have often thought since I heard you, how my old mother prayed for me. She prayed for me long before she went to heaven, that God would save her boy at any cost, at any loss, at any cross." You may not agree with me, but I believe that thousands of prayers will be answered after people are in glory. This mother prayed for God to save her son at any cost. It cost the preacher double fare, but what did the Lord care about making the preacher pay double fare to get the young man the Gospel and get him saved?

**055 -- HE WAS NOT REALLY TOO LATE TO THE TICKET OFFICE**  
**From "The Way"**  
**By Dr. Mary McLean**

Dr. Hudson Taylor conducted some very blessed meetings in the city of St. Louis. He had been in the city a good many days, and great interest had been manifested for the work in China. While at St. Louis he was the guest of Dr. Brookes.

After his meetings in St. Louis he was booked for a town in Illinois, where he was to give an address at eight o'clock in the evening. In order to reach the town he had to leave St. Louis by an early morning train.

Dr. Brookes was most punctilious about meeting all engagements promptly. He therefore ordered his coachman to have the carriage at the door at quite an early hour.

The hour arrived, but the coachman did not. As there seemed still abundance of time, they awaited his arrival patiently. But at last Dr. Brookes became much concerned, and they started to catch a tram. It was in the days before telephones were much in use. On the way to the tram they met the carriage, entered it, and bade the coachman drive as quickly as possible.

Dr. Brookes watched the time, and was troubled about missing the train. But Mr. Taylor was quite at ease, and said quietly: "My Father runs the trains, and I am on His business."

Upon reaching the station they found that the train had gone, and were told that no other train would leave for the town mentioned before evening. Dr. Brookes expressed great regret and concern; but again Mr. Taylor reminded him that "My Father runs the trains."

Just as they turned from the ticket office, a man with a beaming face cordially greeted Mr. Taylor, saying: "Oh, I was afraid that I had missed you."

I want to tell you how God has used you to bring blessing to me." As he turned away he slipped an envelope into his hands, marked, "For personal use."

Mr. Taylor remarked to Dr. Brookes that his Father had sent him further provision for his personal needs, and stated that he used for himself, even when traveling for the Mission, only such gifts as were marked, "For personal use."

Mr. Taylor then walked leisurely to a man standing among the outgoing trains, and asked if he knew of any way by which he might reach Springfield, Illinois, in time for an eight o'clock engagement the same evening. The man replied that a train would soon be leaving, which passed through a town between St. Louis and Springfield, and that a train from Chicago would pass through the same town en route to Springfield. But he added that the Chicago train was scheduled to pass through the intermediate town an hour before the St. Louis train would be due. Mr. Taylor said with great assurance that the St. Louis train would reach the place first that day.

So he bought his ticket, and boarded the train, bidding Dr. Brookes to be comforted, as his Father certainly did run the trains.

For the first time in one and a half years the Chicago train was one hour late. Mr. Taylor stepped from one train to the other, reached his destination in good time and wired to Dr. Brookes, "My Father runs the trains."

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord" (Psalm 37:23).

**056 -- RELIEVED BY A TICKET BOUGHT 10 YEARS AFTER THE RIDE**  
**From "A Voice From Eternity"**  
**By George Brubaker Kulp**

In preaching in a certain church some time ago, I made this statement: "If ever you were on the train with a child over six years of age, for whom you should have paid full fare, and you did not pay it, even though the conductor did not ask for it, you robbed the company and you will never get right with God until you make it right." Within ten days a lady came to me and said: "O Mr. Kulp, I want to talk with you. Ten years ago I was on the train riding from Battle Creek to Albion, and had L\_\_\_\_\_ with me. She sat on my lap. She was over six years of age, and the conductor never said anything and I did not pay. Now, what shall I do? I don't feel right about it." I said: "Go buy a ticket and pay the company." She did so, and was relieved

of condemnation. But what made that woman uncomfortable, even though ten years had gone by? Just Conscience alone, and that same Conscience, when the soul is separated from the body, can and will make Hell awful when and where there is no chance to restore, no opportunity to get right.

**057 -- HE BOUGHT A TICKET AND SUBMISSIVELY TOOK THE RIDE**  
**From "The Departed Lord"**  
**By George Brubaker Kulp**

Listen! I buy a railroad ticket, I take that piece of pasteboard, I walk into a car, and I sit down and submit myself to the conductor and the brakeman and the engineer, and the foreman. I submit myself. I do not run the train; I do not try to. The great trouble with people now-a-days is that there are so many who are trying to run the train. I came from Pilot Point, Texas, to Texarkana, and when I got on the train I said to the conductor, "I want to get the Cotton Belt for Memphis." He took my ticket and punched it and said, "All you have to do is to sit still and we will do the rest." And all I have to do now is to commit my way unto the Lord and He will do the rest. I have committed myself and I am riding. Hallelujah! I am riding! A fellow was one time walking on a railroad track, and a station man came along and said, "You have no right to walk on this track." He said, "I have," and he pulled out a railroad ticket. The man said to him, "You are a fool; that is not a ticket to walk -- that is a ticket to ride." A great many people do not seem to understand we have a ticket to ride. No, we will not submit; we want to boss. I want to say this, that whenever a man gets the baptism of the Holy Ghost all the desire to boss is taken out of him.

**058 -- THE CHURCHES SELLING TICKETS TO A MOVIE**  
**From "The Departed Lord"**  
**By George Brubaker Kulp**

While the church and the world are yoked up together there is not power to rise above the worldliness that is in the church. The lunch room in the church has taken the place of the class room; the supper room has taken the place of the "upper room." More people can be gotten out to a church social than to a prayer-meeting, and all because there is an effort to please the world, and in so doing the truth of God is ignored. I know of two churches where the church and the moving picture show were yoked up together, and the young people of the League were out on the streets selling tickets for the movie, and the proceeds were divided between the show and the church. Can anyone dare to go to God in prayer and ask His blessing on such an arrangement?

**059 -- HIS TICKET, NOT HIS APPEARANCE, GOT HIM THROUGH**  
**From "The Callused Knees"**  
**By George Brubaker Kulp**

[The illustration below would have been more applicable if the story teller had also emphasized that keeping the ticket with which he began his journey was as essential as obtaining it at the start. -- DVM]

"I came here today in the cars. I am not a well-dressed man, as you see, and I generally travel second-class. I went to the booking-office to get my ticket, when a friend met me, asked me where I was going, and if I had a ticket. I told him I was going to Manchester, and that I was on my way to buy my ticket. 'Just wait,' he said, 'and I'll get you one.' The ticket admitted me to a first-class car. We had several changes to make, but my friend said, 'That ticket is good clear through.' On approaching the gate, the guard said to me, 'second-class?' 'No, first-class.' 'Let me see your ticket. All right, pass in.' I didn't look much like a first-class passenger. It wasn't my clothes, nor my looks, that gave me my seat, but my ticket; that carried me through. We came to our first change. The man at the iron gate repeated the question, 'Second class?' 'No.' 'Let me see your ticket.' And on I went. Change followed change, till at length I was landed in the station at Manchester. One ticket brought me clear through. Nobody asked me where I came from, how old I was, whether I was rich or whether I was poor. The authorities asked for my ticket; if that was all right, I was all right. I took the right ticket at the booking-office before I started, and needed no changes, no alterations, no additions. It landed me just where I would be. It is just so with religion. Get it at the start, get it genuine. Have it stamped with the blood of the Savior, and it will carry you clear through to the pearly gates. No matter what may happen; no matter what there is in the future, you will be safe. Your ticket will pass as you enter the gates of death; and if the golden gates swing inward to your approach, it will be because your ticket is right."

**060 -- CHRIST ALONE CAN PAY THE TICKET PRICE**  
**From "Nuggets of Gold"**  
**By George Brubaker Kulp**

"Well, I cannot understand why a man who has tried to lead a good, moral life, should not stand a better chance of Heaven than a wicked one," said a lady a few days ago, in a conversation with others about the matter of salvation.

"Simply for this cause," answered one. "Suppose you and I wanted to go into a place of interest where the admission fee was one dollar. You have

fifty cents and I have nothing. Which would stand the better chance of admission?"

"Neither," was the reply.

"Just so; and therefore the moral man stands no better chance than the outbreking sinner. But, now, suppose a kind and rich person who saw our perplexity, presented a ticket of admission to each of us at his own expense! What then?"

"Well, then, we could both go in alike; that is very clear."

"Thus, when the Savior saw our perplexity, He came He died, and thus 'obtained eternal redemption for us' (Heb. ix, 12), and now He offers you and me a free ticket. Only take good care that your fifty cents does not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket, and so be refused admittance at last."

Reader, there is a solemn moment coming! Have you a ticket of admission?

## **061 -- WHY SHE WAS ALLOWED TO PASS WITHOUT A TICKET**

**From "Nuggets of Gold"**

**By George Brubaker Kulp**

Among the crowd, says the Rochester Democrat that surged towards the gates as the St. Louis express rumbled into the Central Depot last evening, was a little old woman dressed in black with a little white face beneath a rusty old bonnet, and above a great comforter wound high around the neck. Jostled this way and that by the hurrying crowd, she was about to pass through the gate, when the gateman stopped her by a motion of the hand, and a demand for her ticket. "I am not going away," she replied. "I didn't buy a ticket." "Then you can't go through here; against orders, you know." "But, sir, my son is coming, and" -- "Can't help it," was the reply. "Stay here and he will come to you." "O sir, if he only would," and the tremble in the little woman's voice arrested the impatient murmur of those behind. "O sir, if he only would; but he died in Cleveland last week, and now they are bringing him home in a coffin. He was the only one I had -- oh, thank you, sir." The gate was thrown wide open, and an unknown friendly hand assisted her on, and in a moment the sad face of the little old woman in black was lost in the crowd.



## **062 -- FALSE IMPRESSIONS LIKE UNSTAMPED TICKETS**

**From "Impressions"  
By Martin Wells Knapp**

In conclusion, let us again review the rightful tests of all impressions, and ever keep in mind that none should be acted upon which does not bear the divine stamps -- S. R. P. R.

**S -- Scriptural.** In harmony with God's will as revealed in His Word.

**R -- Right.** In harmony with God's will as revealed in man's moral consciousness by the law of God, which is written within his moral nature.

