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TEARS AND TRIUMPHS
The Life Story of a Pastor-Evangelist

By John William Harris
Hinton, West Virginia

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." -- Psalms

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John William Harris

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It is with the permission of Don Ratcliff, (speaking for the Harris Family and Relatives), that HDM herewith publishes "Tears and Triumphs" by John William Harris. We offer here our Thanks To The Harris Family and Relatives for this permission, and especially to Grace E. Harris and to Don Ratcliff for their communications with me and with others in making this digital publication by HDM possible. -- Duane V. Maxey, Director, HDM

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, the One who has sustained me in the various trials of life; to my beloved companion, the wife of my youth, who for nearly half a century shaved with me my ministerial tears and triumphs; to my live children who were consecrated to the Lord before they entered into life; to my ministerial brethren who are earnestly contending for the faith which was once delivered to the saints; and to Christians everywhere who love the appearing of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For the help I have received on this Autobiography, I am indebted to Dr. G. Frederick Owen, having advance degrees from Vanderbilt and George Washington Universities, who kindly suggested things which would be an improvement to the book; to an esteemed friend, L. Paul Gresham, Ph.D., Dean of Liberal Arts at Trevecca Nazarene College, Nashville, Tenn., who has helped in making the final review and corrections in this work; to my daughter, Lois, and others who have faithfully assisted in the typing of the manuscripts; and to my printers who have taken an interest in its publication. May the Lord richly reward all in my sincere prayer.

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INTRODUCTION

Life is a voyage on the unknown Sea of Time. "We spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet it is soon cut off, and we fly away," says the Psalmist. In its fleeting days, months and years, life is a moving picture being filmed, moment by moment. Each incident passes the vision, is impressed on the memory, and is gone. Remembrance is that picture being recalled in its different parts by the actor and communicated to others -- this is called an autobiography.

Three thousand years ago an inspired writer said, "Of making many books there is no end; and much study (reading-margin) is a weariness of the flesh." -- Ecclesiastes. But how few were the books in his day compared with those of our times. What would have been his utter amazement if he could have spanned the space of futurity and entered this twentieth century, "the time of the end," when great multitudes are traveling to and fro to the ends of the earth, and knowledge is being increased by the multiplied millions of books, magazines, pamphlets, tracts and newspapers which are run off the press daily, and in a few hours carried to the uttermost parts of our Globe. Then why add another book to this list, a drop only in this great sea of publications?

Time and again through these later years of my life, because of the many incidents that I have related, I have been urged by several of my friends to write my life-story for the benefit of posterity. I have hesitated to comply with these requests because of the arduous task involved in compiling facts which may be beneficial and enjoyable to the various kinds of readers. With only one object in view, that of glorifying God, this work was begun in 1939, before our Nation had entered the second great worldwide conflict. Since that time, at different periods, I have hesitated thinking to drop the task, but have been encouraged to continue it to completion.

To collect the material for this work the author has had to resort to his memory, to letters kept throughout the years and to a diary kept after entering the ministry. I have not it all times followed events chronologically, but in most instances, have endeavored to do so.

In his spiritual labors of over fifty years, the author has traveled extensively in many states of the Union in pastoral and evangelistic labors -- Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Texas, Illinois, Kansas, Virginia and West Virginia -- often holding meetings in one place several weeks at a time. I have endeavored mostly to pioneer in new fields where the full gospel has seldom or never been preached, rather than build upon the foundation of other men. In my adopted state, West Virginia I have spent two-thirds of my ministerial life. For many years we had no place that we could call home, often living in a tent during the summer months while engaged in tent meetings, and settling temporarily during the winter months in crude houses while engaged in evangelistic and pastoral labors. But in the last several years our family has been settled in Hinton.

The title chosen for this book, "Tears and Triumphs," befits one who has wept many tears in his severe conflicts with the enemy, in his travail for lost souls, and in his heartfelt compassion for those sorrowing; as well as in the victories gained through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I only hope this sketch of a life that has been spent in the service of the Lord will inspire others to "seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near." If this object is accomplished, the author feels he has been well paid for the labor and expense he has been at in getting out this autobiography.

I now have passed the seventy-seventh milestone of my life, and having completed my task, I leave it with my final critic, the reader, hoping it will produce the end for which it has been written -- to glorify God.

* * * * *

FOREWORD

"Tears and Triumphs" is a worthwhile book. It is worthy of the attention of people who remember what life and religious issues were like fifty years or more ago, and will interested in reading it if they are interested in life's long-range implications. It is worthy of the attention of the generation or two who do not remember the times dealt with in the early chapters of this autobiography of Reverend John W. Harris; it deals with most of the problems which conceal the answers to the question of whether the next generations will be better off than we are, or worse off. It is worthy of the attention of all who may chance to see a copy for the sheer interest of the incidents related in it.

"Tears and Triumphs" is an account of well-chosen experience. The life of Reverend John W. Harris has been notable in length and achievements, largely because of the reasoned and deliberate choices of the subject. It is more than mere experience only that is the proverbial "best teacher." One has said, "Experience is the best teacher, but the school fees are heavy." Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago says, "Experience without moral consciousness and spiritual discernment is chaos." Chaos is the condition in which the world has almost found itself while following principles of life that were the antitheses of those by which Brother Harris has lived out his long experience. The book teaches eloquently but simply the gospel that it pays in the long run to work hard and be good. This gospel was a bit old-fashioned from the perspective of the 1920's and '30's, but it is too fundamental not to outlive and to gain the field from the dazed thinking of that unhappy era. It is well that in the 1940's through grave extremities we have been brought to a greater appreciation for the ideals that are exemplified in the life of John W. Harris.

"Tears and Triumphs" ought to be read not only by the many friends and warm personal admirers of its author and subject but also by a great host of post-war Americans who need its message and who, unbeknown to them now, might find peace and security in the particular "American way of life" which in large part it depicts.

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01 -- ANCESTRY AND PARENTAGE

Other things being equal, ancestry has much to do with many characteristics in the human family -- physically, mentally and morally. Like begets like is a law of heredity, though for some unknown causes there may be exceptions to this. The word of God as well as science substantiates this general rule.

My lineage in Dutch and Scottish, the Dutch blood being from Father's side of the family tree. and the Scotch-Irish from my maternal side. Naturally I inherited my Father's strong, robust constitution which I never impaired by any intemperate habits, and Mother's ideals of a spiritual life. The Dutch were those hardy courageous inhabitants of The Netherlands noted for their love of freedom and national liberties. It was in that country where the reformers and Protestants had an early hold. The Scotch, rugged and thrifty, because of their natural environments, were liners of religious liberty. It was there that John Knox withstood Mary, the Catholic Queen of Scotland. Here were cradled Robert Moffat and David Livingstone, pioneer missionaries and explorers of dark Africa. Here were born Thomas Chalmer, a religious divine of spiritual integrity, James Montgomery, a poet of the church, and John G. Paton, the consecrated missionary of the New Hebrides Islands in the Southern Pacific. This Scotch blood of my forefathers was tempered with the Irish traits of character, noted for humor and religious loyalty. It has always been a great delight for me to read the history of these countries from which my ancestors came.

As this new country opened up for settlement, immigrants from these three parts of Europe came to enjoy religious liberty and build homes. When the eastern section became thickly populated many of their descendants migrated westward and settled in that part of the territory of Ohio, now called Greene and Clinton counties. Among these settlers were families named Falkner, Clark, Harris and Smith or Smythe. The Falkners took out a government land claim near what is now the village of Paintersville, Greene County, and the Harris family bought land close to the same village while the Smiths settled near what is now Xenia.

The Methodists and Friends (Quakers) as pioneer missionaries, were not slow in availing themselves of this open door -- inhabited by Indians, deer, bear, wolves, catamounts or lynx, wild cats and wild turkey -- to preach the gospel of full salvation to these early settlers and to the Indians. These religious sects were not well received by other denominations because of their zeal and strict demands against all worldly conformity in dress and living.

Among these was a young man named Thomas Falkner, a Methodist circuit rider, and his young wife, Betsy. Like the parents of John the Baptist. "They were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." The log cabin in which they lived was in the wilds of the forest near where the city of Xenia, the county seat of Greene, now stands. For a bed-quilt was hung up at the entrance until a more substantial one could be made. When the young husband was away on a business or hunting trip in the winter the wife would have a fire burning in the large fireplace to keep cut prowling wolves and other ferocious animals at night. Sometimes it would be necessary for her to heat an old bell or pan to guide her husband home through the trackless forest. One day while her husband was away a large bear came to the door, and she used a flaming stick from the fireplace to drive it away. It was no unusual occurrence to have a friendly Indian call who never was turned away from this hospitable home. Such was pioneer life.

Betsy Falkner was a Methodist exhorter and conducted religious services in the surrounding district, preaching in homes or in a stone or log meeting house. Her Bible messages denouncing all kinds of sin practiced by the worldly such as dancing, card playing, drunkenness, profanity, vulgarity and kindred evils, often drew upon her the wrath of the wicked. While conducting a series of services in a meeting house one night, some evil men determined to do injury to this handmaiden of the Lord. With this intention they lined up on each side of the path which led to the building and waited until she emerged from the place of worship. As she stepped out of the door a young man offered to escort her to her horse which was tied to a rack. After helping her to mount she turned to thank him, but he had vanished as though swallowed up by the earth. Those men afterwards testified that while the lady preacher and her escort were passing them their arms were so helpless at their sides that they could not raise them in order to strike her with the clubs which they had in their hands. Was this an angelic messenger, "a ministering spirit," sent directly from the Lord to protect her that night from the violence of an angry mob? Why not? God's Word says, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them;" "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Daniel said to King Darius, "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths."

These Falkners, Thomas and Betsy, were the great grandparents of the author. The old Bible from which this great grandmother read and exhorted is now in his possession, some of the leaves being in tatters, missing or faded with age, but mostly readable. It is perhaps one hundred and fifty years of age or more. The small "s" in it looks like the small "f".

A young man named George H. Clark, living near Lumberton, wooed and won Malinda, a daughter of these Falkners. This young couple, though very poor in the material things of life, were rich in the graces of God, being converted at an early age. Struggling against poverty they reared a family of eight children of whom nearly all became Christians in the years following. The Civil war took the only two boys, John and William, who volunteered and served on the Union side of the conflict for four years and were honorably discharged at its close. This left some of the girls to become domestics in various homes to help out in the finances.

"Uncle George", as they called my grandfather after he became aged, was a class leader for several years in the Methodist Protestant Church at Paintersville, Ohio. He was of the old-fashioned type, representing a period when piety was in the ascendancy in that denomination, especially in the country and smaller villages.

I was only nine years of age at the time of his death and remember very little about him. One of the things I recall is a tall plug hat he wore, which he would doff upon entering the house of God, and in reverence walk down the aisle to the "Amen Corner", assisted by his cane. After sitting down he would bow his head in silent prayer, then would line some hymn -- quote one or more lines at a time -- and begin singing it to some familiar tune in which all the class would join. One of his favorites was "A Charge to Keep I Have," by Charles Wesley. Although very small, I at times accompanied this aged grandparent to the church and sat by him. In holding class meeting, he would have prayer, read a Bible lesson, and after this would exhort the members to faithfulness. Sometimes he would question each member of the class as to how he had lived during the past week. If any had given way to anger or had grieved the Spirit in any way, it was publicly

confessed and forgiveness asked. This kept the class spiritual. After the class was dismissed they would quietly greet one another, then I leave for home, meditating upon what they had heard.

Sometimes I was permitted to stay all night with these grand parents. At dusk the family would gather in the sitting room, the large Bible would be taken from the tall bureau, a scripture lesson read, and then all would kneel in prayer, while Grandfather would talk to One unseen as though in the room. After this the family would retire for the night, I to sleep in a small narrow bed.

On one of these occasions -- I could not have been more than five years of age --they took me to their home to stay for two or three days. In order to employ my mind, they had me picking up chips in the wood-yard, but when night came on, and the Bible was being read, the tears began to trickle down my checks -- I was desperately homesick. Grandmother seeing the tears and fathoming the cause without my telling her, gave me a small toy table knife and said that in the morning they would take me home. That night I suffered with a severe earache, which Grandmother tried to relieve. By morning the pain had ceased.

The last time I saw Grandfather Clark, he was on his dying bed. Laying his hand on my head, he said, "John, be a good boy." Soon after this he peacefully passed away, 1879, at seventy-three years of age. He was laid away in a very plain coffin in a country graveyard at New Hope, near a Quaker meeting house a short distance from Paintersville. Not a sign was left to mark the grave, except a small wooden slab which soon rotted. Even the Quaker meeting house is now gone. Grandmother Clark died a few years later at the age of sixty-seven, triumphant in the faith. We expect to meet these godly grandparents at the resurrection of the list when Jesus collies again. I have the old hymn book which Grandfather Clark used in his class at church. The large Bible which contained the family record was destroyed in a fire.

My Father's father, Evan Harris, was born April, 1805. His people came to Ohio from North Carolina in early days. On May 9, 1833, he married a maiden named Phebe Smythe who was of Dutch descent. Grandfather Harris owned a large farm near Paintersville, in Greene County, and was nor only a successful farmer but also a school teacher and student, having a large library of choice books among which were a set of Clarke's Commentaries and a two volume set of Biblica Hebraica (The Hebrew Bible). This last, we were told, he began to study at forty years of age and read it fluently. Some of the books of this library are still extant, including this Hebrew Bible and two volumes of the Commentaries, although many of his books were either lost or destroyed after his death. My sister, Keturah Jenkins, has the old family Bible as well as the Bible Hebraica.

Grandfather Harris' home was always open to ministers and Christians of various denominations; but their discussions on the various doctrines of the Bible were controversial rather than spiritual and beneficial. This suited his disposition, for he made no religious profession, though he respected those who did. He died very suddenly one day while alone, lying on a bed in an upper room of his dwelling, no one being able to determine the cause.

This two-story house in which they lived was considered in those days far above the ordinary house, as belonging to one of affluence. The brick of which it was constructed had been burned on the farm.

There was a large estate which was to be kept intact, the proceeds to be used to support my grandmother, and after her death it was to be equally divided among his twelve living children. Nearly all of these children, among whom was my father, sold out their dowry rights to a brother-in-law in the family for a small sum. Because of the farm work and the Civil War, all of this family received only a limited education, such as could be obtained by reading various histories, etc.

Grandmother Harris was born March 16, 1815. She lived about ninety years, and saw some of her great-grandchildren. The writer, a few years after entering the ministry talked to this aged grandparent about salvation, and at her request, prayed with her.

According to the old family Bible record, my father, Euclid Quintis Harris was born June 28, 1837, at the old homestead near Painterville. He enlisted in the army on the side of the Union at the age of twenty-four, and was in the service four years, being honorably discharged at the close of the conflict. Though in several battles, he received only one wound, a cut on the back of the hand by a saber.

Mother's name was Malinda Emily, the daughter of George H. and Malinda P. Clark. She was born August 29, 1848 at Lumberton, Ohio, on the borders of Clinton and Greene counties. Her parents being in very limited circumstances she became a servant girl at an early age, and had very little educational advantages though she could read and write and had a limited knowledge of mathematics, all of which she used to advantage. One thing she possessed was a personal experience of salvation. She was converted at the age of ten years in the Methodist Church of Lumberton. This Christian life she lived through the many years to following, adorning the gospel of Christ. While she was yet young her parents moved into a house on Grandfather Harris' place, and she became a domestic in his home where she first met Father after his return from the army. Sometime after this he asked her hand in matrimony and they were united in marriage by the Rev. William Smith at Paintersville, June 18, 1866, when she was not yet eighteen, and Father past twenty-eight years of age.

Year after his marriage Father bought the home which Grandfather Clark had rented and in addition sixty-nine acres of land. Some months after this Grandfather Clark moved to Paintersville where he lived until his death.

My oldest sister, Mary Elizabeth, was born March 13, 1868. It was about this time that Father become seriously inclined toward God. His father's home and the army experiences had not been conducive to a religious life, and he had imbibed some of the evil habits of that time, one being the use of tobacco. This he gave up after a severe struggle and never took it up again as long as he lived. It was considered no wrong even by Christian professors in those days for one to take a "dram " occasionally, providing they did not get drunk, though others considered it a sin among whom was my Mother. Under her spiritual influence Father was converted, and he lived a consistent Christian life for more than a year, then gradually, after losing his experience, he began to take a dram occasionally with his old army associates, whom he would meet at Xenia, the county seat but he never acquired an appetite for it. After moving away from these old associates

to the city of Springfield, Ohio, he never again took a drink of intoxicants as long as he lived, but instead he condemned it in most severe terms.

After entering into the ministry, I spoke at times to Father about being saved, but he seemed indifferent, though tears would come to his eyes. Almost daily, for many years Mother would pray for him, saying, "Lord, save the companion of my youth." After her death, he greatly missed her, and wandered from home to home among his children, seeking consolation, but found little. He spent some of his last months in the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio. According to the family record, Father was about seventy-nine years of age when he died, March 7, 1916. He was buried by the side of Mother in Ferncliff Cemetery, at Springfield, Ohio.

I had a deep affection for my father as well as my mother. Precious are the thoughts of the many kindnesses they bestowed on me during my boyhood days on the farm, and after I became a man. In my night visions while wandering as a stranger and pilgrim on earth, again and again I have seen my aged parents on the old farm. At these time I have often wet my pillow with tears in sacred remembrance. For years I had a great fear that Father was among the lost, but while visiting my oldest sister, Mary, in February 1943, she assured me that Father was a changed man. He made his home with her now and then for about two or three years before he died, and he had daily read his Bible, even with tears. He regularly spent some time in prayer, and voluntarily returned thanks at the table. As far back as I can remember, he took a positive stand against tobacco, card playing, dancing, and in after years, alcoholic liquors.

Mother was a devoted Christian and daily lived the life, though very severely tried at times. She sought to keep peace in the home and abroad, yet steadfastly refused to compromise, even though often misunderstood by others. In her distress she would resort to the secret closet and pour out her heart to the Lord, by whom she was greatly strengthened. I often heard her in prayer talking as to One present, and not to one afar off; and when the victory came, as it often did, she would come from her prayer room praising God, her face lit up with a heavenly glow, the tears running down her checks. She was a simple child of prayer and faith, and most devoted to the Lord, seeking her children's spiritual welfare, and instructing them in the way of righteousness, by precept, and example. She placed her husband, and her children, above her own comforts and case, and was most diligent in providing for her household. In about seventeen years, she bore nine children, four boys and five girls, and reared all to maturity except one, the youngest, Nellie Grant.

* * * * *

02 -- MY BIRTH AND YOUTHFUL DAYS

I know nothing about my birth, although I have been told that I was present on that important occasion. My Aunt Mary Gallimore, Mother's sister, was the nurse at that time, so she told me. She said I came an hour before midnight, June 1st, 1870. It was in a little cottage on the farm near Paintersville, Greene County, Ohio. The attending physician was a Dr. Smith from Paintersville. I was given the name of John William, to honor four uncles, two on each side of the family tree. For a pet name I was called Johnnie or Johnwillie. While yet a babe, so I was told, Father would rock me to sleep singing a lullaby, calling me his "Little Soldier Boy." My sister, Mary Elizabeth, had preceded me by two years.

It was during the early reconstruction period that I was born, five years after the Civil War which had rended the Union. Intense bitterness was still felt by many, and it often broke out into bloody strife. Even the various denominational churches, both North and South, were rended, and the bitterness often kept out a revival spirit. But, despite the unfavorable conditions of the times, I was given a good religious heritage.

There are three distinct periods in a life -- childhood, adolescence, and maturity. The normal child naturally is an explorer, an adventurer, an imitator and an inventor. These various characteristics appear one by one as soon as he begins to take an interest in his surroundings. He lives in a small world of his own, a territory bounded by a horizon that he can see. This enlarges year by year as he grows toward maturity, and even afterwards. The smallest objects are largely magnified in the child's life, so that one in his maturer years needs to look back to his youth as through the big end of the telescope in order to keep from getting a distorted view. I was no exception to this rule of life.

My childhood days, until I was about four years of age, were spent in the little cottage where I was born, on the farm that Father had first bought near Paintersville. Then Father sold out and bought a farm of one hundred acres in the same county about one mile from Port William, Clinton County, to which we moved. This farm was partly paid for out of the money received in the sale of his undivided interests in his father's estate.

At first we moved into a small log house on this farm until we could get possession of the main dwelling, which was an old two-story frame structure having four large rooms, two above and two on the ground floor, and a lean-to kitchen behind. In the winter time the building was very uncomfortable, especially in the coldest months, because of the many large cracks around the doors, windows and floors. In the main sitting room there was a large open fireplace with a big-mouthed chimney. The chimney did not always carry up the smoke, especially in the winter season when the wind was contrary. The smoke would puff out in great clouds filling the room with suffocating fumes which would almost strangle the occupants and bring many tears to the eyes. An old log stable with a loft for hay or fodder, and a dilapidated frame barn with stable connected, made up the outbuildings.

While the land was very level and the soil rich, much of it was swampy and had to be drained with timber-, gopher-, and the ditches. Besides, some woodland had to be cleared for crops, rails split to make fences or to repair the old ones; and there were many other duties too numerous to mention -- duties that made up the life of a farmer and his family. Into these various farm duties I was gradually initiated in my youthful days.

Across the field about one-half mile away was the little, one room, red brick schoolhouse where I, as well as some of my brothers and sisters, was instructed in the primary grades. Xenia, the county seat of Greene, was about twelve miles away, and was the center where Father and Mother did nearly all their trading. Father generally went to town on Saturdays, sometimes taking Mother and sometimes one or more of us children.

Our folks attended religious services in the Methodist Protestant Church, the leading denomination at that time in Port William and Paintersville, the two villages being about one and two miles, respectively, away from our home, but in opposite directions and in different counties. Mother had her name enrolled with the class at Paintersville where her father was a class leader for several years.

I passed the days of my childhood as other children usually do. Mother instilled into my tender mind a persuasion of the sinfulness of wrong conduct and of the reward for right actions. Especially was I trained in prompt obedience, sometimes secured by the rod of correction as well as by the spirit of kindness; both of these are needed in training a child in the way he should go. Mother's early opportunities for schooling had been meager. (She reached only the fourth grade.) Nevertheless, being a reader of good books -- she owned a few and others she borrowed -- she gained considerable knowledge. One book in particular was a constant companion from which she sought knowledge, wisdom, comfort, and spiritual inspiration -- the Bible. She not only imbibed its truths for her own profit, but gradually instilled them into my tender mind also. Some of my earliest recollections of this training are: Mother would interrupt my play, have me to sit quietly in a small chair for fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time I would fall asleep. Later she taught me scripture verses which she had memorized. I was assigned small tasks such as carrying in wood, picking up chips in the wood-yard for kindling, washing or drying dishes, etc. Father also would give me small tasks. Here is one instance that I remember: It was early spring, corn had been planted and was now three or four inches high. Father gave my oldest sister Mamie and myself each a tin cup of pumpkin seeds, took us to the field, and carefully instructed us how to plant them in the corn rows. Then he left us with our task. Neither sister nor myself had an appetite for honest toil. Planting seed to our minds was very monotonous and also tiresome, especially when we desired to play. Sister being older than I went some faster, and after a few rows had been planted she showed me that half of her seed was gone. I had not made much impression on my quantity of seed. Then she instructed me in how to plant seed. Digging a hole in the ground and taking my tin of seed she emptied several in the place dug, and filled it with dirt. I was an apt pupil in learning the art, and it was not long before we both had planted all the seed, played some, and then gone back to the house. Meeting us in the barn lot, Father asked if we had planted all the seed. We told him yes. He remarked, "You have done it very quickly." but said no more. Without troubled conscience we left him and began to play, and soon forgot the circumstance.

Some days later Father took sister and me out to see the growing corn. All at once he stopped looked down at a copious patch of green plants coming out of the ground then stooped down to examine them. "How strange!" he exclaimed. Then, going a little distance farther, he stopped again at another bunch of the same kind of plants; and so on until he passed several patches. Finally he dug up a patch and we saw several of our buried pumpkin seed. Then it flashed upon our minds that the plants were from the seeds we had so generously put in the different holes -- Father had found its out. I do not remember what he did to us at that time, but in later years I was impressed with the Scripture, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Often in the winter evenings we would help shell corn to make cornmeal for bread. After the grain was shelled off, the cobs would be divided among us children and we would build houses. Soon in mischief, one would throw a cob at another's house, and in a few moments all the houses would be tumbled down.

The old flour mill with its stone burrs, where this corn was ground, was run by waterpower. A dam had been built across a large stream, Anderson's Fork, at Port William where the mill was located. To this place as a mere lad, I was often sent with a grist of corn in a sack thrown across the horse's back. Sometimes the sack would slip off the horse, while I was on the road, and I would have to wait for a passerby to put it on again. While the grist was being ground I would examine the whirling machinery and the source of its power.

One day I was sent to the mill with some wheat and corn in the spring-wagon and Mother went along to save time in hitching up and unhitching I did not put on the holdback straps. Jogging along the road at a brisk trot we came to a hill, where as we started down the incline, the wagon began to bump the young horse. He became excited and began to kick up and run faster and faster, though I pulled hard on the lines and cried "Whoa Lion, whoa!" until the beast broke loose and the wagon turned over spilling Mother and myself with our milling. Finally a man captured the horse and turned it around when again he started home at high speed dragging the shafts which were yet attached to him. Reaching the barn-lot trembling all over, he stopped at a fence where Father caught him. Mother and I walked home, not having received a scratch; but the wagon had to be taken to the shop for repairs. I learned an important lesson by this accident to take time and put on holdbacks if I would avoid wrecks. I am told that the mill dam was washed out in a flood years ago. The old flour-mill is gone but the memory of it still lingers.

Early School Days

Now a most important epoch of my life was to begin. It was when I became old enough to enter school and be initiated into the first mysteries of the three R's -- "Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic." I was now past six years of age, and my mother concluded that it was time for me to be introduced to the inside of the school room. Up to this time I had known little of any place except home. But with no misgivings I gladly went to school in company with my sister Mary and a little neighbor girl, Alice Shaw. After an hour or so the novelty of the occasion wore off, and I became homesick; besides my liberty for play was being curtailed.

The neighbor girl ,Alice, becoming sick, was excused to go home. I also without permission, started for the door to follow her. The lady teacher hastened to the door and locking it, put the key into her pocket and started toward her desk. At this I sent up a big war-whoop, I jumped up and down, and made such a commotion that she changed her mind, unlocked the door, and let me out. My freedom gained, I bolted out and ran nearly all the way home.

When I had reached the house my Mother met me at the door and inquired why I had left school. I informed her that I had no liking for school nor the teacher and had left and come home. My Mother had a keen sense of human nature, of likes and dislikes, especially of her own children and thinking she knew better than myself at that age what was best for me, she went to the yard. I do not know what botanical specimen she gathered but I know when she got through with it, that my mind was changed as to school attendance. Little by little I took a delight in going to school, generally behaved myself, and respected my instructors. Moreover, I came to believe that my Mother was the greatest mother in the world: and after these years I have not seen fit to change my

mind, inasmuch as she impressed on my teacher conscience my duty to my fellowmen, as well as to God.

The school house was nicknamed "Dogwood College," for what reason I know no, unless it was because of a woods that met the yard fence on one side and was filled with undergrowth, called a thicket, among which were scattered several dogwood trees. It was a one room red brick building. with four rooms of double seats that accommodated two pupils each. These seats varied gradually from very low ones in front for small children to larger ones in the rear for the older pupils. In the center of the room was a long cast iron wood stove with a pipe extending straight up and entering the flue in the center of the ceiling. Against the wall at the back, on each side of the entrance were placed long high benches to accommodate the dinner buckets and on the wall above were hooks on which to hang the hats and wraps. To the front was a raised platform, fourteen or sixteen inches high, running the full width of the building. The blackboard on the wall above it was the same length. A table completed the equipment. One side of the room was for the girls and the other for the boys. One thing more, which I almost forgot, was an article which seemed to be most essential to the equipment of the schoolroom in those days. At least the teacher thought so. Above the blackboard, on the wide molding hidden out of sight, was a rod of correction cut from the thickest of undergrowth.

Wherever there is a law and it has no penalty attached, that law cannot be enforced; or, if it has a penalty, and it is not executed, that law is held in contempt. The rod of discipline administered with faithful care for the purpose of correction has been a wonderful tonic in giving an appetite for "learning" all esteem for superiors, and a wholesome respect for law and order.

Breaking any of the rules of school was variously punished, according to the seriousness or the given misdemeanor. Among the common punishments were: Being made to stand on the platform facing the school and studying small boys being made to sit with older girls -- quite a humiliation: and, sometimes, being given a whipping. The following incident will show how I had one of my first lessons in the school room concerning respect for law and order.

I was in the first or second grade, and my seat mate. Mahlon Faucett, was a boy about my age, build and scholastic ability. The art of making comic pictures was forbidden in school, being considered in idler's occupation; also whispering was prohibited. Because we were sitting well to the front of the room the teacher one day caught us both drawing comic pictures on our slates, whispering and snickering. The teacher stood in his shoes over six feet -- to my youthful mind he seemed to be nine or ten feet. The criminal thinks it is an injustice to be punished for crime against society. That was my thought; but the instructor thought otherwise. Calling us from our seat, he sentenced us to follow him in Indian file wherever he went while instructing the different classes. My seat-mate obtained the place of honor by forcing me to the front of himself. There was no aisle or walking place in the room but that the teacher seemed to have business there -- and we must follow. After awhile I desired to swap places with my companion, but he refused to trade. At other times I had no difficulty in trading with him for other things; but under this circumstance it was different. At that I, on the quiet, began to contend for the second place in rank, but was unable to obtain it. The march continued until all were dismissed for play, of course much merriment was had at our expense, and it was quite a humiliation to us.

Sometime after this I was differently punished by another teacher for an infringement of school rules. This time I was involved with the same boy with whom I had trouble before, but in a different offense. The result was that we were both to be whipped. Thinking if I stayed from school a few days, the offense would be forgotten, the event having taken place on Friday evening I did not go to school until the next Tuesday. But the morning I returned the teacher invited both to come to the front and present an alibi. Neither of us could produce one. Taking down two newly cut rods from their resting place above the blackboard, the teacher indicated that I was the first to be whipped. I drew away from the teacher and so got the keen end of the rod, receiving the full benefit of the punishment. When it came my companion's turn, he had prepared against it by putting on two coats. But the teacher had him to pull one off. When he was about to strike, the boy crowded so close to him that he felt little effects of the chastisement. So it is in the life of a Christian when he has done wrong. If he will hug up close to the Master, instead of standing afar off, the punishment will not be so severe.

There were several large families in the district, so that the schoolroom was well filled with boys and girls of various ages and sizes (sometimes fifty or more), especially in the winter term. School lasted about eight months, divided into two parts -- the fall and winter term, and the spring term. At Christmas time there was a week holidays, and a vacation of two weeks between the terms, the spring term lasting about four or five weeks. The older boys and girls would seldom get started before the fall crops were taken care of, and then would have to quit at the end of the winter term to begin the spring work. Few of the older students received more than four or five months of schooling during the entire year. Because of this irregular attendance the teachers labored at a disadvantage in the country schools, many times having to repeat the same lessons over and over, year after year to the same pupils with little advancement in grades. A teacher seldom taught the same school two years in succession.

The day's session began at 8 A. M., and closed at 4:00 P. M., one hour being taken at noon for dinner and play, and fifteen minutes for each of two recesses. One of the latter periods came in the middle of the forenoon, and one in the evening, an hour before closing. It all depended upon the instructor's religious convictions as to whether there were devotional exercises at the opening of the day's tasks: if so, these would take about ten minutes. Then came the daily lessons, from the A B C class to the sixth grade. With the various classes -- grammar, geography, history, reading, writing, and spelling -- it was a full day for the teacher. Class followed class, the period for each recitation being five to ten minutes for the primary pupils and fifteen to twenty minutes for the advanced classes. The preceptor often remained after dismissal to instruct those in the highest grades.

McGuffey's Readers -- First to the Sixth -- McGuffey's Speller Ray's Arithmetic Series Harvey's Grammar, U. S. History, Geography and Webster's Dictionary were the leading textbooks used. The moral and religious tone of the readers, by that Christian educator and minister of the Gospel, Wm. H. McGuffey, laid the foundation for many noble characters who graced the annals of this nation. How many of our most excellent statesmen of the past, and other men of various noble occupations and callings in this great county can look back with pride to the little, red brick, country schoolhouse where they received their first and best inspiration to lead an upright life. through the teachings of the McGuffey reading series and the oral instructions of a practical and faithful teacher. Many of these started their business careers by becoming teachers in country

school rooms. Miss Sadie Bell, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and author of "The Church, The State, and Education of Virginia," said the high point of education in Virginia was the period when the McGuffey's Readers were used as textbooks in the public school. She was speaking about that great Commonwealth before it was separated into two states.

Education, spelling and mathematics were the leading studies, with language geography, history, and writing as secondary. Double and single slates were used with slate pencils, for mathematics, writing lessons and sometimes for spelling. To learn to write with pen and ink, several sheets of foolscap paper ruled, were folded once, bound with store wrapping paper, sewed together, then the leaves cut apart. This copybook was placed on the teacher's desk and during some part of the day he would "set" a copy -- some pointed motto or special quotation. Once or twice a week, in the closing hour of the day's lessons, all would practice writing on paper or rather try to imitate the copy set, at least on the next line below; then usually we would follow our own copy to the bottom of the page, each line being less distinct to the close. Sometimes a night class for writing would be organized and would meet once a week, when under a competent instructor, the writing would be much improved. While steel pens had come into fashion at that time, goose quills were still much used by our family. Mother sometimes sharpening them for us after obtaining them from the old gander of which I have spoken.

There were two or more spelling classes in the school, and a prize was often offered by the teacher for the pupil receiving the greatest number of head-marks by the close of the term. The competition for these prizes was often keen among three or more pupils, and sometimes between two only, if the contest was very close near the end of the term. In one instance, the writer and another classmate had secured an equal amount of marks and the last day was to decide it. Seldom did either miss a word in the class. I had received the last head-mark and went to the foot of the class. My competitor was at the head of the next, the last day. I spelled down a few and had gone up about two-thirds of the way toward the head. The last word was pronounced to the one below me and was missed, then one by one it was missed by all to the foot of the class. It was not a difficult word to spell, but the excitement was too much for the one at the head of the class, and he likewise missed it, contrary to my expectation. Then the others missed until it came my turn. Although very much excited, I managed to spell the word and received the prize. It was a close contest. This was my rival who previously had forced me to take the dishonorable place in the single-file march behind our teacher.

On Fridays, after the evening recess, the scholars would sometimes ask the teacher for a spelling or ciphering match, or the teacher would propose it. This was entered in with great zest. Two among the best spellers would be chosen as captains, one on each side; then lots were drawn with broom straws held by the teacher to determine which should have the first choice. Beginning with the best spellers the choice would continue until all in the room who could spell had been chosen. The younger pupils were given the easier words, until turned down by those of the opposing side of equal scholastic ability. Then would come the real contest between those who were better spellers, the words taken from the McGuffey's spelling book being more and more difficult. The side which remained up the longer was considered the winner; or a draw was declared if both missed. The ciphering match was one of speed rather than skill. The contest was between only two at a time, the pupil who finished his problem first and read the correct answer

being considered the winner over the other contestant. Sometimes these spelling and ciphering contest were carried on with schools of other districts.

On the playground the games were, "Blackman," "Dare:" "Anteover"; "Tag"; "Town Ball;" "Baseball," and in the winter, when snow covered the ground, "Fox and Geese." These sports at school, with the exercise obtained at home in useful occupation as farmer boys and girls, usually laid a foundation for strong constitutions which shows well in later years if not abused with intemperate habits

It may seem a mystery in this mechanical age how people were able to get along in those earlier days without various conveniences that we now have, but they did get along and got much out of life that was a source of great blessing and joy. Sometimes I think they were happier now, as the wants were more simple in those days.

In the evening, for a light, we had a flickering smoky flame from an oil lamp, often without a chimney. These lamps were none too safe because of the big explosive kerosene used; the flames sometimes entered the bowl of the lamp and had to be thrown out the door before it blew up. To light it in lieu of sulfur matches which were scarce, lamplighters were made of strips of newspapers rolled, and lit from the cook-stove or fireplace, several being kept on hand. While other homes often made and used candles we did not. Instead, Mother would twist a cotton rag and put it in a saucer of lard and light one end. Often in the winter time I would study my school lesson or read by a bright flickering flame in the fireplace.

Our wheat at first was harvested with a reap hook, later with a cradle, then with a Champion self-rake mowing machine used also for cutting hay. Still later our grain was cut with a McCormick twine binder. When the self-binders first came on farms, harvest hands said it would ruin labor, and some of the machines were burned in the fields. Many farmers said this was the limit of inventions, and there would be no greater. That was in the early eighties.

Mail was brought to the post office once every two weeks; then later every week by a mailman in an enclose rig. This method was still later replaced by a train nicknamed the Grasshopper because it traveled at the speed of eight or ten miles per, and often jumped the track. This train running on a branch line, brought the mail twice a week. It was one of my tasks to go to the post office once a week after the evening work was done. The mail consisted of a weekly paper or two for Father, the "Harper's Young People" for us children and sometimes a letter or two from friends or relatives. I had to go through a dark woods with a narrow path, and I expected at any time to meet a ghost especially if a dead animal was near the path. I would run both ways, and it was a great relief to get back safely without hearing anything more startling than the doleful sound of a hoot owl breaking the stillness of the night, or the chirping of a cricket, or without seeing anything more awe-inspiring than the light of a lightning bug or fox-fire from decayed wood. This fear had been caused by the ghost stories told to my sister and me by an Irish lady who was a tenant on our place. Upon returning borne from the post office I was well paid for the trip by getting the "Harper's Young People," which I enjoyed reading, and by the warm supper of bread and milk or mush and milk, which Mother had waiting for me.

Money was scarce in the home, because of the low prices received for farm products; and it took all that was made to keep up expense, make needed improvements, support the increasing family, make payments on notes, and to keep up the interest. Though a good farmer, Father was a poor manager, and Mother had to devise many ways to make ends meet. Our dinner at school usually consisted of cornbread spread with sour apple butter sweetened with sorghum molasses, which I did not relish any too well. I was ashamed to see eating it in the presence of the other students who fared much better. They had pie and cake and other things that I liked, and could not get. Sometimes when not seen I would pick up scraps of their lunches when thrown away and eat them. My clothing was usually made out of cast off garments of my uncles, or jean materials and shirting bought at the store. Mother was expert at needle-craft. My stockings were knit at home out of wool yarn bought in skeins which I held while Mother wound it into a ball. I also learned to knit the legs of my own stockings. Though kept busy with her many household duties -- washing, ironing, cooking, cleaning house, knitting, patching, sewing, and sometimes working in the field -- yet Mother was not too busy to take time to read the Bible, pray and even tell us children some good story she had read or experienced in her childhood days. Father was also a good story-teller. Often at night after the chores were done and the supper dishes put away, he would sit for an hour and tell us of things he had read, or incidents of his boyhood days, and sometimes stories which he made up -- it was all the same to us children. Father in my estimation was a great hero, and in my memory I still reverence him for what he did for me in many ways. Ungratefulness to parents is a gross sin. At any rate, my greed for knowledge was insatiable. I read and re-read the few books Father owned, and borrowed all I could of others to read, especially histories.

While I was yet a small lad, sometimes our parents would permit my sister Mary and myself to visit with a family named Falkner and stay over the Sabbath. These were distant relatives and devoted Christians belonging to the Friends Church (Quakers). After all the work had done and supper was over. Uncle Allen, as we called him, would get down the old family Bible. Then Aunt Lib, his wife, and some of the other members of the family with my sister and myself, would sit in the family circle while some part of the Word of God was read. Then we would kneel while Uncle Allen talked to God thanking him for his keeping power during the day and asking him if any wrong had been done to forgive it. He also asked the Lord's protection during the night slumbers. Then, if it was winter time, we would be taken upstairs where there was a cord-bed with a soft feather-tick and covers on it. Between these a warming pan had been used to remove the chill. This article was something we never had at home, for I was not raised up in softness

In the morning, after prayer, we would have hot biscuits, butter and maple syrup, which I liked, with other good eats. Then the horses would be hitched to a two-seated spring wagon, and we would go to the Friends meeting house at New Hope, near Paintersville. All would sit up in perfect quietness in the church, the men with their broad brimmed, tall crowned hats on their heads, and the women wearing their black Quaker bonnets. After an hour or so, if the Spirit did not move one to speak, one by one the congregation would get up quietly, leave the house, and return home -- a strange service to one who was raised in a Methodist Church, yet most sacred and solemn to me.