**P -- Providential.** In harmony with God's will as revealed in His providential dealings.

**R -- Reasonable.** In harmony with God's will as revealed to man's reasoning powers, illuminated by Holy Spirit.

All impressions which have not this stamp divine are as valueless as railroad tickets without the stamp of the issuing office.

The reason why many people are thwarted in their plans and compelled to get off from trains of action upon which they are attempting to ride, is because they act upon impressions which have not this sacred seal.

## **063 -- A TICKET THAT SAVED HIS LIFE**

**From "Revival Kindlings"  
By Martin Wells Knapp**

Recently it was reported in the columns of a New York daily paper that a man stepped into a horse-car in New York, and, before taking his seat, gave each passenger a little card, bearing the inscription, "Look to Jesus when tempted, when troubled, when dying."

One of the passengers carefully read the card and put it into his pocket. As he left the car he said to the giver, "Sir, when you gave me this card I was on my way to the ferry, intending to jump from the boat and drown myself. The death of my wife and son had robbed me of all desire to live, but this ticket has persuaded me to begin life anew. Good day, and God bless you!"

All this is no imaginary story, taken from a religious novel. It happened on a Fulton Ferry car, on a day in March, 1878, and the man who distributed

the cards was Mr. James Huggins, the proprietor of a Pearl Street printing establishment. -- Selected

**064 -- HE HANDED OUT TRACTS WITH THE TICKETS**

**From "Revival Kindlings"**

**By Martin Wells Knapp**

A Mighty Revival Agency -- Thousands have thus been aroused and brought to reflection and to repentance by tract distribution. A ticket agent at a railroad station gave a tract with each ticket. Twenty-two persons wrote him that they had been converted by means of his tracts.

**065 -- "INQUISITIVE" BOUGHT NO TICKET AND MISSED THE TRAIN**

**From "Revival Kindlings"**

**By Martin Wells Knapp**

"I came here," said Inquisitive, "to take the train, but would like to understand everything about the locomotive before starting. I see no power in the engine; I wish some one would explain this mysterious piece of mechanism before I step on board."

"We have not time to explain everything," said the depot master: "if you wish to ride, buy your ticket and get aboard. The directors of the road are infallible; you are already a believer in unseen powers and unseen forces!

Inquisitive. -- "How so?"

Depot Master. -- "Did you ever see gravitation?"

Inquisitive. -- "No."

Depot Master. -- "And yet you would not deny that there is such a power at work in nature? You never saw the air you breathe; you cannot see steam; it is not visible until it becomes condensed in some degree. The power that moves this great gospel train is unseen, but because you cannot see it, and understand it, it is no proof that it is not able to carry you safely to the Holy City. You will have all eternity to..."

"All aboard" rang through the station; the whistle blew, the train was off, and Inquisitive was left. -- from the Great Celestial Railroad.

## **066 -- SHE HAD NO TICKET STRAIGHT THROUGH TO HEAVEN**

**From "Revival Kindlings"**

**By Martin Wells Knapp**

The meeting was attended by one of the most fashionable ladies in town. At first she made sport. One night he gave her a card, on which was printed, 'Where will I spend my eternity?' She went home to her husband, all unconverted man, and said, sportily, "I have a ticket straight to heaven." Let me see," said the husband. He answered, "Wife, it is too solemn a thing to make sport of; you have a straight ticket to hell." That night, "a straight ticket to hell" would "ring in her ears, until she became so fearful she could not rest." She tried to find Christ at home, but failed. She was proud; and when her pride was renounced and she came to the altar, she was saved, joined the church, and became a devoted Christian.

## **067 -- TICKETS THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SOLD**

**From "Memorial Papers"**

**By Mary P. Keen**

In a certain city he was obliged to take a pronounced stand against certain forms of amusement that were proving demoralizing to the young and obstructive to the work. God greatly blessed his utterances, and the following winter witnessed one of the most powerful revivals that had ever blessed his ministry, so that numbers of the young people were not only delivered from these follies, but were brought into most blessed experience of heart purity. In the spring, at the close of the revival, duty called him from the city for nearly a week. When he returned, at noon on Friday, to his dismay he found bills scattered around advertising an "Old Folks Concert," to be held at his church that evening, at which "Ye pastor will be present and see that ye younger folkes doe not sparke." This was not only out of harmony with the whole tenor of his earliest and godly ministry, but he recognized in it a device of Satan to dissipate the spirit of conviction which was still abroad, and to undo the work of the winter. To hesitate or waver now would prove disastrous to souls, and would bring dishonor upon God and his Church. So, prompt and heroic was his action. The sister who had charge of the entertainment was the most influential woman in the community. When she came to the church that afternoon to superintend the completion of the stage and other arrangements, he sent for her to come to his study, and there kindly pointed out to her the mistake she was making. "And now, sister," he said, "I am sure that unwittingly you have done this; but painful as it will be to me, as Christ's representative in this community, and one to whom the care of souls is committed, to be true to my charge, I shall have to make it understood that this has gone on without my knowledge or endorsement. Neither myself nor any member of my family

will be present tonight; and, if I find it necessary, I shall take further means to make known my disapproval." At that late hour there was no way of recalling the announcement, tickets having been sold. The entertainment was given; but without much spirit or enthusiasm, and fortunately with a small attendance. The snare was broken, and the Church saved from engaging further in questionable entertainments.

**068 -- DEAD-HEAD TICKET-HOLDING QUARRELERS**

**From "Sam Jones' Gospel Sermons"**

**By Samuel P. Jones**

The shirks and sharks in the church! And the shirk don't run long until he turns to the shark. He will shirk every day, and like the old shark he'll eat everything within a mile of him. There's a good deal of that sort going on in the world. And I will tell you where all the growling comes in. These fellows that don't pay any and don't pray any, they are the growlers, and there ought to be an addition to every church in this country and call it "The Growler," and run them in there. If there is anything in the world I have got a contempt for it is to see two or three fellows sitting back in a Pullman sleeper with a dead-head ticket in their pockets quarreling with the conductor about how he is pulling the train.

**069 -- FOR WHOM SAM JONES WOULD BUY AN EMIGRANT TICKET**

**From "Sam Jones' Gospel Sermons"**

**By Samuel P. Jones**

Conscience! Conscience! As soon as we got the conscience of Atlanta aroused we put whisky out of Atlanta., and they may file a hundred bills of injunctions, but, mark what I tell you! When the majority of the people of a town say a thing can't be did, -- it ain't going to be did -- that's all. The majority in this country rules. And when a fellow don't like to live in a country where the majority rules, then he can emigrate, and I'll buy him an emigrant's ticket any day he wants to go.

**070 -- GLAD HE DIDN'T HAVE THE WINNING LOTTERY TICKET**

**From "Sam Jones' Gospel Sermons"**

**By Samuel P. Jones**

[The moral of this "Lottery Story" is true. However, the bar-keeper who learned its lesson may have continued selling liquor, an evil just as damning as the lust for great wealth. -- DVM]

Right along on this point an incident occurred in a little town in Alabama, where I was born, before the war, in Bowery, a little town off from the railroad. There were a great many wealthy planters lived all around it, and there were about eight or ten little stores there and one doggery saloon, and that was just about the time the lottery tickets came out and were popular, and several of those leading men invested in lottery tickets, and this bar-keeper invested in one. The day after the drawing -- there were no wires through the country then -- they made up a plan and fixed it elegantly, and it was all arranged. So, the morning after the drawing, one of these wealthy farmers drove up at breakneck speed to the bar-room, jumped out of his buggy, and run in and said to the bar-keeper: "I will give you \$15,000 for your ticket in the lottery." The bar-keeper said, "What did I get? What did I draw?" "It makes no difference, I'll give you \$15,000 for your ticket in the lottery." The bar-keeper said he would not take it unless he knew what he drew.

And directly another drove up in his buggy and jumped out of the buggy and said to the bar-keeper, "I will give you \$25,000 for your ticket in the lottery." And the fellow says, "What did I draw?" "Well, I don't care what it drew, but I will give you \$25,000 for your ticket," but the bar-keeper would not take the money. And directly here was another driving up, another one, and they just come on and on until they ran the ticket up to \$85,000, and he would not take it.

And they all come out, and the fellow locked his back door and locked his front door and put off for home and never came back any more that day at all.

And next morning he walked up town to the post office, walked in there, and the post that morning brought the news from the lottery, and he saw what the news was and saw that he had not drawn anything, and he walked right back through that crowd, and as he passed through there was a suppressed titter of laughter, and he walked on a step or two and turned right around and walked back and faced them, with a mingled look of resentment and sadness and disappointment and joy in his face, and he turned to them, and said: "Gentlemen, hear me." He said, "Before God, as an honest man, I tell you I am glad I didn't get a cent."

Said he: "I left my grocery yesterday about 11 o'clock, just as certain that I had that capital prize -- I could not have been more certain if I had it in my hand, and," he says, "I went home believing I had it, and," he says, "I commenced talking with my wife, and we just sit there all day; and sit there all night long last night, and never slept one wink, talking about what we'd do with that money, and," he said, "as God is my judge, the most miserable time I ever spent in my life was since yesterday morning. I am glad, before

God, that I didn't get that money -- I am. I was rich yesterday and last night, just as rich as if I had it in my hand, and I am poor now. I'd rather be poor a thousand times than rich once."

Do you get the idea? Now, that fellow tried that once and knew what he was talking about.

### **071 -- OFTEN WEALTH IS A TICKET TO A DRUNKARD'S HELL**

**From "Sam Jones' Gospel Sermons"**

**By Samuel P. Jones**

And in my own State I can go around the horseshoe bend of one of our rivers, in the finest plantation in that State, and I can take those plantations one after another -- the old people died during the war -- and I am saying the truth tonight when I say that nine out of ten of their boys have already filled drunkard's graves and drunkard's hells. Twenty thousand dollars, a hundred thousand dollars, will buy nine boys out of ten a through ticket to Hell, and they will invest in it the first thing they do and check their baggage right through, and heaven and earth can not stop them. Don't you know that is so? .

If my father, instead of turning to me in his dying hour and bid me meet him in Heaven, had spent his life accumulating money and turned over \$25,000 to me when he died, I'd have been in the pit this moment.

God bless you, brother, show to your children there is something better than money, and better than this world and better than all the surroundings; show them there is a God and an eternity, and that character is worth more than gold.

### **072 -- DEALING IN FUTURES LIKE BUYING LOTTERY TICKETS**

**From "Sam Jones' Gospel Sermons"**

**By Samuel P. Jones**

Here is a young man getting \$50 a month. His livery stable is \$25, Louisiana lottery tickets \$10 or \$15, theater tickets \$15, tailor's bill \$25. Where does he get his money? I knew a boy getting \$40 and spending money like this in Atlanta, and one day his employer took him into a room and backed him up against the door and said: "Now, I know you are spending all this money. Where do you get it?" And the boy -- aha! the boy said that his step-mother sent it to him. Now, how foolish that was, for everybody knows that step-mothers don't send their boys any money. I had a step-mother, but she never sent me money.



But the man who deals in cotton futures can't blame his boy for buying Louisiana lottery tickets. A man told me once "There's a man who's a cotton buyer, and he's one of the most honest men on earth. He is so honest that he'll pay the poorest man, that can't read or write, the fair price for his bale of cotton," and I felt like going up to him and shaking hands with him and asking him if he didn't feel lonesome among his associates.

**073 -- THE TICKETS BROUGHT DESPAIR INSTEAD OF DELIGHT**

**From "Sam Jones' Anecdotes and Illustrations"**

**By Samuel P. Jones**

The object of the devil is to strip us of every vestige of our substance and then prompt us to lie and steal to get subsistence. It was the devil that made that young clerk steal to get money to take his girl out riding and to buy theater tickets, and to buy tickets in the Louisiana lottery in order to try to get more money. Finally, when the sheriff got hold of him, the devil just walked off and left him in despair. It's astonishing to me that we have anything to do with the devil after we have learned how infernally mean he is.

**074 -- GOD SUPPLIED HIS NEED FOR TICKETS AND FOOD, ETC.**

**From "Evangelism"**

**By Spencer Johnson**

The evangelist should not be hard to entertain. Eat what the folk have to serve you. Don't complain about the food. They are probably giving you better than what they ordinarily have, and better than what you would have at home. Don't complain about the place they have for you to stay. I have had to walk the roads to have a place to study and pray and I have bathed and shaved in the cold water of the creek. I have shared the room and bed with the pastor's little boys. I have slept on the divan in the front room and have slept on the floor and a few times on the church benches. I have been deprived of sleep by bed bugs and mosquitoes. I have slept sitting up on the bus and on tables and benches in railroad stations with my brief case for a pillow. I have never felt like complaining for I remember it was better than Jesus had on earth, for He had no place to lay His head. I have left what money I had with the family and made entire trips without food, but I have never made any sacrifice. I have counted it all a high privilege to be in the work of the Lord. I have had God supply the money for my bus ticket to a meeting after I got to the bus station and have had the Lord cause people to feed me free in the dining car on the train when I never told a soul that I was in need.

The evangelist should never talk or hint about his financial needs. If he is concerned about it, then let him take it to the Lord in secret prayer. If you always have the poor mouth and complain and whine about your poor offerings, then you will not only make yourself detestable to the pastor and people with whom you work, but you will grieve the Lord who has called you to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. In some meetings I have not received enough offering to pay all my traveling expenses. I thanked them for what they did and said nothing about it except to the Lord. In the final sense, it is the Lord that I work for and He it is that pays my salary and not the people.

**075 -- WAS THE \$10 TOWARD THE TICKET COST FROM AN ANGEL?**  
**From "Courageous Jernigan"**  
**By Jonnie Jernigan**

A nationwide "General Holiness Assembly" was announced to be held at the First Methodist Church in Chicago in May, 1901. The purpose was to develop a closer union of holiness people everywhere. Knowing Jernigan's burden and zeal for organization, A. G. Jeffries, his associate in the mission in Paris, Tex., said, "Jernigan, you ought to go."

Allie Irick was present and suggested, "Let's pray about it."

The three men knelt together, asking that God would make it clear whether he should go or not. Suddenly Jeffries began to shout and said, "You must go; God has drawn on me for \$1.00."

Irick added, "Here's my 50 cents." (Those were good-sized donations in those early days.)

The sun had set and it was almost dark as Jernigan hurried toward the depot to find out the price of a round trip to Chicago.

"Thirty-five dollars," said the ticket agent.

"My! That is a lot of money!" he mused. "How will I ever get that much together? But I must go."

As he paced up and down the dimly lighted depot platform, which was jammed with people waiting for a train which was soon to arrive, he was praying that God would open the way for him to go. Out of nowhere a voice seemed to say, "If God wants you to stay, would you be willing?" "Yes," came the answer within his heart. At that instant a strange man handed him

a \$10.00 bill. "Thank you, sir," the preacher said. "May I ask what your name is and where you live?"

The stranger with glowing countenance replied, "My name is written in heaven. You can see it when you get there -- and heaven is my home. I was just passing through Paris." Then he was gone as quickly as he had come.

No one ever found out who he was. "He might have been a ministering angel," said Jernigan many times. That was the first of many other such gifts. That was the first of many other such gifts. God sent in more than enough money before convention time to pay expenses for the Chicago trip.

### **076 -- SHE HAD A TICKET BUT THE WRONG KIND OF TICKET**

**From "Railroad Sermons From Railroad Stories"**

**By Jerry Miles Humphrey**

As we swept across the continent some years ago returning from the Pacific Coast, there arose a dispute between the conductor and one of the lady passengers. The trouble, however, seemed to have originated from the fact that the lady's ticket was not good. This, of course, could only result in either her paying another fare for a continued trip or getting off the train at the next station. The trouble was not because she did not have a ticket, but because she did not have the right kind of a ticket.

Oh, what a field of thought this little circumstance opened up in the mind of the writer! It strikingly reminded him of the many people that he had heard and read about, who, after traveling across the broad plains of life on the lightning express of time, and who, on arriving at the suspension bridge of the "Jordan of Death," awoke to the fact that they had been deceived by Satan, the religious "scalper," and were in possession of the wrong religion.

Some years ago in the State of Tennessee a woman who had permitted Satan to sell her a bogus religion—one that would allow her to lie, steal, go to theaters, drink beer and do many other such things, was stricken with a serious illness. However, during her lifetime she had been quite a worker in the church, but had never been "born again" -- born of the Spirit of God. She had testified, however, for upward of thirty years, stating that she had received the "new birth," but was only playing the hypocrite. A day or so before the end drew near she opened up her heart to those about her and frankly told them that she had never been in possession of the genuine religion. During her illness she had so fallen away in flesh that scarcely anything but skin lay over her bones: her eyes were sunken and she

presented such a satame appearance that many of the church members were afraid of her and fled from the death chamber. Her dying testimony, in substance, was, "I am lost forever; I am going to hell." During the two days her remains lay in the home awaiting the funeral service a severe electric storm swept over the city, and at the cemetery, as the casket was being lowered into the grave, it was struck by lightning, and the people fled, terror-stricken.

**077 -- NO PALACE CAR WITH A THROUGH TICKET TO HEAVEN**

**From "Dying to Live"**

**By Aaron Merritt Hills**

Do you think He calls you into His Kingdom to sit down in a palace car with a through ticket in your pocket, to be petted and fanned and coddled by Pullman car service while you ride home to glory? Is that your idea? I want to tell you that God calls men and women into His Kingdom to make them soldiers. He wants them to take their weapons and fight; to go out and make conquests for God that will astonish Heaven and Earth and Hell.

**078 -- MONEY FOR THE TICKETS MIRACULOUSLY SUPPLIED**

**From "Phineas F. Bresee, A Life Sketch"**

**By Aaron Merritt Hills**

"In April, 1906, Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Banarjee were on their way to San Francisco, when the earthquake and fire came which destroyed the city. As they were lifting up agonizing prayer for help and guidance, the Lord seemed to speak to Mrs. Eaton: 'Go to Dr. Bresee in Los Angeles. He will help you.' She said, 'I don't know Dr. Bresee and he does not know me nor this people and this cause.' Again the voice said, 'Go to Dr. Bresee and he will help you.' She replied, 'I haven't the money to go. Thou wilt have to send me the money if I go.' In a little time a woman came in saying that the Lord had sent her, and put into Mrs. Eaton's hands the money for their tickets -- some gold coins. She never saw the woman before nor since. She bought the tickets and reached Los Angeles in the afternoon."

**079 -- AT THE TICKET WINDOW GOD TOLD HIM TO STAY**

**From "My Life Story"**

**By Amos L. Haywood**

On our way home from Detroit we stopped at Pontiac to visit my brother-in-law, who was pastor of the Nazarene church. They told us they were holding revival services at the Free Methodist Church and asked me if I would like to go. My father-in-law, brother-in-law, and I walked over to the

service that night. When Rev. H. Barnes, who was the pastor, saw me he recognized me as a preacher from the North Michigan Conference and began to beg me to preach that night. I reluctantly consented and drew the bow at a venture for I did not know anything about the people or conditions existing.

We learned later there had been strife and hard feelings between the people since the conference, a few months earlier. I learned also they had already held two or three weeks and had seen no break and the preacher had become so discouraged he had actually prayed God to let him die. The Lord directed us in the message that night. Among other things we spoke concerning confession and restitution and it seemed to be a nail driven in a sure place. God gripped the situation and we had an altar full of seekers. The Lord mightily moved the people.

Bro. Barnes begged and begged me to stay and preach the next night, but I said, "I don't believe I can, we must hurry home." The next morning I went down to the railroad station early, stepped up to the ticket window and the Lord met me there saying, "You can not go home you must stay and preach tonight."

I obeyed, went back and preached that night and have always been glad I did, for we saw a marvelous outpouring of the spirit of God, and the altar was filled again. One young man fell out of his seat on the floor screaming for mercy. They told us the people had been going around that day confessing and making restitution. They told us later the tide was turned in those two meetings and the work went on in power.

**080 -- SHE WAS GLAD SHE GOT TO THE TICKET WINDOW TOO LATE**  
**From "Praying Clear Through"**  
**By William J. Harney**

A woman and her two sons, paid her father a visit, They had to get up at two o'clock in the morning and catch an early train in order to make connections at another city, if they would reach her father's home by night that day. She made the first train all right, but when she arrived in the city where she had to make connections for the train that would carry her to her father's, she was compelled to go across the city two miles in a hack to reach the other depot. The hack-team driver was tired, hence she missed her train two minutes.