In my tenderest years, Mother knew if she kept my mind employed I would do little mischief and cause her less trouble. Like other small boys I loved to play and romp around. One day (how young I was I know not), Mother called me in from play, and made me sit in a small

chair it giving me a certain story to read to myself. Of course I desired to play more than to read. But that made no difference she knew more what I needed than I did though I did not recognize it at that time. I sat there stubborn like, looking at the paper with my mind upon play and Mother's injustice, not reading a word. Seeing this she gave me to understand that I could not leave the chair until I had read the story, and then told her about it. This settled it. I yielded the point, and soon was really interested in the piece and was able to tell her about it. This lesson of obedience must have taken about an hour; it seemed to me to be about a half day. No doubt, this method of training created in me an appetite for reading which increased through the years, as well as the spirit of obedience.

In the first years of my school life I committed to memory each lesson in the first and second readers, and most of the third reader; then later several of the lessons of poetry in the higher McGuffey's series. I also memorized many of my spelling lessons, our schoolbooks were passed down from the older to the younger children, until almost worn out. Happy indeed were we if a new book was bought to take to school. Such a book was covered with paper or a cloth to keep it from soiling, by constant thumbing, the inside pages were soon worn through. It was a severe task to keep my hands, neck, face and even ears clean for school; but Mother was persistent in having me do it by digging hard in my ears, until through self pity. I would do it myself, but more gently and without getting much results. My hands would chap in the winter time, and it hurt to have home-made lye soap used on my hands -- the same soap that was used on my clothes in the wash tub.

While some of the boys at times would play truant at school, I had too much respect for my teachers and parents to engage in such sport. Besides, I desired an education and availed myself of every opportunity afforded. While only a small lad, one day before Christmas the older boys locked out the teacher in order to force him to give a treat. But he went back home, after locking the schoolhouse door, and all had to crawl out a window to go home. At another time there was a report spread over the community that this teacher would be discharged. He was a good instructor, but a strict disciplinarian with which some of the parents were not well pleased. It was the last evening before dismissal for the holiday season, and the teacher soberly told the students there would be no more school that year, then dismissed them. But not one moved. Again he dismissed them, but all sat still, until he informed them that the school would take up again after the first of the new year. At this the tension was relieved, and the pupils with joy bounded from the room, showing their love and loyalty to their schoolmaster.

We children were not permitted to gad over the country in our tender youth, but sometimes were given permission to attend a festival for some charitable purpose, at which were sold candy, ice cream, peanuts, lemonade, etc. Each one was given five cents to spend -- a large sum for us. Having only a nickel to invest, it was hard for me to decide what to buy with it. I would stand around, looking at others while they invested in some luxury, my mouth watering for different things. But while I was trying to decide, all was sold out still leaving me my five cents to take home. I suppose it was my Scotch blood that caused me to hold on to that coin. Later on, Mother would need a spool of thread or something else, and I would give her all my earthly treasure with which to purchase it. I could deny her nothing that I had, because of my affection for her.

By necessity, I learned to be content with little. A suit of underwear for winter was unknown to me until I was about fifteen or sixteen years of age and then Mother made it out of heavy muslin. We usually had to warm the straw tick after going to bed in a cold room where the snow sometimes drifted in at broken windows or through big cracks. Food, while substantial for health, was not overly plentiful for a large family of growing children; and it was very plain, consisting of water or milk gravy, corn bread, mush and milk, and sorghum molasses, and some very sour apple butter or other dried fruit. Of course like all children and even grown-ups, I enjoyed having luxuries -- pie, cake, etc.. -- but seldom got them, only on special occasion.

As a diversion, sometimes I was permitted to visit my Aunt Betsy and Uncle Pole (Napoleon) two or three miles away and stay over Saturday night and until the evening of the next day. These kinfolk were better situated financially than we were, and would fare better at their table and in the home. Let me here relate one of these visitations

It was one Saturday afternoon that I had been given permission to visit them. Anticipating pie and cake, for Aunt Bet was a good cook and generally had these luxuries, I arrived and was made welcome with a kiss (my aunt was fond of me and tried to make me feel at home). Soon Aunt Betsy asked if I would like a piece of pie and cake. I nodded my head, for that was mostly what I had come for, though I did not tell her so. Then she went to the cupboard and soon returned with a plate containing liberal pieces of cake and pie which soon disappeared. Darkness came early, it was very cold outside, and soon I became sleepy. After having my simple evening prayer of "Now I lay me," for Mother told me never to go to bed without saying it, I climbed up on the high cord bed with its tall posts reaching almost to the ceiling. In this front room, where there were two beds alike, a fire was kept up all night in the fireplace. Creeping between two heavy goose feather ticks I was soon sound asleep. In the morning there was a bountiful table spread of milk, gravy, bread, pie, cake, etc., of which I ate heartily. Then the Sabbath forenoon slowly crept by, and I begin to have a peculiar feeling of sickness to see Mother and the others home-folks, even though there were not as many luxuries as I had been having at my aunt's. Unbidden tears welled up in my eyes as I sat quietly and listened to the old clock tick loudly on the mantel. Knowing what was the matter with me, Aunt Betsy took her aged and valuable violin, for she was very skilled on this musical instrument, and played for me some old church melodies. She made no religious profession, but respected Mother for training us in religion. Early after dinner I put on my hat and overcoat and ran a considerable part of the way home to see Mother and others of the family -- "Home, home, sweet home, there's no place like home," even to a small lad of eight or nine years.

There was a great deal of work to be done on the farm, and being the oldest boy, I was kept very busy during the spring and summer to help make a living for so large a family -- the older girls helping also. Late in the fall after most of the crops were gathered in I attended school perhaps a part of five or six months, after which I would have to quit for early cropping. Even during the time I went to school I had to get up early in the morning, before daylight, to feed and water the stock and do various other chores before going to school, many times being late; then as soon as I would get home, again I would have to help do up the night work, feeding and watering the different animals, cutting and carrying in the wood for the night, etc. Saturday also was a very busy day of getting up feed and hauling wood for the next week.

It was on a bitter cold morning that Father had me to go to the stable and put the bridles on the horses to lead them out to water. He had always cautioned me to take the frost out of the bits by blowing my warm breath on them before putting them into the horses' mouths. That morning I placed my mouth too close to the bit and my tongue froze fast. When I pulled away a piece of skin was left sticking to the cold iron. Running to the house crying with pain, I told Mother about it. My younger brother, Allen, stood at attention and listened to my story, and then went out, soon to return crying. He had put his tongue to an iron tire on the wagon and left a piece of it. Like many youths he was not satisfied with what I had experienced, but must try it for himself.

It was in 1876, when I was six years of age, that a Centennial was held to commemorate the birth of our nation. Where and how long this celebration was held I know not, as I could read only; the pictures displayed in the newspapers of the event. These illustrations showing the various colonial furniture -- baby cradles, spinning wheels, chairs, etc. -- and the pyrotechnic display, to my childish mind meant making a bonfire of this antique furniture and tossing the blazing mass high up into the air, as my sister and I playfully tossed up flaming brush or cornstalks when the fields were being cleared for spring cropping.

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03 -- LIFE ON THE FARM

A Christmas Season of Long Ago

While there were more or less humdrum life and long hours of hard work on the farm, there were times and seasons when this monotony was broken by some special occasion; especial was this so at Christmas time, when the school was dismissed for a week or ten days.

Frequently at this season of the year, the ground heavily covered with snow; in fact the snow often began to fall in the late day of the fall season, and the ground was never bare until the warm rains and sunshine early in the spring drove it away. Many times it was several inches deep, eighteen and more, for weeks at a time; one snow falling on another. "A white Christmas and a lean graveyard," was the old saying.

Christmas was looked forward to for several weeks. As the month of November came in, the weeks were counted until that gladsome occasion. The days seemed to slow down, the nearer we approached the time -- the last week and day -- seemed to be the slowest of all.

Father and Mother, one or two weeks before, had taken a trip to the city twelve miles away in the old spring-wagon to do their trading, and when they came home, secret packages of different dimensions were carefully and quickly bundled out of sight, not to make their appearance again until the occasion should call them forth.

On the day preceding Christmas Eve, there was more or less excitement among us children. The next day we expected visitors -- uncles, aunts, cousins, perhaps other friends from the town or country -- to come for Christmas Eve and remain over night for Christmas Day. These had already sent us word about coming. Seldom did we have company except some of the neighbors who

would drop in occasionally to chat for an hour or so on such subjects as the news of the day, farm work, etc.; and now we anticipating having a good time.

The night preceding Christmas Eve has finally come and gone, and we are up early to get the work done and finish the preparation to receive the company expected. "Here they come! Here they come!" is the exciting chorus of us children -- perhaps they came in a bobsled with a wagon bed on it, having quilts covering the straw in the bottom, with comforts over their laps to protect them from the intense cold weather. Perhaps some arrive in sleighs, horses prancing in the frosty air to the music of sleigh bells. These bells were attached to leather straps fastened around the horses and were of different sizes to give a variety of tones. They were considered almost a necessity to warn of approach, and besides they were musical and denoted importance. No winter outfit of this kind was considered complete without them. The auto radio of today has nothing over these little musical messengers of earlier days. Besides this, the sleigh was equipped with a buffalo or wolf robe, to keep the occupants warm.

In the country, the large-throated fireplace with its high mantel was very common because of the abundance of wood. A large back log, perhaps eighteen inches or more in diameter and three feet or more in length, was partly buried in the ashes in the back part: another smaller log was placed on top; and still another, called the fore-stick was laid in front, on the dog irons (andirons). Smaller wood was placed around these, and chips and small kindling underneath helped to produce a roaring fire which swept up the chimney in a bright flame intermingled with the curling smoke. Soon the cheerful heat was frying out the sap at the ends of the logs, while it dissipated the frosty air that endeavored to enter the room through the various cracks in the floor and openings around the doors and windows. The light from the fire, with a fitful glow, also attempted to dispel the dark gloom from every corner with more or less success, in order that the cheer of Christmas Evening should not be interrupted.

Buckets of luscious, red-checked winesaps, golden pipins or bell-flowers apples were brought in from the dirt pit in the garden, all frosty, but partaking of the pleasant flavor of the earth some of which yet clung to them. The popper was brought out and soon the small grains of corn sprang into life, filling the popper with large, fluffy, snow white corn as it was gently shaken over the glowing coals of fire. Hickory nuts were cracked and eaten. Various innocent games were played by the children -- "Puss wants a corner," "Blind man's bluff," etc., while the elders looked on to control their rollicking glee, themselves telling stories of earlier years. At about ten o'clock, right in the midst of this joyful excitement, the regrettable command was given "Children, it is now time for bed."

But one thing must not be forgotten. In a row along the mantel above the fireplace the stockings were to be hung on nails. The suggestion was given, only one to each person; but some, not contented with one, hung up two. There were long stockings middle-sized stockings, little stockings -- aunts', uncles', cousins', older childrens', and baby's." Even Father's and Mother's must not be forgotten. Finally all were arranged satisfactorily, prayers said, and the trundle-bed pulled from beneath the high wooden cord bed with its tall posts having large balls at the top. Some of the company slept in the back room. Beds being scarce for so many, pallets were spread on the floor; then Father built up a large fire to keep the big room warm, and soon all were wrapped in

slumber. Time and again in the slowly creeping hours of the night one now and then would awaken and peep from beneath the cover-lids, wondering if it was not time to get up.

I can even yet see vividly, in memory, the happenings of the few hours that followed: Daylight is now breaking, soon the patter of small feet is heard and there is a rush made by the owner of each stocking. If two had been hung up only one is full -- fat from the top to the bottom and even sticking out at the top. Then down on the bare floor or on a rag carpet, one by one the packages are withdrawn, and the contents examined. There are simple toys -- cheap but a joy to the childish heart -- useful clothing -- school pencils, candy (a luxury except for this time of year but has not been forgotten by the giver of gifts), popcorn balls, and perhaps a bunch of firecrackers. Then later aunts and uncles get up and examine their stockings, to find in them some sticks or other things of the like kind. They are disappointed until they get to the bottom and find tokens of remembrance, then there is a hearty laugh enjoyed by all present

The Christmas morning finally passes, the noonday table is spread with the fruits of the fields: pumpkin pie, apple pie, mince pie; the chicken yard has given of its abundance. An enjoyable repast is spread on the linen covered table and is soon eaten. In the middle of the afternoon the company makes preparation to leave. The horses are hitched up, good-byes are said, and the visitors take their departure to their distant homes, sometimes ten or twenty miles away, which they often reach late in the night.

But what a vacancy! All are gone with their merriment. Tears of regret dim eyes, hearts are made sad, and we enter the quiet house, to look forward to New Year's Day. It is not so enjoyable, but it is the passing day of the holiday season. Yuletide now is gone, another year is before us -- for better or worse. Years have come and since then, and many a Christmas has passed. In the twilight of Christmas Eve, memory floats back to these early years and again we live in our youthful days. Blessed memory of pure and innocent childhood.

Keeping Bad Company

One day the children in our family were given a small pup which we named Colo because of his color. When he grew up he was most affectionate. He would wag his tail and look you square in the face when he was called as much as to say, "I like you." I taught him several tricks, especially to go back into the pasture field and bring in the milk cows and horses, often saving me several steps. One morning I called Colo to go after the cows. He did not respond readily as he usually did, but came sneaking to me with his tail tucked between his legs and his head down. When I commanded him to bring in the cows, he ran to the house, nor could I induce him to come to me, though I coaxed him. I could not understand his strange actions. But we had a neighbor who kept a flock of sheep for his landlord. That same day this neighbor came over and said that the night before some sheep killing dogs had been chasing his flock and that our dog was with them. We assured the neighbor that our dog lay on our front porch at night, and it could not have been he.

A few days later we found Colo lying on the porch suffering from a shot wound. We children became most indignant that any one should do such a thing. In a day or so the dog died, and we dug a grave, had a funeral, shed many tears of grief, and erected a broad slab over the grave. Then the secret came out. Our neighbor had heard a bunch of dogs running his sheep that

same night. He shot into their midst, and Colo got the whole load of shot. It was because he kept bad company, a lesson which Mother tried to impress upon my mind in those tender years.

Keeping the Peace

Though he made no religious profession at that time. Father sought to keep the peace with his neighbors. There was a neighbor, a Mr. Jones, whose land joined Father's. From the adjoining corners of the two tracts, there was a lane, leading past this man's house to the public road, which shortened the distance to some relatives and to other places where we often went by about two and a half miles. But for some reason this farmer put up a gate at the corner. But for some reason this farmer fell out with Father, and he put up a notice at the gate, "No Trespassing." This made us detour for two and a half miles. One day some of Father's suckling pigs went through the cracks of a rail fence into Mr. Jones' corn when about four feet tall. Immediately the neighbor sued Father for damages. A committee of three disinterested farmers was chosen to assess the damage, which was set at one cent. Father gave the man a dollar. One night after this, Mr. Jones' horses broke through his part of the line fence into our wheat field just when it was ready for harvest, and did considerable damage by running through it. In the morning Father put the horses in the stable and sent word to Mr. Jones to come and get them as they had been in his wheat field and done some damage. The man brought bridles and came for the horses, his head hanging down expecting trouble. Speaking friendly, Father put the bridles on the three horses and told his neighbor there was no charge made for keeping the horses. These were coals of fire Father heaped upon the head of this man, and he had no more trouble with him.

Circumstantial Evidence

By this time (around 1885) we had overhauled our old house, changing it within and without, at a cost of over \$1,500. One evening a stranger came to our home and asked Father if he might cut wood or do some kind of work for a meal. Cutting wood was my job. Father said yes, and I was greatly elated. The man went to the woodpile, and while Mother prepared a good lunch for him, he cut wood. After he had eaten heartily of the meal, he returned to the woodpile and chopped wood until dark. That was on Friday. Father told him he could stay over night, and so Mother put him into our guest bedroom. Early next morning he was up chopping before breakfast and he continued all day, between meals, until he had a large pile of wood -- most gratifying to me. Again Father invited him to stay over the night. On the next day, the Sabbath, after having breakfast with the family, the man went to the straw-pile and, sitting down with us children, he gave quite a talk to us about wrong doing and its consequences. He told us how we should do that which was right if we would keep out of trouble. His hair was cropped close to his head, and during his stay with us he often spoke about certain pieces of furniture of the kind we had in the home being made at the State Penitentiary. After an early breakfast on Monday morning he hastily departed for parts unknown. He was never questioned by our folks as to his name or where he was from, neither did he volunteer to inform us. It was the general custom among several of the farmers in that day to entertain strangers without being too inquisitive. Especially with Father and Mother, who were very hospitable.

A little while after the man's departure, some State officers came to our home on the hunt for an escaped convict and asked if we had seen a stranger in that neighborhood. Not suspecting

that it might be the one whom we had entertained for three days, Father gave a negative answer and the officers went on. In that day a convict wore striped clothes to distinguish him from the ordinary citizen, and this man was clothed in civilian clothes.

Mother had laid her gold wedding ring on the mantel in the room where the man had been sleeping, and when later she went to get it, it had disappeared and could not be found anywhere. Then putting two and two together all concluded that the man had stolen it. For some years afterwards, we still believe that was what had happened, until one day the mantel became loosened from the wall and, when it was pulled out, the ring fell from behind it to the floor revealing its hiding place. How many times is judgment passed on circumstantial evidence which though it may seem most convincing, proves at last to be untrustworthy. Jesus said, "Judge not according to appearances, but judge righteous judgment."

Distressing Poverty

A certain family, living in Paintersville was extremely poor though not exactly illiterate. There were several children, boys and girls ranging in age from infancy to about fourteen years. Rarely has the family half enough to eat of even the most common food, and their clothing was tattered rags, insufficient to hide their nakedness. The husband could seldom obtain a days work, and when he did he received only a pittance. Why the family was neglected by the neighbors I do not know. The mother, a hard working woman undernourished as were the children, finally took sick and died. It was then that the neighbors showed a friendly interest and brought in clothing and an abundance of food -- pies, cakes, etc., -- a real windfall. A day or two after the mother's burial the food played out and the children were again in want. Those older in years gather together and discussed the past events. One said, "Don't you wish Pap would die, so we again can have more to eat?" After all, was the wish any more out of order than others have made, who were not faced with such dire poverty? Dancing

In those early days, the Methodists were positively against dancing as demoralizing, and the ministers preached against it. In the long winter evenings the young people or the community would gather in to various homes and have a sociable party which often turned into a dance. One day Father gave his permission to holding a party in our home. In the large kitchen various innocent games were played until all were tired of them and desired a change. Then the leader, a known tough and rowdy in the community suggested a game which involves dancing. The dance had just started when Father opened the door between the sitting room and kitchen and said, "Gentlemen, I gave my consent for you to hold a party in my house, not a dance." The dance stopped instantly, and the leader said to the young people, "Mr. Harris has been kind in permitting us to have a party in his home and we will respect him by not dancing." The party continued a little longer and broke in good humor though a few of the young people were disappointed in not having the dance.

On another occasion a tenant who was living on our farm announced secretly that he would have a dance on a certain night. Father did not learn of this until the appointed evening. At the lane gate he met the young people who were in buggies and on horseback, and informed them that he would have no dancing on his place. As this they turned, and going far around, thought to enter the back part of the farm to the tenement house, by opening a rail fence. But Father was there to meet

them. A neighbor, knowing this, met the crowd before they reached the opening and told them Mr. Harris was lying in wait for them with a gun and they would better desist. This stopped the dance, and from there on there was no more trouble along this line. Father never owned a gun, except in the army, for he was high strung man, and was afraid his temper would get the best of him.

Silk worm Culture

One of the most interesting as well as instructive occupations of my boyhood days on the farm was the raising of silkworms one season. Early in the spring, Mother requested the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., to send her free some Silkworm eggs and instructions on how to care for them in order to produce silk. Setting aside a bedroom, eight by ten feet, for the experiment, we built three slat shelves the full length of the room, one above the other and about four feet wide. The tiny eggs scattered out on a paper about two feet square and placed on one of the shelves

After the eggs were hatched, which required only a few days, it was the daily task of us older children to gather every morning fresh mulberry leaves to feed the worms. At first it required a few leaves only, broken into small bits, to satisfy their hunger. But as they gradually increased in size it took more and more until we had to gather leaves by the sack-full to supply the demands of their ravenous appetites. More paper had to be added also as the worms increased in size, until the shelves were covered. Their eating of the leaves on the paper sounded like gentle falling rain on a roof day and night. Though there were several mulberry leaves on our farm, they were almost stripped of foliage to feed the worms which now were growing very fat and long. After reaching their full size, about two inches in length, they lost their light green color and turned to a light yellow or cream cast.

Now they ceased to eat, and we supplied the shelves with thick brush stripped of leaves into which the worms began to crawl and spin their cocoons. In order to keep some from spinning together we had to separate them with our hands and place them on different twigs. Within a short time the worms ceased the spinning, a few at a time, and the chrysalises became still in the cocoons, now about one inch in length, delicate, silky white or cream in color, and shaped somewhat like peanuts in the shell. At this stage, to keep the pupa from cutting out and spoiling the cocoon, it had to be steamed over hot water for a few moments to kill it. This task took different days, for all worms did not finish spinning at the same time. Sometimes they would cut out of the cocoon, and emerge as beautiful white moths with delicate wings.

Whenever visitors came to see us, we children would take them upstairs to see our pets, and to our amusement they would shake and brush themselves as though some of the worms were crawling over them. We took great pride in showing how we could handle the worms with our hands without fear. After all the cocoons were gathered we had more than a half bushel. These we gradually gave away to our friends through the tears, when we found no market for such a small quantity.

Special Occurrences in the Eighties

The Comet

In September, 1882, there appeared an unusual sight in the heavens. It was a wandering stranger, an immense comet with a brilliant head almost surrounded by a bright halo of vapory mass, and a wide expanding, fiery tail, split into two parts, trailing on behind, which occupied quite a space in the skies. This heavenly visitor continued to be seen clearly with the naked eyes for nine months before it gradually disappeared. When first seen it caused much excitement of the credulous, as to its mission and meaning; and among the better informed as to its nature and composition. But after a few weeks it became a matter of fact to all, except the scientists, and little was thought of it. It was no ordinary visitor, as were other heavenly bodies, which appear periodically.

The Tornado at Jamestown

It was Sunday, about five o'clock in the evening, April 27, 1884, that we observed a dark, storm cloud north of our home. In its center there was a dense funnel shaped black cloud which reached high up, as the storm moved forward. Later we were informed that two light storm clouds had met from opposite directions and clashed; then, assuming the shape of a water spout, it moved with great fury and destroyed much property in its path. At Jamestown, about six miles north of us it spent its force after demolishing about one-half of the homes of the entire population. Four persons were killed outright and many were seriously injured. Some days afterwards we visited the town and noted the awful havoc it had wrought. In its course, especially at Jamestown, it played many phenomenal freaks. Here are a few of the many that were reported:

There was a family which had fled to the cellar for safety. A small girl looked out the cellar door, just as the home was lifted from its foundation, was caught and killed. Straws were driven into telegraph poles like nails. A stable, with a horse tied to the manger, was torn from the main building and carried some distance, and when found, the horse was still hitched to the manger contentedly munching its feed. The roof was blown off a house, and a cradle with a sleeping baby in it, was taken out of a room and carried some distance, and was found in a tree with the baby still asleep in it.

It was March 1, 1886, on a bright frosty morning when I was using the team to drag logs from the woods for fire wood. I was riding one of the horses when suddenly there was a terrific crash, like that of a heavy thunderbolt, which shook the earth and caused the horses to suddenly stop in fright. Some minutes after this I saw a white vapory, cloud arise from the direction of Xenia. It was sometime later that we learned that a building of the Miami Powder Company, containing 50,000 pounds of powder, had blown up. This powder-mill was at Goes Station near Xenia. Three men working in the building were blown into small pieces, a part of one being found at Old Town two miles away. Many windows in Xenia and other places were shattered by the explosion which was heard one hundred miles away.

On the evening of May 14th, the same year a violent storm of wind, rain and hail struck Xenia about eight o'clock and continued until twelve at night. Shawnee Creek became a raging torrent threatening the poor people in the southern part of the town through which it passed. It was a night of great terror. No one could be seen but dimly, and rescue parties were greatly hampered

because of the dark in saving the people who were caught. The roads that entered the city were blocked by the bridges which were washed out. It was prayer meeting night and several parents were attending services in the town, having left their small children at home. These parents were greatly excited until they knew the fate of their loved ones. About thirty people lost their lives that night, besides much property. It was only a few days after that I visited the town and saw the awful effects of the flood.

All these occurrences -- the loss of lives and property -- produced quite an impression on my sensitive mind of the uncertainty of life and material things, and caused me to have higher ideals in life.

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04 -- REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT TEMPERANCE CRUSADE

From the days of Noah, King Alcohol has ruled this world with an oppressive hand. It was this tyrant which assisted the daughters of Lot in committing the incest with their father that produced two of the wickedest nations of early history. It was this, which made the Israelites a nation of drunkards in the time of the prophets. It was this, which opened the brazen gates of Babylon to Cyrus' hosts on the night of Belshazzar's impious feast. Since then it has oppressed men, broken up homes, and destroyed nations. What evils has it not done to mankind

It was when Henry Hudson sailed his little bark, the Half Moon, up the bay and river which afterwards took his name that the simple-hearted natives of this newly discovered Continent were introduced to this King of the narcotic world; in return the savages of America introduced to civilized Europe Miss Nicotine. And these two tyrants conjointly have ruled and enslaved the appetites and better judgments of men.

But listen to these sacred writers: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, and when it moveth itself aright. At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night, till wine inflame them. The drunkard shall come to poverty. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, and maketh him drunken." All this can be said of any alcoholic beverage -- whiskey beer, gin, brandy vodka, champagne, hard cider or wine -- when used as a drink; and this vivid description of the inspired writers has fully portrayed the evil effects of the liquor traffic which followed in the wake of that great strife -- the Civil War.

One of the active and influential advocates of antislavery, temperance and women's rights before the War between the States was Susan B. Anthony, a teacher for fifteen years in New York. Beginning about 1852 she was long distinguished for her fervent zeal and eloquence in these national movements. Though ridiculed by many for her earnest spirit, she saw slavery abolished and the other two causes gaining favor in her day. It is said that President Lincoln had two things in view after the Rebellion: The one was, freeing of this nation from the curse of rum traffickers; and the other, the emancipation of women from serfdom, by giving them the ballot. A black African, a

beer bloated German, or a drunken sot could cast a vote, but not a decent wife of a drunken, abusive husband or a mother of boys.

It has been pointed out previously that the soldiers who returned home from the Civil War, brought back from their army life, with few exceptions, a low state of morals, particularly as pertaining to drunkenness. Because of this, many homes were poverty stricken and wrecked; wives and children were brutally treated and starved by drunken husbands and fathers who, when sober, were most affectionate to their families. Following in the footsteps of their fathers many sons also became brutal and debauched through drinking. Christian parents suffered much, especially mothers, from their wayward sons coming home in the early hours of the morning, besotted, bloody from fighting, and vomiting over floors and beds, because of the swill they had taken in the grog shops. Murders would often follow drunken brawls.

In the lowest state of poverty, sotted fathers would demand the last penny which their wives had toiled for, by scrubbing or washing for their neighbors, to keep away the ravenous wolf. Many would even sell the children's shoes, clothing, or other articles out of the house, in order to obtain the means to quench their unnatural thirst. Leading business men, jurists, and even doctors were often caught in this whirlpool of iniquity, and mortgaged their beautiful homes and disgraced their families by their intemperance.

Saloons and dramshops flourished everywhere -- in small villages and towns as well as in the cities. Many operated under the guise of grocery stores, groceries being sold in front of their establishments, while in the rear was a bar to entice customers, especially small boys who were sent for foodstuffs. Soft drinks -- lemonade, sweet cider, and pop -- were often secretly "spiked" with a little brandy, to create an appetite in boys of innocent years for that which was stronger. Pool tables, bowling alleys were in these dens of vice, while in the upper rooms were card tables for gamblers to fleece their victims. Higher class saloons were beautifully gilded and attractively furnished to cater to the more prominent men of society who tiddled only occasionally until the appetite became fixed. "The Spider and the Fly" has truly delineated these higher dens of vice. Laws were made to regulate these dramshops but with loopholes so that little could be done to enforce the laws. Even the officers, sworn to uphold the legislation, were elected by the saloon element and were in league with the saloon keepers.

T. S. Arthur, a voluminous writer and Christian author who lived in those days, vividly describes the scenes enacted and the aftermath in his stories of "Ten Nights in a Barroom;" "Three Years in a Man Trap;" "Women to the Rescue;" and other temperance stories. A picture drawn by an artist of that period gives a true portrayal of one of these places of iniquity: This picture portrays a home of extreme poverty, void of every necessity of life. There is a sick child and a mother nursing it after the midnight hour, while the father in tattered clothing is in a saloon spending his day's wages for drink. His little girl of six or seven years, with a tattered shawl thrown over her shoulders to partly cover a ragged dress, has entered the saloon door through its slatted screen. Taking hold of the hand of her drunken father, she pleads with him to come home at once to see his sick child, now dying. Being put off, the little maid goes home only to return every hour, until three in the morning, each time pleading with him to come home. For pathos this poem cannot be surpassed, because it is true to the life of a drunkard's home. It is entitled, "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with me Now,"

"Father, dear Father, come home with me, now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one:
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
The fire has gone out, and our house is all dark,
And Mother's been watching since tea
With poor brother Bennie, so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.

"Father, dear Father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The house has grown colder, and Bennie is worse,
But he has been calling for you;
Indeed he is worse, Ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
And this is the message she sent me to bring,
"Come quickly, or he will be gone."

"Father, dear Father, come home with me now.
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me;
Yes, we are alone, poor Bennie is dead,
And gone with the angels of light;
And these are the very last words that he said,
'I want to kiss Papa, Good Night.' "

It was under these distressing conditions that the Lord raised up a refined and educated Christian lady, like unto Deborah the prophetess of Israel, to combat this monstrous evil that was sweeping our country as well as many countries in Europe. She did not use carnal weapons, but spiritual "mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds" of Satan. These spiritual weapons were prayer and humble entreaties.

This woman, affectionately called "Mother Stewart" by many, lived in Springfield, Ohio, and was a member of the High Street Methodist Episcopal Church there. She possessed qualities which enabled her to become eminent in two great public crises. First, she became prominent during the Civil War, through her work of relieving the needs of Union soldiers in hospitals and in the field. She was a mother, a Florence Nightingale, to thousands of soldiers, who gave her the title which she bore honorably until her death. But it was in the spontaneous uprising against the liquor traffic that Mother Stewart performed a work which gave her a personal fame in both continents. She was one of the first women to raise the banner of revolt against the saloonkeepers, working with the gospel in one hand and the law in the other. I became personally acquainted with this godly woman while a student in Springfield. She was then in her declining years and had retired from active service.

Mother Stewart organized and led the "Women's Crusade," which was begun in 1873. These praying hands of Christian women were gathered from various denominations -- Lutherans, Methodists, Baptists, Christians, Presbyterians, United Brethren, and even Catholics. She led them out to various parts of her own home city, as well as to other towns in the State of Ohio, to pray in the saloons; and, if the doors were closed against them, to kneel on the streets in front of the saloons, weeping, and pouring out their hearts in prayer for God to put it in the hearts of the proprietors to cease their evil business of destroying homes. They even pled with the keepers in kindness to quit the saloon business and give their hearts to God. Many of these saloon keepers would hold out for several days only to give in, pour out their liquors in the gutter, and close up, to engage in more honorable businesses. A few, as might be expected, turned back again, but many more were converted to God and became a blessing to the church and society in general. The Germans, who were more in evidence as keepers of these man traps, were the most tenacious in opposition to this moral suasion. Day in and day out, summer and winter, for many months. this crusade continued without abatement. Sometimes these praying women would be treated roughly by the slum element patronizing the grog shops. They were spit upon with tobacco juice. Beer was poured upon them while they were kneeling in prayer, and they were subjected to many other indignities. But when the sons and husbands saw how their gray-haired mothers and wives were so vilely treated they often became greatly angered, and the toughs and saloon keepers would have been handled roughly if it had not been for restraining influence of these godly women who desired to win by love and not by violence. Sometimes the women were locked up in prison with drunkards, but this made friends to their cause and proved a boomerang to the saloon keeper.

These crusaders were not fanatics as some might say, but reined women of society -- mothers and wives of ministers, judges, lawyers, college presidents, and leading business men. Many were timid and reticent homekeepers until the Holy Spirit came upon them with power and baptized them for this special service. When men who professed to be Christians and had the right of franchise did nothing to stay this great evil, women without this voting power, through love, prayer and persuasion, undertook it and achieved a large measure of success.

Out of the Women's Crusade came the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," headed by Frances E. Willard who became another strong aggressor against this great destroyer of soul and body licensed by our Government. And in conjunction with these two temperance movements were the "Good Templars," the "Sons of Temperance," and the "National Temperance Association." All these various temperance societies used the Temperance Pledge, "not to taste, or handle any spirituous liquor." On those who took the pledge was pinned a little blue ribbon bow (on the dress or on the lapel of the coat) signifying that the wearer was a temperance advocate. They constituted what was sometimes called the Blue Ribbon Club, especially in the South.

While Mother Stewart was the main leader in the beginning of this crusade against the liquor element, hundreds of other talented women fell in line and became leaders of the various church societies in Ohio and in other states of the Union. The crusades were not confined to this country alone, but crossed the sea and awakened the women of England and Scotland. When Mother Stewart was invited to England by refined Christian ladies of that country, she was graciously received by the good and noble Queen Victoria herself. In her "Memories of the Crusades" in Ohio and England, Mother Stewart has given a graphic description of this temperance crusade.

In my boyhood days few farmers, especially non-Christians, harvested their wheat without having the little brown jug in the field, or at the thresher, for the hands. This object often took its round of harvesters with few refusing to imbibe. But when it was passed to me, I refused it, choosing to follow Mother's counsel but knowing besides some of its evil effects on those who indulged.

In that day a converted drunkard, named Murphy, became a strong advocate of temperance and went around the country organizing temperance workers who in turn held meetings in schoolhouses. These would have men and women, boys and girls to sign a pledge never to use intoxicants in any form except as a medicine. This promise was termed the "Murphy, Pledge," "When about nine or ten years of age I signed this pledge which I have kept all my life, and a little blue bow was pinned on my coat. When of voting age, I cast my first ballot for prohibition, although it was very unpopular to do so, and I have continued this voting practice ever since.

Let me here recount some instances of many scores which I knew: A man driving home one night from the city of Xenia, Ohio, in a big farm wagon was in a drunken state. He fell off his seat between the bed of the wagon and the wheel. His head was ground to a pulp. Another case involved my cousin, who, after being out with the boys one evening, was brought back late at night in a drunken stupor. His companions put him in a fodder-shock in his father's barn-lot. If it had not been that the parents became uneasy, and finally found him after some inquiry, he doubtless would have frozen to death. As it was, his feet were frozen until he could not wear his shoes for several months, but wore rags instead.

One Saturday I went on a business trip to the city of Xenia with another cousin. It was in the dead of winter and intensely cold. He drove his fine dappled-gray mare. She was almost as sensible as a human, and more so than an intoxicated one, for time and again she had brought her owner home in safety when he was so under the influence of liquor that he did not know what he was doing. By late evening, after he had gone to different saloons (I did not go with him), he became well tanked up on vile whiskey and beer. Finally I persuaded him to start for home. Getting into the buggy, we drove down the main street of the city. He stood up in the vehicle and whipped his beast unmercifully while she was galloping as hard as she could. He continued this until dark, when he finally settled down and gradually fell into a drunken stupor. All the while the weather was growing much colder. The lines began to slip from my cousin's hands, at which I asked him to let me drive. He had aroused, but he refused my request. Again he began to whip his steed, driving like Jehu for in few moments, only again to sink into a drunken sleep. This time I was more careful; and, as the lines began to slip from his hands, I took them and let him sleep on while the horse, perspiring freely because of the exertion lapsed into a walk. It was now about zero, the frosty snow was screeching under the wheels, and I was getting very cold. About this time my cousin awoke and wanted to get out and walk. As we were yet about five miles from his home, I begged him not to get out. He persisted so I drove on while he followed at a distance stopping every once in awhile and looking back. Fearful that he would go back to town or lie down and freeze to death as I had known of others doing I stopped, and begged him to come on. At last growing tired of this coaxing, I whipped up the mare and soon arrived at his home. When I had put the tired beast in the stable, I went into the house and told my aunt about it. She sent me to a neighbor, who often drank with him, to tell him to go on search for her son. As soon as the

neighbor was ready and starting out my cousin came walking in sobered from the walk. How he had made it so quickly I could not understand. I was more disgusted with liquor than ever by this experience.

Here is an account of an incident in one of the early campaigns against the liquor element: Some temperance ladies went to a banker in a large town and asked him to contribute to their cause: but in reply to their solicitation, he curtly said he neither drank nor did liquor affect any of his family. Besides, he believed in personal liberty; if any desired to drink that was their privilege, and it was nobody's business but their own. This banker and his wife were church members and leading citizens of the town. They had two children to which they were much attached.

A short time after the visit from the temperance workers, there was a Sabbath school railway excursion in which the banker's church participated. Bidding their parents good-bye that morning, his two children gleefully joined the party which included young people of several denominations, in a few hours the news flashed over the wires that the train had been wrecked and several lives lost. Hearing this the banker closed his place of business, rushed to the officials of the railroad company, and offered them one thousand dollars to provide an engine to take him to the scene of the accident. But the officials told him that they could not comply with his request at any price, as all their engines were in service. Almost distracted, he and his wife waited hours for a message about their two children, not knowing whether they were alive or not. From time to time reports came in of those who were dead or alive, then one that the two children were among the dead. It was a sad ending to the excursion. That morning the engineer, feeling a great responsibility for his human freight of hundreds, had taken a little liquor to steady his nerves. On the road a red sign had been set warning of danger ahead, perhaps of an unsafe bridge. The engineer, his vision unsteady as a result of the drink he had taken that morning, did not read the signal correctly, and many of his trustful charges were hurled into eternity without a moment's warning.

After it was too late the banker found out that evils which affected others would to a great extent affect himself and his home. Following a sad funeral he called the temperance ladies to his office and gave them one thousand dollars for their cause, promising that when they needed more he would give it.

Cedarville, Ohio, eight miles northeast of Xenia, is the traditional home of the "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Its author, T. S. Arthur, visited a saloon in that village in pre-Civil War days, and it is said that only the name of the county mentioned in the book is fictitious. Even in my youthful days the town was noted for its drunken outlaws who caused the citizens much trouble by their misdemeanors. Because of its historical association, Cedarville, has been for years a strategic battleground for the temperance movement. Time and again in my boyhood days I visited this notorious village. My uncle John Harris was appointed marshal of the town and thus became responsible for keeping order. The rowdies had a wholesome fear of him because of his fearlessness and strength. He used kindness whenever he could, but was firm in performing his duty as an officer. Whenever he desired to leave the town he always chose the night time when the boys did not know of his absence; for if they did, they would take advantage of his absence to break loose and terrorize the citizens. But it was in this town that finally a drunken hoodlum, Ike W., shot and killed my uncle, who had arrested him for disturbing the peace. The trial was a farce because the saloon element controlled the county and because the young man's father and aunt spent

a vast sum of money to clear him. Later the youth tangled again with the law when he shot another man but the father and aunt were broken financially, and he had to suffer the penalty. It is a pleasure to note that the citizens of Cedarville had voted the town dry -- 1947.