Rushing up to the ticket window, almost out of breath, she asked the agent "if the train going to was on time?" He replied, "The train has just pulled out." She wrung her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, isn't that awful! It is

simply too bad that I missed that train! That old hack team, those old bony horses did not go fast enough! That driver was a poky man! Tell me, will I have to wait here six hours and a half? Six hours and a half before I can catch a train for my father's!" "Yes, you will have to wait six and a half hours." She went over and took a seat and sat there crying and worrying and be-meaning the hack driver.

In about one and a half hours the ticket agent rushed out and across the station to her exclaiming, "Oh, lady, you should rejoice, you should be very happy in missing that train, you saved your life and the life of your two children! That train was derailed and killed the engineer and fireman and flagman and thirteen passengers!" She clapped her hands and cried, "O God, how I thank Thee! I praise Thee for permitting me to miss that train!" How often we misjudge, misunderstand God's providential leadings.

**081 -- HOW THEY GOT HOME AFTER GETTING A PARKING TICKET**  
**From "Israel, O My People"**  
**By Converted Jewess, Irene Hanley**

We arrived in Carbondale, Illinois, and parked the car. We went from store to store, and here too the reception was almost unbelievable. It seemed, indeed, that the Lord had prepared hearts.

When we got back to the car we found a ticket under the windshield. It said the chief of police wanted to see me for some reason. I could not imagine what I had done. I knew I had not gone through any stop signs. They would have stopped me then. I looked at the meter. It had enough money in it. What in the world had I done?

Judy and I went to the police station. There they informed me that I had not parked right. The parking areas of the city streets were painted with diagonal lines running to the curb. Instead of parking between two diagonal lines, I had parked in the middle of one, taking up two spaces and two meters. The chief of police thought it was worth \$3.75 to the city that I had done such a thing.

The bad part of it was that I had only four dollars with me. When I left home that morning my husband had said, "How much money will you need?" He laid four one-dollar bills down on the table. "Will this be enough?"

I said, "Sure, that'll be plenty." I was driving a Ford, had a tank full of gas and did not expect to go more than a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five miles from home.



But taking \$3.75 out of that for a fine left only a quarter.

As we left the police station, I said to Judy, "I know it's past twelve o'clock, Judy, but I'm not hungry. Are you?"

"No," she said, "I'm not hungry either, Auntie."

"All right, let's go to this other town. A Jewish woman lives there and she has been begging me to come, visit her relatives, and tell them about Jesus."

We went to this town, but I could not remember the woman's address. So we went to the parsonage of the church she attended. The pastor's wife answered the door and I asked her if she knew where Mrs. Kohn lived.

She said, "No, but maybe my husband does. He is in the church studying. I'll go and ask him."

She left the door open, but did not invite us in. We could smell pork chops and potatoes frying. Though I'm Jewish, those pork chops surely smelled good.

While she was gone, I said to Judy, "Let's pray that she'll invite us to stay for lunch."

She came back and told us where Mrs. Kohn lived, but never once did she say, "Would you come in? Have you had your lunch?" No, this was not God's will.

We visited with Mrs. Kohn and her relatives and had a gracious time witnessing. God had prepared their hearts for the message.

We were about to go home, when I said, "Judy, there's just one more town I'd like to visit, and that is West Frankfort. I know some Jewish people there and I'd just like to go and visit them, and then we'll go home."

I knew that my gas tank was registering less than half full, not much more than a quarter full, but we went on to this town. I parked away down from the city so that I would not be near any meters or diagonal lines. Then we walked to the business district.

The first place we entered was a shoe store, something like a shoe outlet. My arms were loaded with literature -- papers and tracts, New Testaments, and several Bibles.

The shoe man looked up at me as I started to talk to him. His face reddened. Then he glared at me and said, "How much are they paying you for this racket? How much money are you getting for every Jew you convert? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a Jew, believing in Jesus."

He carried on like this for quite some time. Since we had had such good reception all day, I was so surprised at his attitude that for a few minutes I could not say a thing. Indeed I thought I had better not. I would just let him talk.

After he had raved and ranted for awhile, I said to him, "Sir, I want to tell you something. It's nearly three o'clock. This little girl and I left East St. Louis this morning. My husband gave me four dollars to take care of us for the day -- lunch, enough gasoline to get home -- but I didn't park right in Carbondale and had to pay a \$3.75 fine out of the \$4.00. It's now three o'clock. She and I have had no lunch. My gas tank is nearly empty. We're over a hundred miles from home. We don't know how we're going to get back. And you accuse us of doing this for money? Sir, there isn't enough money in all the world to pay me to take from you what I've just taken. I could not do it if it were not for the love of Jesus in my heart. Do you think I'd care for your soul if it were not for Jesus? Money could not make me love you if it were not for Jesus. Money wouldn't have allowed me to take the risk of going so far away from home with so little money in my pocket, but I was trusting God and I love souls, including yours."

He began to get redder still, but this time from shame. He said, "Where is your car?"

"O it's down about four or five blocks."

"I'll tell you what. Do you see that service station over there on the corner? That's where I buy my gas. You go over there. I'm going to call them up and tell them to fill your tank. Will you do that?"

"No, no. You're not going to fill my tank. God's going to fill my gasoline tank. You're not going to fill it."

"Please," he urged.

"No"

I knew he was feeling bad and was trying to atone for what he had done and said. But I wanted him to feel had I wanted him to feel worse even.

"If you won't accept gasoline, next door is a restaurant. You and the little girl go over there," he suggested. "I'll call her and you get anything you want to eat, but be sure to get enough."

"No, you're not going to buy us our supper or dinner or whatever you want to call it."

"But why?"

"Because you're not. God's going to take care of us. I want to show you that I don't want your money and I don't want anything you have. Good-by."

"Wait a minute, lady. Would you give me some of your papers?"

"You mean you want them? Would you read them?"

"Sure! Would you give them to me?"

"All right."

I gave him some tracts.

"And I'd like to have one of your little books. Would you give it to me?"

"Sure."

I handed him a New Testament. I was so glad that the Holy Spirit had begun to deal with him.

He said, "This is just the New Testament. Don't you have the whole Bible? A bigger Book?" "Yes"

"May I have one?"

"Yes."

I handed him one, still very much surprised.

He reached in his pocket and pulled out a five-dollar bill.

"O," I thought to myself, "so this is it." When he stretched his hand toward me with the money,

I said, "What's this for?"

"It's to pay for the Bible and literature."

"No, sir," I objected. "You can't pay me for that Bible and literature. God provides that. You can't pay me."

"Look," he insisted, "take this five-dollar bill. You can buy gasoline and something to eat. Then you'll be getting home all right."

"Never mind." I knew what he was doing. This was just a way of trying to salve his conscience.

"Never mind" I repeated. "God's going to take care of us."

As we started out of the store, he said, "Wait a minute, lady, you have very small feet, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"What size shoe do you wear?"

"Three or three and a half."

"Wait a minute. I've got some samples here."

I don't know whether he thought if I did not have gasoline, I would have an awful long walk back home and perhaps need another pair of shoes or not, but he brought out several pairs of sample shoes. They looked rather shop-worn.

"Try these on," he said. He tried them on my feet. "How about letting me give you these shoes?"

"No, I won't let you give me anything."

"All right, then, do you want to buy them?"

I thought about that lonely quarter in my purse.

"Would you want these two pairs for a quarter?" he offered.

"All right, I'll take them for a quarter." I could not be much poorer than I already was, I reasoned. A quarter would not get us very far anyway. I said, "Shalom [Good-bye]," and left him.

We went into the next place. A man was arranging his counters. He looked up and after a moment said, "Ma'am, are you from East St. Louis?"

"Yes, I am."

"Are you the lady that got on the bus one day when I was coming from West Frankfort and talked to me about Jesus? And are you the one that sang to me that day on the bus?"

"I don't know, but I guess I am."

"I know you are. It was eleven years ago. All these years I've been trying to find you to tell you that I have received Jesus as my Saviour. But I didn't know your name and I didn't know how to locate you. I'll never forget that day. I was so embarrassed. I was so humiliated. . . ."

(I guess anyone would be humiliated at my singing, because I do not have a singing voice, but I have heard it said that the Lord loves the crows as well as the canaries, and there is some consolation in that.)

Well, we had a gracious time talking about the Lord Jesus. It just seemed the Lord was pouring out blessing to soothe the hurt that we had experienced in the other store.

We left this man's place and I said to Judy, "Just one more stop. I have a very dear friend in this town who loves the Jewish people dearly. I couldn't think of leaving West Frankfort until I go see a lady whom I call Mother Madelyn. We'll stop for just a few minutes, then get in the car and see how far God takes us on this almost empty tank of gas."

I knocked on the back door of my dear friend's house. She answered it.

"Well, bless your heart, Irene," she exclaimed when she saw who we were. "Come on in -- you and this little girl! Come on in!"

She was cooking stew -- Irish stew -- but to these Jewish nostrils it smelled delicious.

"Will you stay for supper?" she asked hospitably. "All I need to do is to add an extra carrot and potato. Doctor will be home pretty soon. [Her husband was a dentist.] You and Judy stay and have supper with us and then you can go home."

I did not tell her about the gas tank being almost empty. I did not tell her that we had not had lunch. I did not tell her how flat my pocketbook was. We could not refuse this kind invitation, so we sat down to eat.

While we were eating the telephone rang. She answered it and I heard her say, "Well, that's too bad. I think I can help you out though. I have someone right here at my table." She turned to me and said, "Irene, the W.C.I.U. is meeting down at the Goodwill Center tonight and their speaker can't come. Would you speak for them? Then you can go home after that."

"Yes," I assented, "I'll speak to them." I did not dare turn down anything. "I'll tell my husband we'll be late getting back."

That night, then, I spoke to the W.C.I.U. never had before; I never have since. All I could talk about to this W.C.I.U. gathering was the Jews and their need of Christ. They took up a little offering. It amounted to about three dollars. Praise the Lord! We bought enough gas to get home that night and we did not have to go home hungry. This is how wonderfully God does undertake. He protects us and takes care of us when we obey Him.

## **082 -- COAST TO COAST WITH NOTHING BUT A TICKET-STUB**

**From "Israel, O My People"**

**By Converted Jewess, Irene Hanley**

At one time I was asked to speak in the northwest section of Missouri. I did not have the train fare to go. I borrowed ten dollars from a friend and bought my round-trip ticket which amounted to about nine dollars and fifty cents. I boarded the train in the morning of the day I was due at my appointment.

The train was rather slow, but I thought, "O it's all right. It's fine. I don't mind having only a few cents left in my purse. I don't need to eat anything until evening."

But at noon I began to feel hungry. My coach was right behind the dining car, and every time the conductor opened the door I could smell the delicious food being served. Eventually I became so hungry, I thought, "I just can't stand it. I'm going in there and get a cup of coffee for a dime."

I entered the dining car where a colored steward graciously pulled out a chair and beckoned me to be seated. I sat down and he handed me a menu.

I said, "I won't need the menu. How much is a cup of coffee?"



"Twenty-five cents, ma'am."

"O . . ."

"In a pot, coffee is forty cents."

Well, I knew that was out of the question. I said, "How much would a piece of toast be?"

"That would be fifteen cents."

"O I don't think I'm very hungry," I excused myself. "I think I can wait until I get where I am going."

I got up to leave.

He stopped me. "Just a minute, lady, I can let you have a cup of coffee for fifteen cents if you want. Won't you sit down?"

So I sat down and waited. Soon he came in bearing a tray, and on this tray were a pot, coffee cup, scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, jelly and butter. I really became frightened. I thought he had misunderstood me. I could picture myself back in the kitchen washing dishes all the way to Keokuk, Iowa, to pay for this tray of food.

"Look," I told him, "I didn't order all this. All I wanted was a cup of coffee for fifteen cents."

This dear black man's face broke into a wide smile. "Lady," he said, "that's all right. You go ahead and eat. I know you're hungry. You're a missionary lady, aren't you?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"I see that Book under your arm. My mother was a missionary lady. That's all right, lady, you go ahead and eat. It's all right."

Well, praise the Lord! I told him I would eat if he would sit down across from me and tell me about his mother. He did.

I went on to my meeting. They gave me an offering. I took the same train back and had the same steward.

When I went in to get supper, he greeted me and said, "Lady. did you get taken care of today?"

"I surely did!"

"Our God is alive, isn't He?" he said beaming.

"Yes, He is!" I agreed wholeheartedly.

When he served me a nice supper that evening, I left a generous tip under the plate, besides enough to pay for the breakfast he had given me that morning. I was afraid he would have to pay for it.

Once again it was proven that God wonderfully takes care of His own. I have traveled to the east coast with nothing but the stub of my railroad ticket in my pocketbook, and God has marvelously taken care of me. I did not need to say anything to anybody; I did not need to tell anyone my financial condition, but God knew. God knew just whom He could trust to invite me into their homes and have me in for meals. I have no long, poor-mouth stories to tell, for my God has supplied all my needs according to His riches in glory.

### **083 -- TICKET MONEY OBTAINED IN AN UNUSUAL WAY** **From the Autobiography of William Baxter Godbey**

When they closed me out at Whitesburg, Texas, and I had to leave, it so happened that my next appointment was five hundred miles distant, and, as usual, I had two red-hot young men, whom I carried as helpers in the work. At that time no evangelists in the South received any railroad favor. Therefore we needed forty-five dollars to buy tickets to the next appointment in northwest Missouri. From the day the Lord sanctified me, in 1868, I have always lived by faith, never charged anything for my work, nor even insinuated for a contribution. As these people had rejected us and closed us out, of course, I would not dishonor the Lord by asking them for traveling expenses.

At that time, we lived at Carlisle, Ky. All my life I always made it a rule never to let my wife get out of money, even if I borrowed it. In my travels in all of the early years of my ministry, before I had written books and carried them with me to donate and sell to people, to help them experimentally, I frequently found it necessary to borrow money to make my next run, invariably sending back the first I got, even if it necessitated my borrowing again. So at this time I had no money anywhere on the earth, but when I reached this dilemma and the time came for us to travel, minus the

necessary finances, I got on my knees before God, and turned over to Him Farmers' Bank of Carlisle, Ky. I stayed on my knees till I heard from Heaven and realized that God had His hand on that bank; then, taking the pastor to identify me, I went to the bank in Whitesburg, and presented a draft on the Farmers' Bank of Carlisle, Kentucky, and drew out all the money we needed to purchase the three full fare tickets. Independently we went to the depot with shouts of victory ringing from our lips, bought our tickets and went on our way rejoicing. Long before we completed our tour and returned to Kentucky, the Lord gave me the money and I sent it to the bank.

On reaching home I went at once from the depot to the bank to face the officers with a personal apology for drawing on them when I had not a cent of money on deposit, which is very irregular, from a financial standpoint. Looking over the counter as I went in. I said to the cashier, "I have come to apologize for drawing on you when I had no money on deposit." He looked me in the face and said, as a tear came to his eye, "Preacher, when I received that draft, as it put me in an awkward position, knowing that you had no money here, I turned it over to the Board for them to decide before I paid it off. This done, then I read it to them and told them that you had no money on deposit and asked them what to do. After a silent minute the oldest man among them said, 'I like that preacher; he is an honest fellow, and I expect he is in a tight place; I move that we pay it.' The motion carried unanimously. So, preacher, if you get in a tight place again, call on us and we will help you out."

#### **084 -- HE HAD 2 TICKETS -- WHICH WOULD HE USE?**

**From "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant"**

**By Maxwell Pierson Gaddis**

It was not long after this till one of their number was awakened, and called upon me for a note of admission into love-feast. I most cordially granted him his request. The same day, as he afterward informed me, he received a ticket to a ball, which was to be held at the same time in that vicinity. This was a device of the emissaries of Satan to destroy his soul. They well understood his passion for this kind of amusement, and predicted that he would soon give up all his seriousness, and that night would be found among his old companions in the merry dance. His soul, during all that day, was a mighty battlefield. The "strong man armed" was unwilling to quit his abode. He informed me that more than twenty times, during the day, he took out his "card of invitation" to the party, and his "love-feast ticket," and placed them side by side, and read them over and over again. When he read, "Admit the bearer, J. W., to love-feast, January, 1838," he would say to himself -- as he told me, with tears -- "I have had many a ticket to attend

dancing parties, but this is the first note I have ever had to go to a Methodist love-feast."

The devil and his young companions still urged him to accept the former, and had so far prevailed as to get him to dress for the dancing party; but, at length, he came to the conclusion to go to the love-feast first, and, after the close of the meeting, to attend the "ball," if he felt like it; but before the close of the love-feast meeting, with a broken heart, he joined the Church, and before twelve o'clock, that same night, in my boarding house, after the close of the public service, was soundly converted. This was a source of great grief among the enemies of the cross. The young men had now lost their leader, and the band of "scorners" was disbanded. But the meeting went on with power, and souls were added to the Church almost every day.

**085 -- AWAITING THE HEAVENLY TRAIN WITH TICKET IN HAND**  
**From "Last Words and Old-Time Memories"**  
**By Maxwell Pierson Gaddis**

Daniel Edgerton was born July 2, 1850, and died in June 1878. Several weeks before his death, in a class-meeting, he said, "I stand on the platform, waiting for the heavenly train, -- satchel in one hand and ticket in the other. I know it will take me through, for it is stamped with the blood of Jesus. I know that I am going to live." "Heaven seems so much brighter and real than ever before; and the plan of salvation is so clear. It is like starting on a journey. You see the city in the distance; then nearer, until it is in full view. So it is with heaven, grand and glorious." "Do not weep when I am gone. Sing the doxology. Angels! angels! Sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

**086 -- TICKET MONEY THAT SHE DID NOT KNOW SHE HAD**  
**From "God's Ford on the Go"**  
**By Luella Marsh Ford**

Using my own thoughts, I planned to attend the Pierce County Holiness Association meeting at the Salvation Army that morning. I would be only two blocks from the bus depot. Perhaps someday God would supply the transportation through someone at the meeting.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." (Isaiah 55:8, 9)

But God directed me to the bus depot. "Buy your ticket first and then go to the meeting." Obediently, I went to the bus depot. I prayed mentally, "Lord, I am here at the bus depot and have no money to buy the ticket."

"Look in your little black purse inside your big purse," were further directions from God.

Imagine my surprise when I found \$10.00, a greenback, in the little black purse. But this was my tithe purse. I was a bit puzzled for a moment. True there had been times I had received \$100.00 in a complete sum, and \$10.00 was then placed in the tithe purse. But such had not been the case recently. Besides I was certain that no tithe was in the purse for I always placed the tithe in proper channels as I received it.

God assured me as I looked at the \$10 that I was to buy the one-way ticket. After receiving the change, I placed \$1.00 in the little black purse as tithe. With the fifteen cents I bought salted peanuts or popcorn to nibble on as I traveled.

Elated how God had supplied, but in a quandary how that money had got in my little black purse, I went to the Salvation Army to the Holiness Association meeting.

"I have something new right off God's press," I testified during testimony time. I related the events concerning finding a place for Shirley to stay and my personal need and how God had supplied.

Spontaneously, an elderly retired Methodist preacher exhorted, "This is what is wrong with us today. We don't have faith in God. We need that simple faith and trust in God that Sister Ford has just expressed."

## **087 -- HOW GOD SUPPLIED \$16 FOR A TICKET TO BIBLE SCHOOL**

**From "Illustrations and Experiences"**

**By Richard G. Flexon**

I was preparing to go to Bible School in Greensboro, North Carolina. I was at that time living in New Jersey. As I prayed for the money with which to go, the Holy Ghost said, "Will you go and order your ticket to Greensboro?" I replied that I had no money with which to purchase a ticket. The ticket agent told me it would cost me sixteen dollars. I went back to my room to pray. Again the Holy Ghost spoke and said, "Go to church tonight," and told me where. It was five miles away. That night I rode my bicycle to the church. To my surprise, they were in a revival. I met the pastor who gave me a warm welcome. He asked me to pray and God helped me. After

service, he asked if I would come back the next night and preach for him as he was holding his own revival. I was only sixteen years of age, but I told him I would. One of the families in the church invited me to come back for supper the next night. As we sat down at the table, I noticed the plates were upside down. I was asked to grace the table. When I turned my plate over, there were three five dollar bills under it. Not a person on earth knew I needed a cent, as far as I know. Three days later, as a friend drove me to the depot with a horse and spring wagon loaded with my trunk, he said the Lord told him I needed a dollar and asked if I did. I told him if the Lord was telling him I did, then I must need one. He gave me the dollar, which, with the fifteen I found under my plate, made the sixteen I needed for my ticket.