The Drunkard

"The drunkard shall come to poverty," says the Proverb. The truth of this text is demonstrated in the following further incident: Once while I was walking on a street in Springfield, Ohio with a schoolmate, an aged man, selling papers and driving an old pony, plug horse hitched to a dilapidated rattle trap, passed me. He had a two-weeks' growth of beard, and wore a faded, tattered suit of clothes. My companion greeted him with, "Hello Doc!" Somewhat surprised, I asked for an explanation and was told this story: A few years before, that old man had been a successful and skilled physician in the city, with a large and lucrative practice. Far and near people sought his counsel about their various ailments, and he was trusted implicitly. Then he began to tittle and in time became a confirmed alcoholic. His patrons left him as they did not trust a doctor under the influence of liquor. Through his practice he had acquired much property, including a beautiful mansion in an exclusive part of the city. In a little time he lost all this, and had come to such poverty that he had taken up the menial occupation of news vendor in order to get a few cents by which he could quench his thirst at the lowest grog shops. Now in his old age, he had become an object of pity. This is an example of the finished product for those who trust in the inspiring cup.

Bill Nye speaks of alcohol as: "The juice of future punishment; the tincture of damnation which makes the cemetery blossom as a rose; red-eyed rum which populates the poor house; a festering fluid that holds crime in solution and ruins in bulk, that shrivels a man's gastric economy and sears great ragged boles in his immortal soul."

It was during this Women's Temperance Crusade, because of the prayer bands in the various churches, that many timid women who had never before prayed nor testified in public were often filled to overflowing with the Holy Spirit and in the very midst of the greatest persecutions would sing the songs of Zion and joyfully praise God. This led to a great spiritual awakening in many places, especially in the northern states.

This great temperance wave, begun in 1873, swept the Nation from north to south and from the Atlantic to the Pacific through many years. It never ceased until county by county and state by state the ballot was taken up against this curse and the Eighteenth Amendment was finally written into the Constitution of the United States. Though the amendment was repealed some years later, the temperance movement is not a dead issue. On the contrary it is quite alive, and a thing with which our national leaders must reckon. In fact, if the many lies had not been spread over the nation of the evils promulgated by Prohibition, and if the various Christian denominations had been on the alert, it is a question whether the liquor element would have been able to get such a stranglehold upon the nation as it has. It is gratifying that again the liquor interests are gaining much disrepute because of their corrupting effects on society and especially on the youth of our country.

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05 -- SPIRITUAL AWAKENINGS

Revival seasons come and go. In every age of the Church's history we read of spiritual awakenings, either local or general, which continue for periods of sometimes long and sometimes shorter duration; then, for one reason or another, they decline in fervency, the people of God often settling down to a state of spiritual indifference and even worldliness. Again the people are aroused from their lethargy because of some circumstance which cannot always be explained. All that can be said, perhaps, is that such arousings are in the kind Providence of God who is "not willing that any should perish."

There were some spiritual awakenings just before and after the middle of the nineteenth century, but the agitation of the slavery question, followed by the Civil War, was not conducive to a revival spirit, for the various denominations were rent into factions over this question. It was in the seventies, during the great Women's Temperance Crusade dealt with in the previous chapter, that various churches were aroused to their spiritual duty outside of the pale of the church. Especially was this so in the state of Ohio. It was at the time when Aunt Amanda Smith, the colored, ex-slave, washerwoman evangelist was in her prime of soul winning; when D. L. Moody and Sankey were on their evangelistic tours; when the saintly Methodist presiding elder, S. E. Keene, traveled over his circuit preaching holiness and bidding the ministers under his charge to live and preach a holy life; and when the revival of holiness began to replace the bitter spirit of the War with holy love. In their prime were such consecrated poets and music writers as Fanny J. Crosby, P. P. Bliss, Frances R. Havergal, Ira D. Sankey, W. H. Doan, and many others who added their sanctified talents to help spread the Gospel truths through song.

In those days, the average meeting house in the rural districts and villages was very plain. Through the center, separating the middle section of seats, was a solid partition somewhat higher than the seat-backs. This arrangement divided the house into two equal parts, one side being for the women and the other for the men. At the back of the room, were two doors for entrance -- one on each side. At the front, on each side of the pulpit rostrum, were seats, called the "Amen corner," where the elders of the church usually sat and encouraged the preacher by their amens to the truth; and before the rostrum were "mourner benches" for seekers. Two stoves for wood, one on each side of the room, completed the equipment. The various Sabbath school classes occupied different sections of the room from the "Amen corner" to the rear. This is a fair description of the church buildings where I attended services when a small lad.

The pastoral circuit of the Methodist Protestant Church in our locality consisted of four points, one being at Paintersville in Greene County, about three miles from where we lived, and where I sometimes went to services, and another at Port William in Clinton County, about a mile and a half in the opposite direction from our home and where I attended Sabbath school and other services regularly. Port William was a village of about six or eight hundred inhabitants in the midst of a thickly settled farming community.

Revival services were usually held in the winter time, after the fall work on the farm was done, and they often continued for several weeks. Here is a description of one of these revival seasons as I remember it. At the time I was a boy ten or eleven years of age: As I recall, the minister on the circuit was Rev. W. J. Elliott. The fall work had been done, and I had started to

school. Winter had set in and the snow lay heavy on the ground, a foot or more deep. The meeting had been announced for sometime, and from the beginning there was a large attendance. Many, especially young people, walked to the services. Others rode in homemade sleds, on which were placed wagon beds, cushioned with straw, with bed covers thrown over the straw. The riders sat in reverse positions in the wagon bed, facing one another, with quilts spread over their laps to protect from the bitter cold. Still others came in sleighs, some plain, homemade and others, fancy factory made. It was intensely cold at night, often below zero. The sleighs and sleds screeching through the frosty snow, added harmony to the musical bells, of varied tones, which jingled merrily on the frost-bearded horses. The youths glowed with radiance, and the girls displayed cheeks that were rosy, not from artificial make-up but with Nature's beauty lotions.

The crowds increased as the meeting progressed until the large room was filled to capacity. Many were obliged to stand in the aisles and in every available space, even though several young men and boys chose to remain outside of the building talking and disturbing the services. Some of these hoodlums brought their bottles of whiskey, their long-bladed pocket knives, and even their pistols, to make them brave when they got into drunken quarrels, and fights.

The services continued for some days without an invitation to the altar, while the preacher denounced all manner of sins and told of a judgment-seat, before which all must stand, and of a fiery hell which awaited the stubborn and rebellious. He also spoke, by contrast, of the mercy and love of God toward those who were penitent. Earnest prayers of the faithful went up to the Throne of Grace at home and in the services. Cries and supplications for the awakening of sinners and the reclamation of backsliders of husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, children brothers, sisters and neighbors were heard throughout the rural community. As a result scoffers who came to the services to mock and laugh, often remained to pray.

In this church, as well as others on the circuit, there was a class of members evilly spoken of by the worldly inclined. It was whispered around that these professed to be sanctified: but they needed to be watched, for they were liable to steal your chickens, and do some other dirt. To me they looked and acted like the most godly of the church, and they took an active part in the revival services. Some of them I clearly remember were: Aunt Synn Johnson, a special leader of the church; Brother Arnold, the boot and shoe cobbler, and his good wife; Brother Mahlon Brown a prosperous farmer; Brother Bangham a farmer, whose eldest son John was my Sabbath school teacher; Aunt Jemima Wells a leader in singing; Johnny Brown, a Christian young man a farmer's son, who was active in the church work: and several others whose names I do not remember. Even Mother herself had faith in these "peculiar people" and spoke highly of them. Some of the ministers sent to this circuit preached the doctrine of holiness and some did not. As a boy, I took the conservative side and closely watched the conduct of these holiness professors. But I could find no fault with them, for they always treated me most kindly.

After several days of services had passed, the mourner's bench was filled time after time with seekers. These cried out in great distress, confessed their sins, and made restitution for wrong and injuries which they had done to others. Soon the Spirit witnessed to their reception by the Lord; and, with their faces aglow, they quickly arose, and praised God for his redeeming love. The saints who had been under a burden for them also rejoiced because souls dear to them had been saved. These new converts began to exhort sinners to repent, and even went to their friends or

relatives and begged them to come to Christ and be saved. Many sinners, though weeping, stubbornly refused; while others yielded to the pleading of their friends or loved ones, and hastened to the altar.

In this village of Port William there lived a blacksmith named Carp Conklin who was a giant in strength. He was a hale, hearty fellow whom many liked for his friendliness; yet he was very wicked, constantly using profanity, cracking lewd jokes, and telling smutty stories. He had two grown boys who were strong and wicked like their father, though they went farther than he in getting drunk, packing, pistols, disturbing services, and lighting. Carp had been a comrade of my Father in the Army (they had been in the same company), and Father enjoyed his association because they were of kindred spirits in many respects. Often I would be sent to Mr. Conklin's shop with a plowshare to be sharpened or a point laid, or to have some other repair job done.

Many during the revival prayed for this blacksmith because of his great influence in the community and surrounding district, and they even went to him and begged him to give his heart to God. Soon he became convicted and went to the altar. After several days of penitence and intercession, he arose to his feet, one night, and joyfully testified that he was pardoned, but that he was not yet through. What did he mean by that last statement? I did not know at that time, but several years later I came to understand it.

Carp was now a new man in Christ, and he became an worker in the church. He sought the salvation of the many friends who came to his shop as well as of his wayward boys. Even Father became convicted under this man's influence, but did not yield to the wooings of the Spirit. I think one, if not both, of Carp's two boys was saved in this meeting, along with several of the burly blacksmith's friends.

Three years later, Mr. Conklin took sick with some serious ailment. During his sickness, he begged his sinner friends who came to see him to make their peace with God, assuring them that he was prepared to go. Father took me to see him. A few days afterwards he peacefully fell asleep in Christ, triumphant in the faith.

This revival meeting continued for about six or seven weeks, and many in the town and surrounding country were joyfully saved. It was said that about five hundred professed conversion. But the sequel of the meeting was like that of so many others; in a few weeks after the services ended several converts became careless and, because they had do depth of experience, fell from grace. Others expressed a desire to become members of the church, were put on six months' probation, remained faithful during that time, and were baptized and taken into full membership.

My Early Convictions and Conversion

While I was yet a baby in the cradle, Mother dedicated me to God and his service. Very early she instilled into my tender mind a consciousness that the way of the transgressor is hard but the way of the righteous is life and peace. She often took time from her many household duties to instruct us children in the way of righteousness, telling us stories from the Bible, or from some good book she had read about good and wicked children and their ultimate end. These stories greatly impressed me and put a desire in me to please God. She also had me to memorize several

Scriptures which have been a great blessing to me in after years. Before going to bed Mother would have us kneel in reverence and repeat:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

While I did not fully comprehend its meaning, this child's prayer had a bearing upon my childhood life. Later I was taught the Lord's Prayer. At this time I had a childhood innocence and faith; but this innocence gradually passed away, how early I do not remember, and I contacted the moral law which awakened me to my responsibility to God and man, my conscience accusing me for wrong-doing. Here I shall recount some of the early experiences I had of inner conflicts with this little monitor of the soul.

It was early in my school life. I had never owned a pocket knife though I had greatly desired one. Once when I came to my seat at school, after the evening recess, I saw a pocket knife which had fallen out of the pocket of an older student who had been sitting there. Holding it up so that the two boys sitting back of me could see it, I said, "I have found a knife." The boys said, "You found it, it is yours, keep it." At last I was the owner of a knife, for the boys had said so. I put the knife in my pocket; and after school, on my way home, I would stop at times and cut some sticks with the knife. But my conscience was far from being at ease, for I had seen that knife in the possession of one of the older students. Meeting Father in the barn-lot, I showed him the knife and remarked that I had found it on the school ground, thus concealing the real facts. Father took the knife, examined it casually, and passed it back with the remark, "It is not much account." True, it had the spring of the small blade broken, but otherwise it was all right.

But now I was to go before a higher court of justice, one which was more strict. Slowly I went to the house, where Mother met me at the door. Quickly detecting there was something wrong (for no doubt I showed guilt on my countenance), she waited for me to explain. I took the knife from my pocket, gave it to her for inspection, and told her the same story that I had told Father. She did not look at the knife but at my downcast eyes. Promptly she inquired as to its owner. When I told her I did not know, she said with stern gravity, "Young man, take that knife back to school tomorrow and have the teacher to find the owner." That address made me feel like a thief, and when I put the knife back into my pocket it felt like it was scorching me. Now I was very anxious to return it, for I had not a single doubt as to its ownership.

With a troubled conscience I went to bed that night but not to sleep. During the night Mother and Father discussed the knife problem. Father was for my keeping it, but Mother said I should take it to the teacher to find its owner. By no means was Father dishonest, though on these minor points of God's moral law he was not so tender. Mother finally prevailed, and all became still. Early in the morning Father told me to go on to school, excusing me from my usual tasks. I ran across the field and was in the schoolyard before the window shutters were opened, for the teacher had not yet arrived. Soon afterward Frank Fisher, the brother of the owner of the knife, arrived. Quickly approaching him, I asked if his brother Arthur was coming to school that day. Receiving a

negative answer, I took the knife from my pocket and asked if it belonged to his brother. He said, "Yes, it looks like his." Then I asked if he would take it to him, saying I had found it on my seat the evening before. After he had received it and put it in his pocket, a great load of guilt was lifted from my breast and I was free. This transfer had no sooner taken place than the two boys, who the evening before had suggested that I keep the knife, arrived on the ground with several others whom they had told about it. All these began to taunt me, calling me a thief. Just at that time Frank asked the boys what the trouble was. They told him that I had stolen Arthur's knife, for they had seen it in my possession. Taking the knife from his pocket he said, "I have Arthur's knife." He put it back into his pocket without explanation. Seeing they were foiled in their aim, they turned away. It was a great victory obtained by the help of a godly mother.

Here is another incident: It was a case of tampering with the filthy weed. With two older boys, one of them my first cousin, I was sent to the woods to pick blackberries. I could not have been more than eight years of age. After we had been in the woods a short time, one of the boys took a chew of Star-Navy, gave his friend a chew, and then cut off a small piece and gave it to me. I greatly enjoyed anything which tasted sweet, and this was very sweet and highly flavored. They advised me to spit out the juice: but I must have forgotten and swallowed the most of it. It was not long before I began to turn pale in the face. The boys seeing it, told me to spit out the tobacco and run home. When I reached the house I went to the swing in the yard, and as I swung I began to feel nauseated. About that time Mother came out and asked me to go to the store for her. I told her I was too sick to go. Seeing that I was pale, perhaps also seeing the black juice on my lips, she said severely, "You have been chewing tobacco. You are going to the store for me." And I went, feeling I would die before I should reach there. But it was good that I went, for the walk helped to counteract the poisonous nicotine that I had absorbed into my system. I did not need any other lesson on that line. The one was sufficient to last all my life. Later, in school, I learned the injury of tobacco on the nervous system and never took up the habit in any form, but rather denounced it.

In the summer, when I went to Sabbath school, I would carry my shoes and stockings until I reached a small brook near the village, then would wash my feet and put them on, and again would take them off when returning home. This I did to save the shoes, for we got only one pair a year. Some of the boys in the class wore much better clothes than I did, and they often made fun of my plain, homemade garments. Of course I felt these insults keenly, though I said nothing.

My Sabbath school teacher was John Bangham, a godly young man who took quite an interest in me as his country boy, and encouraged me. Seldom did I remain for church services, but returned home. On the way I passed the home of a farmer, Mr. E., who usually spent the Sabbath day playing croquet with his worldly friends. When I reached this place I stopped and looked over the fence at their playing, for I enjoyed the game. Being invited by the children to come over and play, I hesitated at first then yielded to the invitation. Soon I was so absorbed that the time passed quickly. When I returned home in the evening, Mother inquired what delayed me. I told her I had stopped and taken dinner with Mr. E., which was the truth, but did not tell her about playing croquet. However, mother had taught me never to play games on the Sabbath day and so my conscience gave me no rest until I promised God I would not do so again. This resolution I kept for two weeks or more, returning home another way which was longer; but at last I again passed the same way, and was persuaded to stop and take part in the game. This continued until I took a firm stand and lost all desire to play the game on the Sabbath day.

Another evil which Mother cautioned me against was gambling of any kind. I was an expert at the game of marbles, though I never played for keeps. Mother had said that all game played for gain was gambling and would lead to worse evils. Through the years I have had no reason to dissent from these early teachings.

From early childhood I had a great fear of death. Whenever a death occurred in the community, I would be affected for several days, especially if the circumstances were out of the ordinary. There was the case of a farmer, Simon E., who lived in our neighborhood a mile away, and who had a boy about my age attending the same school that I did. It was a general report that this man was a thief and once had murdered a man. He was feared by many. One day while he was in the field cutting and shocking corn, the sharp corn-knife he was using slipped and cut his leg. Giving no heed to it, he continued his work until evening and went home. That night the leg began to pain severely, and soon blood poisoning set in. The condition grew worse, and the doctor was called. But little could be done to relieve his suffering, and he was given up to die. He began to confess many of his evil deeds, raving so loudly that when the windows were open in his room he could be heard a half-mile away. His brothers, in order to keep him from exposing their own evil deeds as well as his, tried to drug him, but the dope had little effect. After several days of agony both in soul and body he passed away. Just before his death he said he was going to hell and felt its pangs already. This death made quite an impression on many in the surrounding community, and evidently as a result several sought God in the following winter's revival.

Another case was that of a young lady who one night was out sleigh-riding with her lover to whom she was engaged. A couple in another sleigh began a race with them, when the horse of the first sleigh became frightened and ran away. The occupants were thrown out, and the girl was instantly killed. This produced quite a shock, for the young lady belonged to an aristocratic family.

When I was about twelve years of age, one day my brother Allen and I were playing Indian with homemade bows and arrows. As we were shooting at one another, my brother aimed at me with a dry weed as an arrow. It reached its mark, my left eye, putting me blind. My brother was so frightened about what he had done that he ran to me crying and begging that I would not tell anyone how it had happened. This I promised, and I kept the promise for several years. Mother tried to doctor the eye but to no avail. Few of my intimate friends have ever known that I am blind in the left eye, because it shows up so little.

About this time, also, because of my hard work on the farm and study in school, I suffered a physical collapse. It was a most serious malady, the St. Vitus' dance (chorea), which lasted nearly a year. During that time my life was despaired of. Before I was taken out of school my schoolmates made fun of my strange actions. In its severest stage I had no control over myself. My whole body twitched convulsively, and I could not intelligently let my wants be known, though my mind was normal. In the closing weeks of my affliction a severe fever seized me. I craved water intensely, but none was given me except in medicine. The doctor said it might mean my death, so Mother followed closely his instructions though I begged for only as much as would cling to the top of an onion. He was a kind doctor, and did what the medical fraternity taught in that day. In my feverish dreams, night and day, water was ever flowing near, but not a drop to drink. It was only by the mercy of God and through the earnest prayers of Mother that my life was spared.

One morning about ten o'clock, when I was convalescing, I was lying in bed in a large upstairs room. The sun was shining brightly through the curtainless windows, and everything was quiet. All at once a being appeared at the foot of my bed with an evil expression. It was Satan in his real garb, bidding for my soul. In fear, I looked up and saw another being at the head of my bed with an angelic expression of love. It was the angel of the Lord sent to calm my fears. This heavenly vision soon passed away, leaving me to wonder what it all meant.

In time I fully recovered from this illness, and again entered school late in the fall. I was now about fourteen years of age. During that winter a revival meeting was held in the Methodist Protestant Church at Paintersville. I attended the night services regularly. There were large crowds and a few were seeking the Lord at the altar. One night while sitting in the back part of the house with some schoolmates, I was strongly impressed to seek the Lord at the altar. As the congregation was singing an invitation song, I went forward and knelt at the bench. I was not aware of any others being at the altar. While there I thought about the boys whom I expected would laugh at me. However, I soon forgot them and began to pray. How long I remained at the altar or how I acted I do not remember; this I do know, that the burden of sin left me, and I arose with a different feeling and with a determination to serve God. Having a fear of the trial which awaited me the next day at school, because of scoffing schoolmates. I especially asked the Lord to keep me through it. It was not as bad as I had expected; and though some of the boys made fun of me, most of them did not, and I got through the day, and through several thereafter, without any severe test. God had answered prayer, Mother's no doubt, as well as my own. Early in the spring after my conversion I had to leave school and begin farm work. In the summer, after the usual six months' probationary period, I was baptized, with my sister Mary, and taken into the Methodist Protestant Church at Port William by the Pastor, Rev. W. J. Elliott.

A cousin, who was much older than I and very wicked, had a great influence over me. One night he took me to one of his friend's home. There they asked me to join in a fourhanded game of cards. When I protested weakly that I did not know one card from another, they said they would teach me. I consented and a hand was dealt me. As soon as I took the cards they burned like fire on my conscience. I became physically blind and my conscience lashed me unmercifully. Somehow this first game was over without my learning one card from another. Then and there I took my stand, and quit, never again to handle the cards except to throw them into the fire. How the teachings and prayers of a godly Mother still followed me in these great temptations of my youth. Following this trial there were many other strong temptations, which came from time to time to discourage and try to get me to depart from Christian rectitude, before I became more established in the grace of God. But thanks be to God, which gave me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

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06 -- ADVANCED SCHOOLING

The most critical time of a boy's life is between fourteen and twenty-one years of age. This is the formative period. Not only does his voice change, like the young rooster on the farm learning to crow, but also his attitude toward God and home changes. He builds air castles one day and the

next day overthrows them like the cob houses of yesterday. His ambition soars to the skies in his daydreaming. If he has become a Christian before this time of life, Satan's forces are arrayed on all sides to allure him from the path of rectitude and a noble purpose in life to one of shame and degradation. There are three major temptations which the normal youth meets in his teen age: "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." Yielding to one of these leads to the ruin of soul and body. Here is where a boy needs a godly father's counsel as well as a mother's. If this formative period is passed safely, a stable Christian character with a likelihood of permanence is usually built. It is the lack of this early character building which has caused the spiritual downfall of many a man who has started out late in the Christian life.

My life in this formative period was no exception. My worldly ambitions were high. The outlook on life was my times most discouraging for me, because of adverse circumstances. I was strongly tempted to depart from the right, but the love for Mother held me steady. My personal contact with the outside world until I was seventeen was confined within a radius of twelve miles in the two counties of Greene and Clinton. Here I built my air castles and destroyed them. Father and Mother often spoke of a larger world, and I read about it in books but had little conception of it.

For three years I had labored hard to help in lifting the heavy mortgage off the farm. During that time I had dreamed night and day about continuing my schooling in a higher institution, in order to be a teacher and help out in the finances, but now all seemed dark. My oldest sister, Mary, had been sent off to a private school and seminary, and much money had been expended upon her education. It had been hoped that she might teach in a public school and thus help the family financially. But it had availed nothing.

In 1887, during the first term of Cleveland's administration, the nation was in the midst of a financial panic; all farm produce was low in price; money with which to meet the interest due on notes and to pay other debts was scarce. A few years before, our farm could have been sold for ten thousand dollars, with less than a thousand dollars' indebtedness against it. Now it would not bring four thousand, while the mortgage had been increased to over thirty-five hundred dollars because of repairs on the house and other improvements which had been made. At this time corn, hauled twelve miles to market, sold for nineteen cents per bushel, wheat for forty-five cents, eggs sold for five cents per dozen, and other farm commodities at similar values. Father had depended on his crops and livestock to pay off most of the mortgage. He fed his corn crop to the hogs but when they were about ready to market the cholera seized them. In less than a week all were dead. Then, there was a loss of cattle, and the wheat-acreage, which usually yielded a thousand or twelve hundred bushels, was frozen out in a severe winter.

I became discouraged with farm life with its uncompensated drudgery and acquired a greater desire than ever to continue my schooling. (In those days a boy's time and wages were not considered his own until he was twenty-one.) One day I approached Father about what was upon my heart. He said, "I have no means with which to send you off to school, but will give you your time if you will help me with the early fall work." To this I consented, and after helping him to gather in the most of the crops I took the team (one horse was mine which I had purchased on time from my uncle) and hauled gravel to help in building a turnpike. For my work, including the team I was to receive two dollars a day. After two or three weeks of hard labor, during which I was

cheated out of part of my wages by a dishonest employer, I gave half of what I received to Father for debts and then used the other half for books and plain clothing. I had been taught economy in the school of adversity. Before this I had gone to my Aunt Ann, Mother's oldest sister, and asked the privilege of staying with her and my uncle. They lived near Bowersville, where there was a school which gave one year of high school work. I could assist them with their work, nights and mornings and on Saturdays. for my room and board. To this she consented. For Uncle was very old and feeble, and almost blind and deaf. I was very fond of this aunt. She had loved me from the time I was a small lad, and had knit me yarn mittens for winter and woven me straw hats for the summer. It was with joyful expectation that I launched out in a new school life where I would have experiences far different from those at the Faucett School (Dogwood College).

It was four miles from my aunt's to Bowersville. The school building consisted of two stories of two or more rooms each: the first floor being used for the advanced lower grade students and the upper for the first year of high school. Let me here give a special incident which occurred in my first day at this school:

The seats each accommodated two pupils, being of the type very common in village and country schools in those days. My seatmate knew the rules of the school, but I did not. He kept whispering to me and I replied, not knowing it was an infringement of the rules. After dismissal for dinner, he told me the teacher had called me down two or three times for whispering during class hours. Greatly humiliated, I went to the professor and apologized, telling him that I did not know it was against the rules to whisper and that I had not heard him call me down. I assured him that nothing of the kind would occur again, and it didn't, for I prided myself in being obedient in school.

It was with pleasure that I walked the eight miles five days each week, across fields and along the highway, working night and morning taking care of the stock, watering and getting up feed for them, shucking corn, cutting wood and kindling, drawing water for house use. helping to get the meals, and doing other things too numerous to mention. I studied late each night to get my lessons for the next day. The dreams of years were now coming true. How much greater are the advantages for schooling in these days than in those of earlier periods; yet how little appreciation is shown by many students for these superior advantages.

There was only one interruption in my work that winter. I took a high fever one morning while in the schoolroom and asked to be excused. Through a deep snow, I walked the four miles to my aunt's, after which I was put to bed. My mother was sent for, but by the time she arrived I had broken out thickly with the measles. It was a new experience to me, and caused me much worry. For two weeks I was in bed. Then, one morning when I was feeling well, I arose, dressed, went out and hitched up the team, and hauled in a sled load of fodder for the stock. The day was very cold, wet and slushy, and I took a relapse for two weeks. This I little enjoyed, but finally I was back in the school room again for the rest of the session. In spite of the loss of time, I made progress in my studies. I completed the eighth grade work, receiving a certificate of my standing, and was promoted to the first year of high school.

The next spring and summer, I was kept busy putting out crops for my uncle and helping Father on his farm. In the fall I entered in the same school I had attended the previous year, but

under a different principal, Professor John Thomas. (The other principal had been Professor John Sayers.)

Professor Thomas, though small in stature, was a good instructor. One day I remarked to him, "If I ever could know as much as you, I would be extremely happy." Going to the blackboard, he put a dot on it with a piece of chalk, then drawing a large circle around it as far as his arm would reach, he said. "The point is what all the most learned people in all the world know, the space outside the dot is what they don't know." Here was a striking and a very apt comparison. He encouraged me to press on, saying that I would far surpass him in knowledge if I persisted. This proved afterwards to be true, at least in spiritual things, for I discovered while calling upon him years later, when he was following the trade of harness-making, that he was skeptical. At the time he was my instructor, I had been unaware of his unbelief. I'm glad I did not know of it, for he might have unsettled me at that pliable age. During this school year, I was greatly tempted to fall from that integrity which Mother had taught me.

Though usually courteous to me, some of the students were amused at the plain clothes this country boy wore, his pant-legs stuffed into his boot-tops, and other things different from the ordinary student's attire. I gave this little thought, for I was after knowledge and was obtaining it. By assiduously applying myself to study, I was able to complete with honors this second year, the first of high school, and was awarded a diploma.

By the time the Bowersville work had been completed, my Mother had opened the way for my further training. She had become acquainted, while doing some genealogical research as an heir to an early colonial estate, with a P. P. Mast and his wife of Springfield, Ohio. Mr. Mast was a multi-millionaire, a bank president, a leading manufacturer in the city, and a large stockholder in the Crowell Publishing Company. He was also a philanthropist. Mother was a distant relative of Mrs. Mast, and she was well liked by both of them. She had visited them several times on business, and had stayed in their beautiful home. Out of these circumstances there developed a plan for me to enter high school in Springfield.

My father saw that he could not run the farm without my assistance, the other boys being too young to be of much help and so he sold his farm-machinery and livestock and leased the farm for three years. In this way, farm-life on the old homestead was broken up permanently.

We secured a house in Springfield, on West North Street, and in the fall of 1890 the whole family moved there. I was now twenty years of age. We brought much produce from the farm as well as a cow and a horse. At this time I brushed off some of the hayseed of country life -- the coarse shirt and high-top boots, but still held to my rugged constitution and the determination to make good in building a religious character. With this last thought in view, I attended the Saint Paul Methodist Episcopal Church, on Yellow Springs Street, where P. P. Mast was Sabbath school superintendent. I became a member of that church, as did Mother and some others of the family. Later I became a member of the Y. M. C. A. (an organization which at that time was doing much spiritual good for young men) and it was a means of establishing me in the things of God.

"The course of study which I had pursued in Bowersville High School gave me some advantage in two classes of my first year in Springfield, so that after an examination in those

branches I was passed and advanced to two classes in the next year's course. All the children were now in school except my two oldest sisters who kept house. I was somewhat handicapped in my classes, especially in Latin, because I had entered one month after the first term had begun. But by assiduously applying myself, with the assistance of good instructors and with the advantage of the advanced work I had taken in the village school, I was able to catch up in the various classes.

Early after the move to Springfield, there occurred an event which plunged the whole family into sorrow. It was the sudden death of my youngest sister, Nellie Grant, from membranous croup, at that time called an incurable disease. Nellie was six years old, a beautiful child with natural black curly hair, resembling her mother. She was vivacious and apt in learning, having entered upon her first term of school only a few weeks before. Though of a lively nature, she had a child-faith in God, having been taught at Mother's knee as were other members of the family. As the youngest member of the family, she was Father's favorite. While she lay on her bed with her eyes closed, conscious but speechless, Father, looked down upon her, the tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks and said, "Nellie, I will meet you in heaven." She opened her beautiful, dark eyes and looked full into his face, smiling as she nodded" her head in assent, and in a few moments fell asleep in Jesus. Her little body was laid away in Ferncliff Cemetery to await the resurrection of the just. This death, the first in the home, left the family stunned for several days. Mother's sorrow was deep, and it was a long time before she became reconciled. Yet, this tragedy was the means of deepening her experience in the grace of God. What I have most deeply regretted is that I was not as patient with Nellie, in her rollicking disposition, as I should have been and I sometimes spoke cross to her. This memory still lingers, reminding me of a poem found in one of the McGuffey Readers:

"Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain."

Naturally reticent before others, even to painfulness, I was embarrassed on entering a new school with strange classmates. This was noticeable to them, and in my absence they often discussed me among themselves. Their comments were frequently unfavorable, although one girl always took my part, so I was informed. One day such a discussion was going on in the presence of one of my teachers, when he remarked to those of the class, "Watch him, for he yet will make good."

Once when I was passing through the hallway of the school building, a young man of an upper grade met me, and seeing that I was a stranger stopped and spoke to me in a friendly manner. This was Z. Barney Phillips, who a few years later became an Episcopal clergyman and served churches in various cities with honor. In 1927 he was appointed by President Coolidge to the post of chaplain in the United States Senate, which position he held until his death in 1940. He was born in Springfield, and received his early schooling there. In this school, at the Y. M. C. A., and in the church of which I was a member, I met several refined, Christian young people who helped to give me a high ideal of Christian life and character.

While living on the farm we had heard of Halloween doings and had seen some effects of pranks that were played, but we never engaged in any of these follies. On the first Halloween after we moved to the city, there came a knock on our door; and when my oldest sister opened it there stood a mass of hideous looking beings, masked and costumed in the most grotesque fashion we had ever seen. Truly they appeared to have come from the lower regions. In fright, my sister Mary struck viciously with all her might at the monsters, demolishing their faces, riddling their costumes, and leaving a set of astonished, neighborhood young people to recover from the shock of this assault. Their faces were exposed as well as scratched. My sister was defending the children who were left in her charge in the absence of our parents. Of course there was an explanation and an apology from the young people, who soon learned that we were from the country and were ignorant of this city custom. All had a hearty laugh at the sudden ending of the Halloween party which the young people had planned, not specially for us but for others.

It was during the early part of this first winter that I took my first train ride without cost. It was this way: A newsboy on the train was running between Springfield and Sandusky, Ohio. It took two days to make the round trip. He had become friendly with our family, and one day he proposed that I make the trip in his stead. I gladly accepted the offer, and he made the necessary arrangements, then he coached me on how I should do on the train. He let me have his newscap, an essential equipment in order to be recognized by the conductor, and gave me the newspapers and merchandise which I was to sell. I greatly enjoyed the trip, for I was getting a larger vision of the world than I had been able to obtain from books. After school was out in the spring, I was given a regular run by the News Company, between Springfield and Indianapolis, Indiana, the round trip taking one day. This position I held for several days, but soon gave up for other employment.

This first year, I had taken some responsibility in helping to keep the younger children in school. For instance I secured a place for my brother Allen in a home where he could work and attend school. My oldest sister entered a business school for a few weeks and then quit to get work. In the meantime, I sold for one hundred and sixty dollars a colt which had been given me by my Uncle Charlie Harris, and the mare I had bough from him. With the money received I paid a large grocery bill which had accumulated and laid in several provision's to tide us over until the end of the school year. Thus ended our first year of life in the city. By working at various jobs during the summer months, at low wages of from sixty to seventy-five cents for a twelve hour day, I was able to buy secondhand school books and some needed clothing, and so to enter the third year of high school on the opening day. But this year was harder than ever, because the financial depression became more acute. There were ten men seeking employment for every job available. Money became ever scarcer in our home. I struggled against all this to keep in school, being discouraged time and again. The money received from the farm hardly met the interest on the mortgage notes. The tenants took no interest in keeping the place in repair, and it was depreciating in value each year. Finally Father made an assignment paying out dollar for dollar for all he owed, leaving us with nothing to look to except our brawn.

It was early in March, 1892, that I quit school to seek employment, not expecting ever to enter school again. But after working in various places during the spring and summer, I decided to complete my high school work. With this in mind, I entered the fourth year in the fall of 1892. I had to take a special test because I had missed so many weeks of the last spring term. I passed on all the subjects except two, one being Latin, which I was required to make up during the year. Though

I began on the first day of the term, and missed none thereafter, this year was arduous: the work missed the year before had to be made up, and in addition I must carry the full course of subjects for the senior year. But I was able to complete all the work with the exception of a part of the Latin course, which was Virgil. While unable to graduate with the class, I was given the privilege of making the work up afterwards, and then receiving my diploma. The class accorded me a place of honor to partly compensate for my disappointment. I did the best I could, made good grades, and therefore had no regrets.

The course in which I majored would now be considered as the first year of college work. It was to be a great help during my later years in my ministry. There were thirty-six graduates in this class of '93, many of whom afterwards making good in the business and religious world. I was told by one of the teachers, some years later that it was the most efficient graduating class that had been turned out in that city up to that time.

An example of the work which I was required to do as a high school senior might be of interest to readers of a later generation. Each student in the class was required to deliver a declamation or an oration before the entire student body of the high school. Meetings of the student body were held monthly under the auspices of the "Star and Crescent Society," a literary organization of the students, sponsored by the teachers. When it came my turn to take a part in this program, I was very fearful. Though a good student in the class work, I was still awkward and ill-at-ease, especially among strangers. The story of my first appearance is a rather long one.

In order to help me overcome my personality defects, Mrs. Ernest, who was my instructor in mathematics and a talented elocutionist proposed to give me lessons in public speaking. In return, I was to assist her in grading her geometry test papers, geometry being a subject in which I was quite proficient. My first lesson was a great trial not only to myself, but more so to my teacher. Try as I would to speak a sentence of two simple words, it seemed impossible for me to do it. The sentence was "Co Boss." an expression used in calling a cow. As a farmer boy I had called cows time and again without number, but this time it seemed I could not produce a sound. No one was present in the room except my teacher and a colored boy who also was there to take a lesson in elocution. It was quite awhile before the spell was broken and I was able to say the words. This first lesson was ended after I had repeated the sentence a few times. The lessons which followed were fairly easy by comparison with the first.

My next instructor in the art of public address was Miss Minnick, a teacher of gesture. Under her able instructions I succeeded fairly well in knowing how to handle my hands, feet and head -- this last being the most difficult.

In the meantime, I had written an oration the subject of which was "Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian Patriot." I was assisted in preparing it by my science teacher, Dr. Spinning. This oration I committed to memory. Finally the day came for the ordeal. The students of all the high school grades as well as several aristocratic visitors were present. The large auditorium was filled to capacity. All the teachers were gathered for the occasion, but when it came my turn the three who had coached me fled to the basement, not desiring to see my failure. But by God's help I kept self-possessed and went through with the oration without a break. Afterwards I was congratulated by several members of the audience, including my teachers who were told about it.

There was another incident that stands out clearly in my memory: My geometry teacher gave two classes of us an original problem in geometry promising extra credit to anyone who would solve it. Every minute I had to spare from the other lessons was spent on this problem. Few in the classes seemed to be interested: and all soon gave it up, with the exception of one girl and myself who were in the same class. There was one proof point which was the key to the solution, and this was elusive. One night, after becoming very weary in trying to find this key, I retired, fell asleep, and dreamed that I had found it. In a moment I awoke with the dream clearly in mind, and arose and placed the solution on paper, it was correct. I felt like shouting. "Eureka" (I have found it.) The next day, for the first time in weeks, Mrs. Ernest asked the class if any had solved the problem. I was the only one in the class who held up a hand. The teacher had me place my work on the blackboard while all the class looked on. It took up considerable space. When the key point was reached and passed, the teacher acknowledged that I had the correct method and said I need go no further with it. This was a great victory, and I was rewarded in my grade for the solution. The incident taught me not to yield to difficulties but rather to face them with a determination to overcome.

The Prohibition Party

The Prohibition Party was very weak in the state of Ohio when I was attending high school at Springfield. This city of about 32,000 was at that time controlled by the whiskey element. Saloons, literally hundreds of them, were set up in every part of the city. Moonshiners flourished because they were not easily distinguished from the other businesses, which were legalized. Regulating ordinances were scoffed at and promiscuously broken. Any business man who protested or voted against the liquor interests was boycotted. Preachers, church officers, and members of churches where temperance was preached regularly went to the polls and voted alongside the brewer, saloon keeper, bar-tender, gamblers and drunkards to perpetuate the business that was ruining the lives of thousands young and old. Their votes were not consciously, for the evil, but the tickets they voted carried no weight of opposition and thus really condoned the situation that existed.

In my first year of high school in Springfield I became acquainted with an excellent young man, 17 years of age, named Earl Minnick. His sister was a teacher in the city high school and was, as been noted, my instructor in gesture. As we were in the same grade, Earl and I became warm friends. I discovered rather early in our acquaintance that we was a strong prohibition advocate. In talking to me one day, he said, "If I were of age I would vote the Prohibition ticket," and then he proceeded to give me his reasons. All this impressed me deeply, for up to that time the political question had never entered my mind. The next year Earl left school to work in a printing office where a prohibition paper was published. The office was raided by saloon mobs time and again, and once the plant was burned. But the proprietor built again and continued to fight the cursed business. In time I met other prohibitionists, especially elderly women and devoted Christians, who were in the fight against the traffic.

These were the circumstances that prevailed when I became of age and had the privilege in 1891 of casting my first ballot for prohibition. My father, who was a Republican, asked me just before election time how I was going to vote. When I expressed myself in favor of the Prohibition

ticket he said, "Yes, and you will lose your vote." But I did not, for, although there was only a handful of votes cast for Prohibition that year, I saw the time come when the sentiment became stronger and stronger until the traffic in liquor was outlawed by a constitutional amendment in the United States. Father later changed his sentiment, and stood against the saloon as strongly as I did.