### **088 -- HE BOUGHT HIS TICKET WHILE SMOKING A CIGARETTE**

**From "Truth on Fire"**

**By John and Bona Fleming**

On one of my trips I stopped in a depot in St. Paul, Minnesota. I had a few hours to wait and was walking around in the station. I saw a nice looking man with his wife and two children. He was smoking a cigarette in the depot, which he had no right to do. I watched him as he stepped up to the window and bought his ticket. He had a clergy book but he was smoking a cigarette. I was thinking that I preached against cigarettes. Just then something said, "Why not go to him face to face?"

I did. I said to him, "Why don't you give your wife and daughter and little son a cigarette, then you could all smoke together?"

He said, "Man, are you crazy?" Do you think I want my wife and little children to smoke cigarettes? How can you speak to me like that?"

I said, "I see you are a preacher. I saw you take your clergy book out there by the window."

He said, "I am. Who are you?"

I told him it did not matter who I was. He said, "Where I preach all the men smoke cigarettes."

I told him he was a minister and should be an example to those to whom he preached. His wife was nodding her head to all I said and seemed to agree with me. He said, "Man, you have no right to talk to me like this."



I told him I had already talked to him. He walked around, still smoking. Directly he stepped out the door, and when he came back he came and sat by me and said, "Where are you from, and who are you?"

I told him my name and my occupation. He said that he never had a man talk to him like that. He said, "I got angry and thought you had no business to do so. You are the first man who ever spoke that way to me. I went outside and cleaned my pockets of all the tobacco. I told the Lord I would never smoke another cigarette while I live."

I helped that man by going to his face. Do not go around to people's backs talking about them, but go to their face. I believe what I am preaching.

**089 -- BY FAITH, HE BOARDED THE TRAIN WITHOUT A TICKET**  
**From "Truth on Fire"**  
**By John and Bona Fleming**

What brought Daniel through? Faith in a living God. What brought the Hebrew children through the fiery furnace? Faith in a living God. What brought John through when they tried to scald him? They put him in boiling oil, but John was hotter than the oil. Faith brought him out. What brought me through on the train that time when I was going to a camp meeting and did not have the money? I went to the depot thinking I would find someone I knew and could borrow the money. When I arrived at the depot there was no one I knew. I said, "Lord, what will I do?"

I walked around the depot with no money and the conductor called, "All aboard."

The Lord told me to get on. I just had two minutes. I said, "Lord, help me; I have no money and no ticket. I am due to preach at a camp meeting tonight." But the Holy Spirit impressed me to get on.

When the conductor said, "All aboard," I mounted the train and walked back in the car and sat down. I had not done anything to anyone that I had to repent of, not a thing to confess. The large conductor came through saying, "Tickets, please." When he came to the seat just in front of me he had a little trouble with the party and when he got to me he was already out of fix. I told him I had no ticket or any money but that I would send it to him the next day. He said, "What made you get on here?"

I told him I felt the Lord put me on. He said, "I will put you off at the next station. The train stops five miles from here and you get off."

I told him I was a preacher and had never bummed a train in my life, showed him my clergy book and told him I would send him the money the next day and that I had to preach in a camp meeting that night.

He said, "I do not care anything about that. I mean it. I am going to put you off at the next station."

I told him if he had to stop it was all right with me, but not to stop to put me off.

He said, "We are going to stop and you are going to get off."

He opened the door and walked off into the coach, he called off the station. A crowd got off and a crowd got on. I never moved, but kept my seat. The Lord put me on the train and I was going to wait for Him to put me off. The conductor came along saying, "Fares. Tickets, please."

When he came back and saw me he began to smile and said, "Here you are."

I said, "Yes sir, I am right on board with you."

He said, "Didn't I tell you to get off?"

I said, "You certainly did."

I rose to talk to him and a fellow from the other car came and stood and motioned. I said, "Who does he want?"

The conductor said, "I think he wants you."

I walked down the aisle to his seat. He said, "I am the meanest man on this train."

I said, "O Lord, help me. Here I am with no money; the conductor is going to put me off and this man is going to whip me right here."

He said, "What is your name?"

I said, "My name is John Fleming."

He said, "What are you doing?"

I told him I was a preacher.

He said, "What kind of a preacher?"

I said, "A holiness preacher."

I looked up and saw tears coming out of his eyes and he said, "I am drunk and full of the devil. I am from Wisconsin but I have two brothers preaching holiness." I knew I was on safe ground.

"I never laid eyes on you in this world until you got on this train but when you got on, you may not believe this, but God told me to give you some money and I didn't do it." God had the man on the train.

He said, "I want to give you some money."

I told him he owed me nothing, but he wanted to give it to me. He took out a roll of bills and started giving them to me. I took them as fast as he gave them. Then I went down the aisle, looking as though I had enough one dollar bills to run a camp meeting. I said, "Conductor, I am going to pay you every cent I owe you." I paid him and had plenty left. I went to the camp meeting and preached holiness that night.

I want to tell you another thing though -- I never did anything like that before, nor have I tried it since. Please do not get on a train to try this out. They may put you off and break your neck. Faith brought me through and faith will bring us all through. "Without faith it is impossible to please him."

### **090 -- EVERYTHING WAS PAID FOR ON HIS TICKET**

**From "Truth on Fire"**

**By John and Bona Fleming**

I feel like the little boy who came across the water. He was a little ragged, dirty boy whose father was dead. He got on the boat and hid behind the sacks and barrels. Someone told the captain that he was on board and the captain went down in the hull of the boat and found him, dragged him out, and cursed him. He said: "Get off here!" The little boy slipped back through the crowd and hid behind the sacks and barrels again. They took him by the collar and led him away, threatened to kick him over board in the water. But when the boat pulled out the little fellow swam out and just as the boat pulled away the captain found him and shook him, turned him around, calling him, "a dirty little brat." He said: "I will kick you into the water." But just then a fine looking, wealthy man stepped up and told him to stop. He asked what the captain was doing and was told that he was about

to kick that boy overboard. The little boy said: "I have a mother on the other side." And the big man said to the captain, "Turn that little boy loose. He is helpless; he hasn't a penny and no one to help him. I will pay his fare. Take your hands off that boy!" The captain had to turn him loose, the big man paid his fare and said to the boy, "This boat is yours. Go and take a bath, get a new suit of clothes, have your hair cut." They dressed him up completely; he sat at the table with the rich; everything was paid for on his ticket. The man told him, "You have the best time of your life, your fare is paid." The boat had been rolling through the water for a few hours, the little fellow had been cleaned up and was walking on the deck beside his big friend who had paid his fare, he looked up into the big man's face and said: "Big man, I love you! And if I ever get across to the other side, you know what I am going to do? I am going to tell my mother about you. She will never hear the last of you. When I was helpless, undone and penniless and dirty and ragged, you stepped up and paid my fare."

Now, listen, friends, I was like that little helpless boy. The old enemy had me and was shaking me up and down. I had no power to break loose from him. My father, my mother, my sister or my friends could not help me. I could never have paid my fare, because we could never be redeemed with corruptible things such as silver or gold, but Jesus Christ, my Big Brother, stepped on the scene and told the old devil to take his hands off and turn me loose, that He had made me free. Then He told me to go up and down the country and tell this old dying world who paid my fare.

**091 -- WHY HE LEFT THE BUS NOT CARING ABOUT HIS TICKET**  
**From "My Life Story"**  
**By Samuel Doctorian**

I did not come from a rich home but from a poor one. My parents were just orphan children. The only thing they were able to do was to try to supply us with our daily bread and help us so that we might be able to go through school and get a bit of education. That was a hard task. My father worked far away from Jerusalem and once a month he would be able to visit our home. Every time he came he would have only about four Palestinian pounds, equal to about twelve dollars in those days. He would give some to the grocer, some to the baker, and some here and there, and then go back to work again. That is all we were able to see our father, just once a month.

One day as we four hungry boys came home from school, we came to our mother and asked for a piece of bread, but mother was not able to give us any bread. She asked us to go and play. We continued playing until night came. About 7:00 o'clock we came back again, wondering why mother was sad. We said, "Mother, we are hungry." She would not say anything to us.

She washed our hands, feet and faces, and then said, "Come on, children, come and go to bed now. Pray your prayers and go to sleep."

But we said, "Mother, we want bread. We are hungry. What is the matter with you?"

She would not answer us but made us all kneel and pray, and then said, "Goodnight, children." She lowered the gas light so that we might go to sleep.

The four of us began to weep, each looking to the others with tears rolling down his cheeks. We were hungry and we wanted bread. Mother would not give us bread. Why was mother so cruel? Had we done anything wrong that she would not give us bread? With tears in our eyes we finally went to sleep.

At 2: 00 o'clock in the morning I awoke, crying, "Mother, mother."

She came close to me and said, "What do you want, Samuel?"

I said, "Mother, I cannot sleep. I want bread."

I could notice, although the gas light was low, bright tears rolling down her cheeks. She went away and brought me a cup of water and said, "Samuel, drink water."

I said, "Mother, it is not water I want. It is bread I want."

When I noticed her weeping I stopped my tears, wondering what was the matter. I drank the water and went to sleep again.

When morning came we all got up hungry and with tears still in our eyes. We did not know what to do, and mother did not dare tell anybody that we needed bread.

Then she broke into tears and said, "Children, pray. We do not have bread at home. We do not know what to do. We do not know when our father will come back, and we do not have bread."

We said, "What are we going to do? We cannot go to school if you do not give us bread."

She said, "Come, let us pray to the Father in Heaven."

We sat around the table. All five of us began to weep and cry for bread. We said, "Father, send us bread. Father, send us bread."

While we were praying -- thank God for His miraculous hand -- there was a knock at the door.

The moment the knock came my mother said, "Keep quiet, children. Do not make any noise. Do not let anyone know what we are praying and what our need is. Let only God know about this."

She wiped her tears and went to the door. When she opened it a man came in. He was a dear believer with a basket in his hand full of bread and cheese.

When we saw the basket, he turned to us and said, "Children, take. This is bread. Your Father sent it."

We all ran to that basket. I took a loaf in my hand, cut it, and began to eat it as a hungry child. I was so glad that father had sent us bread.