Vacation Work

It was when I left school in March, in the second year of my high school in Springfield, that I went to Dalton to seek employment. I was hired by a gardener, a strict German Catholic. There I had breakfast at four o'clock in the morning went to work at five, had lunch at nine, ate dinner at twelve and lunch again at three in the afternoon, and quit work at dark, when we had supper. There were plenty of good eats, but a long day of hard work for which I received seventy-five cents. As a companion I had a man much older than myself, who was very profane not from ill-disposition but by habit. I worked there for two weeks, when one day this man said, "I am too wicked for you to associate with. You have been raised better, and I am going to get you another place." He said he had a friend, a gardener, near Troy, Ohio, who needed a hand, and I could get the place. When I told my employer I was leaving him, he said, "I'm sorry to see you go." But he paid me my wages, and I was soon employed by the Troy gardener, Newton Ryan, at fifteen dollars a month and keep. It was a much better place.

While working at this new job, I attended Sabbath school at the Troy Methodist Episcopal Church where Miss Vina Dickey was my teacher. She was a devoted Christian lady, ten years my senior. It was her influence which kept me out of the snare of the devil, during the period when I was greatly tempted to give up.

Mr. Ryan lived near the fairgrounds where horses were trained for the race track. He had a horse that was bony and very ugly in appearance, which was called "Old Dock." He was a slow-poke, when being worked on the farm, and nothing seemed to induce him to get out of a snail-pace. One day my employer asked me to hitch Dock to the buggy and take a trip to town on some business. After transacting the business, and while I was driving down a street on the way home, two young men driving a spirited steed hitched to a fine buggy tried to pass me, both laughing at the ugly nag I was driving. "Old Dock" seemed to resent this, and lifting up his head and tail with pride he began to reach out his long legs and refused to let the other horse pass him, though the young men urged their steed to a very fast gait. I pulled on the lines to slow my horse down, and said, "Whoa, Dock, whoa, Dock," but the more I pulled on the lines, the faster he went, leaving the others behind. I was greatly frightened at this burst of speed and wondered how I would get him to stop; but when I reached the barnyard gate the horse stopped of his own accord and was as slow as before. When I told my experience to my employer, he laughed and said that Old Dock was a retired race horse and had thought that I wanted a race with the young men. When I pulled on the lines and said, "Whoa," he thought I wanted him to go faster, for that was the way he had been trained. Although he had been retired from the race track for some years, he had not lost his habit of former years. In the same way boys and girls form habits either good or bad, in early life that often bless or curse them as long as they live.

A Haughty Spirit

After leaving Troy, I went back to Springfield and secured work on a large farm about three miles from town, where at first I helped at harvesting hay at one dollar a day. When the hay season ended, the man kept me for other work at seventy-five cents a day. This farmer, Mr. J., was a true Christian, as was also his wife. He owned a large grocery, in Springfield, in which he refused to sell tobacco. He also had a dairy. Later I discovered that he and his wife were members of the Saint Paul Church where I had my membership.

While I was working for this farmer I said very little about myself, keeping incognito to his family, who addressed me by my first name. Mrs. J., was a motherly lady. and the oldest boy, some younger than myself, was chummy: but the daughter, about seventeen years of age, was haughty and many times spoke very discourteously to me, because I was a hired hand, ordering me around. She clerked in her father's store in the city daily taking the milk from the farm there. One evening she had a social entertainment for some of her friends from the city, some of whom were my high school classmates. While they were in the midst of their enjoyment, her brother and I kept in the dark with our work-clothes on, for I had no better clothes there, and he desired to keep me company. Not aware that I was acquainted with several, he bantered me to go in dressed as we were. At first I objected, but finally consented. His sister was greatly mortified at our appearance, and more so when my classmates greeted me most courteously without an introduction, calling me Mr. Harris. It was then for the first time that the family knew I was a senior high school student, a classmate of their acquaintances, and a member of Saint Paul Methodist Episcopal Church to which some of the family belonged. The girl was quite humiliated, knowing how she had snubbed me time and again. Her father and mother both seemed to enjoy their daughter's discomfiture, for they had at all times shown me Christian courtesy, and her brother had a good laugh at his sister's expense. From then on, until I left, she showed me more respect. "A haughty spirit goeth before a fall," says the Proverbs.

A Visitor

A memorable incident was a visit, one evening, from an old friend, Kingsley J., from near Bowersville. I had become acquainted with him while in school there. We would often walk part of the way home from school together talking of our aspirations and Christian experiences. I had greatly admired him for his manliness and his Christian devotion. His father's farm was not very far from ours, and from early boyhood I had heard how his parents had brought up their children in the fear of God, taking them to church regularly and instructing them in the way they should go. This young man had been truly converted. Both Father and Mother spoke highly of his family, though many of the worldly neighbors did not appreciate their high standards of living. He was now a tall portly, well-dressed young man, affable, and very different in manner from the reticence he had shown when we went to school together. I anticipated a renewal of our friendship but was disappointed. His conversation was filled with disgusting jokes and idle stories. He said that he and his father had quit farming and gone out traveling, selling different kinds of medicines for various ailments, and lotions for various household uses. His mother stayed home and mixed the drugs which they peddled. From poverty they were rapidly increasing in wealth, buying many acres of farmland, and accumulating hundreds of dollars in the bank.

His flow of voluble language continued at length until I suddenly interrupted him by asking, "But, Kingsley, how is it with your soul? How about your Christian life?" To this he replied, "I

have quit that foolishness long ago." That was enough for me. From then on until he left, early the next morning, I bore with him and he with me. How disappointed I was, having expected better things of him. I felt I would be contented to remain in poverty the rest of my days, with Christ in my life, rather than have the riches which he said he possessed and lose my soul eternally. This terminated a beautiful friendship with one whom I almost envied in former years because of his modest Christian character. Some years afterward, when I had become a minister, I was told by one of his kinfolk that his mother had died of the poisons in the drugs which she mixed; the father had died leaving no hope of his having been saved; and Kingsley had become a scoffing skeptic. What a sad ending for a promising Christian family, all because of the allurements of filthy lucre. How many times the Word of God has warned us against "the deceitfulness of riches," and yet how few take heed when the opportunity for worldly gain is presented.

Who's Who

Father was a great reader of history, perhaps imbibing that trait of character from his father. From my earliest recollections he tried to implant this same desire into his eldest son, often sitting by the fireside of a winter evening after the chores were done, spinning stories of various historical events he had read of, or occurrences that had transpired while he was in the Army.

There were very few books in our home; and the most of these were histories. These I read with avidity when old enough, and often borrowed some from neighbors to read. When I was about fifteen years of age father purchased a four volume set of "Rollin's Ancient History", and a six volume set of "Gibbon's Decline and Downfall of the Roman Empire," by Milman. These father said I could have if I would read them through. This I did in a little over a year, and not only obtained these valuable books as heirlooms, but also a general historical knowledge of nations which lived during Bible days and the early church, thus laying a good foundation for Bible research, especially on the prophecies, after entering the ministry. I still have in my library nine of these historical volumes, one being lost in my having no certain place to dwell for several years.

While yet a student in the high school at Springfield an elderly man stopped me on the street and introduced himself as Howe, the author of "Historical Collections of Ohio," two volumes, (a general Encyclopedia of the State). The man had a pleasant face, thick gray beard, and a heavy head of hair, fleecy white, and hanging down on his shoulders in wavelets. I had never heard of this valuable history of early Ohio and therefore did not appreciate meeting its author, Henry Howe, LL.D., who was at that time about seventy-five years of age, as I later regretted when I sketched the book.

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07 -- BUSINESS LIFE VERSUS MINISTERIAL CALL

In the closing weeks of my last year of school in Springfield, I was employed intermittently by a neighbor, Mr. Clark, to address envelopes and fold circulars at a set price per thousand. This with other odd jobs I picked up helped me to end the term on a sound financial basis. Positions were difficult to secure and in most instances wages were small, for the whole country was still in a critical financial condition.

Some time after school closed, Mr. Clark came and asked if I would take a job as office boy in his business at five dollars a week. The firm was called "The Clark Fluid Co." It was not to my liking for it was engaged in selling embalming fluids and instruments. I took the position, however, intending to give it up when I could find something better.

I had always had a great fear of a dead body, especially at night. When I lived on the farm, the carcass of a dead hog, horse, or cow was sure to give me the creeps, if I were alone. To attend a funeral and see even the coffin would so impress my mind that I would fear for days afterwards. At night I would imagine I could see it. This was real torment, but I refused to let my fears be known to others. I did not believe in ghosts, but out alone after dark I was constantly expecting to see one, especially if I had to go near the place where a person had died or to pass a graveyard. I still retained this fear to some degree when I went to my new job. I was always conscious of the relationship between the fluids which I handled and the dead. Besides Professor Clark, my employer, who was a teacher of embalming and held schools for undertakers over the country, had published a textbook with illustrations which were not calculated to allay my fears. Not until I attended a series of his lectures, during the second year that I was with him, did this tormenting fear cease and never return. My lessons in embalming, which involved handling a corpse at last served to counteract permanently the effects of the ghost stories I had heard as a boy and of the beliefs, current at the time, that the dead came back to the earth to haunt mortals.

My chief duty at Clark's was to keep the office tidy and to do any odd jobs that came to hand. Since I had some idle time, it was suggested to me by Mr. Espy, a partner of Professor Clark in the business, that I take double entry bookkeeping. He volunteered to instruct me and, in turn, I assisted him in making the embalming fluids and learned the secret formulas besides several other useful facts about business life.

Soon after this, Mr. Clark bought out his partner, Mr. Espy, and I was advanced to more responsibilities with increased pay; later I was placed in charge of the accounts for the entire business with a further advance in salary. By the end of the first year I was getting nine dollars per week, a goodly sum for those times and for one of my ability. At the beginning of the second year I was placed in full charge of the business, as general manager, at six hundred dollars per year.

My aspirations for money and honor now began to soar. I did not forget my parents' needs, however, but supplied them as I could, helping also my younger brothers and sisters to stay in school. I lived in strict economy, denying myself of many things that are considered necessary today. I spent all I made on the household, with the exception of a small portion which I put in the bank. Even at this time I saved out one tenth of my income, reserving it for a cause which I believed to be the Lord's work. My whole thought here was to redeem the old homestead in the country so that my parents might spend their last days there.

At no time during these years of schooling and early business life in the city did I forget God, though at times, like Peter, I followed Jesus afar off. Still I did not deny him, but attended regularly the Y. M. C. A. Bible classes and various religious services in my own church.

After entering the business life, I was asked by the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. to engage in jail visitation and, in company with other Christian young men, to visit the various saloons in the city, passing tracts and inviting men to the Sabbath services held at the Y. M. C.A. This helped me greatly in my own Christian life.

It was in one of these Sabbath services in the jail that a young man from the country, who had been locked up the day before for some serious offense, disturbed our services by ribald laughter, stamping on the floor, and making other loud noises. It seemed to amuse him to think a religious service was being held in a jail. He thought that services of this kind were held only in a church building, and these he never attended. But two weeks of incarceration broke this scoffing spirit, so that at the next meeting when the prisoners were asked to meet together and hear the Gospel this young man was the first to respond to the invitation. He listened attentively while a song was being sung and prayer offered for sinners. While I talked to the prisoners the tears coursed down his cheeks, and at the close of the service he requested prayer, saying he desired to get right with God. Several other incidents of like nature occurred while I was engaged in this type of spiritual ministrations, and these helped to pave the way for my future calling.

About this time, 1894, our church took over the supervision of a hotel at a Methodist camp meeting held on the Urbana, Ohio, camp grounds. The Rev. Sam Jones was secured as the evangelist for the meeting. I was very, anxious for an opportunity to hear this noted evangelist, then in his prime, and so was glad when my church selected me as night watchman for the hotel. As I remember him he was tall and slim in stature and unique in his mannerisms. He handled the sin question with ungloved hands, often with severity, many times arousing church professors to great wrath because of his plainness of speech. His gospel messages were mixed with one incident following another, holding the attention of his hearers continuously. Much good spiritually was done in this camp meeting at Urbana, and several church members were aroused to their duty to God and man, myself included.

The Saint Paul Methodist Episcopal Church had a membership of about thirteen hundred, but not many of this vast number attended services regularly. Still fewer were attracted to the midweek prayer meeting, which was held in the basement, and it is my observation that the prayer services show the spiritual temperature of a church.

One of the noted providences which came across my Christian life at this time was a series of revival services conducted in our formal, aristocratic church by Miss Anna Cartwright, granddaughter of that unique itinerant preacher of early Methodism, Peter Cartwright. This lady evangelist was secured by the church because of her close relationship to the noted pioneer preacher. It was thought that she would be a drawing card; and she was, but a stronger one than many expected.

Miss Cartwright talked with the unction of the Spirit, and soon several of the members, among them prominent business men of the city, began to go to the altar seeking a personal experience of salvation. Of course this stirred up opposition, and it was intimated that some who professed to get saved or sanctified in the meeting were going crazy over religion. Admittedly, it made a radical change in their Christian deportment. The meeting made a deep impression on me at

the time, and I took a stronger hold on God. This revival, to my best recollection, took place in the winter of 1894.

Dr. Brown, a member of the church and a druggist, was joyfully converted and sanctified, and began to hold cottage meetings wherever there was an open door. Mother and I attended these meetings. Presently, a report began to be circulated that Mr. Brown was not mentally strong and was liable to go crazy at any time. Another convert was an elderly man who made his living by pushing a cart along the streets buying up old rags, iron, and bones. He was looked upon with contempt because of his lowly occupation; but later it was discovered that he had considerable wealth and despite his lowly bearing exhibited many qualities of refinement. It is not always true that a man may be judged by the clothes he wears or the occupation he follows.

In the year 1895 I became acquainted with a young man named White, who was a skeptic. I became greatly attached to him, and was solicitous for his salvation. I often talked to him on the street until midnight, but only to receive a response of skeptical doubts. However, he seemed honestly to desire to know the truth. After I had endeavored for some weeks to win him to Christ, he bade me farewell one night, saying that his family was moving to Indiana, and that he was going with them. It seemed that all my efforts were in vain. However, a few weeks later the young man wrote me a letter stating he had been truly converted and was going into the ministry. He thanked me for my persistent concern for his soul's welfare, giving me credit for leading him to Christ. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." -- Psalm 126:5, 6.

An important event and memorable occurrence of my life was a brief union meeting, sponsored by some of the churches of the city, for which D. L. Moody was the evangelist. The services were held in the large city hall. As a member of the Y. M. C. A., I was appointed an usher, and was placed in a position of advantage where I could clearly see and hear this noted speaker. At an early hour the streets were filled for a square or more in every direction from the hall with people waiting for the doors to be unlocked. In a few minutes after the opening, the vast crowd filled every space, gallery and all, leaving not even standing room. Several hundred were sent to a nearby church, which took care of the overflow crowd. Soon I saw a portly, plainly-dressed man go to the platform. It was Mr. Moody, the lay evangelist who had won thousands of sinners to Christ by his messages of redeeming love. In reverence to the One he served, he knelt at a chair several minutes while the vast audience was still as death. Then the great choir accompanied by the congregation sang a familiar song. A prayer was offered up by one of the ministers of the city, then this man of God stepped forward and delivered a simple message of salvation. He spoke so low that one had to give close attention to hear what he said. His message was spoken in the Spirit from a heart filled with love for mankind. It was not so much what he said, but the spirit in which he said it that won my heart as well as many others. Into my hungry soul there came a desire for a deeper experience, and a higher, more victorious way of life, though at that time I knew not what it was. Through the passing years I maintained such a high regard for this man of God that it was a great force toward spiritual stability and aspirations. My esteem for him, I showed by naming my first-born son "Dwight." I thank God for the privilege of having met and heard such servants of God as, Moody, J. Wilbur Chapman, DeWitt Talmage, Sam Jones, Aunt Amanda Smith, Mother Stewart, Wm. I. Fee (the pastor-evangelist), and other great men and women with both depth and

fervor of spirituality, who spoke boldly against sin and preached the redeeming love of the Savior for hungry men and women.

It appears, from the backward view, that through all these experiences I was being prepared for a field of activity and service that was not exactly in accordance with my own personal plans. I would not have chosen the ministry as a profession, although more and more I came to enjoy Christian service. Also, as I did work, more and more opportunities were opened up for me to do service for the Lord.

One Sabbath morning I was asked by my Sabbath school superintendent, Mr. Mast, to teach a class of boys in the absence of their regular teacher. I had a desire for a class to teach, but not that one; for they were the leading mischief-makers in the whole school, being between the ages of twelve and thirteen. There were thirteen members on roll, the unlucky number, but now they had dwindled to about five or six because of the teacher's absence. I tried to hold the attention of the class, but in this I failed. They would stick each other with pins, punch one another, and jump up and call whatever came to their minds. The whole situation was most vexing to me and I was glad when the school was called to order and dismissed.

But the next Sabbath morning, the teacher did not appear, and it fell my lot to take the class again. This I did, but not with any pleasure for the disorder was the same as the Sabbath before, if not worse. The following week Mr. Mast again asked me to teach the class and to keep it permanently. The class was now mine, and I determined to do my best by the Lord's help. I enlisted the boys in the task of gathering up those who were absent with the result that by the next Sabbath we had the full number present. I put my whole soul into making good in the difficult assignment and soon gained the confidence of the boys. By the end of the year the class had become a model one, and it continued so until I left for the ministry two years later. I was loath to give up the boys with whom I had had such pleasant association. At the end of the two years, on Christmas, I bade them good-bye, saying I would be leaving in a few days. As a token of their appreciation for my efforts, they gave me a Christmas present of two books by Murray, "With Christ in the School of Prayer" and "Like Christ." Each of the boys had signed his name on the fly leaf. These books I prize, not only because of the association with the class of boys, but because of the spiritual reading matter which they contain as well.

Some years after this I met Bert Blynn, one of the young men who had been in this class, on the streets of Springfield. He told me that nearly every member, including himself, had accepted Christ as his personal Savior and that they were doing well in the business world. He thanked me for my patience with him during this formative stage of his life. After many days, the Bread of Life, which I had scattered on the water had returned with an increase.

And now my business life, with the Clark Fluid Company was also coming to a close. I had a longing to make money faster and had already begun to work for a change in line with this aspiration. One day while walking down the street with P. P. Mast, I asked him if he would not use his influence to obtain for me a better position under Governor Asa Bushnell of Ohio. Bushnell was a friend of his and had only recently been elected to the governorship. To my request Mr. Mast replied, "John, money does not satisfy, neither does the honor of the world, but Christ only."

It was a strange statement to me, for he had both wealth and honor. Then he said, "Whatever position you desire, and can fill, I will do my best to obtain for you."

But true to the general tenor of my life in young manhood, this vision of worldly aspiration began to fade away, and another to take its place. While walking along the streets of Springfield one day, I noticed an empty store room that had been turned into a mission. On its front was a sign -- "Welcome." Through curiosity I entered the building and there met an elderly man, with a long gray beard, and a gray-haired sweet-faced lady. The sign had prophesied correctly, for they made me feel welcome. The back part of the large room was curtained off for living quarters, and the front part was furnished with seats for religious services. I soon found that few people were interested in such a place; yet I was impressed by it more and more as I learned of the zeal and devotion of these kindly persons for the Bible and for the cause of rescuing lost humanity. Here I received my first teaching on the subject of the second coming of Jesus and what it would mean to the world and true Christians. I discovered, by the help of these saints of God, that the Scriptures furnished much light on this highly important theme, and I went to the mission frequently to receive instruction and guidance in my Bible study.

This thought began to take possession of my soul: "What would it profit, if I should gain an honorable position in the world, and even accumulate riches, and lose my immortal soul. How could I meet Jesus empty handed?" A conviction that I was destined for a radical change of plans was deepening on my consciousness. Would I yield, up all my worldly ambitions, my friends, my loved ones at home and their support, and go out to preach the gospel of salvation without money and without price?

I went to my pastor for counsel. He advised me that I had better stay in the business I was in, and continue my church work; that in order to preach the gospel I would need to go to college for five years and complete a course in theology which would require a great deal of money. I knew I had little of this latter -- perhaps some sixty or seventy dollars, deposited in bank. Nevertheless, while I was not encouraged by my pastor's counsel, I began to think more seriously than ever of going into the ministry.

From then on I went to no one else but God. As the year 1895 drew to a close it was obviously high time for me to inform my employers definitely of my intentions about staying with them for another year. They had promised that soon I would be made a member of the firm, and this was tempting for it had become prosperous through my whole-souled efforts. One day I drew down the blinds of the office windows and went to my knees wrestling with the problem of whether I should seek earthly riches or take poverty in the ministry. The question was a difficult one, and the time required to settle it was not short, but finally it was settled, and settled finally. I promised the Lord that if he would give me freedom of speech and help me to sing (which was quite an essential in the type of work I was to undertake), I would quit my job and rely on him to supply my needs, asking only that souls be saved through my efforts as an evidence of his call.

I now gave my employer my final answer, that I expected to leave his employ, yet I did not tell him of my plans for the future. I stayed a few days after New Year's Day, to help adjust the business so as to turn it over into new hands. What a peculiar feeling it was to be without a job and

to plan on taking up another so different from my past work. Especially was this true when I had less than seventy-five dollars with which to start my new venture.

As I made plans to leave Springfield, various religious and civic leaders of the city offered to write letters of recommendation to help me get established wherever I should go. One such letter I received from the local Y. M. C. A.:

Springfield, Ohio
January 5, 1896

Young Men's Christian Association,
To Whom It May Concern:

John W. Harris, the bearer, has been an active member and worker in our Association for some years. His reputation for veracity, industry and integrity is A-1. As a business man he is considered by all faithful, energetic and reliable. I am glad to recommend him.

Respectfully,
W. J. Fraser, Secretary.

Others were written by my pastor and by my former Sabbath school teachers, who were leading business men in the city. Up to that time. I had not revealed to any one except my home folk what my plans were.

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08 -- ENTERING THE MINISTRY

The time had now arrived to take up the calling which God had designed for me through the years -- the Sacred Ministry. All the other years of my life were only a preliminary preparation for it, though I was not aware of this fact. My earthly ties and affections were now to be severed, and I was to launch out on the ocean of divine service, with Jesus Christ as my captain, the Bible as my chart, the Holy Spirit as my pilot, and the Heavenly Father as my director.

I sold out, or gave away all my earthly possessions, except for my immediate needs, and settled up my secular affairs, bade farewell to my friends in business life, and started out, not knowing where I was going or what should befall me on the way.

In those days ministers usually wore a black, double-breasted coat reaching below the knees. So, to be in style. I was fitted out in a clergyman's suit at a Jewish clothing store. The cost was fifteen dollars, a special price to me (?). Also, though I had no talent for instrumental music, I bought a beautiful, inlaid-pearl guitar, paying eight dollars for it and a small trunk in which to put my few belongings. About the same time I had been given, as a Christmas present from my proprietor's wife, a double-breasted, gold chain to which was attached a handsome locket matching my gold-cased watch. The last acquisition, and the least (?) of all (I didn't realize its importance as much then as later), was a good teacher's, divinity circuit Bible. Now I was ready to

fly as a full-fledged minister of the Gospel wherever the Lord should direct me. Later I was to discover that it took more than this equipment to qualify as a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Rev. and Mrs. Alland, who had the mission which had interested me and helped me so much, decided to close it and go south and westward to California, preaching on the way wherever there was an open door. They invited me to go along and take up my ministry with them. To this I consented, later to discover that they expected me to pay part of their expenses as well as my own. They seemed to have thought I had considerable money, because I had contributed liberally to their finances while they were in the mission at Springfield.

It was the sixth of January, 1896, when I bade my loved ones an affectionate farewell and left home. While Rev. and Mrs. Alland were completing their preparations for the westward journey, I visited my oldest and favorite sister, Mrs. Wetz, near Miamisburg, Ohio. Then I met the Allands at Cincinnati. At the wharf-boat we secured passage on the packet steamer, "New South." Our first destination was Vicksburg, Mississippi, about fifteen hundred miles by boat from Cincinnati. This cost each of us fourteen dollars, half fare for ministers. It included a stateroom and three excellent meals a day with other good service. My companions and I had a separate table together in the diner, with a colored waiter to serve us.

I was starting off in royal style. According to my travelogue it was in the evening on the eleventh of January, 1896, when we went on board the vessel. The "New South" was in the Lee Line Service and was the largest packet boat on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. She was a side wheel steamer operating between Cincinnati and New Orleans, and carrying both freight and passengers. Her sister boat, of the same size and build, had been sunk in the Mississippi River some weeks before this time.

Our trip down the Ohio was uneventful, except that below Cincinnati the boat sprang a leak. While it was being repaired, on a Sunday, at Louisville, Kentucky, I attended a service at the Methodist Episcopal Church there. Because the water was low in the rapids of the river, the boat had to go through the canal. This required some time. The boat was extra wide, so that one of the wheel-houses scraped the bank of the canal and was partly torn off. This necessitated further repairs.

Since it was midwinter, and very cold, the river was full of ice until we reached the Father of Waters. There, little by little, as we steamed southward, the air became balmy, reminding us of spring in the north. The constant swish, swish of the paddle-wheels in the water had a peculiar fascination to me. My stateroom was located near one of them, and I would lie awake by the hour at nights to listen to the rhythm.

But the pleasure afforded by the trip was not unmixed. At Cairo, Illinois, where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi, a young man, a northerner, came on board with his beautiful southern bride. Some farther down, at another landing, a young man claiming to be a newspaper reporter, also came aboard. The two men quickly got acquainted and began to play cards for pastime. This left the young bride to seek other association and, in her loneliness, she took up with my two traveling companions. As I was in their company at times, she spoke friendly to me. It was a select crowd on this special trip. The reporter, however, began to spread a slanderous report about me

among the passengers, for what reason I knew not. This brought me in disrepute with some. Learning of this, I avoided my associates, especially the young lady, and stayed in my room, or in another part of the boat. Much of the time I spent on the lower deck where was the source of the packet's mighty power. Here I had agreeable company with the engineer who explained to me many things about the large engines in which he showed great pride.

On board the boat was a large, portly Texan, lately returned from Australia. For amusement he would take his high-powered rifle and shoot at various objects on the river. He became greatly interested in me, and, learning of these slanderous reports and their source, he went to the reporter and told him to make himself scarce or he would feed him to the fish. He also advised him to leave the boat at the next landing. And he did. Thus, God raised up a defense in the time of my need. Some weeks later I met the reporter in Shreveport, Louisiana. He avoided conversation with me, although he spoke.

I recall another unpleasant experience in which I was involved while on the boat. I had been studying my Bible in the salon (the main cabin), when I left to go to my room on a brief mission, leaving my Bible on a chair. Upon my return I discovered that my silk-ribbon bookmark, a gift from a special friend, had been taken. Later it was found with a child, all torn in small pieces. These incidents taught me my first lessons in suffering, the loss of "all things" -- reputation and material earthly possessions -- for Jesus' sake.

We landed at Vicksburg, Mississippi, on the evening of the eleventh day after starting from Cincinnati. How strange everything looked to me in this city that had been besieged by Grant, as I remembered reading in history. Verdant spring weather in January, flowers blooming, dark green foliage on the trees, balmy breezes -- how inspiring it all was!

But soon I was wakened from my reveries by occurrences for which I was unprepared. Ever since Civil War days there had been more or less bitter feelings against the North by southerners, on account of unwise and often unfair policies of Reconstruction. Louisiana, and especially New Orleans, had been a great mart of the slave traffic in the pre-war period. There, and in many other places, northern soldiers during and following the war had not shown a proper respect for southern ladies. Everywhere I went there was a noticeable ill-feeling toward northerners. I found that usually the men of the South in those days exhibited very gentlemanly conduct in the presence of the ladies.

On the first day, after landing, we went to the home of a colored preacher in the city and asked him if we might lodge with him over the night. It was a risky thing to do, though I was not aware of it till later. (Rev. and Mrs. Alland were taking the lead and I was following.) The preacher took us in and provided for us a good meal as well as lodging for which we gave him a liberal offering. I never had a desire to be a sponge on kind hospitality, as have some who have represented the ministry. The next morning, before daylight, we took the train and crossed over the Father of Waters on a ferryboat, then rode westward several miles until we came to a small town called Delhi. After looking around until late in the evening we went to the colored community and attended a prayer meeting. It was a good service, with joyous testimonies to the grace of God. We found among these colored brethren some who were true children of God. But to find a place to stay over night was a question. It was dangerous in that state for a white person to stay all night

with colored people or to eat with them. The whole situation was new to me, but the Allands informed me that northerners generally were hated. We were between two fires.

The colored people at Delhi also understood the circumstances, but at their risk one family took Rev. and Mrs. Alland into their home, while I was taken to the parsonage of the congregation of which we had become guests. The house was furnished, although the pastor had not yet come to the charge. The brother who took me to the parsonage cautioned me to keep perfectly quiet, have no light, and not to open the door unless I heard a certain kind of knock as a signal. I now began to understand the extent of the prejudice which existed against the Negroes, as well as the seriousness of my personal situation.

Before I had left home my brother, Allen, gave me a small, pearl-handled revolver, 22 caliber, to protect myself wherever I went. It was beautiful, the only gun I ever owned. I placed it under my pillow that night in the parsonage. It might have made a little noise if fired but would have done little damage. While later I came to trust God to take care of me without carnal weapons, then I was just starting out and the Lord seemed to bear my ignorance patiently. Harassed by fear, I at last fell asleep. About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the signal. Dressing quickly in the dark, I followed the colored brother to the home where my friends had stayed. There we were served an excellent breakfast, which included chicken. We enjoyed the meal very much, for we had had nothing to eat since early morning of the day before. After having prayer with these kind people we left for the depot, before daylight, and took an early train to Monroe, Louisiana. I was getting still farther from my earthly home and kin.

Along each side of the railroad as we moved westward we saw great festoons of Spanish moss hanging from the thick growth of large trees. Numerous small houses we passed were set upon high stilts to keep them above water when as frequently happened, the Mississippi overflowed its banks and covered the surrounding country for many miles. The soil here, rich and alluvial, produced cotton abundantly, after the overflow waters had receded.

Monroe, about halfway across the state, was a flourishing town with a population of about seven thousand inhabitants. Here we staid until March 3, 1896, over live weeks in all. Where were many things of interest in this small city --a large cotton compress, green and ripe figs on the same tree, the gradual rising of the Ouachita River, which from a small sluggish stream became it large river filling its steep banks almost to overflowing and permitting large steamers to come up to Monroe from New Orleans and take away the compressed cotton and other products. Every other day the rain fell in torrents, flooding the earth.

But all this soon lost its novelty. I was here for another purpose. I rented a private room for a few days until I became acquainted with an excellent family of Southern Methodists, named Riggs. They invited me to stay with them while in the city. Allie Riggs was married and owned the home. His younger brother, Sammy, who was some younger than I, lived with him. Sammy was on a study course pursuant to entering the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and thus we had fellowship through our kindred interests. I now enjoyed for the first time that open hospitality for which the Southern people were noted and with which I was to become better acquainted in the next two years.

The Allands, I began to discover while here, had come under the influence of Seventh Day Adventist doctrine. They privately advocated the Saturday Sabbath, and read from a large green-backed book with vivid illustrations, in which, as I have since learned, the Scriptures were wrongly interpreted. They studied this book in connection with the Bible and permitted me to read it, warning me against letting others see me have it. I did not understand their motive in cautioning me, but later discovered ample reason. This subtle trick of the enemy almost tripped me in the very beginning of my ministry, appearing as he did, as an angel of light.

Sometimes I would discuss the Sabbath question with Sammy Riggs he taking the side of the Sunday Sabbath and I the Saturday Sabbath. But in all these discussions we kept the unity of the Spirit and the fellowship of good Methodists, though I was from the North and he from the South.

Fearing I might wear out my welcome with the Riggs, I secured a room near the place where we were holding revival services. I lunched in my room primarily, taking meals out now and then as invitations were received. The Allands did all the preaching in these services, especially Mrs. Alland, whom I believe was a devoted Christian. I soon had my doubts concerning his experience, for he took religious spells that I felt were not to the glory of God. The services grew in interest and attendance until in time the large room was regularly well tilled. Sammy Riggs attended some of the meetings at first, but for some reason he quit.

Now a reaction took place against my call to the ministerial profession. There came over me a feeling of nostalgia. This is a peculiar feeling for a person to experience, and it is quite indescribable. I felt like crying and did cry, yet knew nothing exactly for which I should cry. I wanted to go home and couldn't go, and that made me feel worse. Besides, all this my finances were now almost to the vanishing point, and I soon would be stranded among strangers with no place to go. Faith for my support I had none. I would not beg. If I had had the finances at that time I would have bidden good-bye to the ministry and gone home to take up secular employment again, believing that I had not been called to preach the Gospel. But I had burned the bridges behind, and had nothing with which to build others. What could I do about it?

It was Tuesday night, the 25th of February, 1896, that I was appointed to preach my first sermon. The subject I chose was "The Power of God," the text, "God hath spoken once: twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God." -- Psa. 62:11. Though I was unaware of it at that time, the subject and text were well fitted to my feelings. I prepared for the service by studying and putting down notes on a slip of paper. There was a misgiving as to whether I could meet the expectation of the congregation as a preacher. It was a tense moment when tremblingly I stood up to speak before a room packed with people. After reading the text, I began to lay the foundation of my discourse, using my notes. Then they disappeared -- lost somewhere. Even the people faded from my sight. How long I spoke or what I said, I never knew. When I came to myself and looked around, I saw some present were very serious, for what reason I could not exactly determine.

When the service closed I went to my room very much discouraged and more homesick than ever. In bed I cried myself to sleep, thinking that I had no call to preach, but that it was just an impression. Rain often relieves the overcharged atmosphere, so do tears the discouraged soul.

Early in the morning there was a knock at the door, and when I opened it I saw an elderly woman standing there smiling with joy. This sight puzzled me still more than the events of the night before. However I soon received light on the matter. In the section of town where the services were being held there lived a certain family of meager circumstances. The man was a Christian and attended the services regularly, but the wife made no profession and seldom came. This woman had a high temper and made much trouble among her neighbors with her evil tongue. In her home she would sometimes use her hands in combat against her husband and children to emphasize what she meant, and they had learned to respect her ugly disposition and not cross her in anything. The husband had proposed a short time before that the family prepare a room and invite the young preacher to stay with them. But with indignation she had refused to consider it, and had said that if he invited me to their home she would kick me out. That settled the question, but not for good. On the night when I preached she was present. Somehow she came to apply the message to herself and went home with a troubled soul. In bed she tossed and cried until her husband became alarmed and asked what was wrong with her. She replied, "Nothing is the matter." Still she continued in great distress until her husband pressed her to tell him what ailed her. At this, she broke out in sobs of distress and anguish, saying that she was lost that God had given her a vision of the doom that awaited her if she did not repent and get right with him. They got out of bed and fell on their knees, both praying with great earnestness. She confessed her sins and evil disposition. So deep was her penitence and so positive her cry for salvation that it was not long until she got victory and began shouting so loud that the older children were awakened and rushed downstairs to see what had happened. They also became convicted of their sins and were happily converted that same night.

It was this woman I found at my door on the morning after my supposed failure at preaching. She told me what had occurred in her home -- how my message had convicted her and how the Lord had saved her. She invited me to make their home my stopping place, saying she was preparing a room for me. At this good news, my homesickness passed away and I took new courage to go forward. I now had one clear evidence of my call to the ministry -- the results that should follow preaching. Although doubts came up later about it, the problem was settled for the time being and the Lord led me forward toward an established confidence through his anointing. After the lapse of more than half a century, I recall a few other incidents, occurring in Monroe, which impressed me much at the time. For example, I was invited, on one occasion, to take dinner with a refined lady who had a little girl five years of age. While the mother was preparing dinner she asked the child to go into the parlor and entertain me. The little maiden accordingly conversed with me on various subjects, in a manner fitted to an educated lady of twenty years. I was quite surprised at this and spoke to the mother about it. I was told that the girl had shown such precocity from infancy. Here was my first instance of meeting a child prodigy. (I think it was this lady who bought my beautiful, pearl inlaid guitar for eight dollars -- the price I had paid for it -- thus helping considerably in my financial circumstances.)

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09 -- THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES

By this time I saw the falsity, in several respects, of the Adventist doctrines, and, so, no longer able to agree with either the teachings or methods of my companions, I said good-bye to

them and to the many friends I had made in Monroe, on Monday, March 3, 1896, and took the train for Shreveport, in the western part of the state. Soon after I arrived at Shreveport, some Christians told me about a sawmill town farther on to the southwest in Angelina County, Texas, where the Gospel was much needed. I took a local train out that same evening and a little after midnight stopped at a station called Michelli, where I unloaded my little trunk in a heavy downpour of rain, the train pulling away and leaving me in almost total darkness. A man with a lantern was there to exchange mails. He said he was the keeper of a boarding house, but that all of his beds were full and he could not accommodate me. With little ado, he started to leave me. But on a second thought, apparently, he turned around and came back. He offered to help me get my trunk under shelter, where it would be safe, and to take me to the home of a Christian preacher whom he felt sure would take me in for the night. By the dim light of his lantern he led me down the middle of a street strewn with logs over which I stumbled. She had to walk around stumps to the tune of the croaking of frogs which were having a midnight serenade. In a few minutes, I was left at a box-house of three or four rooms. I knocked on the door and was soon greeted by the preacher, who was sitting up reading. He invited me in, wet and chilled to the bone as I was; and taking in the situation, he had me don a suit of his clothes while he hung mine around the stove to dry. After a brief period of getting acquainted, he led me to a spare bedroom, and I was soon unconscious. When I awakened the next morning I found my clothing dry and ready to put on. We had a good breakfast which the preacher himself prepared. During the course of the morning he told me of a local schoolhouse which he felt confident I could secure for the purpose of holding meetings, and he assured me that I could make his house a stopping place until I got settled. His wife was away at the time and remained for some days visiting friends in another place. Thus we had a very friendly and enjoyable association. We never clashed over Bible doctrines, for I knew nothing of the teaching of his denomination, and he spared my feelings as a stranger.

It was not long until I commenced services in the schoolhouse, and this led to an invitation to put up in a home with a man and his wife and a married daughter and her husband. I stayed with them about two weeks, visiting about town in the daytime and preaching at night. The husband and father of the home was a teamster of the sawmill company but was seriously ill at the time with a distemper contracted from the logging team which he handled. He had suffered intensely for several days and was unable to sleep, so that his wife who sat up with him became exhausted. I offered my services to sit up and let her get some rest. She gratefully accepted my offer, instructing me as to how to give his medicine. After she left us, I prayed silently for him, while I gently rubbed his head. He fell asleep and did not awaken until late the next morning, when he felt much better. Was it the massage or prayer? I believe it was both -- "Faith without works is dead." This act of kindness seemed to greatly attach the family to me.

I had not been long in this home when I found that there was a "skeleton in the closet." The daughter was only fifteen years of age while her husband was much older. Although he showed her much affection and relieved her of many household duties, she did not return his love. She often snubbed him in my presence, as did also the mother. The girl and her husband attended the services regularly, and he seemed to be somewhat convicted but was more troubled over family matters than over his need of salvation. I began to note that she was showing me more attention than would have denoted mere respect for me as a minister, and the mother seemed to urge it on. Knowing the impropriety of even the appearance of such a situation as this, I discreetly withdrew from any communications with the girl. Furthermore, I felt that I should close the meeting and go where there

was less danger. Before I left, the broken-hearted husband told me how he loved the girl and had given her practically everything he had saved, hoping to win her love. Now she had asked him to take the balance and buy her a diamond ring, promising that she would love him if he would. I advised him not to do it, for bought love would never last. Some days afterwards, I met this man again, and he told me that his father-in-law had died. Against my advice he had bought his wife the ring she desired, after which the mother and daughter had turned him out of the home. Thus ended an unhappy marriage where the bride was entirely too young to know her responsibility as a wife.