Only after some years had passed did I find that it was not my father. I went to that believer and said, "My dear brother, I want you to tell me what made you come to our home and give us that bread?"

He said, "Samuel, I bought all those things to take to Bethlehem to my family. I got my ticket and sat waiting for the bus to move. A Voice within me said, 'Rise. Take all that you have bought to the family down in the Valley of Kidron and give it to them.' I said, 'No, it is late. I must get home and give this to my family and come back to my business.' But the Voice continued, saying, 'Rise. Take it to that family.' I said, 'But they do not need this bread.' But the Voice within me kept saying, 'You rise and go. They need this bread.'"

He continued, "I could not disobey that Voice. I got up and left the bus, not caring about the ticket I had purchased. I walked down to the Valley of Kidron and before knocking I put my ears to the door and could hear hungry children crying and praying, 'Father, send us bread.' The moment I heard that I could wait no longer. I knocked at the door and when it was opened I said, 'Your Father sent this bread. Take it.' I gave everything I had."

While he was telling me that story I was rejoicing. How wonderful is the God in whom we believe. He is the God of Elijah, supplying our every need today. He is a great God! I praise the Lord that I believe in such a supreme Being who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we

ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

**092 -- GRANDSTAND TICKETS INSTEAD OF WEARING SCARS**

**From "Along the Trail"**

**By Leo C. Davis**

"As long as the church wore scars the Kingdom of God advanced but when they began to wear medals it languished. It was a greater day for the church when Christians were fed to the lions than when they bought season tickets and sat in the grandstand." -- Vance Havner

**093 -- HE REFUSED TO BUY TICKETS TO AN INGERSOLL LECTURE**

**From "Along the Trail"**

**By Leo C. Davis**

Mark Twain was asked to buy a \$5 ticket to hear Bob Ingersoll on the subject: "The Mistakes of Moses." Upon his refusal we are told he said, "If Moses was able to return to scenes of earth I would pay \$100 to hear him lecture on the mistakes of Ingersoll."

**094 -- WHAT TIDWELL DID WITH REFUNDED TICKET MONEY**

**From "W. M. Tidwell, A Life That Counted"**

**By Joseph Eugene Cook**

Many suits of clothing were given that he never wore; so many people needed them more. Folk tried to outsmart him by buying his railroad ticket for him, including a berth in the Pullman Car. He would make the ticket agent give him back the price of the bed and sit up clear across the country to his next revival. Then one of his Sunday School teachers would show up Sunday in a new pair of shoes. He knew there was a need, because he saw his upturned feet as he knelt in prayer at church.

**095 -- WHY THE PRICE OF THE TICKET NO LONGER MATTERED**

**From "Holiness Triumphant"**

**By James Blaine Chapman**

Determination to be sanctified wholly is... a determination that nothing shall be permitted longer to hinder the will of God in the matter. An old man in West Virginia was left alone. His wife died, his children married and moved into a Western state and set up their homes. The old man was in fair financial circumstances, but he was frugal and cautious about expenditures. The children in the West often asked him to come out to see them, and he



always desired very much to go. With each succeeding invitation, his desire increased. Thrice he went down to the railway station and made inquiry about train schedules and fares. His was a small town, and he was a well-known person in the community. The railway agent therefore became accustomed to these periodical inquiries, and always patiently gave in full detail the information asked, always concluding with a statement as to the fare. Finally, one of the daughters from the West wrote to say that the grandchildren were growing up, having never seen their grandfather, that the cares of home made it impossible for them to come back to the old place, and that they were all getting uneasy now lest they should never see their father and grandfather in this world. The letter moved the old man so that his desire ripened into determination. This time he packed his traveling bag, made his way down to the station, and went to the ticket window to make inquiry about train schedules. The agent got out his big book, traced up the schedules, enumerated the changes that were to be made, and stated the time the train would arrive at the destination. Then, as he had done three times before, he stated the amount of the fare. But the old man was not well pleased with this last item, and said: "I did not ask you how much is the fare. That item has kept me from seeing my children and grandchildren far too long. I decided to pay the fare this time before I came to the station. All I ask now is that you sell me the ticket -- I have determined to pay the fare."

**096 -- IT WAS EITHER FIND THE COMBINATION OR NO TICKET**  
**From "The Divine Response"**  
**By James Blaine Chapman**

I came one morning to the little junction railway station thirty minutes before train time, and asked the agent for a clergy ticket. The night agent had evidently put all the tickets and the money into the safe and locked the door, and mine was the first ticket called for since the new man had come on duty. So the agent went to the safe and commenced to work at the combination. He turned the knob so many turns to the right, so many back to the left, then back to the right again. But there was no sound within the mechanism of the lock, and the door would not open. Starting all new, the agent turned so many rounds to the left, so many to the right, then back to the left. Still nothing happened. Either there was something wrong with the lock or the agent had forgotten the exact combination. Patiently the man worked at his task, while I waited and looked on. Time was passing. Ten minutes were soon gone. Then fifteen. Then twenty. I began to make a mental calculation on whether I had sufficient money to pay the full fare that would be required if I boarded the train without a ticket. I had counted on buying the clergy ticket for half fare. But anxious as I was, there was nothing I could do. I sympathized with the agent, and prayed for his success. But he said never a word, and I answered him in the same manner.

The agent showed no sign of nervousness, and I tried not to do so. I knew that any word from me or any motion on my part could do nothing but embarrass. The task was the agent's, and he alone must accomplish it. Finally, just five minutes before the train came to a stop at the little station, the lock gave a low "click," the agent pulled on the handle and the door came open. He prepared my ticket in silence. I paid for it, and stepped outside to be ready to board the train. There just was not anything that could be appropriately said. No use to say, "You had a difficult time." No use to say, "Well, you finally made it." These things were quite evident. If the man had stopped just before that last effort, all that he had done would have counted for naught. And of course if he could have found the combination earlier, the continued effort would not have been required. It was not trying so much that mattered. He just had to find that combination -- that was all.

Now of course I have never known whether or not there was anything wrong with that lock. My guess is that there was not. I think the whole difficulty was that the agent "knew approximately" what the combination was, and that he just had, by process of elimination, to find out what it really was. It is easy to say that the agent should have known, and not to have been in any degree uncertain. But the fact is he was somewhat uncertain, and he had to be given time to make sure. And the only way he could be sure was to get the door open. There would be no use for him to insist that the combination he had in mind was correct -- not if the door did not open. He just had to get the door open to prove that he had struck the combination.

We do not even intimate that God is unwilling to be found, and we do not mean to say that the prerequisites for finding Him are uncertain or even difficult, just viewed within themselves. But the prerequisites are of such a nature that we must be absolutely sincere and earnest to the full limit to meet them. If doing certain things could merit the bestowal of God's grace, or if the observance of certain sacraments would bestow the realities the sacraments symbolize, or if saying prayers were really praying, or if affirming "I believe" were identical with true faith, or if saying, "I have found it" were just the same thing as actually finding, then the whole matter would be simple. And it is simple for some people, for some people come at once and do from their hearts just the things that "prepare the way of the Lord," and their conversion is instant and apparently "easy." We glory in the fact that conversions of this kind are genuine, and that the stability of many who did thus come in is ample proof. But what we are saying is that the combination must be found. If it is found easily and quickly, well and good. If it is not found until there has been an approach involving hours, days, weeks, months, years: well, it just must be found, that's all.

A person may appear to others to be just plain stubborn because he will not follow the advice of those who insist that he "take it by faith." But the truth is, he knows he has not found the combination, and that the door is not really open. Happy is the man who, under such circumstances, insists on praying on, seeking on, striving on until he does get the door open.

**097 -- TICKETS THST APPEAL TO THE "GAMBLING INSTINCT"**

**From "Ask Dr. Chapman"**

**By James Blaine Chapman**

**QUESTION #241 --** The merchants of our town are giving away an automobile. Each fifty cent purchase entitles one to a ticket, and a ticket will be drawn from a barrel at Christmas time and the holder of that number will get the car. Also a leading merchant has a jar full of nuts. You sign your name, and make a guess on the number of nuts in the jar. The one guessing the closest will receive a turkey. Do you think Christian people should have anything to do with such methods?

**ANSWER #241 --** No, I think these and kindred methods are appeals to the "gambling instinct," and that Christian people should avoid them. If anyone imagines they are not forms of lottery, let him ask the merchants to send notices of the plan through the United States mail. And it really seems we should not want to define lottery any more liberally than the United States government defines it.

**098 -- CARRADINE'S TICKET AND THE RED CHECK**

**From "Living Illustrations"**

**By Beverly Carradine**

I was on my way from New York to Boston. The Ticket Agent in the Central station informed me that it cost seven dollars to go on the Express which left at 10 o'clock. I gave him the money and he handed me a ticket.

Boarding the train which consisted of five or six-coaches, I took a seat, deposited my valise, and pulled out a book to read.

As we left the depot the Conductor came down the aisle collecting fares, and pausing where I was sitting absorbed in my volume, nudged me in the side with his hand and asked for the money due the Company.

I presented him my ticket, which he took and kept, and gave me a red check which I slipped in my hat band, placed in the rack above my head, and resumed my reading.

As the train was a Flyer, it made only six or seven stops between New York and Boston. The first was thirty miles distant, where on arrival, a number of the passengers got off, and a number of others got on. After a little the Conductor came down the aisle as before, collecting tickets, and stopping by my side where I was buried in my book, and not remembering me in such a crowd, poked me in the side again and demanded my fare.

I lifted my eyes from the volume I was reading, directed my finger at the red check without saying a word, and instantly he passed on.

The same scene occurred at the second and third town, where quite a crowd disembarked and an equally large one came aboard. Down the aisle again came the collector of tickets; again failed to recognize me in the throng; once more punched me in the ribs, and once more with his dry machine-like voice said, "Tickets!"

Each time I would raise my eyes, motion to the red sign in my hat, to see him just as quickly leave me, pass on by and vanish down the car.

Finally with the fourth stop, and the usual change of passengers, the conductor approached as usual, paused by me, touched me on the side, and said, "Tickets."

By this time I was becoming wearied of that conductor, and my side was getting sensitive and sore where he had punched me so often, and then I was interested in my book anyhow. So when I felt his shadow fall on me, I never raised my eyes from the printed page, but simply pointed with my finger towards the red check in my hat and kept on reading.

In an instant he was gone!

After that the identical proceeding worked like a charm. No machinery oiled and regulated could have done better. The man would come, stop, punch me, say "Tickets!" and I would read on, point upward at the red check with my finger, and then he would disappear like a flash! He had to go! I had the red sign which said I was paid up, was all right with the R. R. Company and could go on unmolested and protected to the end of my journey.

It seemed to me at this very time, that the above incident gave me a better conception and understanding of a certain verse in the Old Testament than I ever had before. The passage referred to is: "When I see the Blood I will pass over you."

The Devil is always after us with his nagging voice and irritating touch. Over and over he stops by our side and tries to collect tears, sighs, groans and everything else he can wring from us on our trip from Earth to Heaven.

But if we have the Blood of Christ on our souls we are exempt and secure. We need not be vexed, disturbed or affrighted at the worrying demands of men or every devil in Hell.

All we have to do is to quietly, smilingly and persistently point to the Blood of Jesus that was shed! To the Red Sign on our Heart! And keep on reading our title clear to Mansions in the Skies! when behold! Every foe of earth and imp in Hell must pass on and by us, and we in due time, safe and sound, will sweep triumphantly and exultantly into the great Union Depot of God's Eternal City in the Heavens.

**099 -- HOW BUYING LOTTERY TICKETS WASTED TIME**  
**From "The Louisiana State Lottery Co. Examined and Exposed"**  
**By Beverly Carradine**

Take the simplest illustration of the fact. You make a single investment of one ticket in one of the monthly drawings. Apparently that investment has cost you one dollar or ten dollars; but if you knew how many hours you lost in thinking of it, and how many thoughts crowded in between you and your business, between you and the proper discharge of duties you owed your employer -- you would be amazed. Here is a loss of time and faithful labor.

Look again at the evil. Here are the newsboys crying out on the streets the intelligence of the last drawing, with the fortunate numbers in print. At least one hundred thousand people in this city devote from five to ten minutes each in scanning the numbers. The aggregate time lost that morning or afternoon amounts to six hundred and ninety-four days, or nearly two years. Two years time lost! Why, a great city has been built in a year -- fortunes and fame made in a year -- great harvests that sustain the nations of the earth made and gathered and distributed in a year. And yet here we have lost in actual time, a greater period still, that if properly used would have made our occupations and business fairly leap toward success, the city put on a new appearance, and the country feel the thrill and impetus of an earnest, aggressive life radiating to it from its great center.

Ten minutes daily squandered by countless thousands of individuals, with nothing to show for it but a depleted mental and moral energy, gives an aggregate that is fearful to contemplate. This wasted time, if redeemed, would go far to settle those social, financial and labor problems that trouble the best citizens of this State today.

I am convinced that I can not exaggerate the retarding and paralyzing influence of the Lottery upon the labor-life of this city. How it disinclines for work! How it leads to dilatoriness and procrastination and feeble performance and final discontinuance! In the wild hope of drawing a prize or fortune, the steady, systematic life of labor, that is the surest political hope we have, is utterly ruined.

I read once of [one who] spent the whole night in stealing three sticks of wood. He was not idle a moment, and was at it from nine o'clock at night until daybreak next morning. The result of that night's arduous toil was about fifteen cents. If he had gone regularly to work during the day, he would have made a dollar and fifty cent, with which he could have purchased a half-cord of wood, retired to rest, and enjoyed his night's rest, and kept beside a good conscience.

He is a fine representation of the Lottery ticket buyer. Verily, if all the money and time and strength that some people put into a Louisiana-Lottery-forlorn-hope ticket, that is to bring nothing but disappointment and wasted honor, were put instead into the honest, healthful, practical labors of life, into study and self-improvement -- in a word, into the discharge of duty -- the result would be most gratifying and profitable to the individuals themselves and amazing to the country at large.

**100 -- BUYING LOTTERY TICKETS IS A BAD INVESTMENT**  
**From "The Louisiana State Lottery Co. Examined and Exposed"**  
**By Beverly Carradine**

Roll back these streams of Lottery ticket investments upon the families from which they proceeded; let them go toward the purchasing and beautifying of homes, toward the clothing and education of the family, and toward a provision for the dark and rainy day certain to come, and what a change we would witness! Instead of this, the money goes to the stockholders of the Louisiana State Lottery, and today we are, according to population, one of the poorest cities in the United States.

Is there a person here who will say that if the Lottery was abolished, that the people would spend their money in other ways, and this company might as well have it as anyone else. To this I reply that such a speech is worthy of a man who is without conscience and soul...

In return for all the moneyed outlay of New Orleans to the Lottery we are regaled with the sound of a few tunes on a brass band, and the sight of a few fine buildings that do not belong to us. This is expected to gratify and



satisfy the most carping as well as the most conscientious. We might faintly hint that the tunes were rather costly when we came to calculate -- but O, just look at the houses!

I want you to see this matter clearly. Suppose that some individual should obtain from you your entire fortune, and that, too, in not the most honest or moral method. With your money he builds a beautiful house for himself. At this juncture you break out into murmuring. Immediately he calls upon you and tells you that you ought to be very thankful over what has happened. He appeals to your municipal pride as he recounts what he has done with your money in the erection of a beautiful home for himself, in the city. He invites you to educate and gratify your esthetic taste by looking upon the fine architectural proportions of his house. He does even more, and tells you that when you feel wearied you can sit on his door-step and rest; and that as you sit there, contemplating the beautiful home constructed by your money, you can sweetly reflect upon this proper and beautiful disposition of your finances.

How would you enjoy the situation? And yet this is just what we are doing in New Orleans today -- sitting on doorsteps watching the beautiful turn-outs and palatial residences and sumptuous living of a few people who enjoy their material comforts through the possession of our money. The crowning exasperation in the matter being that we are exhorted by these beneficiaries and by the Press to rejoice over this state of affairs; to consider the largeness and beauty of these houses, the architectural tone they give to the street -- and be happy!

**101 -- BLESSED WHILE DELAYED FROM PURCHASING HIS TICKET**  
**From "The Sanctified Life"**  
**By Beverly Carradine**

We have a preacher friend in the North. One day he was in a carriage being driven rapidly to the depot to catch a train. He had but a few minutes to reach the station and purchase the ticket before the express would be due. It was very important that he should leave on that particular train. Just as he had come in a short distance of the depot, a great lumbering freight train pulled in before him, the street gates were shut down and he had to wait for one of the longest trains he ever saw go bumping by in a snail-gait way. What a time for fret, what a golden opportunity for worry, fuming and general inward perspiration. He could have held his watch in his hand, and said: "Will the train never end? I will never get to the depot in time," and boiled over generally. This is what many would have done, and gained nothing in the world by such fretting except the evil the Bible speaks of.



Our friend was a sanctified man. So when the long train blocked his way, he leaned back quietly and as one box thumped by he said, "Glory." A second car passed and he cried "Hallelujah," a third was honored with the words "Bless the Lord," and toward the fourth box was propelled the glad and exultant old word of "Glory" again. But by the time he had uttered these expressions of praise the fourth time, he was shouting happy, and the carriage could hardly contain him. He got such a blessing that he did not care whether he was left or not. He obtained one of the greatest blessings of his life by saying "Hallelujah" over an obstructing train and crying out "Glory" over every box-car that crossed the track before him. In a word, he refused to fret. A charming sequel to the incident was that God delayed the express train for his servant ten minutes, so that our brother had time to purchase his ticket and get off without hurry. To sum up, by obeying God he not only got off on the train he desired, but secured also a wonderfully rich blessing in addition, with which to travel and rejoice all the evening.

**102 -- THE LAST \$2 FOR HIS TICKET TO VAN WERT, OHIO**

**From "Life and Works of Amos M. Kenworthy"**

**By Lydia M. Williams-Cammack and Truman C. Kenworthy**

Before he moved to his new home he held some meetings at Van Wert, Ohio, and stopped off and attended our mid-week prayer meeting. He again stayed at our house. We arose very early next morning to get him to his train. He was cheerful as usual. After my husband had started I called him back and said I felt that I should give Amos two dollars, and I told him to give it to Amos. They went to the station. Amos called for a ticket to Van Wert, Ohio. He took out his purse and at the same time my husband handed him the two dollars, relating my desire to give it to him. Amos said: "Praise the Lord. That is just what I lacked of having enough money to go to Van Wert; but I knew the Lord wanted me to go, and he would open the way." I never knew any other person to have such perfect faith that God would provide.

**103 -- WHAT HE DID WHEN PAID BEFORE HE BOUGHT A TICKET**

**From "Tithing, Your Questions Answered"**

**By Jarrette E. Aycock**

For many years I was an evangelist and was paid quite well. When a church gave me my offering for a revival, I put aside my tithe before I paid a hotel bill, before I bought a ticket, before I filled up my car or figured any expense to the next place. I tithed the total amount given me.

You ask, "Could you not have paid your fare to your next revival, taken out the expenses of the trip, and then tithed what was left of your offering?"

I can only answer, "I never did and I am glad I tithed it all."

**104 -- A ROUND-TRIP TICKET AND A RICH REWARD**

**From "2700-Plus Sermon Illustrations"**

**Compiled by Duane V. Maxey**

One stormy night many years ago an elderly couple entered the lobby of a small hotel and asked for a room. The clerk explained that because there were three conventions in town, the hotel was filled. "But I can't send a nice couple like you out in the rain at 1 o'clock in the morning," he said. "Would you be willing to sleep in my room?" The couple hesitated, but the clerk insisted. The next morning when the man paid his bill, he said, "You're the kind of manager who should be the boss of the best hotel in the United States. Maybe someday I'll build one for you." The clerk smiled, amused by the older man's "little joke." A few years passed. Then one day the clerk received a letter from the elderly man, recalling that stormy night, and asking him to come to New York for a visit. A round-trip ticket was enclosed. When the clerk arrived, his host took him to the corner of 5th Avenue and 34th Street, where stood a magnificent new building. "That," explained the man, "is the hotel I have just built for you to manage." "You must be joking," said the clerk. "I most assuredly am not," came the reply. "Who -- who are you?" stammered the other. "My name is William Waldor Astor." That hotel was the original Waldorf- Astoria, and the young clerk who became its first manager was George C. Boldt.

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**THE END**