Here I would advise all ministers to be careful about too much familiarity with persons of the opposite sex, whether married or single. This is a snare which has entrapped many men of God and caused their spiritual downfall, even those who were elderly.

In one of my visitations at Michelli. I entered into a very poor home where there were several children. It was noon and the husband had come home for dinner. The table was sparsely spread, but I was asked to eat with them. Accepting the invitation, I asked the Lord to bless the food and those who so graciously had provided it, then ate heartily of the corn pone dipped in meat grease, washing it down with black coffee. As I talked to them their hearts were touched, especially so when I had a short prayer with them around the table before the man went back to his work. To know that the preacher was so interested in them as to partake of their table hospitality, did them much good.

This sawmill town of Michelli was in the heart of a large pine belt comprising tens of thousands of acres. The mill had been there ten years turning out an average of about ninety thousand feet of lumber a day, I was told; yet it had made little impression in clearing the territory of timber. The pines were close together. Many of them were two and a half feet in diameter and measured fifty feet or more to the first limb. The hands received good wages, but had to take their pay in script, pasteboard money, which could be used only, in the company store in that place, the goods costing two or three times more than in other places.

My scant offerings were in this script which the manager said he would cash at face value. They amounted to a little over three dollars, for which I was given a check on the bank at Lufkin, the county seat. When I closed the meeting I boarded a train for Lufkin, where I expected to change and go northward in the state. I found upon my arrival, however, that there would be no train out until the middle of the next day. The bank was closed for the day, and I had no ready cash to pay for a night's lodging. Hence, I was destined to undergo a very interesting experience, one more interesting to look back upon than to live through.

It was just after I had gotten off the train at Lufkin that I had another opportunity to observe the southern race problem firsthand. There had been an uprising of Negroes in another part of the county, and the sheriff, with several citizens sworn in as deputies and armed with shotguns loaded with buckshot, was going, to the scene of trouble on horseback. The excitement among the citizens was intense, and I, a northerner, had landed in that town in the evening with no way of getting out. I walked slowly along one of the streets, contemplating what to do and where I should put up for the night. Suddenly I was accosted by a strongly-built man, over six feet tall, with a hearty mustache covering his mouth and sticking out about three inches on each side of his upper lip. He wore a tall-crowned, broad-brimmed hat and had all the appearance of a dangerous desperado. With a

deep bass voice, but not unkindly, he inquired as to where I was going to spend the night, and learning that I had made no arrangement he suggested a hotel a short distance away where there were good accommodations. I took the hint, for by that time I was ready to do anything to get off the street for the night. Remembering I had not a cent to pay for a night's lodging. I thought of my gold-cased watch as security, and went to the two-story hotel. I signed the register and was shown an upper-story room, where, lo! whom should I find but the stranger I had met on the street. He looked larger and fiercer than when he had first accosted me, for after his hat was off it exposed a full crown of shaggy hair which reached to his shoulders. He presented a striking resemblance to western outlaws, of whom I had read and whose pictures I had seen in the newspapers back at home.

The man greeted me kindly and asked me to sit down in a chair before the fireplace, for it was chilly. We talked about -- I know not what, for I was thinking about my watch which was to be security for my night's lodging. What if he should steal it during the night? Finally he pointed to one of two beds in the room, stating that I should occupy it and he the other. With misgivings I took his orders and, after commending myself to the one who watches over the night as well as the day soon fell into a troubled slumber, still thinking that perhaps I was in a room with a robber.

Daylight was breaking when I awoke. My roommate was gone. but my watch was still in my pocket and I was grateful. Arising, I soon made my way to the office to present my watch for the bill. The clerk asked me if I was not going to eat breakfast. I replied, "No." He said, "Your friend has paid for it and for four night's lodging as well, so you would better eat." I did. My roommate was the county judge, a friend indeed, and one of many with whom I became acquainted while itinerating in the Lone Star State.

Greatly encouraged, I went down the street and was greeted presently by a young man, of about my age, who invited me into a store where he clerked. We talked a little while on religious subjects, and I found that he was not only a Christian but a Methodist as well. Thus, we had a firm basis for fellowship, which blended with my own denominational persuasion. In the course of time, I spoke to him about the check given me by the lumber company at Michelli, and he said that he would cash it. God was raising up friends in the time of need.

After I left Lufkin, my next stop was at Rusk, Cherokee County, where one of the state penitentiaries is located. This was my first experience of visiting such an institution and observing its inmates. I have always had a wholesome fear of entering places of this kind, and ordered my life purposely to avoid doing so from compulsion; but I have had an even greater fear of being incarcerated in hell, the everlasting prison house of God. Accordingly, I have respected the laws of both my country and my God.

At Rusk I visited a Methodist preacher named Godbey, a first cousin of Dr. W. B. Godbey of holiness fame: but I did not find this man interested in holiness, nor did he seem to have much faith in his cousin's profession. Here I began to get a little inkling of the reproach which followed those who believed in holiness, and, especially, those who professed the experience. At this time Dr. Godbey was at his zenith in that most unpopular movement. I had no personal acquaintance with him but had heard his name mentioned occasionally a few months before I had launched out in the work of God. The Rev. Godbey at Lusk informed me that in the country, about three miles

distant, was a church -- schoolhouse -- called Salem, where there had been no services for over three years, he thought it would be a good place for me to go -- a hint to get rid of me.

I took the suggestion and walked out to the place where I found an elderly man. Mr. George Gibson, and his aged sister, both single. They received me most kindly, and invited me to stop over with them. This I did, and thereafter, by their invitation, I made my home with them while in that section of the country. They provided a real home for me, and in time they even offered to make me their heir on the condition that I should settle down and marry a beautiful and talented country girl who had been saved in a meeting I held while there. They owned a large estate, and the offer was an attractive one. But the Lord had something different for me to do from getting married and settling down on a farm, so I declined.

But to return to my arrival in the community; I promptly looked up the three trustees of the school district -- a Methodist, a Baptist and a Presbyterian. They gave their consent to my using the meeting house for services, whereupon I preached there for over a fortnight. Several persons were brightly converted, among them some girls of a dancing set. This stirred up a group of godless young men, and they sent me word if I preached in the schoolhouse any more they would mob me. I was advised by the friends with whom I was staying not to go any more. For they did not want to see me hurt or, as it might be, killed. But I informed them I was not afraid of the rowdies and was going on with the meeting.

The next night I went to the service with a secret fear of being handled roughly. The gang was assembled when I arrived. Nevertheless, I entered the pulpit and preached stronger than ever against all manner of sin, including dancing. I informed them that I had learned of their threats but that I had no fear of them for I trusted God to take care of me. I trembled inwardly as I spoke, but God gave me courage so that I do not feel that I spoke falsely. After services. I went out and mingled in a friendly manner among the gang collected in front of the house. Not a hand was raised against me nor was there a whisper heard from any of them. Later in the meeting some of these young men were brightly converted. Truly God protected me from their evil design. They were Texans and of that type which brooked no interference with their sinful ways, although they admired anyone who did not show a cowardly spirit.

At the close of the meeting, I received an excellent letter of recommendation, signed by several of the leading citizens of the community and expressing appreciation for my being with them. This letter has been lost, along with several other of my valuable notes and papers, because for so long I had no certain dwelling place and could not adequately care for my belongings when having to move about constantly. But here is a clipping from the "Cherokee Blade," the county paper, dated April 17, 1896:

"From Salem. April 18th, '96. Editor of Blade: Evangelist Harris late of Ohio, but now of Monroe, La., has just concluded a fifteen days' meeting at Salem, which will be remembered by us all as a bright, useful and happy epoch in our lives. We recommend Brother Harris to Christian workers wherever God's Spirit may direct his steps. For, as with us, his manly, Christian simplicity of deportment, and his attractive soul, receiving ministration of the Word, will win for him your love and esteem. Yours truly, Martin Buxton."

Not quite everything in my association in this community was pleasant, however. The three trustees, mentioned before, one day got together and began to discuss the merits of the meeting in the course of their conversations one of them raised the subject of my church affiliation. Each said that I had told him that I was a member of his church, only surmising as much because I had asked each separately for the building. At this, they concluded that I had lied, and so they came to me for an explanation. I quietly listened to their inquiry as to what was my denominational affiliation, and then asked them what doctrines I had preached, observing that they all heard me. Each declared that I had preached the Bible and the doctrines of his church. Then I informed them that if I had preached Bible doctrine, which they all agreed to, it must be all right. I further stated that I had not declared to anyone my church affiliation, for I felt all Christians were one in Christ. This statement satisfied them.

Before leaving the community I encouraged this little band to organize a Sunday school and to get a preacher. This they did, obtaining Rev. Godbey to minister to them once a month.

The country around Rusk was heavily wooded with pines and hard-wood timber, and there was heavy trader-brush. In the woods roamed bear, deer, and other wild animals. It was three miles, through this timber, from where I stayed to the meeting-house. One night some animal followed me alongside the path to the church; I took it to be a hog. After services it followed the crowd with whom I walked back until we reached a farm house where there were several hunting dogs. These got into a light with it, and some of the dogs were badly lacerated by its razor-like claws before it escaped to the timbers. It seemed to have been a catamount seeking an opportunity to spring upon me in the dark, but the Lord preserved me from harm.

In the vicinity of the meeting-house there was a family that attended the services. Some of the young people of this home professed conversion and invited me several times to spend the night with them. This I promised to do before leaving. By the clothing they wore, they seemed to be of the higher class. On the closing night, thinking it might be the last opportunity of making my word good, I went home with the young people.

The weather was hot and most oppressive at that time of year. I was much worn out by my many weeks of strenuous efforts in the various places I had been, and I considered it would be a great treat to have a good rest. The house consisted of two log rooms, each about eighteen or twenty feet square, and a small lean-to room about ten feet square. I sat up late, talking to the father and mother, while the children and young people, one by one, slipped off to bed. I was very tired and hoped I would be invited to go to bed; and, no doubt, the parents just as much desired me to suggest retiring. It was the case of waiting one on the other through courtesy.

Finally I was shown to my room, the lean-to. I had to go through the large room where all the girls slept, which was quite embarrassing to me. In the small room were two beds, one next to the only window, and the other opposite. An oil lamp, which had no chimney, smoked, and the fumes filled the room almost to suffocation. The only means of exit was the open window. In the bed next to the window snored two young men. I was left no choice but to occupy the bed which was vacant -- "Vacant," did I say? In the dim light I saw the bed clothing had not known water and soap for quite a long time if ever. No matter, I was very tired and could sleep anywhere and under any condition, so I undressed, had a short prayer and tumbled into bed to sleep. But no, there was

no sleep. I found other occupants were in the bed before me. It was a host attacking me at every vulnerable point. They were ravenous, perhaps not having been fed for sometime. I squirmed and saturated with the perspiration flowing in drops from every pore of my body in that close, stuffy room. I looked at the open window, the only way of egress, but could not summon up courage to crawl over the sleeping boys and make my exit for fear they would think I was assaulting them in their sleep. To go out the way I had come in I could not, for the girls and parents were in the other rooms, I thought of home, of the comfortable beds I had known; but that did not give me any relief from the hot room or the pests that seemed to delight in torturing me. I could not sleep. The only thing I could do was to cry the bitter tears of repentance that I had ever believed that I had been called to minister the gospel to dying souls. Again I was attacked with a spell of homesickness. The minutes slowly crept by until the early morning, when relief came, and I was set free by a happy exit from the place.

This experience put me on guard to weigh carefully my invitations, especially for the night. There were times when I was given no choice in the matter but must take what was offered and say nothing. Bedbugs in the South do not hibernate in winter, as do their cousins in the North; so they become very husky fellows and most ravenous, as I found out.

In the Salem community I received only a small offering, not enough to pay my traveling expenses to the next stop. However, providence came to my aid, as so often has been the case, when a stranger came to me at the depot and gave me fifty cents. This was enough to pay for a ticket to Mount Selman in the northern part of the same country. Thus the Lord fulfilled his promise, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." -- Matt. 6:33.

At Mount Selman I secured a Cumberland Presbyterian church building where there had been no preaching services for quite awhile. The first night I preached, a goodly number attended, but I was almost left without an invitation to go home with anyone. A man and his small daughter lingered to the last and were leaving the house when I invited them to go home with me. It was a ruse to get an invitation. In return the man asked me to go home with him. I accepted his invitation. He lived about two miles from the church, in a log building consisting of one room and a small outbuilding used as a kitchen and dining room. There was only one opening in the log-house, and that was the door. Four or more beds were in the room, and they were filled with small children of various ages. I did not know that the family was so large until I arose in the morning after a good rest on a comfortable bed. I was invited to a bountiful breakfast and was being initiated into Southern hospitality, with which I gradually became acquainted while in Texas.

It was at Mount Selman that I first came in contact with the Calvinistic doctrine of "eternal security," of which I was totally ignorant. While several persons of this persuasion attended the meeting, there were only a few of them who were members of the local church. Among the latter group was a lady who seemed to be the leader. Each night I preached on backsliding and declared forcefully that the backslider would be eternally lost if he failed to repent. Some of the Presbyterian professors became convicted, and one night several went to the altar confessing that they were backslidden and earnestly praying to be restored. After service, this Calvinist lady leader came to me and angrily accused me of preaching false doctrine, deceiving the people, and even lying. I was dumbfounded at the charge inasmuch as others, including the altar seekers were

listening to her, and could say nothing for awhile. Finally I told her that God knew I was preaching the truth and that she was injuring the meeting by her unchristian conduct. In time she became more composed and asked my pardon for the way she had talked to me, inviting me also to go borne with her that night. This invitation I accepted, hoping I might have further opportunity to talk with her. When I was alone in my room, I spent the greater part of the night searching my Bible for texts against this erroneous doctrine, and was well equipped with the word of God to meet all arguments if she should have a disposition to raise the issue again. In the morning she was still feeling the humiliation of how she had acted the night before, in the presence of those seeking the Lord as well as of others who had faith in her, and she again asked me to forgive her for her ugly conduct. I asked if we could not have a Bible lesson together upon the subject over which she had become disturbed, and she consented. The Bible talk did her much good, as she confessed; but I think it did me more good, as it sent me to the Scriptures to search and see if the things which I preached were so. Of course, the meeting was greatly injured by what the woman had done, and I soon closed it, having been given a small offering.

Leaving Mount Selman, I took a train for Tyler, where I changed, at night, for Wills Point in Van Zandt County, arriving at the latter place after a ride of several hours. I now was introduced to the great prairie region, which I had never seen before but which was to provide me with rich and varied experiences before I should leave it.

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10 -- IN VAN ZANDT COUNTY

It was the last of April, the dry season, 1896, when I alighted from the train at Wills Point, county seat of Van Zandt. As far as I could see there was hardly a green shrub to break the monotony. This was my first view of a prairie region and I was not favorably impressed with it. Walking out of town a little distance, as the sun was making its appearance, I came to a house by the roadside where a man was cutting wood. I stopped to talk with him, and he invited me to take breakfast with him. I accepted the invitation and, though a stranger, was most hospitably treated. Soon I returned to town, meditating about what to do next.

While passing a hardware store, I saw the proprietor, an elderly man with a heavy gray beard, sitting, out in front with two young men. He spoke friendly and invited me to sit down with them. In the course of our conversation I learned that the man was a Methodist preacher as were also the two young men, one of whom was his son. The morning soon passed and I was cordially invited to go home with them and take dinner, and also to remain over the night. This I did. When I revealed that I was seeking a place to preach, the son told me of a needy field in the timbers and said that he would gladly take me to it the next afternoon if I desired to go. I accepted this kind offer, and the next day he took me in his buggy several miles over the prairie and through a thick forest, where I did not see a sign of all inhabitant. at last we came to a double-log house with an open hallway through the center and a long porch in front. The house was surrounded with dense woods except for a small clearing at the back. My friend introduced me to the family who lived there, bade me good-bye, leaving me an invitation to visit them again, and departed.

After I ate supper with the family, the man asked if I could not preach at his house that night. When I consented, he spoke to his two oldest boys telling them to get on their horses and notify the neighbors. In the course of an hour a large crowd gathered, from where I know not, several standing in the yard and some sitting on the porch. With a dim, smoky lamp on a stand, I preached from the porch, though the preacher and his congregation could not see each other clearly. Two more nights I held services at this home, the crowd increasing as well as the interest. Then I was informed that the next night a preacher would fill his appointment at a schoolhouse some distance away and I was invited to attend.

Arriving at the schoolhouse I found a large crowd gathered; and upon being introduced to the minister was asked to preach, which I did. After the service he took me to his home several miles away where we arrived some time after midnight. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted during my stay in Texas, and in my memory through these years. The minister was Rev. J. H. Cumming. He was over six feet tall, slim, had a bushy head of hair and an extra long mustache. He wore a tall-crowned wide-brimmed hat under which was a pleasant face. Moreover, he smoked a strong pipe, explaining that he did so because of a throat ailment. He was a typical Texan in many respects. He rode in a tall-wheeled hack to which an unequal team was hitched -- a small, skinny pony at the side of a large, bony horse, but both fulfilled their mission when urged with a long switch. Mrs. Cumming contrasted with her husband as much as did his horses with each other. She was about five feet tall, her weight about ninety pounds. She was a devoted Christian mother and wife, ordering her household aright and kept her plain box-house tidy though it had little furnishings. There were four children, ranging from a boy eleven years to a small baby. Later, I discovered that the family were living in meager circumstances, the members of his various churches being thoughtless of their pastor's needs. He made no complaint to me, however, but showed an air of cheerfulness through it all.

Late one evening, while yet a comparative stranger, I came to their home and Sister Cumming set me a lunch consisting of a little piece of cornbread, some warmed meat grease for gravy, and a cup of black coffee. Thinking that this was the remains of their supper, I thankfully ate it. Soon afterward I had prayer with the family and retired in the back room for the night. About midnight I was awakened by prayers in the front room. Then soon all became quiet. Several minutes after this I was again awakened, this time by a knock at the front door. Presently the door was opened, a low conversation was carried on, then all became quiet again. In the morning a bountiful repast was served. Sometime after this I learned all about the circumstance: The family had gone to bed supperless that night; about midnight prayer had reached the ear of the One who has promised to supply all our needs, "according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus;" and he had awakened a neighbor who lived about three miles away; and made him so uneasy that he arose and began to walk the floor; when the neighbor's wife asked him about his restlessness, he replied that he was impressed that there was something wrong at the parsonage, and he felt he should see about it. For some days he had intended to take the pastor some provisions, but had neglected it: now he asked his wife to help him in getting some eatables to take to the family. Hence, the knock at midnight.

I assisted Mr. Cumming over his large circuit of several miles, preaching at his several appointments. At each of these places I specially mentioned from the pulpit about the neglect in supplying the needs of their pastor. This stirred up the people and provisions came in to supply the

larder. Often while I was helping in the protracted meetings on the circuit, early in the morning Mr. Cumming and I would go out into the thick forest that surrounded his home and hunt squirrels, he carrying a small, muzzle-loading shotgun made from a target rifle. One day while we were out on such a hunting trip, some distance from his home we treed a gray squirrel in the top of a very tall oak. Mr. Cumming fired several times at the squirrel with small shot, but it would move only a little and cling closer to the limb of the tree. Finally all the ammunition was exhausted except one load. With this charge, Mr. Cumming placed a buckshot, the only one he had. This shot reached a vital and the squirrel came tumbling out of the tree. When the squirrel was skinned the small shot fell out, having penetrated the skin only.

It was in July 1896 that I was given my first ministerial license. Here is the wording it bears: J. W. Harris, a member of the Methodist Protestant Church, residing in Wills Point Circuit, being duly examined by this Quarterly Conference, on gifts, grace and acquirements, is hereby authorized to preach the Gospel of Christ. This license to be renewed annually. Signed by order and in behalf of the Quarterly Conference of Wills Point Circuit. J. H. Cumming, Chairman, J. Z. Scott, Sec. This July 25, 1896. Renewed July 23, 1897."

Mother had sent me some money during the early summer of 1896. This was now nearly exhausted, much having been given to Mr. Cumming "for his family. I therefore contemplated teaching a term of school in order to obtain more finances. With this in view i spoke to Rev. Cumming who told me there were two schools on his circuit and he knew I could get either one if I applied. He said he would take me to see about them. I talked with the trustees of one of these districts but met with some objections as to the salary I asked. However, after some help from the pastor, I was offered my price, fifty dollars a month on the condition that I could obtain a first-class state certificate. This required knowledge of several high school branches, with other advanced studies required by the state. I learned that this district had paid its teachers only seventeen to twenty dollars a month -- thus I understood the trustees' surprise when I asked fifty dollars. But these men had older children whom they desired to be instructed in higher branches than the other teachers were capable of giving them.

I then attended a normal institute for teachers at Myrtle Springs, where for three weeks I reviewed several branches and took some new ones required by the state. After this, I passed the state examination and received a four year, first grade certificate which entitled me to teach in any part of the state. I was now called "professor." It was while attending this institute that I came in contact with a young man who was also a student there and who was "wiser in his own conceit than seven men that could render a reason." In the classes as well as out he would often contradict the instructors and present his opinion contrary to their statements, to their annoyance. Several of the students listened to his chatter, especially out of the class hours, and believed he was correct. But a few did not, of whom I was one. He failed in the first day of the final examination as did those who listened to him and took his advice.

One night, while the institute was in progress, a raid was made on the village by a set of hoodlums. Swiftly riding their horses through the town, firing their guns and yelling loudly, they terrified the citizens. The young man mentioned above grabbed his revolver, rushed out of the boarding house and began to fire, only to receive a bullet through the calf of his leg. The wound was not serious but the boy was much frightened, and he was very quiet from that time on.

I began the school term October 5, 1896, and continued it for about five and a half months. The building in which I taught was called Stewart's Chapel. It was a large L-shaped boxed building, and was used for religious services as well as for school purposes. It had several long benches without desks and a few seats with desks, for the pupils. The teacher's desk was at the junction of the two un-partitioned rooms. We had eighty-two pupils enrolled, ranging in age from five to eighteen years. I used an older girl, the daughter of a trustee, to help instruct the youngest children. For this she received free tuition. The day's session was from eight A.M. to four P.M. with three intermissions totaling one and a half hours. I usually spent an hour extra after dismissing instructing advance classes. When I began the school there were hardly two dozen dog-eared books in the school. I proceeded to secure about one hundred and fifty secondhand books from New York at wholesale to supply the need. I spent the first four weeks visiting the homes at night (alternating with my regular boarding place), helping the children with their lessons, and becoming acquainted with the parents, as other teachers had done before me.

The school had been going on for about five weeks. and the pupils generally were doing well in their lessons, when five boys in their early 'teens contemplated breaking up the school as had been done in times past. The leader of the gang was an extremely bad boy. Jerome Wade, the son of an outlaw. This boy carried a dangerous knife and had already given me some trouble. Another boy was his cousin. Boxley Wade. The three others were not of kindred spirit, but were easily influenced. The time of the break I had learned was to be on Monday. On Saturday I went to town and bought me a rawhide whip and concealed it in my grip where I carried my books. On Monday there was suppressed excitement among the younger pupils. By this I knew that the report I had heard was true and that it would occur in the afternoon. Upon dismissing for dinner I told all the pupils to leave the house quietly, without taking their dinners, with the exception of these five boys. After all had gone out, I had the last to close the door. I then elevated my feet high on the back of the recitation bench and asked the boys to come forward and occupy this seat, having the leader sit nearest me. In this position I was helpless at their mercy. It was nerve against nerve as to who would win out. Assuming all the sternness that I could command, I told them the authority the state gave to the teacher in maintaining order in school. Then I talked to each one individually beginning at the one farthest from me. I told him that his parents did not uphold him in what he was doing. As I talked, he broke down and began to plead for mercy and promised he would behave if I would excuse him, I let him go out. After talking to the three others until they broke down and promised to other. I dismissed them also. This left the worst one, Jerome, who sat defiantly with one of his hands in his pocket. Believing that he had his hand on a dangerous knife, I looked him straight in the face and ordered him not to take his hand out of his pocket until I told him to do so. Slowly opening my grip I took from it the rawhide arose from my chair, and commanded him to take his hand from his pocket, stand up, and take off his coat. I told him he deserved twenty lashes, as he was the ringleader. He slowly obeyed, though for a time defiant, then broke down with tears and begged me not to strike him. He promised he would leave school and cause me no more trouble. But, I knew that he had little chance at home, and my heart went out to him. I dropped the whip, took him in my arms, the tears flowing down my own face, kissed him, and told him that I did not want him to leave school for I felt he would make good. He did make good, causing me no more trouble. I found that usually a Texan's word could be relied upon, even among the younger set.

I often took part in the school games, but always refused to have anything to do with rough sport. In fact I did not permit it, knowing the older boys desired to know my strength. My demeanor with the boys was always positive but kind. At first this positiveness was misunderstood, and I early could hear the utterings of an approaching storm from some of the parents, especially the fathers who did not like my disciplining their children, until -- but that is another story.

It was Christmas time, and I sent an invitation to the trustees and the patrons of the school to attend the Christmas exercises. I had bought one hundred pounds of candy with a good supply of oranges, and had them put up in packages, a pound of candy and an orange for each pupil. These packages I placed in a large box under my desk -- candy and oranges in that place were a rare luxury. On the announced evening, the house was packed with students and their parents. After having some preliminary exercises by the children, I said, "I know that many of you do not approve of some things I do, and I don't blame you, for we from the North have many peculiar ways. But there is one custom that the North has at Christmas time, which I believe you will be pleased with." Then I asked each pupil to come forward as I called the roll, and I passed out a package to each, sending also one to each absent student. After this, I had some boys to wash their slates and bring them forward. I placed several packages of differently favored candy on them and told the boys to pass them around the room among the parents and trustees, who modestly took one piece each. I insisted that they take several pieces as there was an abundance. This treat broke down all prejudice in the Community, and I held the affections of my patrons as well as of the students from then on to the close of the school. The money I had paid out for that occasion I always considered was well spent.

Some of the pupils at Stewart's Chapel would come to school poorly clad, even on very chilly winter days. Many of them had no shoes. The houses were built for hot but not for cool weather. And truly, on the whole the winter was mild, perhaps there might be a slight skirt of snow which would melt in an hour or two. Many days were comfortably warm. Occasionally, however, a Norther would blow up and change the atmosphere in a few minutes from nearly hot to almost freezing weather. The attendance in school was irregular because of sickness, especially the ague or malaria caused by drinking water. When I inquired why a certain pupil was not in school, the usual answer was, "It is his chill day" -- this meant a period of intermittent chill and fever which would occur every third or seventh day. The water the people drank was taken from ponds, formed by winter rains. Sometimes they transferred it to cisterns to cool, but more often it was taken directly from the muddy ponds and merely allowed to settle in the buckets. There is no wonder that there was so much sickness, no doubt caused by malaria mosquitoes which the ponds bred in abundance. At that time the cause was unknown. If wells were dug, especially in the prairie region, the water was usually brackish, alum or alkali, unfit for drinking. A spring or well of sweet water was a boon indeed.

The schoolhouse was near where the forest and prairie met and the place was interesting from that standpoint. I recall an incident at one of the evening recesses. We could hear several dogs hot on the trail of a jack rabbit in the thick timbers. Finally, we saw the rabbit emerge from the brush to an opening and quickly squat behind a small bush just large enough to hide it. In close pursuit, the dogs passed on each side of the bush and lost the trail. The rabbit sat up with its long ears pointing upward, looking a few moments at the dogs that had passed, then leisurely hopped

back into the forest from where it had come, and disappeared. The disappointed dogs were unable to pick up the trail again, although they sought it for sometime.

Seldom did I eat my dinner which I carried to school, but usually divided it among the poor children who had none. This life brought vividly to my memory the early days when I went to school while on the farm. Here was a needy pioneer mission field where I began to train in a life of self-denial and to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. The people could do no better at that time, because the means were scarce. The smallest coin in use was a five-cent piece. It was give or take if the article came to an amount where the common divisor was not five. Postage stamps were sold in twos or ones to the amount of five cents. I soon became used to this way and did very well.

Each day I opened school with ten to fifteen minutes of devotional exercises -- reading a Scripture lesson and having prayer. I also preached once a month on the Sabbath at the schoolhouse, and, as well, visited the sick, especially among my pupils. On other weekends, I would fill appointments at a distance, staying over Saturdays and Sabbaths.

On one of my visitations, to a very sick child about three miles away from my boarding house, I stayed until after midnight. It was intensely dark when I entered the thick woods, and I could not follow the path which wound around through it. But the Lord relieved my distress at the thought of remaining all night in the woods, by sending a strange, bright light -- not the moon -- to lighten my way until I got to my room, and then it went out. The Lord has promised to lighten the pathway of those who trust in him, and I was performing his mission in ministering to the sick child.

At another time when I started at three o'clock in the morning to the county seat some fifteen miles away, to draw my monthly pay, I became lost in the forest and wandered around taking different roads until at daylight I was directed to the right way. Upon returning late in the afternoon, I was followed by two strange men on horseback until I entered the woods. They seemed to be robbers, several of whom infested that country, preying upon unsuspecting travelers. These men, no doubt, knew it was the time that several teachers would go to the county seat to draw their monthly pay at the bank. Seeing me, probably, draw two months' pay, nearly all in silver, they followed me for quite a distance in the thick forest. I looked back from time to time, until at a road crossing I lost sight of them. Then, urging my steed to a swift gait with spur and whip, a little after dark I got to my boarding place. Robbers or no robbers, I took no chance with any knights of the forest that I knew often infested that place.

It was at Stewart's Chapel that I was asked to perform my first marriage ceremony. The young people belonged to aristocratic families, not only well-to-do but Christians as well. I tried to beg off and referred them to another preacher in the community but the young man refused to consider any but myself. A licensed preacher at that time in the state of Texas could perform marriage ceremonies. Finally I consented, though unwillingly. There was a large crowd gathered at the home of the bride's parents -- I think it was on the Sabbath. After reading a Scripture lesson. I talked about the sacredness of marriage, I trust with telling effect upon the crowd, if not on the bride and the bridegroom who no doubt were very nervous; then I read the ceremony. One afterwards remarked that he did not want me when he got married as I took too much time. We had

a wedding repast and all left in a beautiful spirit. I think the name of the young man was Fisher. This being my first experience of the kind, I was somewhat nervous on the occasion. At no time have I ever fancied performing a marriage ceremony, and time and again I have refused.

I had an appointment to preach every other week on Saturday night and Sunday morning in a schoolhouse some miles away. There was a family from the North who lived in that community, and with whom I stayed at night. The father and mother were true Christians. There were two beautiful little children, a boy and a girl, who became quite attached to me and I to them. I eagerly looked forward to this appointment as it allayed to a great extent my longing for my own home.

In the community there was a jack rabbit that for years had cut down the young growth cotton. Several had hunted it but with no success, though it was seen time and again. They told me where it could be found, and I determined to get it as a trophy of my skill. To this end I borrowed a good shotgun, and one morning after a heavy skiff of snow I started out and soon jumped it in an open cotton field. As it hopped slowly in front of me, I took deliberate aim and shot. The load struck the ground not over a foot behind it. Slowly it hopped on, keeping just far enough away from me so that I could not reach it with another shot. It led me for ten miles, until I gave up the chase and had to return in disappointment at my lack of success.

At another time, on a Friday night, I went out with some of the schoolboys to hunt wild turkeys. Finding none at the usual roosting place of the turkeys, we were returning home when I saw what I thought was a large buzzard. It was sitting on a limb of a tree, not over twenty feet away from me, and I could have easily shot it, being the only one carrying a gun. I called the boys' attention to it and was quickly told that it was a wild turkey. But while I was inquiring and looking at it, it flew away, causing me disappointment. This terminated my hunting experience in Texas.

At the end of the school term. March 12, 1897, we had special exercises which were attended by many of the patrons of the community, and for which we had two state school officials present. A sumptuous feast was spread on the lawn by the ladies, and after the dinner we had talks from the representatives of the state and by some of the parents. On this occasion, also, the trustees offered me the school for the next term at an advance in salary of ten dollars per month. This offer I declined, saying I expected to give my full time and attention to the ministry. The citizens were overwhelmed by this statement, and I had to dismiss the audience again and again before they would go. They expected me to change my mind. At last, they arose from their seats very slowly, nearly, all of the students and some of the parents weeping. I had won their affections, but I realized that they had won mine also. It was hard not to yield to their earnest entreaties to be with them the next year. With a heart of sorrow. I bade them farewell never to see them again. I hope to meet several of these simple-hearted people again in that heavenly home where there will be no more good-byes, tears or sorrows. This hope I have because of the spiritual seed that I was able to sow among them. Before leaving these scenes, I include a letter that was given me upon my departure from Stewart's Chapel:

"Wills Point, Texas, March 12, '97, To any whom it may concern: We, the Trustees of the Stewart's Chapel School, do hereby show our appreciation of the services of Professor J. W. Harris while teaching the above school. We feel that the school has been benefited by his time

given here, and can recommend him as a faithful Christian teacher. Signed, W. D. Hindman, C. H. Stewart, N. L. Kennedy."

It was only a few days after the closing of my school that I went to Graybill, Texas, to take a Theological Course at Westminster College, an institution then under the presidency of the esteemed Christian, J. L. Lawlis. Here I remained until the close of the school term. Graybill was a small village in the gumbo lands, near Anna. It is not marked on recent Texas maps.

It was while I was attending Westminster College that a gang of outlaws would at times sweep through the town on their horses, firing their guns in regular wild-west fashion and terrorizing the inhabitants. A favorite time for these rides was when religious services were being held in the college chapel on Sunday nights. The raids did not take place regularly however, but only occasionally. A band of citizens determined to break up the practice and organized into a vigilant committee, securing the help of the county deputy. Arming themselves, they awaited the next raid. It came one Sabbath night, when I was to preach in the chapel. The gang filed into the room, sat down near the front and listened seemingly very attentively, even bowing their heads when prayer was offered. The committee expected a raid that night and were prepared, but when they saw how the rowdies acted they were thrown off their guard. Nevertheless, some, including the deputy and his men, remained outside and stationed themselves on the road which led out of town. After the services broke up the boys went out quietly, jumped on their horses, and rode swiftly out of town, shooting as they went. But the hoodlums had reckoned against their hosts for, as they passed the officers who were hidden on the roadside, they were received with a fusillade of gunfire. This set them going at full speed down the road, with the officers in hot pursuit and firing at the visitors at intervals. We learned later that the main leader of the gang was seriously wounded. This broke up their deprecations for the time being, and they made themselves scarce in that section. But the deputy who had shot the leader trembled like a leaf upon his return to town, and had some to guard him all night for fear the boys would come back seeking vengeance and do him hurt. But there was no danger of this, we told him, for the gang did not know who had done the shooting. Texas at that time was no worse than many other states, and we felt secure in preaching the gospel even to this kind of outlaws, some of whom were saved under my ministry. When I left the state I had many true friends there whom I loved very clearly and whom I hope to meet on the bright and golden shore.

It was at Graybill that I met a devoted man of God, George Hullinger. He was unable to read a text out of the Bible without making several blunders in pronunciation, but he had a secret power about him that reached the hearts of his audience and brought them to tears. Taking me along with him one day to one of his appointments, he had me to preach for him. But while I reached the people's ears, he reached their hearts, not so much by what he said, but because of the spirit in which he said it. After I became better acquainted with him he told me the source of his power. He said the Lord one day had asked him to preach the gospel. He gave the excuse that he was unlearned, but he told the Lord that if he would let him love the people into the Kingdom, he would do his best in the ministry. The Lord took him at his word, and gave him such a spirit of love that the people, with little preaching, would come weeping to the altar and get saved. His wife also was a devoted Christian.

It was association with people such as these that gave me a longing for a deeper experience than I possessed. While attending Westminster College I met also several consecrated young men who were preparing for the ministry. The college sometime after this was moved to another part of the state where it was more propitious.

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11 -- PASTORAL ITINERANCY

Brush Arbor Meetings in '96

Except in the towns there were few church buildings in Texas. In small villages and in the rural districts religious services were commonly held in schoolhouses in the winter season. In the summer, if in a timbered section or on the border of the prairie, brush arbors were often erected for religious use. These consisted of upright poles forked at the top and set in the ground. Into the forks were placed horizontally, other poles and across these were laid still others. The entire framework was covered with green branches and underbrush to protect from the hot rays of the sun. No rain was expected at this time of year and scarcely even a cloud. The arbor could be built large enough, or enlarged, so as to accommodate many hundreds and even thousands of people. The seating sometimes consisted of rough boards laid across log stringers, but very often logs alone were used. The people would sit upon these bark-upholstered seats for an hour and a half or more, and listen to the gospel message without seeming to be weary. The pulpit was a borrowed stand on a raised platform or a board between two saplings.

Elderly men often attended the services barefooted with their pants-legs rolled up halfway to their knees. The women wore neat sunbonnets and calico dresses modestly and tastefully made. People would attend from quite a distance, coming on horseback. Sometimes a husband would ride a horse with his wife sitting sideways behind him, or, again, there would be two horses, the children riding in front of each parent or sitting behind. Young men would bring their girl friends, riding sideways on the same horses, with themselves or sometimes the girls rode separate horses. Other people would come in wagons sometimes drawn by oxen. Occasionally one would see a topless buggy. But many walked, even over distances of several miles, to the services. In some sections, water was scarce, and it was common occurrence for persons to take a supply for drinking purposes. When the services continued a whole day many would start before daylight bringing food and planning to stay for the entire time. Early starting was encouraged from the desire to avoid riding in the scorching hot sun. What a contrast this is with the attitude of ease-loving church-goers of today to whom it is necessary to cater in special ways in order to get their attendance.

Satan also had his agents present rowdies to disturb or break up the meetings, for he very often lost some of his most loyal subjects at these places. When anybody was converted he immediately went after his friends, working hard to get them to the altar also, and he often succeeded. The rowdies would steal anything they could get and would do much mischief otherwise. The devil seldom bothers meetings where he can run them by card signing, by water-salvation, or even by "take-it-by-faith" religion. For he has little fear of losing any of his cohorts. A few of the common pranks played by the rowdy class were: Sand-burrs or pine cones

were put under saddle blankets to make the horses cut up when the owners mounted: whips were stolen and thrown away; dinners were confiscated and eaten; girths of saddles were partly cut so that they would easily break and throw the riders; front wheels of vehicles were exchanged with back ones from the opposite sides; hub caps were removed so that the wheels would run off the spindles when the carriages were moved; guns were discharged near the meeting places; and many other things were done to disturb and break up the meetings. Frequently liquor was brought by the pranksters and drunk at these meetings to make them courageous (?) in their pranks. Sometimes such conduct was discouraged by arrests and fines.

It was in the summer of 1897 that I heard of one of these outdoor meetings and decided to attend for two or three days. I was driving a horse hitched, to a two-wheeled cart. Arriving late in the evening and tying the horse to a sapling, I entered the preacher's stand just as the announcement of services was being made. In the course of his remarks, the speaker said that there had been instances of stealing from the vehicles on the grounds and that other mischief had been done by hoodlums. It was stated that if such activities continued officers would be called to police the ground and catch the offenders. Hearing this, and knowing that my few belongings were in a suitcase in my cart, I slipped out and hid under a thick bush where I could see my vehicle by the reflection of the light and also hear the preaching at the same time. I was only a few minutes in that place of concealment when I began to detect that some persons were bent on mischief. Soon I saw some young men searching in a wagon. Next they came to my rig and began to search it. In a loud gruff voice, I asked them what they were after. They peeped around to see where the voice came from, but could not see me for the thick underbrush. They turned back to the cart. Again I asked them what they wanted in that rig. They replied they were after water. I asked them if such a place looked like it had any water, and then ordered them to make themselves scarce or they would find something they were not looking for. All the while, I kept in the dark so that no one might see how young or small I was. They quickly left to other parts of the ground. Several gangs of hoodlums were around that night, and it was well that I took it upon myself to police my vehicle.

In two or three days alter I came the meeting closed with a number of conversions, some sixty in all. On the closing night there was a testimony service. It was suggested by one of the preachers that only the converts in that meeting were to testify, and each was to tell whom God had used in bringing him to Christ. Among the Christians present was a little, sweet-faced girl about fifteen years of age, who was very timid. Yet of the sixty that testified that night this little girl was given credit for more than half of the number, the balance being divided among other Christian workers. The preachers, some six or eight, had about a dozen to their credit. Thus, we see that when the heavenly record is opened at the rendering of rewards, many who credit themselves with so many converts will be crestfallen as they hear the judgment of justice at the great tribunal of God and find that they have gained only a small increase for the amount that the Lord has invested in them. Ministers should be very careful about stringing the fish that others have caught.

For quite a distance in its course the soil on each side of the Sabine River is alluvium, varying in width several miles. At the time I was in the State this was covered with dense forests of hardwood and other kinds of timber. In the rainy seasons this river overflowed its banks in many places inundating the land on each side for miles; and after receding left a quick-mud in some places several feet deep which was very dangerous to travel when soaked with water. But after the rains ceased this mud dried out in a few weeks and became firm and safe. There were a few

places of higher ground where roads led to bridges across the river which were safe at all times of the year; and there were also winding trails over this mud-deposit leading to fords that were perfectly safe in the dry season, shortening distances for several miles.

It was in May (1897) that I borrowed a horse and saddle and took a trip which led me over this river to a place to see about a meeting. To save about twenty-five miles of a ride, thinking it was safe at this time of year, I took a winding road which led through the forest across this overflow land which was about five miles to the fording place, and three miles beyond. Neither the horse nor I had ever traveled this road before. All went well for the first two miles after coming to the overflow-land, for the road was plain, then the trail became more and more obscure until it was completely blotted out by the mud, yet soft from the receding waters. The thick, high timbers with the dense foliage hiding the sun's rays cast a dark gloom all around. On each side of the road there had been deep ditches dug to drain the water from the road, but these now were filled with mud level with the road, leaving no marks to tell me when we were in the way. To vary a little distance on either side meant to get into one of these ditches of sticky mud, flounder, and slowly sink until completely swallowed up.

It was a hazardous situation; to turn the horse around and go back was as dangerous as going forward. The horse floundered in the mire up to its knees, each hinge seeming to be the last. As he pulled up his feet it would sound like the bursting of an air-inflated paper bag. I held up my feet in the stirrups of the saddle to keep them from trailing in the mud, and let the bridle rein loose for the horse to choose his own way, only speaking to him encouragingly at times as I prayed. Finally reaching the ford and crossing over the river I rode three miles more through the morass, just as dangerous, before reaching firm ground. It had taken several hours, and the horse was trembling with exhaustion and dripping with perspiration.

While at the time I did not fully recognize the danger, later, when told about it, I could fully comprehend how the Lord had spared my life, by giving an instinct to a dumb brute that could choose the right way over an obscure, winding trail that he never followed before. On my return trip I took the safe way by the bridge though it was twenty-five miles farther.

Before I went to Texas the doctrine of holiness had gained many adherents in the state. There were several ministers who not only preached it but had the experience. The Second Coming of Christ was made prominent among the doctrines they taught. Among the holiness preachers was one who advocated having a religious community in Oklahoma. By his influence he persuaded many who possessed property to sell out and give him the money with which to buy a large tract of land in that territory, upon which they were to settle and await Christ's coming. He proclaimed that the time of this event was not far distant according to the signs of the times. Making a small down payment for a large tract of land, he led several families to the place, and others followed later. As there were no accommodations of any kind, one evil followed after another, and it was not long before they returned to their home state. Some of them came to despise anybody who taught the doctrine of holiness; a few came back the wiser and recovered from this snare of Satan to become faithful Christians. This occurrence gave true holiness a severe blow from which the cause had not yet recovered when I arrived in the state.

It was about this time that Rev. T. L. Garrison, the secretary of the Texas M. P. Conference, and pastor of the Lone Oak Circuit in Hunt County, asked me to be an assistant pastor on his charge while he collected funds for the Westminster College and other conference obligations. For this service I was to receive ten dollars a month. The circuit was about fifty miles in extent having nine points which took about a month to travel, preaching and holding services. I made my home with an elderly man and his wife named Moxley. The man professed to having received the grace of sanctification. His wife did not claim the experience, but said she desired it. Moreover she said that her husband had an experience deeper than she, and lived it daily. As his pastor, I took note of his conduct and saw that his walk was close to God, though he said little about the experience. except that it was real. He had an excellent report from those who were his close neighbors.

During one of my monthly rounds there was to be a holiness camp meeting at Greenville, the county seat and the Moxleys contemplated attending it. Upon my return the camp was over, and the folks had returned home, the wife testifying that she had been sanctified while at the camp. Though I did not claim the experience they treated me, as their pastor, most courteously in all humility. That testified to me more than anything else there was something to it, and made me desire a deeper spiritual experience than that which I possessed, for I saw that the Bible spoke of it, and I began to preach it as well as at times to pray for it.

On Lone Oak Circuit was a union meeting-house in a thickly settled community where three denominations held services by turns, the Methodists being one of them. There was no sectarian spirit in the community, but all worshipped harmoniously together in the one house. Whenever a protracted meeting was held all the members of each denomination attended and labored together for the salvation of sinners in the neighborhood, an unusual thing in a union church house. There had been two series of services of two weeks each field there by the other denominations, and now it was my turn. The revival spirit had not waned, and from the very beginning there was a large turnout. Here I will relate some incidents which took place while conducting these services:

For three years in succession at every protracted meeting held in that place a highly respected woman, the mother of a large family, had been seeking a personal experience of salvation. Her husband and the neighbors testified that she lived an exemplary life as a Christian, and that, no doubt, she was expecting something that she would not get. When I talked to her on the subject she admitted that she was living to please God as far as she knew, but had never received a witness of the Spirit, and would never give up until she obtained this clear evidence of her adoption into the family of God. I told her not to give up, for there was such an evidence, that she could be fully satisfied and have all doubts removed. Each day and night she was the first to go to the altar, and would earnestly pray to God with the tears coursing down her cheeks, for his acceptance. The series of services was drawing to a close, several had prayed through, but still she lingered until the night before I was to close the meeting. It had been a tense time for the Christians and even the sinners themselves were greatly interested seeing her struggles at the altar. On this night none came to the front, not even this woman. A second invitation song was being sung when all at once springing to her feet the woman began to loudly praise God with her hands lifted high over her head, her face illuminated with the new-found joy of the Lord in her soul. She afterwards testified that something said to her that she had passed the dead line, and there was no use to seek longer. The voice startled her, but finally she said in her heart that she would seek the Lord's pardoning grace if she went to hell trying. When she tried to get up an unseen power held her to the seat until

she looked to Jesus for help, when she was liberated from her bondage and received the joyful evidence of her acceptance. The Lord at times withholds the evidence, even after we have yielded all, to make us more persistent, to try out and increase our faith, and make it more real to us.

Another instance was that of a beautiful orphan girl of fifteen years highly respected but very haughty and proud. Several Christians were much interested in her being saved, and went to her nightly pleading that she would yield and go forward to the altar. But she stubbornly shook her head in defiance, curling up her lips with scorn. Noting that she really enjoyed this special attention shown her, I enjoined the sisters to stay away from her, if they wanted to see her saved, and go to others more susceptible. They took my advice, though hard to do so, and passed her up for others. Seeing this occur night after night, the girl lost her haughty demeanor, and on the third or fourth day began to weep, rushed to the altar, and earnestly pled for the Lord to save her, confessing her stubborn nature and worldly life. It was only a few minutes until she got the victory and arose praising God for his redeeming love.

There was a member of the church, a leading man of the community who was living a moral life, but had no evidence of being saved. He never took a part in prayer or in the testimony service. When I talked to him he excused himself by saying that some Christians were more staid than others. This self-righteous Pharisee seemed to be perfectly satisfied with himself. But as the meeting went on and several were joyfully saved I noted that he was greatly interested. I asked him if he had ever received an evidence of his acceptance with God, to which he gave a negative reply. Then I asked him if he ever desired it. He said yes, that he had been seeking at various times for it, but supposed it was not for all. Seeing that it was pride, the fear of what others would say, I asked him to go forward and seek it publicly. After various excuses, he finally went forward, but did not pray audibly. I accused him of pride, but he said it was not that. The next day he went to the city on business, riding in his farm wagon. As he afterwards testified publicly, he talked to himself, admitted that I had told him the truth which he did not like, and asked the Lord to forgive his stubborn spirit saying that he would go to the altar the next night and openly pray and confess his sins. At this yielding to God the Spirit came upon him while in the wagon and he began shouting the victory. An old colored man was passing by at that moment and the man said he was so happy he felt like jumping out of the wagon and embracing him.

At another time and place on the circuit, while holding a meeting, a young man with his bride came to the altar and both were brightly saved. They invited me to go home with them and spend the night, which invitation I accepted. Before retiring the young man related to me some of his wayward life. He said he had Christian parents in Indiana who had prayed for his salvation, and, no doubt, were still remembering him in their prayers, though he had not written them for over five years. He said he intended writing them that night and telling them that their prayers had finally been answered. To this I said, "Perhaps, your parents are dead, grieving over their lost son." At this the tears came to the boy's eyes, and he said he never had thought of that. But I encouraged him to write the letter, as it was only a supposition of mine, and that the Lord might have spared their lives to hear the good news. I never knew the outcome, not only hope that they could rejoice over their prodigal son coming home to Father's house, as the angels rejoiced in heaven over the one sinner who had repented.

At this same place there was a boy of a respectable family who was going with a refined and beautiful young girl in the community. One night I preached against various sins including dancing. After I closed the service that night he came forward and pertly called me down saying his sisters were respectable and they danced. I told him I had said nothing about people not being respectable who danced, but it might lead to other wrongs. At this reply the young man turned and went back to his girl friend who had heard what he had said to me. When he asked for her company home, she curtly, said "No." loud enough for me and others to hear. Then she came forward and asked me to go home with them that night, meaning with her parents. This was quite a setback to the young man, and later he came to me and apologized for his disrespect and asked me to help him in regaining the girl's favor.

It was in this meeting that I was greatly disturbed by young men running in and out of the house drawing attention of those who desired to listen to the gospel. Just before preaching one night I said, "Girls, don't be annoyed by those boys going out. Their father has bought them a new pair of pants, and they want you to see them, so look at the next one who goes out." Sufficient to say there was no more disturbance in this line for the boys sat quietly during all the services. There were several saved during the meeting, including some young people.

I heard of a little cripple girl of fifteen years who was brightly converted in a Methodist meeting. She reasoned that if the Lord could forgive her sins, he could likewise heal her long-standing affliction. With this thought in view she asked to be assisted from her wheel-chair to the altar. Seeing her faith the Lord touched her body, and she sprang to her feet glorifying God. The news spread far and near, and her grandmother, who lived at a distance, and belonged to another church, heard of it and said she did not believe it, and was going to see for herself. The pastor hearing about this statement of the grandmother said publicly, "Many believe the days of miracles are passed, but I want the girl who has been healed to stand up and testify." Springing to her feet she tripped back and forth in front of the rostrum praising God for what he had done for her soul and body. Seeing this, the grandmother also sprang to her feet and began praising God.

It was common to see preachers in the South smoking. An aged minister of seventy-five, who had smoked a pipe nearly all his life, was assisting in a protracted service. An old lady was seeking at the altar for salvation, and seemed to come up against something that she could not pray through. Seeing this the preacher asked her what it was and she replied that it was her old pipe. Then he said to her. "If my old pipe is standing in your way, sister, I will never smoke it again as long as I live." After promising the Lord she would give up her smoking, the aged sister prayed through, and the Lord healed her, as well as the minister, of the appetite. It was a beautiful example which the old minister set before his people.

I rode a beautiful, mottled-gray pony, half-wild, which had great endurance, going all day in a trot without showing fatigue. But if not ridden for three or four days, it would need to be broken again. I did not relish these bucking traits as cowboys did. This was the nature of nearly all the horses in Texas at that time, especially ponies. With this pony I was loaned a beautiful new saddle and bridle, shining with plated buckles and ornaments. I used a quirt, and wore a large spur on my heel, cowboy-fashion, but had no revolver.

At one time a horse I had been riding was put in a barn-lot over night with another horse. In the morning I found it had jumped the fence and gone for home, which was fifty miles away over the course I had come. It had rained in the night so that the track could be clearly seen. Rev. Cummings, where I had stopped for the night, told me the horse would not return by the way I had come but would take a shorter cut, though he had never traveled it before, he said I should take his horse and follow the tracks that had been made in the mud. Urging my steed forward at a high gait, I found the tracks led across the country over fences in a straight course to its home. After riding about twenty miles I came up to the horse which was about to jump another fence. Hastily dismounting, I bridled the horse which was most submissive and led him back from where he had started. What kind of instinct had this animal, which had never been over this course before, that led it unerringly to take the shortest cut home? It was the same kind of instinct that brought me safely through the Sabine bottom some months previous.

Ancient Landmarks

"Remove not the ancient landmark, which thy fathers have set" -- Proverbs 22:28.

Rev. Cummings and I were invited to hold a series of revival services in a locality where there was a church building. There had been no spiritual interest in the community for two or more years because the two main leaders of the church in that place were at disagreement in a dispute over a boundary line, which involved the membership as well.

One day we were invited by one of these leaders to go home with him and stay over night. Accepting the invitation we were regaled that night with a story of the trouble and how he had been wrongfully treated when he had built a new line fence between his neighbor and himself, and how his neighbor had claimed that he had encroached upon his land in building the new fence. Each had secured a different surveyor, neither of which agreed in the survey, and left the question in a greater tangle than ever. It had been taken to court, and several dollars had already been spent by each one. As we learned afterwards both men were heartily sick of it all, but too stubborn to compromise.

After retiring for the night Rev. Cummings and I talked the matter over and concluded that no spiritual good could be accomplished there unless these two men could be reconciled, and we agreed upon a plan.

Early the next morning after breakfast we asked our host if he would permit us to have his deed for the day in order to trace the boundary line for our own satisfaction, as I had studied surveying to some extent. He readily consented, and taking the deed, the minister and I went over the line step by step beginning several miles away where the earliest survey had been made and carefully traced it until we reached a school lot where the line ended. At that place the deed called for an oak six inches in diameter as a corner. Close by, perhaps eighteen inches of the line, was a green oak sapling of that dimension which my companion thought was the landmark saying that the early surveyors, were not so particular in their survey. It was from and to that sapling that each of the surveyors had taken their bearings But I said that then as well as my companion, were in error for that tree could not be more than eight or ten years of age and the deed had been made some fifty years before. Then I pointed to a large oak stump which had been cut a few years before and was

on the line, and said that it no doubt, was the original tree called for in the deed, and, if so, by cutting deep we would find the survey marks

The next day we invited our host to accompany us with his axe going over the same course as we had the day before we came to the school yard, and explained to him the errors of the surveyors and showed him the stump, saying we believed it was the point called for in the deed.

As we carefully chipped on one side of the stump, three marks became visible one above the other, and about three inches from the center, determining the landmark. The man admitted we were right.

The next day we took his neighbor over the same course, explaining what had been found. He also admitted we were right. The two men got together, and confessed their error and the wrong thoughts they had. Each asked the other's forgiveness; the church members were again restored to unity; and the Spirit of God was poured out on the people to the salvation of several in the community.

Pests

Texas is a state of bedbugs, mosquitoes, wood-ticks, birds with bright colored plumage, mocking birds, black and red ants, jack rabbits, tarantulas and snakes. It was with mosquitoes, black and red ants, wood-ticks, and bed-bugs that I had the most trouble. Here are a few instances of many:

I had gone one night to a home on the prairie. My bed was not too presentable, but I was very tired and lay down. Soon "night prowlers" began to attack me, I got out of bed and stretched myself on the floor, but black ants began to bite me. I went out on the porch and lay down, only to be assaulted by poisonous red ants. Hastily arising I sat up the rest of the night unable to get any sleep.

It was while holding services under a brush arbor on the edge of the prairie that I spent the night at a home where things seemed very favorable for a good night's rest. About midnight the long drought was broken by a torrent of rain which poured down by the bucketfuls upon my bed through a large hole in the roof. Grabbing my trousers, I threw them under the bed, but not before they had become soaked with water, as were also the bedcovers and my other clothing. In the morning I put on the wet garments went out into the sun and they soon dried on my back. The Lord was training me to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, enduring hardness, as the Apostle Paul told young Timothy. Sometimes I would have to crawl into a bed set out in the yard, surrounded with netting to keep out the singing pests. I would undress after entering the enclosure. If one or more of the mosquitoes got under the netting, they were most annoying

A Violent Storm

It had been hot and sultry all day. A storm was brewing as I got on the train in the evening going westward to Dallas. I could see a dense dark cloud just above the horizon in the west and flashing lightning in it. Just as we were about to enter the storm several passengers from the coach

I was alighted at a station. The conductor and I were left practically alone. Soon the storm broke in all its fury around us. The wind blew in hurricane blasts causing the coach I was in to reel like a drunkard. The sharp lightning lit up the outside like noonday, and the thunders shook the earth. The rain poured down in great torrents flooding the ground like a lake, and the train slowed down to a snail's pace as it crept through the sea of waters for several hours. The conductor gravely said to me, "It is a fearful storm tonight." The railroad led across an open prairie where a storm could expend its fury without abatement. It was this danger that made the passengers, in fear, leave the train at that station. They knew the danger of the train being blown off the track: I did not. Never before nor since have I witnessed such a storm. When we finally arrived in Dallas, all was calm. To my best recollection some damage had been done in the city. No doubt, the Lord kept me safely that night as he had in other instances, as storms in that section of Texas were often destructive to property and life.

But there is a brighter side to the life of a pioneer preacher. To see hungry souls sitting by the hour on rough planks or on rough-bark logs, listening to the gospel was a great inspiration; especially, when these simple children of nature would weep their way past the cross of Calvary to newness of life in Christ Jesus. As I look back on those days I see how the Lord was preparing me for a greater usefulness in his vineyard.

January 22, 1897, I had been given the second year's course of study pursuant to membership in the Texas Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, my local quarterly license being renewed July 23, 1897. It was late in November of this year that I contemplated returning to Ohio. To this end I attended the Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church at Lake Creek, Texas, near Cooper in Delta County and received a letter of my standing. It reads thus:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that the bearer, Rev. J. W. Harris is a minister acting under the direction of this the Texas Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, signed by order and in behalf of the Texas Annual Conference. J. M. Bauman, president, T. L. Garrison, Secretary."

I had traveled thousands of miles, in forty-two counties of the state during my two years of sojourn there. These trips were made on horse-back or in a two-wheeled cart, seldom by train. I had seen scores of souls brightly saved under my ministry and had won many friends that wept when I bade them farewell, reminding me of Paul in his last address to the elders at Ephesus (Acts 20: 17-38). During this last year, Rev. James L. Lawless, president of Westminster College gave me an excellent letter of recommendation. It reads:

"This is to certify that Brother Harris, the bearer has been a student of the Westminster College the past few months, having come to us well recommended, and has shown himself to be a worthy young man. -- James L. Lawless, President."

Home Sweet Home

After about two days and nights traveling by train, via, St. Louis, Mo., I arrived home on Thanksgiving Day, just as the family was sitting down to dinner. I had not written for several

weeks. Mother had looked up the street, but did not see me coming, although I saw her. It was indeed a time of Thanksgiving. In the two years of my absence there had been a marked change -- Father's and Mother's hair was gray, and the children had grown much taller -- no doubt they also had recognized a change in me and my deportment, but I was still their "Johnny." The table was spread with a bountiful Thanksgiving repast; however, little was eaten for the joy felt, especially by Father, Mother and myself. We were filled to overflowing. Father would say, "Johnny! Johnny" while the tears would course down his furrowed cheeks. Mother could not express herself, as she kept looking across the table at her boy who had returned home. Later she would pull me down upon her lap as she had done when I was only a small child. As for me, my heart was too full for utterance. It took some days for me to settle down to normal, as I visited old scenes and friends which I had loved so well.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

* * * * *

12 -- MOUNT OREB CIRCUIT

A few days after returning to Ohio I visited my old pastor, Rev. W. J. Elliott under whose ministry I had been converted when a lad. He now had a pastorate at Mount Blanchard, Ohio, Hancock County. It had been several years since I had seen the family and they made me welcome in their home. Here I met the president of the Ohio Methodist Protestant Conference, Rev. M. M. Campbell, who, upon learning that I would take a pastorate, appointed me as a supply in Springfield at the Pleasant Street Church, which was a beautiful building. The parsonage, near-by, was rented by two elderly people, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city and were excellent Christians. They gave me a room and board for the rent of the house.

I received this appointment in March, 1898. One Sabbath evening, several of my old classmates came to one of my services and congratulated me on my message, deserving or not. At least, the class prophet saying that I would become a minister had foretold correctly.

I visited the few members I could find and, tried to awaken an interest in the church. There were several repair jobs to be done: The furnace which smoked to suffocation needed replacing, the oil lamps in the chandeliers gave little light, and parts of the building needed repairs, but there were no funds with which to finance this work. The church board finally called a meeting in which they decided to close the church. I was glad for this step. as it liberated me for other spiritual work in which I could be more useful. The church building was eventually sold and passed into the hands of another denomination.

It was at this time that I became greatly convicted for a deeper experience. At times I walked in spiritual darkness until the sun itself seemed to have withdrawn its shining. I did not know at the time that it was the "old man" striving within to assert his supremacy. The light would break through the cloud for a short period, then my soul would become darker again. During these times of gloom I secretly cried out for the living God.

In August I attended the Ohio Methodist Protestant Conference which was held at Mount Blanchard, and there I received my license and was appointed to Mount Oreb Circuit, in Brown County. I was put on the last year's study course relative to ordination in the next conference. This course was: "Wakefield's Theology," "Fisher's Church History," "Shedd's Pastoral Theology," "Paley's Natural Theology," "Biography of John Wesley," and "History of Methodism."

The Mount Oreb Circuit consisted of three places: Mount Nebo and New Harmony, in Brown County; and Stewart Chapel, an independent church in Highland County. The circuit was called Mount Oreb because the parsonage was located there. If the pastor was a single man he was supposed to live among the members, and the parsonage rented, the money derived therefrom to be used to help on the expenses of the church. The salary promised the pastor for the entire circuit was two hundred and fifty dollars a year.

The former pastor, who was a single man, had made his headquarters on the Mount Nebo charge. Its church register showed a membership of about three hundred. Upon investigation, I found some had died years before, and their names had not been dropped from the register: others had moved to parts unknown: and many were living in open sin, making no profession of religion and seldom attended church except on some special occasion. This left about fifty or sixty regular attendants, among whom were well-to-do farmers, some of whom were members on the official board. The salary of the preacher at Mount Nebo was met by socials and entertainments, by soliciting the church members as well as those outside the church, and by the pastor donating a part of his salary to make up for deficiency in order to bring up a good report at the following conference. Nothing was contributed to benevolent institutions except the conference president's salary which was paid quarterly regardless of whether the pastor received anything or not. The spiritual condition of this church was at a low ebb.

The first home I visited on this charge was that of Mr. L., a member of the official board who had been recommended to me by the former pastor. I was graciously received by him and his good wife. After partaking of a bountiful dinner we went to the parlor and in a few minutes my host excused himself, went out and returned with a pitcher of home-made wine and a small glass, asking me to sample it. I told him I never drank wine or any other alcoholic beverage, because I felt it was wrong. In reply he said he kept it by the keg in his cellar, and his boys had access to it at any time, as it would keep them from running around to get it -- but later on one of his boys in a drunken brawl, nearly murdered a man. After this discussion, he related an immoral episode that had occurred sometime before in regard to an evangelist who had held a meeting in the community. This first day was a sad introduction to my pastorate. After holding prayer with this family, I went about two or three miles to the next home, Ellis Penney, a steward of the church. Here I spent my first night on the charge.

Mr. Penney and his wife had a good report from those without. They had taken in the former pastor and kept him during the year without charge, and now they gave me a cordial invitation to do the same. It was a real home, though humble; consisting of a weather-boarded log house, a story and a half high, with three small rooms downstairs and two in the loft; one where I had a bed; and the other, two of their grown boys occupied when they were at home. The front room downstairs I used as a study. All was tidy, though plainly furnished, for Mrs. Penney took

pride in housekeeping. There were a few acres of poor clay land that were used for pasture and garden truck. Brother Penney furnished me a horse and buggy to ride over the circuit when I could not use my bicycle or walk to my various appointments. In this home I was hidden from the scourge of the tongue, and watched over as one of their own children during my pastorate there.

During the first week of pastoral visitation. I gathered material for my first message on the Sabbath morning. Step by step I traced the unsavory story about that evangelist through various persons of the church, but found no eye-witnesses, only hearsay, until I had questioned closely six, each asserting the one that had told them knew it to be the truth. The seventh who had started the report was an outsider, one who I suppose had been rebuked for his iniquity by the evangelist and had taken this means of destroying his influence. The congregation was large at this first service -- to hear the new preacher. The gist of my sermon was the evil tongue, relating the story about that man of God who had been slandered. Those who had told me were all present, and the message went home, especially to those who had helped to spread the report.

The first real clash I had was with the official board concerning the way of providing my salary. When I told them I did not believe in church festivals, entertainments, and other questionable things, to raise money for religious purposes; they said that had been their custom for years; otherwise, I would get nothing. I told them that we would say nothing about the preacher's salary publicly or privately during the year, and I would be willing to take the free-will offerings given me and say no more about it. This relieved the board of stewards of any financial responsibility during the year as far as the pastor's support was concerned, and they submitted to my plan.

After preaching at each point on the circuit, visiting and praying in several of the homes, I gave out the time I would begin my revival at Mt. Nebo. The official members were not used to having the pastor take the lead and immediately an objection was raised that it was the wrong time of the year, and that they never began a protracted meeting until all the fall work was done, the crops gathered in, and there was nothing else to do except attend services. This objection was specially from the class leader, Darl L., a young man of family and a prosperous farmer who kept two or three hired hands the year round. His mother, seventy-five years of age, lived with him and had twenty thousand dollars in government bonds. But with all this financial prosperity he contributed little to the needs of the church, although he chewed about twenty-five dollars' worth of tobacco yearly, as he afterwards confessed.

On the work there were two old maiden ladies, sisters, eighty and eighty-five years of age, devoted Christians, who lived in an old log-shack of one room, which was surrounded by this man's land. In the winter this house was very cold with the wind blowing through the cracks between the logs and having a large fireplace with little wood to drive out the chill. Moreover these elderly ladies had little to eat, and though poorly dressed, they attended services, regularly. This class leader paid no attention to their needs until -- but this is another story which comes later.

In the two and one-half years of my ministry I had had some spiritual awakenings but no such revivals as I had seen in my childhood and had read about. My heart longed to see an outpouring of God's Spirit as in former years. Before entering the ministry I had been told by, my

pastor that we need not expect such revivals again as the people were more enlightened than in earlier times, and that manifestations of the Spirit were chiefly among the uneducated. However this explanation did not satisfy the longings of my heart, for I still had faith in my Mother's religion. Besides, in studying the revivals of the past, I recognized that some of our most Spirit-filled and talented ministers were well educated. Therefore, in the very beginning of my pastorate on the Mount Oreb Circuit, I asked the Lord to give me a great revival awakening in the different churches, and also to give me a deeper experience with him.

I held the first meeting at Mount Nebo. A sleet and snow had fallen so that the farmers could not gather in their fall crops from the fields, so there was a good attendance which increased daily. The Holy Spirit began to convict the members of their sins.

Every other night, I saw a man sitting in the congregation, first, far back, then coming nearer each night of his attendance, until he was seated well up toward the front. One night, after I had dismissed, he came to the pulpit and, shaking his fist at me in anger, said, "You have been denouncing me every time I have come. If I am in the way of the church, give me a letter and I will get out." I inquired as to who he was. He answered, "I am a local preacher in the church." I told him to go to the altar and get saved, then if he desired a letter I would give him one. His anger soon abated, and turning, he slowly walked to the door, then stopped. After the crowd had left, he invited me to go home with him, not expecting me to accept. But I accepted his invitation asking him to wait until I got my overcoat and Bible. When I reached the door he said, "The road is very muddy, I am horseback and it is three miles to my home" -- thinking I would change my mind. I told him I could walk. Unhitching his nag he said, "My horse will carry double." I replied, "Then I will ride behind you." I climbed on and put my arms around the man. The horse splashed through the deep mud, while I talked to the man about the love of God.

When we reached his home I found he was poorly equipped to entertain the preacher. All the beds were full of children. Knowing that he was in a dilemma as to where he would put me, I suggested he let me sleep with two of his boys in order to keep warm. After breakfast and prayer the next morning, I prepared to leave, when the man told me he could not attend the morning service, but would be there at night; but that I could ride most of the way to the church with him, as he was going that way on business. As we rode along both were silent until he finally said, "I have a very high temper." I replied, "I see you have, brother." Then he said, "Last night I played the fool." I answered, "I know you did, brother." Then he asked what he should do about it. I told him to confess to the congregation, then go to the altar and get saved. This he promised to do. That night he made a public confession, asked forgiveness, and when the altar call was made he was among the seekers. Mr. L., the member whom I had first visited, was also at the altar and took a position opposite Mr. S., the local preacher. Noting that both had something in the way, I asked each what it was, and for reply they looked across the platform at each other, but kept silent. Fathoming they were not on speaking terms, I asked each to arise and meet in front of the pulpit and ask each other's forgiveness and make up. At first, stubborn-like, they hesitated, though they did stand up. But finally they rushed into one another's arms weeping, each asking the other's pardon, and there and then were joyfully saved.

These two brethren being reconciled, broke the strong opposition in the meeting at Mount Nebo, and a revival was on in great power and demonstration of the Spirit. Several more church

members now went to the altar, confessed their sinful deeds, repented with a godly repentance, and were brightly reclaimed, or converted, and some sanctified. Over two score had prayed through to victory when the class leader, Darl L., after two weeks or more, became greatly interested in having a clear evidence of salvation, and came to the altar. At first he acted very sanctimonious, but finally he saw himself in the light of the judgment, broke down and wept the bitter tears of repentance, confessing his sins. He was eight days and nights earnestly praying, until he despaired of ever being accepted. Finally he gained the victory, but not before he had given up the filthy weed he chewed, and had consecrated his wealth to the Lord's service. His wife, too, was saved as well as some of his children, also his aged mother. Before his conversion Darl began to attend the needs of those aged Christian ladies in his class, literally supplying them with every necessity of life, until they thought an angel had come to their home. Now I had four official members back of me wholeheartedly, but there were still three others who were secretly against me, though their wives and some of their children had been brightly saved in the meeting.

When I first came to the pastorate at Mount Nebo I found an elderly man, a non-professor with skeptical ideas, teaching a Sabbath school class of young men in the church. He was considered well-informed in the Scriptures and had quite an influence, especially over these young men. When the revival began he would sit about the middle of the house with his class around him. As the services progressed we noted at times that he scoffed at some of my statements, and I learned that on the following day he would meet the young men with others at a corner grocery, and contradict many things I had said the night before. Especially was this so on the subject of a sinless life. He used Scripture out of its setting, or misquoted it. Noting that he was a hindrance to the meeting, especially in the salvation of these young men, one night I offered to give a ten dollar Bible to any who could show me in the Bible a certain statement, often quoted as Scripture. At this the man opened his Bible, which he always carried with him, and pointing out a certain place, gave it to one of the boys sitting by him; who, after the service, came forward and asked if I did not say a certain statement was in the Bible. I admitted I had so said. He pointed to the place in the Bible which the man had shown him, and said, "Here it is." Looking at the young man I said, "No, it does not say it." And I asked him to read it as I again quoted the saying. But he was so sure, though he pretended to read it, that he said it was there word for word. Two or three times this occurred until I finally said, "Young man, you did not read it. Read it yourself, as I again quote it." This he did and acknowledged it was not like that which I had said. This broke that teacher's influence over these boys as well as others, for they saw that at other times also he had made statements which were contrary to the Scriptures.

Brother Penney faithfully stood by me in the meeting, testifying to having received the experience of holiness several months before, but did not know what to call it, until I began preaching it. He truly manifested the spirit of Christ in his daily life, though he said, before he received the blessing, he was very impatient when things did not go as he thought they ought. Sister Penney did not claim the experience, but was converted. She had a serious infection of the throat which at times would choke her: this had been of eight years' standing. In the meeting she began to pray earnestly for the Lord to sanctify her, losing all interest in her housework. One evening, leaving her supper dishes unwashed on the table -- an unusual thing -- she went out to pray in secret, and when she came back, sat down in the room which was semi-dark, the lamp was not yet lighted. As she spoke to us, her countenance began to glow with an unearthly light -- it was the Shekinah of heaven. She asked me, if everyone felt like she did when they were sanctified, saying,

"I feel like a feather floating in the air." The Lord had not only sanctified her wholly, but also healed her permanently of her throat trouble.

There was continual opposition to the meeting from one source or another because of the doctrine of sanctification, yet the altar was crowded nightly with earnest seekers, some praying through at each service as well as in their homes and other places.

There was a family on this work named Penney, related to Brother Ellis Penney, consisting of a father and four young people -- three girls and a boy. The father was a widower, his wife having died when the children were very small. This man had lost one of his lower limbs in the Civil War, and for years used crutches until he was financially able to secure a peg leg to take their place. After the death of his wife he took charge of the home and watched over his little children as a tender mother would. Standing on one foot and using a crutch for support, he cleared ground, cut wood, split rails for fences, planted and tended his crops on the little farm, took care of stock and chickens and did the housework, until his children became old enough to assist him. He sent the children to common school until they had received a fair education. When the oldest girl became grown she took charge of the home, and was a mother to the other children as well as a great help to her father. They all treated her with the highest respect. These young people were faithful in their attendance at Sabbath school and church services. It was during this revival that all four were convicted, though they were members of the church, and came to the altar to seek salvation. For three or four days they made no progress. until I inquired what was hindering. The oldest girl informed me that the family had some trouble with their aunt, who had an adjoining farm to them, and she had forbidden any of the family to trespass on her place. I told them they could not pray through until they had a forgiving spirit, and had sought a reconciliation with their aunt: that they should go and see her, and I would specially pray that the aunt might show a tender spirit towards them.

Arising from the altar they drove in their carriage about two miles to their aunt's place, and tremblingly they took the path which led to the door of her home. Looking out of her window the aunt saw them coming and opened the door just as they reached it. Weeping they asked her to forgive them for anything they had done amiss, and for their wrong feelings toward her. Taking them in her arms the aunt kissed each one, and the reconciliation was complete. Before they reached the church again the three girls were brightly converted, and were praising God for his redeeming love. At the altar that night Delbert, the brother, prayed through. During my pastorate there these young people, especially the girls, became active workers in the church, and were an adornment to the gospel of Jesus Christ, holding up my hands as a pastor. Years after, I inquired about the family and was informed that they were still true to God and were living exemplary Christian lives.

Almost the whole church membership was spiritually revived, and there were added to the church roll that year more than forty new members.

New Harmony and Stewart's Chapel

New Harmony was a hamlet of scattered houses about three miles from Mount Nebo. When the members there heard of the holiness doctrine which I had been preaching at Mount Nebo, they were fully set against it, and were ready to take issue with me by the time I went to that place to hold a revival. The meeting-house was poorly constructed and in a very dilapidated condition, but it was filled to capacity by the opposers and those who were curious about this new doctrine I set forth. The floor was in danger of breaking through because of the large attendance; and the floor sills did crack one night when a large crowd gathered there.

For several days there was not a single move made which would indicate that my messages were taking effect. One night something took place that stirred the people out of their staid ways. There was an elderly man, a member of the church named Ogden. To my best recollection he was the class leader. Brother Ogden was a leading opposer of the doctrine of sinless perfection, and was a block in the way of the revival, for he was considered a good man, and I had no reason to doubt it, for he bore a good reputation in the community as a true Christian. Brother Ogden was greatly afflicted with rheumatism in his lower limbs, and though he lived only a short distance away from the church, it was with great difficulty that he hobbled there. However, he was a faithful attendant, and listened attentively to the preaching.

One night I had a special message on the subject of Sanctification, in which I set forth its reasonableness from God's standpoint and the necessity of obtaining the experience before we could enter heaven. I thought that message ought to convince the most skeptical in the audience: but it did not, as I afterwards was told: but something else did move the people. Up to this time I had given no altar call, for I did not consider anyone was ready to respond; but after the message. I invited any who felt they had the need of this experience to come to the mourner's bench. Only one came, and that was Brother Ogden who always sat on the seat just in front of the pulpit. Sitting down on the altar bench facing the congregation he asked me to excuse him for not kneeling as it gave him severe pains to kneel. I told him if God excused him, I could not do otherwise. Bowing his head with his face in his hands he earnestly prayed for God to sanctify him. Soon he twisted off the bench and was kneeling with his face heavenward, the tears coursing down his cheeks. It was only a few moments when an unseen hand seemed to lift him to his feet and toss him into the air, at the same time whirling him around lacing the congregation. He said, "Where am I?" Again leaping about fifteen or more inches from the floor. at the same time turning completely around, he faced the audience and said, "What's the matter?" The third time leaping, he faced me and said, "What are you laughing at?" I must have been rejoicing in the Spirit, though I was not conscious of it. Not waiting for me to reply, he began to run and leap, praising God, down one aisle and up the other, with his face lifted heavenward, as did the lame man at the Beautiful Gate in the temple at Jerusalem in the apostolic days. Before this, Brother Ogden was known in the community as one of quiet demeanor, From that time on, the meeting took a turn: and night after night the altar bench was crowded. Each time several prayed through to complete victory. The whole church was revived and several new converts were added to the church. To God be all the glory for what was accomplished.

During the revival there was an elderly man, in the seventies, who came to the altar to seek conversion. When he was saved, the joy of the Lord so overwhelmed him that he praised the Lord at the top of his voice until he was almost exhausted and gasped for breath. Finally he said, "Lord,

stop, or I will die." Little by little he subsided, his bosom still heaving, until he became quiet, yet showing the glory of the Lord on his countenance.

Jimmy F., and his wife owned a small cottage and a few acres of land near the village. They were members of the church but had no time to attend the protracted meeting, so they said, except on the Sabbath. I urged them time and again to attend the services, but their excuse was that they were trying to finish paying for their home. One day they informed me that they were out of debt and had something left over and were now satisfied. It was only a short time after I left the circuit that the wife took sick went to the hospital and finally died. Mr. F., had to sell out and spent all he had for debts and in less than two years was tramping over the country as a beggar without a home.

There was a young widow, having a small child, that lived in a humble home near Mount Nebo. She owed a doctor in the community forty dollars for his services in the last sickness of her husband, but he told her that he would cancel the bill. After she was saved he sent her a bill for the amount, because of his prejudice against the meeting. In her distress, she came to me for advice. After earnest prayer to get the mind of the Lord, I told her to acknowledge the bill, sell her property, worth about the amount of the debt, and pay it; that the Lord would provide. Going to the physician she told him she would pay him as soon as she sold her home. He was touched, and going to his desk, wrote out a receipt in full, and gave it to her saying that canceled the debt.

Early one morning a messenger came to me, and said a child had died, and the family wanted me to minister at the funeral. Not knowing who it was, I went and found it was a little girl three years old, of a family whose mother had been converted and sanctified some weeks before. It was the youngest child, the only girl in the family of nine children. At the door the mother met me with a smile and said, "The grace of the Lord sustains me in this great trial. I could not have stood it a few weeks before." While the father and grown sons wept bitter tears of sorrow around the little white casket, for the child was an idol to them, the mother began to praise God for his sustaining grace and comfort in that trying hour. I had seen the child only a few days before in the services, the very picture of health.

Stewart's Chapel was in an aristocratic community, and a few wealthy farmers with their families attended the church, one of which was a family named Gilmore, consisting of a man, his wife, and a small daughter. This family was very hospitable, and loyal to the church and pastor. Mr. Gilmore usually paid about one-half of the church's running expenses as well as much of the pastor's salary. Having an open invitation to make it my stopping place, I usually stayed there overnight on Saturday when I filled my appointment there which was every two weeks.

The doctrine of sanctification which I preached as a second work of grace was not favorably received at Stewart's Chapel either. Several members, especially the were aristocratic ones, made objections, because of strict requirements. The Gilmores were an exception though none of the family professed having the experience. Only one man of the church, a cripple with inflammatory rheumatism, claimed to have received this blessing, and his consistent life bore out his testimony.

Early in January, 1899, there had been several severely cold days in succession with six or seven inches of snow before the Saturday that I was to make my regular trip to this Highland County charge for over the Sabbath. I prepared the day before for an early start. In the morning the thermometer registered nearly thirty degrees below zero, and the air was very frosty and stinging cold, when Brother Ellis Penney hitched up his horse to the buggy for me to make the trip.

At five o'clock, with a heavy woolen scarf wound around my neck partly covering my face, a heavy bed comfort tucked around me, and a lantern between my feet, I was off on my thirty mile drive. The lantern light, smothered by the cover, burned feebly giving out very little heat and soon went out; my heavy scarf formed a coat of ice where my breath reached it, and my eye lashes and brows became white with frost. The cold numbed my fingers through the heavy knit woolen gloves while I drove; and the horse could make little speed over the rough, frozen road through the several inches of unbroken, screeching snow. After some ten or twelve miles of travel it began to get warmer, and to relieve the horse, which was being fatigued, as well as to warm myself with exercise, I would walk one or two miles, then ride awhile, and get out and walk awhile again. I stopped about noon to give the horse feed, then we continued the journey. By the time night overtook us, it had begun to grow much colder and to snow, making the traveling even more difficult.

About ten o'clock at night I finally drove into the barn-lot of one of my members, who lived five miles from the church. I drove nearly off the side of a snow-hidden culvert while entering the lot. Numb with cold, I managed to get out of the buggy and stagger against the door of the house, which was opened by one of the family. Upon seeing me, they were greatly surprised, stating they never expected me to make the trip in such weather. It took sometime to get my hands warm by chafing and washing them in snow, and then they began to tingle with sharp pains. After a warm lunch I went to bed and soon was asleep feeling that I had done the right thing. In the morning we drove over to the church to find a good number out to the service, although they did not expect me to come. This was the turning point of my reception in that place; for many, who before had opposed me and the doctrine of sanctification, now received me most courteously, saying that a pastor who would risk his very life to fill his appointments must have an experience above the ordinary.

In the revival services which were held some few weeks after this experience much good was accomplished, a few souls were saved, and the church in general edified.

Before leaving this subject, let me relate an amusing incident which occurred during the revival services at that place: The sexton, an influential member of the church -- a giant in build, strength and determination -- took great pride in keeping the chapel clean and tidy. There was a strict law in Ohio about spitting on the floor of any public building, especially a place of worship. At one of the services a young man kept spitting tobacco juice on the floor. After the message, and before I had dismissed the congregation, the sexton, who had been watching this young man, secured a large rag and went to the fellow and asked him to wipe up the filth he had made. Stubbornly he hesitated, but the sexton said to him. "If you do not, I will use you to wipe it up." Knowing it was useless to resist, the boy carefully cleaned it all up while the janitor and others looked on. It was quite a humiliation but a good lesson on how to treat the house of God.

A little prayer band at Maple (Poetown), about six miles from Mount Nebo, invited me to give them a series of Bible lessons every month for which they were to pity a dollar a trip. It was the first Bible Class I ever held. These meetings were held in the home of Mrs. Smith Poe. Some of those who attended these classes were Mrs. Smith Poe, Mrs. Nettle Perseley (afterwards Vandament), Mrs. John Cots and Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Nettle Perseley attended the meetings at Mount Nebo and New Harmony and was a great help to me. I contacted this little band of Christians for several years afterwards, and labored in gospel work from time to time with them, but now they have all passed to their heavenly rewards.

In the revival meeting held at Mount Nebo there were several leading members from a Methodist Episcopal Church a short distance away who attended the services and were brightly saved. These came to me after the revival and asked to become members of my congregation, saying that their church was spiritually dead as well as their pastor. I emphatically told them I had my hands full without taking in members from another church, and for them to go back and hold up their pastor's hands and start a revival fire in their own church. This they did and their pastor was greatly encouraged by their spiritual earnestness. Soon a revival broke out in this sister denomination which spread over their community and many were saved. To rob one church of its members in order to build up another is like bees robbing the gum of another to fill their own hive with honey. Yet how many preachers and members do it, and think that they have done no wrong.

Early in the spring, 1899, I began my second revival at Mount Nebo. In various ways I had been greatly tried, and more and more felt the need of a deeper work of grace. At times I believed that I was sanctified because I preached with the unction of the Holy Spirit, but doubts would arise. I could not point definitely to any time or place that I had received, by a clear witness of the Spirit this second work of grace. Although at times, I would have a great spiritual uplift and encouragement, and though I still preached with liberty, yet spiritual darkness hung over me as a great pall at times, and my soul longed to be filled with the perfect love of God, so I began to seek it definitely, promising the Lord I would do anything he showed me. I was strongly impressed that I should go to the altar and seek it with others. At first I protested that it would cause the people, especially the new converts, to lose faith in me and so make abortive all my spiritual work in the church inasmuch as I had definitely preached it. Now the spiritual gloom settled over me like midnight. Then I said, "I will go to the altar though my name be cast out as evil." After I had preached, I went to the altar. I was there only a few moments in silent prayer when I was prompted of the Spirit to stand up and tell what I was seeking. I now cared nothing for what men should say, only that I might be wholly sanctified. Arising and facing the large audience, I said, "Men and Brethren----" but at that moment a great peace filled my soul, and I could say no more. It was the peace of God. Although at the time I did not comprehend what had happened and thought the darkness would return. But it did not, for the presence of the Holy Spirit abode, filling my heart with joy and gladness. Time and again I tried to tell what I had received at the altar that day, but each time was checked, while there at Mount Nebo.

For several months I had been corresponding with an estimable Christian young lady, Miss Lulu Pearle Yantis who lived near McComb, in Hancock County, in the northern part of the State of Ohio. We had first met at our mutual friend's, the Rev. W. J. Elliott's home while she was attending normal school at Mount Blanchard. She was a talented school teacher and of good parentage. This friendship grew into a strong affection, and we were betrothed, expecting to be

married late in the fall. Before our engagement I had written to her about the sanctified experience, but she was adverse to the doctrine, and came near dropping the correspondence, as she afterwards acknowledged.

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13 -- BEARING HIS REPROACH

"Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp bearing his reproach." -- Heb. 13:12-14.

The last quarterly meeting had now been held at Mount Nebo. I had received one hundred dollars more at this place than was promised at the beginning of the year and had raised almost all the funds required by the conference, which had not been done before. The preacher's salary for the coming year was increased by one hundred dollars and the lay delegate to the conference, Mr. Roy S., had been chosen. The various churches had voted almost unanimously for my return and the delegate was so instructed.

There had been some secret opposition however from three of the influential members of the official board at Mount Nebo about my being returned to the circuit, for they had taken issue with my preaching concerning the sinless life. Before I had received the anointing of the Holy Spirit, I had been asked by an outsider if I could keep calm if I were to be strongly tested. I avoided the question by stating that the Bible taught it. After being sanctified, I was asked by another the same question, and replied that I had never been put to the test, but believed that by the Lord's help and grace I could.

On the last Sabbath morning, at which time I was to preach my farewell message, the house was filled to capacity. My subject was "Perfect Love." The congregation was being melted as the message was reaching a climax; my whole soul was lifted up, when -- as a sudden lightning flash -- one of these opposing officials, sitting in the "Amen corner" with the two others, jumped up and rushed to the pulpit, shook his fist in my face, called me a liar, and commanded me to shut my mouth. Then the other two arose, and also demanded that I shut up. In a moment of time the thought came to me that these men would use their influence to keep me from being returned. My nest which I had prepared for my prospective bride was being torn to atoms. It was a tense moment. A justice of the peace in the back part of the house, a member of the church, arose and commanded the peace, asking the three men to sit down. It was then I felt the peace of God welling up in my heart and a great love and pity, for these erring brethren after all had become quiet, I took up my message where I had left off and finished it, wondering at the peace which filled my soul, and the compassion which I felt toward those who tried to injure me.

After the service many came forward and greeted me kindly, but some held aloof, showing that they were against me. One of the loyal members, Darl L., my class leader, wanted me to have the men arrested for disturbing the service, saying he would stand all the cost. But I told him I would take it to the Lord, and afterwards give him an answer. As I prayed for counsel, the Lord showed me scripturally that their conduct was against me personally and not the church, and I

should bear it for Jesus' sake. This was the answer I gave to my class-leader. I now knew it was the love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost which had sustained me in that trying hour; but I did not know what should befall me through the influence of these men. I forgot the occurrence in my preparation to attend the yearly conference which was held on the campgrounds at Sabina, Ohio. There was a large crowd in attendance that year to hear Dr. De Witt Talmage of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had been secured for a day or so, together with Maj. James H. Cole, the regular evangelist.

While at the camp I had charge of a bookstand to help defray my expenses. One day I saw a group of elderly preachers talking, and I drew near expecting to hear something beneficial, as I had a respect for elderly ministers and desired to learn from them the deeper things of God. But in this instance I was disappointed; for when I came near, I heard one tell an obscene story at which the others laughed. Leaving in disgust I sought more congenial company which I found with a young German who had been wholly sanctified, and had a successful revival in his field of labors. While we were alone in the chapel telling our experiences, an elderly preacher slipped in and sat down behind us and listened to our conversation. We were not aware of his presence until he said curtly, "I do not believe a word you say about being sanctified and living a sinless life, for every one sins more or less every day." Looking around I saw it was one of those preachers who had been with that group when the obscene story was told.

As the business of the conference proceeded, I was called before the examining committee. After being questioned closely they gave me excellent grades for the last year's course of study, which entitled me to be ordained. Later on I was called by the stationing committee. They began to question me concerning my belief about sanctification. I quoted from the books that had been my course of study. Then one of the preachers questioned me more closely as to my own personal belief about the doctrine. I told them I believed what these books said. He said, "We do not." Then I asked them why the conference recommended such books. To this there was no reply. Finally one of the men asked me about the petition that had been sent to them against my being sent back to the Mount Oreb Circuit. Astonished, I asked them to tell me some of the names on the petition. They refused to reveal any of the names, but said they expected to give me work elsewhere. I learned later that the delegate was secretly my enemy and had written to those opposing officials at Mount Nebo that I would be sent back to the circuit again unless they got up a petition against me. After drawing up the petition, they had it signed by several who were not members of the church, and even some of my friends, who were told it was a petition to bring me back. There were several leading ministerial friends in the conference, who, when they learned of the matter, were much wrought up over it but could do nothing. I asked the conference for a letter of my standing and an excellent recommendation was given to me.

A visitor from Kansas, attending this conference, spoke of that state as being a good field for gospel work and said the Kansas Methodist Protestant Conference would soon be in session there. Since this seemed to be the most likely field for my future work. I wrote my fiancée about my plan, telling her it was imperative to get married earlier than the time set or else it would have to be put off indefinitely. She consented to the change of plans and the time was set for August 27, 1899. I met my prospective bride in Findlay on Saturday, the day before the wedding. We were married in her home, with only the family present, Rev. Barns, the presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church District, officiating. We then attended a service at Portage Chapel Church. after

which I was introduced to her many friends. We then returned to her home where we were served with the wedding feast.

Perhaps it will interest some to tell about the turkey which was on the bill of fare, and which we did not have. When one of the family went out to get a turkey from the flock on Saturday, the fowls had all disappeared and could not be found -- something that had never occurred before -- so we had chicken as a substitute. On Monday morning, after we had left, all the turkeys returned from their hiding place, as though nothing unusual had happened.

After we had spent six days in Springfield with my parents, I gave my bride half the finances I had saved up, forty dollars, bade her farewell, and on Tuesday, September 5, landed in Kansas City, Kansas. Mrs. Harris then returned to her home to await the time when I should send for her. Here is a personal recommendation given us by our mutual friend, Rev. W. J. Elliot:

To whom it may concern, Greetings: This is to certify that I have known Rev. John W. Harris since he was a small boy. He was converted and received into the Methodist Protestant Church under my ministry when quite young. Brother Harris is a good preacher, and is a close student. He is a man of deep piety and of good social qualities. He entered the Ohio Conference, Methodist Protestant Church as a probationer and passed the full examination of the three-years course of study. Mrs. Harris is an excellent woman of piety, intelligence and refinement. She was formerly a successful school teacher, and is fully qualified as helpmate to a minister. It is with much pleasure to write their testimonials. W. J. Elliot, pastor of the Bellbrook Circuit and ex-president of the Ohio Conference Methodist Protestant Church, Bellbrook, Ohio.

On the Sixth of September, the Kansas Methodist Protestant Conference convened. It had a small membership, and I was favorably received by the leading brethren at first. The lay delegate from Cherrydale, in southeast Kansas, had been instructed by his church to secure a holiness preacher, and he tried to get the stationing committee to appoint me to that place, but to no avail. The incoming president of the conference was opposed to the doctrine of holiness, and he informed me that I could not be accepted by the conference if I preached it. I was received on probation with the understanding I was not to teach it while a member of that body. My trials were multiplying: a bride in the East, no pastoral charge, finances to the vanishing point. I was left in the hands of Satan to be sifted as wheat, and was strongly tempted to yield the controversial point. But when I felt the Spirit was being grieved, I determined to stand true to my God-given convictions whatever the cost. It was then that Mr. Browning, a local preacher from Lincoln County, asked me to consider his field of labor, saying he could offer me little inducement, but would stand by me, promising eighty dollars for the year. As I learned after, this was to include provisions with only a little cash. I accepted his offer and the stationing committee appointed me to that field.

Soon we were westward bound, through a large corn and wheat belt, and over vast prairies until we reached Sylvan Grove, Lincoln County., north of the central part of the state. Then we were driven eleven miles north to a small hamlet called Glen. Mr. Browning and his good wife opened their home to me. After several days my bride came to be initiated into the secrets of a pioneer wife's life. Mr. Browning loaned me a horse and a new open-topped buggy with which to travel on the circuit during the year.

At first we spent a few days at the home of the Brownings, then secured a nest of our own. This parsonage was a stone smokehouse, twelve by fifteen feet, with a six foot ceiling, above which rats and mice had a carnival, night and day, kicking the dust and dirt through the cracks into the room below. This house was in the backyard of a Mr. Brown, who with his good wife treated us very kindly, charging no rent. Soon we were housekeeping with some things loaned or given by kind neighbors. Two rooms were made with a curtain, and in this parsonage we lived happily together, getting acquainted.

That part of Kansas consisted of vast unbroken prairies, fields of corn, potatoes and other garden produce for which there was no market, and a large acreage of newly sown wheat. Some of the fields were enclosed with wire fences having stone posts. Scattered here and there, far apart, were a few houses made of either sawn stone or sod. Near our parsonage there were two schoolhouses, one of frame, and the other a dugout, the walls of which were made of sod, with pole rafters, and brush on top covered with sod and weeds. This last was some twelve or fifteen miles away on the open prairie. The membership consisted of Mr. Browning and his wife, and another young man and his wife. The inhabitants around were a few hardy settlers from the East, villages and towns of prairie dogs, long-eared jack rabbits, clouds of grasshoppers, prairie chickens and owls, a few rattlesnakes and other species of large snakes. As a diversion for Sister Harris, when she stayed at home, now and then, one of these snakes would come from under the house and take a sun bath in front of the door, giving her a fright.

The winds which prevailed at times for several weeks blew constantly day and night like a violent storm, often raising clouds of dust and cutting sand, drifting the loose soil like snow, especially when not secured by grass or crops. At other times whirlwinds would sweep down and gather up loose things in their wake. Even violent tornadoes would skip over this part of the state, but did little damage because of the scarcity of the settlers. For several years preceding our coming there had been an extended drought and a grasshopper scourge which had impoverished the people almost to starvation, and many had left that part of the state: but this was a year of abundance. Land, the year before, had no takers at ten dollars per acre, though the soil was rich. Now the same land was worth forty dollars an acre.

While there we met Dr. Hugh D. Fisher, a sanctified Methodist Episcopal preacher, nearing his eighties, who had an active part in keeping Kansas a non-slave state, and whom Quantrall's gang of cut-throats tried to murder when they burned Lawrence and killed hundreds, because of his activity against slavery as a Chaplain in the army. In his "Gun and the Gospel" he has given a graphic description of this raid, as well as other interesting events of his pioneer work in the ministry.

Let me here relate an experience that I had with my new-won possession: Sister Harris and I had seen little of each other before being united in holy wedlock, our general acquaintance with one another being through mutual friends and correspondence. My trustful bride had willingly given up her devoted home folks and close friends to cling to an almost stranger, and, like Rebecca of the Bible, had gone to a far distant land. It was a few weeks after her arrival at Glen, and while yet homesick for her former associates in Ohio, that one day, in my absence, she adhered her wedding hat, seeking to please me. It was her first millinery attempt. Upon my return she brought it out for my inspection. Looking at it critically, I said, "You are not going to wear that, are you?" In

my estimation it now looked worse that it did before she had changed it. It was a severe blow and tears welled up into her eyes, and coursed down her fair cheeks. I had hardly spoken and seen how she was wounded until I regretted my hasty words, and would have given anything I had to recall them. Of course I asked her forgiveness, and she gladly granted it, but it did not heal the hurt I had thoughtlessly given her.

It was some days after this that invited her to take a trip with me to Sylvan Grove. In the village we passed a millinery store and, looking into the window at a display of women's hats, I said, "Let's go in." Just one hat struck my fancy as well as my sweetheart's. She put it on and asked how I liked it. I said, "It is most becoming to you." She said, "I also like it." But the price? It was well worth two dollars. and I had only a half dollar. I asked the price and the lady said, "Fifty cents." We made the purchase, and returned to our humble dwelling thinking we had made quite a bargain -- by pleasing one another and binding us closer together in oneness of spirit.

The dugout schoolhouse where I preached every two weeks held about twenty people by crowding. Some homes that I visited were ten miles or more from their nearest neighbor. On one of these trips to the schoolhouse I heard of a family who lived on the prairie, several miles off the main trail, and visited them. After we had a scripture lesson and prayer, and I was ready to depart, the man asked me if we could use some provisions. I said, "Yes." After filling my buggy with potatoes, corn, butter, milk, eggs, etc. he said, "When you pass this way on your next trip, stop and I will have five dollars for you." After returning home, I spoke to my neighbor about this family I had met, their kindness, and what the man had promised me. At this he laughed and said, "That man is a well-known liar, and never has been known to keep a promise." Of course I lost confidence in the man's word, and did not stop to see him on my next trip. But later, I decided for the family's sake I would go out of my way a few miles and see them again. When I knocked, the man opened the door, and the first thing he said was, "I thought you were not coming back to get the five dollars. I have had it for you for two weeks. Here it is."

One day, when we were far away from any habitation on the prairie, a violent windstorm came up and we could hardly see for the blinding dust. The horse became unmanageable and I had to alight and hold him for quite a while until the storm passed. Sister Harris was greatly frightened, but we finally made it home with no more serious accident than being well-covered with dust. Several other incidents occurred while there, some very amusing but others most serious. One of the latter was when our finances were getting very scarce as well as the necessities of life. We had lived for several days on greens, a little bread, and some strong butter. We took a ham of meat given us, and some rancid butter to a country grocery where the merchant said he could use both, and kindly gave us in exchange some sugar to help us out. The young people of the community desired to have a show in the schoolhouse for our special benefit, but I kindly told them we could not receive money from such. They had the show anyway, saying among themselves, as I afterwards learned, "If we have the show, the preacher will receive the money when we offer it to him." They got ten dollars from the show which they offered me, but I refused to receive it. I held to the scripture: "The Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel" (I Cor. 9:14), and not by entertainments or shows.

We felt that the Lord was through with us in this field, and prepared to leave by selling out our few belongings to secure funds for the trip. A special friend and his Christian wife who had

stood by us added what he could to our funds, fixed us a nice lunch, and took us to Sylvan Grove to meet an early train, the only one which stopped at that station each day. On the way, a wheel came off the farm wagon because the tap was lost. I rode my bicycle two miles to the station and asked the conductor to hold the train until my wife and the baggage arrived. The kind conductor held his train for over ten minutes for us.

After we returned to Ohio, Dr. Latchaw, President of the Christian College at Defiance, Defiance County, offered me a place in his field of labor as assistant pastor at three dollars and a half a week, until I could do better. This I accepted, and secured two little furnished rooms in the city at three dollars and a half a month. I spent much of my salary in railroad fare going to my appointments. But we did very well on what was left and the small donations given. Dr. Latchaw was a true Christian, never questioning the doctrine I preached, though he knew my teaching, and recommended me to the ministers of that denomination. Thus I received some rest from opposition. Later, Dr. Latchaw wrote a letter to Rev. P. W. McReynolds, a leading preacher of that denomination concerning my ability, and asked him to try to get me a pastorate. Here is the letter I received from him:

"Marshall, Michigan, October 26, 1900. Rev. J. W. Harris: Dear Brother, I have just received a letter from Dr. Latchaw recommending you as qualified for any pastorate that might present itself. In all probability there will be two or three openings in Michigan during the next six months, possibly sooner. I am sure he will assist you in any way that he can. I have written to Brother Long of Maple Rapids asking him to arrange an appointment for you there. Your Brother, P. W. McReynolds."

I received word to come and preach for them a week on trial. The church building was richly furnished, with dark stained glass windows, soft-cushioned pews a handsome pulpit with soft-plush upholstered chairs behind it. There was a high choir loft for the singers and the salaried song leader, but no altar nor a place for one. This was a wealthy congregation; and while I knew I could reach the ear to please, yet there was serious doubt as to my reaching the heart of that aristocratic people. I made up my mind to preach the simple truths, come what would, and hold to the Bible standard of a holy life. I received the closest attention each night. There was a little mission church about three miles away that was attached to the charge. There I preached on Sabbath afternoon.

While there, I put up with an elderly man and his hospitable wife, who were members of the church. One bright morning my host invited me to go along with him to gig fish. There was a small shack on the ice in the middle of the Maple River (a branch of the Grand) from which to spear fish. He told me how to put my, gig down through the hole cut through the ice which was eighteen inches thick. Soon I saw a large fish lazily swimming past, and I struck, barely reaching it. The fish weighed eleven pounds, as much as I could carry conveniently. As we were leaving the river the ice began to crack and break up, and we had to run for the shore, both barely escaping from being caught and drowned.

At the conclusion of this series of services on Sabbath night I was taken to the elegant home of a trustee of the church, a man worth a hundred thousand dollars. Here I was courteously entertained over the night. He told me the church liked my preaching, and desired me to be their

pastor, saying they had a well-furnished parsonage, paid five hundred dollars a year, and gave enough donations to keep a pastor without his using any of his salary. It was a tempting offer, after all I had suffered, but I felt it was not of the Lord for me to accept a life of ease. therefore refused to consider it.

The snow was deep, and it was below zero on the Monday morning that I was to leave for the station some ten miles away. Giving me eleven dollars for the time I was there, this trustee loaded me up with about a half bushel of his choicest apples, then drove me to the station taking some time because of the deep snow which was unbroken. There was a large milling crowd at the station for it was the day before Christmas. Securing a ticket. I got the last seat that was available on the train.

and alter some horns was again with my bride at her father's home.

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14 -- THE TRIAL OF FAITH

"Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." -- I Pet. 4:12, 13.

After I returned to Defiance, Dr. Latchaw informed me of a Christian Church at Fort Recovery, in need of a pastor. He recommended me to the church and after a few trial sermons, they secured me as their pastor at one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the year. and the parsonage. Desiring to get the news to my wife, quickly, after the Sabbath night's service. I walked six miles through a heavy snowstorm to get a midnight train home only to find that no train stopped there at that time of night. I went to the only hotel in that place and knocked. The sleepy proprietor raised a window upstairs and informed me that he had no room and closed it, leaving me with no place to go. My undergarments were wet with perspiration from my long walk, the snowfall had become a blizzard; it was getting colder, and I began to chill. The only alternative left was to either freeze or walk the railroad track to the next station five miles away. The ties were covered with six or seven inches of snow, and I stumbled along the track for about four and a half miles. Then I saw a light in a large sawmill and heard escaping steam, so I knocked at the door, and the night watchman opened it and invited me in. When he saw that I was chilled, he told me to climb a ladder and stretch out on some boards above the boiler. This I did and was soon asleep to be awakened an hour later by the whistle calling the hands to work. Thanking the watchman for his kindness, I went on to the station a short distance away, took a train, and was home in a few hours to tell the good news of my acceptance.

There were only a few simple rules to be accepted in order to be a member of the ministerial body of this denomination. One was, the Bible as the discipline, each minister having the right to interpret it according to his own understanding: and another was, each member of the conference was to live a clean upright life. All the other rules were very good. which I could conscientiously accept. A few of the clergy in this branch of the church, (sometimes called the "Newlights") not only believed in the doctrine of sanctification as a second work of grace, but

testified to having the experience. In form of government it was congregational, that is, each local body had a right to choose its own pastor, and control its church property.

I was supposed to preach in this church every two weeks, but having no other appointment, I preached weekly, and visited the members, as many as I could find, then announced a series of services. We visited the pastor of the M. E. Church and invited him to cooperate in this revival, but he turned me down by saying when I was there as long as he had been I would learn about the town, but he hoped I would succeed. At first I had only a small crowd. The house would seat comfortably three hundred people or more, this left many vacant seats. There was a large clock on the side wall facing the congregation ticking loudly to remind me when to quit preaching. Then there was a worldly-attired, choir on the rostrum at my side facing the congregation consisting of godless young people who would whisper and giggle and had no reverence for God or his house. I had the janitor to let the clock run down and stop. The choir I dispersed with by having congregational singing. These innovations introduced in the services seemed to greatly disturb one of the sanctimonious deacons and three of his henchmen -- the trustees; but I had the approval of several of the better class who stood loyally by me, including one of the leading and influential deacons.

For several days and nights I preached against the popular sins of church professors, and God's demands of true repentance and a holy life, until deep conviction began to settle on several members of the church. Having no altar of any kind in the house, I had some chairs set in front of the rostrum and invited sinners forward to seek salvation. Several members of the church responded to this invitation, to the dismay of the opposing officials. These seekers began to pray earnestly, confessed to their sinful life, and were joyfully converted. The news of the revival began to spread throughout the town, and in a few days the house was filled to capacity leaving little standing room, many coming from the neighboring churches and from the country. Even the saloon element talked about the meeting, and several came out to see, went to the altar, and were brightly saved.

A young pastor, Rex. Clark, from the Disciple Church came with several of his members. When he was introduced to me after the service, I asked him to preach for me the next night, which he did, bringing a good message. Under this he was convicted, as he confessed afterwards, and in a few nights he began to seek a personal experience of salvation, straightening up his crooked paths. One night, after he had earnestly, prayed in the church, he went home with me. There he agonized in prayer until after midnight. He said he was not going home until he had settled the question of his salvation. He went to the home of his aunt, Mrs. Iliff, a godly woman who was a member of the Methodist Church, and testified to the experience of sanctification. At about five o'clock in the morning, he prayed through to victory and came to tell me about it before he went home. In taking the way of the cross this young minister gave up much, as to worldly attainments, for he had been promised by the church of which he was pastor, five hundred dollars to send him to college the next year. And now in the presence of several of his members who were attending the revival, he testified to having been converted in the meeting. Many of his members rejected him, and he had to give up his pastorate. He had a wife and two or three small children to support by daily labor, but he stood true to the Lord, and was loyal to me in my coming trials which I was soon to experience.

While the revival was still on the increase, and many were seeking pardon or sanctification, early one morning four of the officials -- a deacon and three trustees -- came to the parsonage and spoke to me, saying while they liked my preaching they did not believe in sanctification or having an altar in the church, and unless I quit it they would lock the door of the church and deprive me of my financial support. While they were speaking, their faces as well as the tone of their voices showed they were greatly disturbed in mind.

For reply I told them I was preaching Bible doctrine, that sinners were being convicted and converted, and regardless of the consequences, I would still preach the word of God as I had been doing, and they should be careful how they put their hands on God's work. Leaving in anger they locked the door of the meeting-house so that the large crowd which assembled that night could not get in. The services were continued in various cottages for several days, from night to night, a few only being able to attend because of the lack of room. The people of the town took sides, some believing the evil reports spread against me while others, not only of the church but those on the outside as well stood with me through it all. Even the local paper in town took my side, as well as the one in a neighboring city of Indiana, which seemed to know some of the troubles which other pastors had there before I became pastor of the church. "The power of the pen is greater than the sword," when wielded with a skilled hand. The friendly editor later invited me to take dinner with him.

These were dark days, but the storm was to break in greater fury. Provisions ceased to be brought in as well as finances, and veiled rumors of stoning the parsonage were circulated in order to frighten us in the moving out and leaving the town, so that the truth might not be known.

Sister Harris had attended none of the services because of her physical condition (a little one was soon to come into our home), and so she was unacquainted with many of the things which were taking place. We went to prayer early one morning for sustaining grace, telling the Lord we would be true to him if we starved. After this prayer, we both sat down to the table with one small slice of stale bread, left over from the day before, and a cup of hot water to wash it down -- nothing else. We refused to let our needs be known to anyone, except our Heavenly Father who knew we were his children. The morning slowly passed with our hearts very heavy. The middle of the afternoon came.

There was a startling knock on the door. What now? Were the officials coming again? In fear, I opened the door. A stalwart stranger was standing there. He asked, "Does the preacher live here?" I admitted I was one, but told him there were live others in town. Then he asked, if this was the place where a minister lived who preached sanctification. I said, "I know of no other in town who preaches that doctrine except myself." At this reply, he went to his spring-wagon and brought in a large sack of potatoes, when went back and returned with the half of a homemade cheese weighing about ten or twelve pounds. He also brought in twenty pounds of sugar, two pounds of butter, a gallon of milk, a loaf of bread, some flour, and several other things, and, putting all on the floor and dining table, he threw on top of the heap two silver dollars remarking at the same time, "Preach the word of God and you will never starve." Later I was told that he was a prosperous German farmer who had been converted and sanctified about two years before at the age of sixty; that he had lived a wicked life before his conversion, but now his life was changed.

The dissenters finally sent for Rev. G. B. Cain, the president of the Indiana Christian Conference to settle the difficulty. He was told about my disregard for anyone, that I was evilly inclined, etc. Mr. Cain was a godly man, elderly, of a fatherly nature; but he expected to meet a man of fierce demeanor when he came to the parsonage. I invited him in, and he kindly stated his mission, which was to try and settle the trouble in the church. I told him I had no defense to make, that my ease was in the Lord's hand, and whatever he saw fit to do, I would be submissive to his will. By my invitation he stayed for dinner, had prayer with us, and left leaving us in doubt as to what he would do.

From some of the more godly members he learned the real truth, and had a called business meeting of the church, which nearly all the members attended. In the meantime, those opposed to me, seeing that Brother Cain would do the right thing, sent for another preacher belonging to the Ohio Christian Conference, a Rev. Smith. This man they chose to be chairman of the business meeting, setting aside the president of the Indiana Conference, to which this church belonged. Mr. Smith was opposed to me, because he learned I preached against divorce and re-marriage, of which sin he was himself guilty.

In silence I listened to a tirade against my reputation by several of those who were bitter, and had believed the evil reports against me. They demanded my dismissal without even a hearing. To this the chairman assented. Rising to a point of order, Rev. Cain protested, telling the church to do this would involve them in a damage suit, if I was so disposed, which would take all their church property as well as that of the trustees, for I had been chosen by them as their pastor for a year, and they had produced no charge against me: that the best way was to arbitrate the matter -- the church to choose a man, and I one, and these two, another, and the majority of this committee's decision to be in writings and final. I was asked by Brother Cain, if I agreed to this. I said, Yes; anything he suggested would be satisfactory to me, as my case was at the disposal of the Lord. What Rev. Cain said quieted the opposition, and the meeting proceeded in a more orderly manner. Then the few of those who voted, chose the chairman, Rev. Smith, and I chose Rev. Cain as the one who should represent me. Then the meeting was adjourned until the committee should settle the terms. When these two met, Rev. Cain wanted a godly man out of the church to be the third party, but Rev. Smith. desired a certain man, a sinner of the town, who made no church profession, who he thought might be friendly to his side. When Brother Cain brought the question to me, I said, "Take him, as the disposal of my ease is in the Lord's hand, and he will do right." This he did, and the man took my side in the arbitration. Here were the terms: The church was to let me stay in the parsonage until May, the officials were to pay me twenty-five dollars, in addition to what I had already received, and the church should receive my resignation, giving me an honorable dismissal. By this time I had gained greatly in the estimation of many of the church, as well as on the outside, when the truth was out. Many of those who had subscribed to my salary for the year, paid me directly, and said it was no part of the twenty-five dollars. This left the trustees to meet the full amount out of their own pockets. The longer we stayed the more friends we made both in the church and out of it until we had many sympathizers and well-wishers, even across the line, in Indiana.

Here is a sample: Rev. Warner from Indiana, a former pastor of this church wrote:

"Am very sorry to learn you are having trouble in the Fort. While it was not unexpected, it is a surprise that it came as soon as it did. There were a few who were the 'fomenting spirit,' two,

whom I have named and their henchmen. These were always the leading dissenting spirits in the church. You are not the only one who has had heartaches for that church. Many bitter tears have been shed for her. The really good are true Christians and cannot be classed with those who are unclean. You have my sympathy, for I have been there before you."

Rev. Warner mentioned three other pastors who were driven from this pulpit by these dissenters.

It was some months later we learned that the deacon who took such a bitter stand against us became demented and soon afterwards died; that one of the trustees took down with a strange malady, suffered intensely, swelled abnormally, burst, and died an awful death; another trustee who teamed for a living, and had several valuable horses, lost every one by an epidemic; while still another one took up saloon keeping, and his two beautiful daughters, who had been members of the choir which I dispensed with in the church, took up harlotry. Thus these four, who were the leaders in that trouble, received a just recompense of reward for their iniquity in less than two years -- "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

Welcome Stranger

Now in the very midst of all these severe trials I had a new experience. It was the joy of being a father. We had looked forward to the occasion for months. It was on the second day of February, 1901, in the morning when I heard the cry, announcing that I was the father of my first-born son. We called him "Dwight Ellis," the first name for the great evangelist, Moody, whom we greatly admired, and the second for the brother who had made a home for us when in my first pastoral charge in Brown County, Ohio. Dr. Snyp, of Fort Recovery was the attending physician a true Christian gentleman, and my mother was the nurse. A few days later, I met the doctor on the street, and though I had no means by which to pay him, I asked what I owed for his services (he had called twenty times). He said, "You owe me nothing, and if at any time you need me it will cost you nothing." Truly he was "a friend indeed in the time of need".

When I attended the Christian Conference in Ohio, where I had been given a license, I found the difficulty at Fort Recovery had preceded me, and I was asked to appear before a committee. I asked the committee if any of them had heard or knew of anything about me that was detrimental to my moral character or Christian life. They said they had not. Again, I asked if it was my teaching the doctrine of sanctification and having an altar in the church to which they objected. They said it was. To this I replied, "I have followed strictly the rules of this denomination in my teaching -- so, and, inasmuch as you have nothing against my good name, I now will withdraw from the conference, and cause you no more trouble, but will still preach the word of God as I understand it." I have met several godly ministers in that denomination whom I believe have adorned the gospel of Christ, Dr. Latchaw being one, also Rev. G. B. Cain who so nobly defended me in that church trial.

It was the first part of May that we left Fort Recovery and went to Springfield where I was invited by D. O. Myers to hold a series of services in his City Mission located in an old brick church on the corner of Fisher and Columbia Streets in the central part of the city.

Up to this time Sister Harris had walked in all the light of her justified experience and had been greatly deepened in the grace of God, but it was while others were being saved, that she had all her doubts removed concerning sanctification, went to the altar, and after two days and nights of earnestly seeking the experience was "filled with all the fullness of God." Her heart as well as my own was so full of joy that we forgot our three months' old baby, left him asleep in his buggy in the church and had to return and ask the janitor to unlock the door to get him. After this epoch in her life, Sister Harris became more valuable as a helpmeet in my ministry, faithfully standing by me in every trial.

From Springfield we went to Brown County, the place of my, former pastoral labors. The enemy had crept in during the two years of my absence and wrought havoc among the flocks at Mount Nebo and New Harmony. The young man who had been sent as pastor denounced the spiritual work that had been done, making light of those who had been saved, causing several to leave the church. Later he was dismissed from the Methodist Protestant Conference because of his unseemly conduct as a minister. I visited some of my former converts, encouraging them to "continue in the faith" telling them, "We must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God." I began to hold evangelistic services in that part of the state with much opposition, preaching in homes, in schoolhouses and in vacated church-houses. Our financial needs were scarcely met with the strictest economy. We were given secondhand garments which Sister Harris often had to repair or alter before wearing. A dollar now and then was given to us after holding several days of services in one place.

After her sanctification Sister Harris disposed of her gold wedding-ring which I had given her when we were betrothed, and later exchanged her gold-filled case for her watch and the fine-linked gold chain for a plain case with a black cord. I also had given up my beautiful gold-cased watch which I had bought before entering the ministry. Neither of us felt we could wear them to the glory of God and never again have we had any desire to do so. Thus we regarded the early teachings of the Methodist Church as well as that of other general holiness movement in those days.

It was at this time that I first met that saint of God, Martin Wells Knapp, founder of God's Bible School at Cincinnati, which institution was then in its infancy. I attended a service which he held at Locust Valley in the Christian Nation Church during a convention in that place. I found him to be a man of deep spiritual piety and of quiet demeanor, one who could quickly sense hypocrisy or sham. His close adherence to the word of God brought strong opposition from the worldly inclined church-professors.

Holiness fires were being kindled in various churches over the country, especially in southern Ohio. Those who testified to this experience of holiness were persecuted, as in the days of the Wesleys in England. But this persecution only spread the holy fire as it did in the apostolic days after Pentecost.

A few miles from Mount Nebo, there was a Newlight Church where the pastor, Thomas G., preached the doctrine. This stirred some of its members, especially the official board, and a business meeting of the church was called in order to dismiss the pastor. The members disagreed and the business meeting turned into a free-for-all fight in which stove wood was used as

weapons, and heads were bloodied, including that of their deacon who was against the pastor. After the fight subsided, the pastor took the pulpit and preached with such unction that a revival broke out in the church in which many of the members were saved including the deacon and others of the official board.

While there were a few holiness churches organized at that time, many of those who professed sanctification still remained in their denominations and testified to its saving grace. In order to quench this Holy Ghost fire some who testified to it were turned out of the congregation with which they were affiliated; but many kept true, though to be separated from their church association in which they had been brought up and which they still loved was a severe trial. Several of these wanderers were organized into a body called the Apostolic Holiness Union of which I later became a member. But when this was incorporated and called the Apostolic Holiness Church I did not go with it because of some of the rules which I believed curtailed apostolic liberties.

I now was severely tried by the lack of funds for the necessities of life and by having no more visible results in my ministry. Doors were closed as soon as I preached the truth, and time and again the suggestion came to me to give up my ministry and engage in secular work to support my family; but I put away the temptation. Then the thought came to me that perhaps I had lost out with God, and I asked the Lord to show me if there was anything between me and him. It was under this condition that I attended God's Revivalist Camp Meeting for the first time to see if I could locate my trouble. Seth C. Rees was the leading evangelist that year.

On the morning I arrived, Brother Rees preached. Only one thing in the message impressed me; he said that he never had a failure in his meetings, that he never went to any place to preach without being called and the people were praying for him. I, no doubt, misunderstood his meaning and looking back into my own life, I saw where I had taken the initiative, that I had gone to places to preach without an invitation and with no one praying that I might come. I concluded this was where I had failed to wait upon the Lord to direct my paths, and when the altar call was made I went forward with others and knelt but had no burden to pray for myself. Looking at one who was earnestly seeking salvation with others around him saying, "Believe, believe, take it by faith and stand up and testify that you are saved, etc.," I arose and went over to the seeker and after asking the others to be quiet, I quietly instructed him in the way of salvation. It was only a few minutes until he was brightly saved. Then thinking of what I had done, I reproached myself for the way I had acted when I also had come to the altar to get cleared up. Soon after this, I sought a private interview with Brother Rees and stated my case to him without telling what I understood him to say from the pulpit. In reply he said he did not see anything wrong with me, if I had told him all the truth, and I left, without being cleared up.

The next morning I left the Camp, and on the train the Lord spoke to me through his Word; I saw where Jesus' followers, after the Day of Pentecost, went out to blaze new roads in the heathen wilderness, doing pioneer work without previous appointments. I also saw where there were many doors closed against them because of the unbelieving Jews. This revelation I took as from the Lord, the dark cloud was dispelled, and the Sun of Righteousness again shone upon me.

I returned to Brown County with my family after a short visit with my sister, Mrs. Wetz, near Miamisburg. Taking Sister Harris to my former class leader's home (Darl L., the one who had stood so nobly by me when I was pastor at Mount Nebo), I left them there while I sought another field of labor. His aged mother needed one to wait upon her and Sister Harris volunteered to do it just for the baby's and her room and meals, until I could open a field of labor and send for her. It was a slavish life that my wife lived while there: toiling early and late, waiting on the old lady, digging wood out of the snow and carrying it into the house, building fires, cooking the meals, washing Dwight's and her clothes, and doing menial work in and out of the house just to have a place to stay for a few weeks.

After leaving her in this home, I rode my bicycle to Higginsport on the Ohio River where I secured an old, vacated, brick opera house in which to hold services. The building had several windows broken out and it was extremely filthy. In one corner of the audience room was a large, upright, burnside coal stove; the stage scenery was still up as it had been left several years before and the cold air came in from that part of the building. It cost me nothing, except to clean out the filth that had accumulated through the years. It was illuminated with dingy lamps, the oil for which I bought with the little offerings received.

Higginsport at that time was a desperately wicked town, and the meeting opened with only a few in attendance, the crowd increasing from night to night until the room was well filled. Good attention was given to the messages, but no homes were open to me. Each night I made an improvised bed out of old chairs placed near the stove, using my dilapidated overcoat as a mattress and cover. I gathered large blocks of green wood found on the banks of the river to keep up the fire on the chilly nights. My meals consisted of hot water and crackers with some sugar as sweetening, eaten out of a tin cup with a spoon. (The Lord had promised bread and water, but no sugar). These services continued for about two weeks.

All this time I had not received a penny extra to send to my wife. This greatly troubled me, thinking she might believe I took no interest in her and my child's welfare.

The tempter again assailed me and the thought came stronger, to give up the ministry and engage in secular labors to make a living for my family. One day I received seventy cents above the expenses, and thought if I had thirty cents more, I would get a dollar bill and send it to Sister Harris. It was only about an hour after this that the thirty cents was given. I wrote an encouraging letter, explaining how little I received and placed the bill in the envelope. Then retiring behind the scenery on the stage, I kneeled and thanked the Lord for the money. But he replied by calling my attention to an incident which had occurred before I entered the ministry when a conductor had passed through the coach and had failed to ask me for my fare. I had had no time to buy a ticket before the train left and I got on the train without it. I did not offer him my fare, thinking it was not my business if the conductor did not ask for it. I had forgotten the incident until my attention was called to it behind that opera scenery on the stage. The fare was only sixty cents, but with the interest I calculated it to be one dollar. I wrote a letter and sent the dollar to the railroad company. I could have paid this easily time and again, if my attention had been called to it, but now it was a real sacrifice.

Closing the meeting on Sunday night with no visible results, early the next morning I again was adrift on my wheel taking a road up the River having no definite place in view. Riding until almost dark with nothing to eat, I remembered that a Newlight preacher lived near the little village of Ellsberry, the one who had preached holiness while I was pastor of the Mount Oreb Circuit, and had had the trouble in his church. Although we had not met, yet we had heard of each other. Upon inquiry I was directed to a small log-building where I was given a hospitable welcome that night. When I told him that I planned to go back into Kentucky to seek a place to preach, he asked my why I could not hold a few services in the schoolhouse at Ellsberry, saying he would get the house for me and announce the services, that I could make my home with him while holding the meeting. Consenting to this, I began the services the next night. The crowd increased with good interest as the meeting progressed. The community was desperately wicked—drunkenness, card-playing, gambling, lighting, dancing, tobacco raising and chewing, profanity and even murders being the general order. There were several church professors, but none seemed to be acquainted with the Lord except Thomas G., and perhaps two others who claimed to be preachers of holiness. In the schoolhouse, standing room was at a premium, several not being able to get in. This continued for over two weeks without a spiritual break. I had made this the time of testing my own experience. My daily prayer was for a revival in which the three other preachers joined.

Early in this meeting I was asked to preach a funeral sermon. It was the death of an old man above eighty years of age who had been desperately wicked. While drunk he had injured his hand on a barbed wire and had died of blood poisoning. There was a large crowd at the funeral many of whom were relatives. In my message I spoke of the judgment, of a burning hell, and the bliss of heaven. In closing I said, "If the deceased lived a godly life and died in the full assurance of faith, he is at this time enjoying his heavenly reward; but if otherwise, he is eternally lost. You who are present know how he lived. I do not." This message bore much fruit in the days which were to follow.

One night after a service there was loud talk on the road which I took to be some drunk. When I spoke against such conduct several boys laughed at my remark. I rebuked them, saying it was no laughing matter. But they laughed the more, for what, I could not understand until I was told afterwards. In my message on that night I had said there were some preachers who chewed tobacco, whipped their wives, and preached holiness. I had never known of such an incident, but the Lord did, and the truth went home to one of those professed holiness preachers who was guilty of the very things I had said. It was this preacher who had talked so loudly on the road that night. This man ceased to attend, as well as another who became offended a few days later because of the tobacco habit against which I had been preaching.

And now there was a more severe trial coming: It was from the one with whom I was staying. Sitting before the fireplace awaiting breakfast one morning, my thoughts upon the services, Mr. G., broke the silence by saying, "Preachers can be wrong as well as others." To this I gave assent, thinking he meant the two who had become offended at the truth and were staying away from the services. Then in anger he said, "You are doing more evil than good the way you are preaching. You cannot have a revival and browbeat the people. As far as the good you are doing you might as well close now," To say I was dumbfounded hardly expressed my feeling. I was almost paralyzed with fear and disappointment. Upon this man I had fully depended for help to pray things through because of his past record. Arising from his chair he stalked out and

disappeared. Afterwards I learned he had been backslidden for quite awhile, but had kept it concealed from the public. He raised tobacco which he knew was wrong. I had denounced it in the pulpit and that was what angered him. Neither his wife nor his grown children were saved. Sitting down in the chair which her husband had vacated, his wife said to me, "Tommy knows you have been preaching the truth; the people are guilty. Continue to preach it, and this home will be open to you as long as you stay." It was a long speech for her to make, for she was a woman of few words. But I had no inclination to remain any longer, and without breakfast, soon departed, going to a ravine in the hills to pour out my burdened heart to him who is interested in the least of his children. I had no one now to depend upon save the Lord. I tried to pray, but could only groan, not knowing what to say, thinking only of wife and child who depended upon me, and from whom I had received no news for sometime. Finally I settled the question that I would preach the truth regardless of the consequences.

After being there all day in that hiding place with the piercing wind of October chilling my thinly clad body to the bone, I again went to the schoolhouse that night and preached with unction, not even hinting of what had transpired that morning. Mr. G., the preacher, was not present that night. I had had nothing to eat all that day and only a little the evening before; yet I announced services for the next night, Friday, and dismissed the congregation. As I was leaving the house a man came and invited me home with him. He was an ex-saloon keeper and made no church profession, although his wife did. His name was John While talking that night he asked me if I would preach a day or two at Enon Church before I left, saying he was a trustee there. I told him I was closing the meeting at Ellsberry the next night and would gladly preach at Enon Saturday night and over the Sabbath, if he so desired. Closing the meeting at Ellsberry, I announced the services at Enon over the Sabbath.

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15 -- THE GREAT REVIVAL AT ENON

Enon was a Newlight Church in Adams County, about three miles from Ellsberry. It was here that the spiritual tide turned. The Newlight preacher who had been hired as pastor at that place sometime before had failed to show up, being offered more wages at another place, and the attendance had dwindled to the vanishing point except on some special occasion, although there was a large membership. One of these members, a Mrs. Kirk who was the mother of a large family, was grieved at this lack of interest in the church; and she herself would go Sabbath after Sabbath, though seldom were any others present. She would look out of the windows and ask the Lord to send a man of God there to revive the church. Here is how her prayers were answered:

The services I had announced for over the Sabbath at Enon were well attended, several coming from Ellsberry. After the Sabbath morning service a young school teacher, Herschel Roebuck, approached me and asked what I would take to hold a series of services in the church. I told him I made no charge but left it to the people to give me whatever they saw fit. He went to some of those present and soon returned with twelve dollars asking if I would hold a meeting for that. I said, Yes. It was quite a windfall afternoon these many weeks without anything to send to Sister Harris. At the night service I announced the continuation of the meeting. After I dismissed, Mrs. Kirk came to me and said, "The Lord has sent you here in answer to my prayers."

We had a good attendance from the very first, which increased each day until the house was well filled. Attending the services was a young widow, Lucy Shelton, of good reputation in the community and a church member who was greatly afflicted in body. It was in a day service that she took a nervous spell and fell to the floor in a taint. Some of the women rushed to her aid, but I asked them to let her alone, saying when she got over the spell she would not have another. Of course, some became very angry at me, saying they knew what ailed her. I held them steady and in a few minutes Lucy jumped to her feet praising the Lord. She was not only saved but also healed of her affliction and from then on attended the church regularly and became an excellent worker in helping others. She was the first spiritual fruit at Enon, but a great harvest of souls was to follow, for her conversion brought several other church professors to a definite decision. That night I had a bench set in front of the rostrum for an altar; at this a few took offense, as those did at Fort Recovery.

The first one who kneeled at the bench was the deacon, John T., a brother of the preacher who became offended at me in the meeting at Ellsberry and talked so loudly on the road home. Mr. T. was quiet for a few minutes, then arose, faced the congregation, and said, "My tobacco and my lodge stand in the way of my salvation and I give both up." Again kneeling he earnestly pleaded for the Lord to save him, and in a few minutes he arose and testified that the Lord not only had forgiven him but had delivered him from the appetite of tobacco. The news of his confession spread and the next night the fraternal order, of which he was a member, sent a delegation to wait upon him at the church. When I saw what they were after, I advised him to take a bold stand for Christ; and he did, and the men left. To my best recollection up to this time I had said nothing about these worldly organizations in that place, little expecting to find them there.

The conversion of this church leader influenced several other members to seek at the altar, among whom was one, Lewis Lawell, who with his wife, was brightly saved. Speaking of his conversion, the night after being saved he said he attended his lodge as usual, being an officer in it. Upon entering the hall all seemed so strange that he could not understand it, Then it dawned upon him that it was no place for a Christian. as it was of the world -- the Holy Spirit had clearly spoken, and he obeyed his leadings. Immediately he left the hall never again to return, in this same meeting his three-year-old boy, Bobby (Robert), was saved and grew up to be a leading Christian physician in Ohio, so I was told.

This stand against the world caused great opposition, but the meeting gained momentum and increased in the power of the Holy Ghost more and more, many confessing their evil deeds and forsaking their sins, "so mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed," as did the revival at Ephesus in Paul's day. Those converted were soon convicted for heart purity, and they immediately began to seek for the baptism with the Holy Ghost. The house now was being filled to overflowing, several having to stand up in the aisles and other places. Many who were not able to get into the house stood on the outside at the open windows and attentively listened to the messages. Some would gather a half hour before the time for services in order to get a seat well up to the front, while others would sit on the platform in front of the pulpit.

The opposition to the mourner's bench gradually ceased; and each night, as well as in the day service, it would be filled with seekers, as also was the front seat, and even at times the bench

which was behind the pulpit. Prayers went up continually to God day and night, and sinners prayed through to victory or believers were sanctified -- some in the church, some in their homes, some in tobacco barns or sheds, some while working in the fields, and others in the cottage prayer meetings -- wherever they made an altar. Playing cards, gambling, drunkenness, hatred, backbiting, lying, profanity, stealing, fashionable attire, tobacco, tawdry jewelry and many other things were confessed and forsaken. Restitutions were made for things stolen or taken fraudulently and public confessions were made for backbiting and slandering. There were few Bibles in the community before I came, but in a short time there were over two hundred bought and honestly searched to see if the things I preached were true. They were like the noble Bereans in Paul's day. A family altar was set up in many of the homes, morning and night, where there never had been one before. Whole families were saved and took the way of God. Where before there had been envy and strife, love now prevailed.

Because of the spiritual phenomena manifested at times it was commonly reported far and near that I was hypnotizing the seekers and causing them to take crazy spells and indeed in several instances they did act very peculiar, but not more so than in those revivals of earlier days of the church which I have mentioned. When deeply convicted many of the seekers would cry for mercy, confessing their sins while the tears of true repentance would course down their cheeks; and when they came to the end of themselves they often would fall over, become perfectly still, with not a pulse beat, like one dead. After several minutes, sometimes a half hour or more, they would regain consciousness, smile, then laugh, then spring to their feet and begin to shout, praising and blessing God for his wonderful, redeeming love. It was indeed a death to sin, and a resurrection into the newness of life, as the Scriptures say. To those who knew not the source of this divine power, these manifestations seemed very strange. Of course, some of the seekers would try to imitate the others, thinking it would bring the blessing, but in this they failed -- for in the first instance it was of the Spirit, and in the other, of the flesh. At no time was there any unseemly or improper manifestations, especially with the opposite sex, as we have seen in some religious services. After the joyful ecstasy would subside the new converts would get under a burden for the salvation of their friends and loved ones, and earnestly pray and work for their salvation -- there were few drones.

To defend myself and these new converts from severe criticism. I told the people that I was preaching only old-fashioned, Methodist doctrine, as taught by the Wesleys and their co-laborers; and that the joyful manifestations were of the Spirit, the same as it was in apostolic days. Some denied this, but Mr. Roebuck, the school teacher, who was a Methodist, said it was true, for he had the books to prove it. Some of the older people said they had seen the same power manifested in that place more than forty years before. At first Mr. Roebuck and two other school teachers, who had been attending the services regularly, were not pleased with me, until one night I brought a special message to them. I suppose my plainness of attire and appearance did not appeal to their idea of what an evangelist should be. It was one night after this that Mr. R., went to the altar under conviction; but he soon arose, took his hat and quickly left the house, for good, as I thought: but no, it was only to straighten up something that had occurred some years before. In anger he had whipped a pupil out of reason, and now the boy had become a man and vowed that he would whip the teacher when he got a chance. The teacher was unable to contact the boy that night, but in answer to his prayer the first person he saw, upon opening his door in the morning, was the young man. Seeing Mr. R., approaching him, the boy clenched his fist and waited; but was disarmed

when he saw the tears and heard the humble confession of the teacher acknowledging he had wronged him and asking his forgiveness. The boy made a complete reconciliation and that night Mr. R., again went to the altar. Many now became greatly interested, saying, "It the school teacher takes a spell there must be something in it; for he cannot be hypnotized."

After earnestly pleading for the Lord to save him, he finally fell on his back across the rostrum and lay perfectly quiet for several minutes with not a sign of life. Then his expression gradually changed into a smile, and he began to rock back and forth on his back like a cradle, giving expression to his joy by laughing -- unconscious to this world, but alive in Christ. It was a heavenly vision that he had received, in which old things had passed away and all things had become new.

The crowd in the back of the house now stood up to get a glimpse of what had occurred, some standing on the seats. I asked all to sit down, and if any desired to see they had the privilege of coming up to the front, providing they did so quietly. Several availed themselves of this invitation and came forward in an orderly manner, looked, and returned to their seats, some wiping the tears from their eyes as at a funeral. It was a great victory, not only for Mr. R., but also for the Lord; for now many believed the work was of God and began to seek salvation.

Mr. Roebuck was a man of great influence in the community, and he became an indefatigable worker in the meeting, dismissing his school which was near the church, for the day services, and attending regularly at night. Several of his pupils were saved as well as his wife and her father and mother and youngest sister.

This youngest sister was about eleven years of age and very reticent. Going to the altar with her father and mother she earnestly prayed for the Lord to save her the tears coursing down her fair cheeks. It was not being before her father and mother were brightly saved and joyfully arose from the altar, leaving their child still earnestly seeking. This almost broke her heart, seeing her parents were saved, and she was not. Two days later she also prayed through to victory and arose from the altar, her face beaming with joy, and running to her parents she threw her arms around each of their necks saying, "You have no more salvation than I have." Immediately she became an earnest worker for the salvation of her little friends. One night while others were seeking at the altar, she had several children kneeling back of the pulpit instructing them how to repent and get saved, and some were saved that night.

Another teacher attending the services was Miss Ethel Scott. One night her mother under deep conviction came to the altar, and she also came forward to pray for her: but at the altar she was struck with deep conviction herself and began to pray for the Lord to save her. After deep repentance, giving up her worldly attire -- her jewelry. etc. -- she was brightly converted. That night her worldly boy friend accompanied her home. On the way she talked to him about Jesus, dismissed him at the gate, and went into the house. One more night he accompanied her home, then ceased to seek her companionship, as he did not want Jesus to stand between him and his sweetheart. Later she was sanctified and labored assiduously for the salvation of others. Her mother also was brightly saved and later her father, who gained the victory over his tobacco habit after a severe battle. Sometime after this Ethel became a teacher in God's Bible School at Cincinnati and married an excellent sanctified. Methodist preacher.

It might interest some of our readers to know that Sister Kirk, the one who had so earnestly prayed for the Lord to send a revival to the church, was beautifully converted and sanctified early in the meeting, and six or seven of her oldest children and her sixty-year-old husband, upon whom the Holy Spirit bestowed the special gift of being able to read his Bible. Also the wives of the two preachers who took such a bitter stand against me at Ellsberry were brightly saved and sanctified; and each had one of their oldest daughters and sons saved, the sons later becoming ministers of the gospel. It was one of these preachers who had said there could be no revival in that place because of the way I was preaching -- but he had reason to change his mind. One raised the poisonous weed and the other chewed it, which was the real cause of their opposition to me.

It was now the latter part of November, 1901. I had announced an all-day Thanksgiving service, beginning at sunrise and fasting all day. There was a large turnout; service followed service with the spiritual tide rising higher and higher; no nourishments were taken until after the closing hour at ten o'clock at night. It was the crowning climax to the series of services of several weeks. The victorious shouts of those who had been saved sounded throughout the day, and several more prayed through before the close of the services. It was a great day of victory, many testifying it was the best they had ever spent, saying they had no desire for food--they were feeding upon the spiritual manna which came down from heaven.

While there was no exact count taken of those who had been saved and sanctified in more than five weeks of meeting, for many from a distance had been saved, there were at least two hundred or more in the immediate neighborhood, all bound together with the cord of holy love, having all things common as it was after the Day of Pentecost, "continuing steadfast, in prayer and in the fellowship of the Spirit eating their bread with gladness and singleness of heart, having favor with God and the people." Many were added to the "Holy Band," as they were called by the outsiders. It was during this meeting that we heard about the death of dear Brother M. W. Knapp of God's Bible School.

After a short season of rest from my strenuous spiritual labors, I had my second series of services in Enon church. Sister Harris and baby, Dwight, had now come to be with me in this meeting. Several from outside communities who attended the meetings also caught the revival fire and spread it into other communities far and near until several scores more were saved from its effect.

It was now early in the spring of 1902. By the advice of an official of the Newlight Conference in southern Ohio, the trustees locked the Enon church building against me and those that were saved. I advised the band not to contend, but to peaceably withdraw. Brother Lewis Lowell had given up the raising of tobacco after he was saved, and he offered his tobacco-barn in which to hold services and Sabbath school until a suitable building could be erected. His brother-in-law, Mr. Boone, gave us a piece of land near Enon upon which to build a chapel.

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A Lovable Family

Some distance across the fields from the Enon church there lived a family named Howard. Five or six of the children had been attending the services regularly and became interested, some of the older ones getting saved. It was commonly reported around that the family, was very poor and the father was an infidel. One night Mr. Howard came to the meeting and sat down on a front seat beside me. Not knowing who I was he began to talk to me about the meeting. He said it was the first time he had attended, that he had heard of the good meeting we were having, and that he thought he would come and hear the new preacher for himself. Moreover, he said they were telling around that the preacher was doing, some great preaching. I merely gave an evasive answer to his conversation. While talking he would look toward the door from time to time. Finally he said. "I suppose he soon will be here," meaning the preacher. "Yes," said I, "he will be here in time to preach." He was looking for a portly, well-dressed man not one of light weight and very plainly clothed. He himself was very simply dressed as a farmer.

When the time came for opening the service, I arose and went up to the pulpit and gave out a song. It was then that he discovered he had been talking to the evangelist himself. He gave close attention to the message, and after the service he came up and invited me to visit them. This I did some days later and was courteously received by Mr. Howard and his good wife. I found the house was weather-beaten and unpainted on the outside, but the inside was tidy and very home-like, though plain and without special decorations -- the woodwork being old-fashioned but of the best material. After talking awhile, I held prayer with the family, but declined a pressing invitation to stay for dinner, saying I would perhaps come again and take dinner with them. In our conversation I did not find Mr. Howard either an infidel or even skeptical, but a firm believer in the Word of God.

It was at this time that some of the influential leaders of the "band" were securing subscriptions to buy me a gospel tent, and Mr. Howard offered me five dollars on it, but I declined to receive the money, saying I was not taking up subscriptions. I was unwilling to impose on poverty. Then Mr. Howard said I could have the five dollars any time I called for it. I thanked him, and took my departure.

In a few days I again visited the family and stayed for dinner. The table was well-filled with luxuries enough to satisfy, an extreme gourmand -- entirely too much I thought, for a family in such meager circumstances, as I had been told. Mrs. Howard was a motherly hostess and the children and young people were well-behaved and respectful. It was indeed a lovable family.

In the meantime I had ordered a forty-by-sixty gospel tent to be made in Chicago and had paid twenty-five dollars down, the balance, one hundred and three dollars. to be paid before shipping. I planned to go away a few days until the tent was ready to be shipped. As a favor, Mr. Howard asked me to send him the bill when I received it that he might look at it -- a strange request. The bill came and I sent it to him. In a few days he wrote me saying the tent had come in and for me to come back and dedicate it. He had paid the full amount of the bill and freight and had hauled it from the freight depot. When I offered him the money that had been taken up in subscriptions, he refused to take a penny, telling me to keep it. Mr. Howard was not poverty

stricken, nor pecuniarius, but had nothing to give to the worldly church. He was a stockholder in a bank at Maysville, Kentucky, and a prosperous farmer. When Sister Harris and my child came Brother and Sister Howard took us in their home and treated us as one of the family and gave us a room to which we could come and go at will. It was a home indeed to which we were welcome at all times for years, when others failed us. Brother Robert Howard also helped liberally on the new church which was erected later and dedicated.

When the revival began to increase in numbers and spiritual power several church professors came to the meeting to make sport, saying they were going to the show. One of these was a portly woman weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds or more. One night she came well up to the front and made fun of those who were seeking at the altar, but her laughter was soon turned into weeping. The Spirit struck her with deep conviction, and she fell on her knees between the seats, and while she was tightly wedged, she cried loudly to God for mercy, confessing her sins of scoffing and making fun of God's work. It was quite a humiliation, for she was very haughty and proud. It was only a few minutes until she arose to her feet and began to shout the praises of God.

Another instance was that of an eighteen year old girl. She, with her boy friend and another girl with her boy friend were sitting well up to the front on a side seat making fun of the seekers. The boys constantly, spit tobacco juice on the floor where they sat, mixing it with the mud which came off their shoes. Miss D. C., speaking about those who were seeking at the altar, said to the others sitting by her, "I would not wallow there like a hog." This was on Sabbath night. Monday morning she came to the service alone, attired in the finery she had on the night before, and sat about midway of the house next to the aisle. While I was speaking she had her head bowed on the seat in front of her. When I went to her and invited her to come to the altar, she arose and started forward, but instead of going to the altar where there was a clean place to kneel, she went to the seat where she had sat the night before. There she fell between the seats, and began to groan and wallow in the filth that was made by the boys the night before which had not yet been cleaned up. Crying for the Lord to have mercy upon her, she finally came to her feet and began to shout and praise the Lord, her beautiful skirt and waist being well covered in the filth she had wallowed in, her fine hat only escaping. That night, instead of coming back to church she attended a dance -- according to the true proverb, "The sow that was washed, turned again to her wallowing in the mire," as says II Peter 2:22. Later on the girl went to the altar in another meeting, but refused to give up her ungodly boy friend. She finally married the young man, but lived a miserable life with him, being greatly afflicted in her body for years. I learned that she finally got saved.

Trifling With God's Power

The trustee, John W., who had first invited me to hold a service or two at Enon, attended the meeting regularly and was an attentive listener to the messages, taking quite an interest in seeing, others saved. But one night his wife under deep conviction came to the altar. This stirred him up, and in anger he rushed forward, looked at me like a wild beast and stooped down to take her away from the altar by force. I had seen such conduct in other meetings, and as I started forward to protest, an unseen power sent him reeling back for several feet to his seat, where he stretched out limp and trembling. He was large and a giant in strength, trot he had reckoned against a greater Power. After the service he came to me and confessed that he did not know what

possessed him to do what he did, but he had had enough and wanted no more. His wife prayed through that night. A few nights after this Mr. W. went to the altar and pleaded for mercy, confessing his many sins. For four days and nights he sought the Lord without avail. It was in one of the morning services that the testimonies took the trend of how each had to seek a reconciliation with his neighbors and forgive before he could get forgiveness. Mr. W., listened attentively to these various testimonies, then he arose and said, "If I have to do that, I will go to hell first," then he sat down pale as death. In a few moments he again stood up and said, "I may change my mind." But, like Esau, "he found no place of repentance," for the Spirit left him then and there and in a few days he became a bitter opposer of the meeting and later helped to close the church doors against me and the converts. Although he lived several years after this, he left no evidence of his making peace with God to his dying day.

Another case was that of a young man who one night came to the altar. When he was urged to pray he said he had no conviction, and could not pray. Then he confessed that he had had deep conviction for several days, but he had resisted the Spirit, and it had left him four days before, and his heart was hard. Nothing that was said to him could change his mind, and finally he arose and went away, not to return.

Perfectly Satisfied

It was at one of the night services that I was impressed to go to a woman that seemed to be under deep conviction. I kindly invited her to go to the altar, but she curtly informed me she was a church member and was perfectly satisfied with her experience; that she did not believe in my way. She said, "If you get to heaven, I will be close to your coattail." Some days after this she took seriously ill, and asked her relatives to have some of the holiness band to come and pray for her, that she was going to die. But they refused her request, saying they would not have those people come and excite her. Though she pleaded most earnestly for them to send for some they declined to do it. In a few days she passed away confessing she was lost forever.

A Brand From the Burning

But let us here turn aside from these gloomy pictures and look upon a brighter scene; it is a young man named Jacobs. His parents were dead and he had been cast upon the mercy of a cruel world without a home. Every man's hand seemed to be against him from his tender years. He had been in the reform school twice, was a disturber of religions services, was a deserter from the Army, was desperately wicked and a hopeless reprobate, so I was told by one of the professed holiness preachers, Thomas G. "I believe the Lord will save the boy while I am here," I said to this preacher. "I do not believe it," said he, "but if he is saved, it will be the greatest work ever done here." I said, "Then the Lord will save him." It was a strong test of my faith, but I made the boy a special subject of my prayers, bearing patiently with him when he seriously disturbed the meeting at Ellsberry.

When the meeting was moved to Enon the boy was a faithful attendant there, but did not disturb. It was at one of the morning services that he was sitting on a side seat near the front in serious contemplation. Going to him and sitting down by his side I gently placed my arms around his shoulders and said, "The Lord loves you and wants to save you." Roughly taking my arm from

his shoulder, he said, "No one loves me." Again tenderly placing my arm around him I said, "Yes, Jesus loves you. and I also love you. Don't you want Jesus to save you?" At this the boy broke down and began to weep. At my solicitation he kneeled down where he was sitting and began to plead for mercy while I united with him in prayer. In a few minutes he was on his feet rejoicing in the Savior's love. Love won where nothing else could. The salvation of this boy made a deep impression on the congregation and many wept for joy. At the night service, after young Jacobs had given a glowing testimony, a federal officer came in and locked a set of handcuffs on him to take him to jail as a deserter from the Army. As he was being led out he looked back with a joyful expression on his face and said, "I thank the Lord that he saved me, and now I can gladly go to jail."

When the congregation saw what was done, many began to weep, one afterwards testifying he had not shed a tear for many years until then, even though some of his loved ones had died. When I asked a contribution of five dollars to get the young man a Bible to read while in prison, this person immediately offered to give all of it. But I refused the offer, saying I wanted one hundred people to give five cents apiece, that all might have a part in the gift. In less than a minute one hundred hands were raised and the money brought forward. It was a scene long to be remembered. Later the boy was turned loose with a dishonorable discharge from the Army. It was this young man, before he was saved, who had come for me that bitter cold night and carried me across that raging stream, at the risk of his life, to go to the bedside of that dying girl. He had a deep affection for the girl, and perhaps her death had something to do with his salvation. Later the boy lost the victory, but we hope that he regained it, and that I will meet him in the Land of Pure Delight. "For the Lord is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

Soul Sickness

There was a nice family, named Boone, that lived near the church house. Though no professor, Mr. Boone had donated the land upon which the building was erected. In this family there were two girls, very proud, but respectable and well thought of in the community. These girls attended the services regularly, but refused all solicitations to give their hearts to the Lord. One day the oldest girl took seriously ill with a strange ailment, and the doctor was sent for, the parents thinking she was dying. Before the physician arrived the girl became so concerned about her lost condition that she got out of bed and onto her knees, and earnestly prayed the Lord to have mercy upon her and save her, confessing her sins. When the doctor arrived he found her running around the room praising God. It was her soul that needed the Great Physician.

Divine Healing

One day an elderly man came several miles to one of the prayer-meetings to be healed. He was seriously afflicted having to sleep with his head resting on the back of a chair to keep from smothering. After the band had special prayer for him, he testified that he was healed. That night while Sister Sapp was making up a bed for him to retire, he protested, saying that for eight years he had not lain in a bed, but had sat up leaning his head on the back of a chair. The good sister gently reminded him that if the Lord had healed him why not go to bed. He did, and slept soundly all night, as he testified to her the next morning. Wrong habits often are so set in the very warp and

woof of our nature after we are saved that we often have to be reminded of them in order to forsake them, as it was in this case.

Our child, Dwight, was now about a year old. It was while we were visiting at Ellsberry with our friends, Brother and Sister Brittingham that he took very sick and had a high fever. A Christian doctor, a friend" from Aberdeen, was called; and after he had taken the child's temperature he said he was extremely ill. He left some medicine, and said he would call again early the next morning. All day the fever increased until at night it reached the danger point and Dwight became unconscious. We had done all we could -- "But man's extremity is God's opportunity." Falling on our knees at seven o'clock, his mother and I took his case to Jesus, the Great Physician. We wrestled four hours in prayer, reminding the Lord that we had dedicated the child to his service before he was born. It was eleven o'clock that night that we prayed through and got the clear witness from heaven that the Lord had undertaken the case and healed the child. Arising from our knees we found the fever gone and the child in his right mind. When the doctor came the next morning and saw the great change, he said, "A miracle has taken place, for I expected to find the child much worse or dead." Then we told him about our united prayers and how they were answered. He said, "No doubt it was in answer to your prayers that the child's life was spared."

John Shelton was a farmer who towered over six feet. He was a church member having a small family and lived near Enon. His wife was saved in the meeting and became a good worker. John had heard the various evil reports about my power to hypnotize people and said, "If that preacher tries to take hold of my hand I will kill him." He said he did not believe in the altar and getting sanctified. Finally he became greatly convicted of his sins and went to the altar. There he yielded every point except he said he would not jump. Soon he gave up all his own ways, and with a great shout of joy he leaped to his feet and began to jump up and down crashing through a split bottom chair in one of his high leaps. From then on he became a devoted follower of Jesus, always leaping up and down whenever he testified. He loved me dearly. Several of his children were saved and became a blessing to the community, one of the boys becoming a minister of the gospel.

Brother John Shelton some years after this secured a position in Cincinnati as wharfmaster in the Green Line Company, and later at Ironton, Ohio, in the same service. He so manifested the spirit of Christ that all the river men, though rough, had faith in his profession and even the company for which he worked trusted him to the extent that he could go out and preach a few days and still retain his position as wharfmaster. He never let his secular work interfere with his duty to his heavenly Master, neither did the company ask him to labor on the Sabbath day, as it did its other employees. During the years I visited this godly home time and again while they lived in Ironton and always found a hearty welcome. Brother John Shelton later passed to his heavenly reward.

Robert Shelton, the father-in-law of Lucy, who was the first fruits of the revival, was also brightly saved, and became an adornment to the gospel, passing away in his eighties several years later. In his last years, I visited the family and found him bright in his prospects of heaven. Also Lucy's baby boy, Fred, grew up to be an excellent Christian young man, still bright in his experience, when I met him last at forty years of age.

One night there came to the altar a woman under deep conviction. After earnestly, praying for a few minutes she seemed to come up against something and stopped. Inquiring into the cause, at first she hesitated to tell me, but finally she said, "I have something to make right before I can pray through." Asking if she could do it that night, she said, "Yes," then arose from the altar and, with her small boy, she drove eight miles that night in an open buggy through the bitter cold and straightened up with a woman with whom she was not on speaking terms, returning home after midnight rejoicing in the Savior's love.

Possessed with a Dumb Spirit

One day an afflicted boy, having a curvature of the spine, came to the altar to be saved. His name was Dryden. He writhed in Great agony, his face became greatly distorted, and he clutched his breast with both hands as though trying to rend it; but not a sound escaped his lips. When I asked him to pray out, he tried to, but could not utter a sound, though he could talk about other things intelligently. Noting he had a dumb spirit, I finally asked him if he would take Jesus as his personal Savior. He nodded his head yes, then his face lit up with joy, and though he could not say a word of praise, his very countenance showed he was saved when he arose to his feet. In a few days he could clearly testify to the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Grieving the Spirit

Among the converts was an elderly maiden lady, crudely ignorant, who would testify in such a manner as to produce a laugh among sinners, but causing keen mortification to some of the new converts. It was at this time that the revival spirit began to wane. Soon several of those who were grieved came to me in secret, and asked me to speak to this sister and advise her to cease to testify inasmuch as she was hindering the Spirit from working. I then detected why the Spirit was grieved and preached on the subject of the tongue and fault-finding, and invited these who were guilty to come to the altar and confess their sin and repent. All those converts who had been guilty of talking among themselves about this woman of God went to her and humbly confessed their wrong, which she took most sweetly, and then they came to the altar and prayed through; and the revival was on again in greater power than ever. The woman still testified in the same manner as before until those who had been offended could take it sweetly, then she ceased to speak in that way.

"Aunt Millie"

There lived at Ellsberry an elderly woman, "Aunt Millie" as she was called, who had a swift, keenly sharp tongue which often expended itself on those who were present as well as those who were absent; yet underneath this disposition was concealed a kindly nature. Time and again she sought the Lord and seemed to get the victory, only to lose it because of her tongue, as she often confessed to me. It was this manner of speaking about and to everyone, even her husband, that brought her in disrepute with many. Her husband was of a quiet nature and took all she said in a good humor, seldom crossing her. She had no children, only as she took one in now and then for a few weeks. They had a commodious, old-fashioned house with several rooms in it, and I often partook of their kind hospitality, spending nights at a time with them, and was treated most courteously as a man of God -- of course, becoming well acquainted with her rapid-fire tongue.

After Sister Harris came to Enon, one evening I took her to visit the Brittinghams intending to stay all night. When I knocked a voice from within said, "Come in." Entering we found Aunt Millie dressed and in bed, her head bound with a wide white bandage and a hot rock at her feet -- perhaps having a slight headache. When I had introduced Sister Harris, she spoke to her, then with a crabbed voice said, "I suppose I will have to get up and get you something to eat." And though we both protested against it, she arose and soon had a bountiful repast, her tongue all the time rapidly spitting out words about this and that. By the time we were through eating night was on us, and she said, "I suppose I will have to get a bed ready for you to stay all night." I said, "Yes, we expect to stay all night, Sister B." It was too much for Sister Harris, as she never before had met such a person, and after we had retired to our room and had put little Dwight to bed, she began to cry and said, "I never can stay here all night." I said, "We must, for there is no other place we can go tonight." She finally became reconciled to her fate, went to bed, and fell into a troubled sleep. The next morning it was the same again, and this time Sister Brittingham confessed to her evil way of speaking and with tears asked me to pray for her salvation. It was the beginning of a close friendship between her and Sister Harris that was never broken through the many years, Sister Brittingham often supplying our financial needs from her abundance until her last hours. Though she spiritually slipped time and again, Aunt Millie had a triumphant death, so we were told.

Aunt Millie had a married sister who lived in Cincinnati, who was of a like disposition. Her husband had charge of the George Street Mission, and he asked me to come and hold a few days of service in it. While I was staying in their home, though Mrs. D. treated me very courteously, she would speak to me in the presence of her husband about him being a hypocrite and saying other cutting things about him. Yet she would get up the most tasty meals. I pondered in my mind if she was really speaking the truth about her husband. It was about a year after this that I attended this same mission, only under a different management, and after the service a refined looking lady, spoke to me in a friendly manner. Apologizing I said, "You have the advantage of me, as I do not remember of ever having met you before." She said, "Do you not remember Allen Dodd? I am Mrs. Dodd." How she had changed. She told me the Lord had saved her and that she wanted to confess to me that all she had said about her husband was not true.

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17 -- THE REACTION TO THE REVIVAL

While erecting the new church early in the spring of 1902, we continued to hold the meetings in the tobacco shed of Brother Lowell and in the new tent. We organized a local independent society, calling it "The Apostolic Holiness Christian Church." The official board consisted of all local and ordained preachers who united with us, two class leaders and the Sabbath school superintendent. When the new building was completed there was a period of three-days' services in it, the last day being the time of dedication. At its dedication the glory of God filled the house with praises, and several were saved before the close of the day. The membership now was so large that there was barely room in the building to seat all, though large for a country church. When we had our special three-day, monthly meetings, the building would be crowded to capacity, many being seated in the aisle and on the long platform in front and several stood on the outside to listen to the messages. Some would gather a half hour or more before the

services began, and spend the time in prayer. To these monthly as well as weekly meetings many would drive a long distance, twenty miles or more in order to get saved. These would return home to spread the holy fire in their own communities. A complete moral reformation took place, not only in Enon community but elsewhere at great distances, and altogether there were more than a thousand people who made drastic changes in their lives.

But now a reaction set in. Satan marshaled his forces to try to destroy all the good that had been done. Many wild rumors were afloat that I was hypnotizing the people and setting them crazy over religion. Opposite from Maysville, Kentucky, on the Ohio side of the river was Aberdeen, about five miles from Enon church. In this town a weekly paper was printed, the editor of which was a cynic. He published several evil reports about me and the meetings, pure fabrication, many of which he made up himself. The leading papers of Cincinnati, Dayton, and elsewhere copied these reports and added drawings of supposed orgies enacted in the church, until a great excitement was produced among the credulous and even those who were more sensible.

To add to this, a fanatical and very ignorant preacher from the backwoods of Kentucky held a series of services at Ellsberry in the schoolhouse where I had held my first meeting. He, as well as his converts, would get under strange spells -- not of the Holy Spirit -- even doing miraculous things which were akin to the "tongue movement" of later date, called "holy rolling." They called it, "getting under the power;" and it was a power, but of the evil one, who came as an angel of light to delude the people and offset the truth. Attending this meeting was a man, John T., mentally weak, who had lately moved into the Ellsberry community from a distance, but never had attended any of my services. This man got under this strange illusion and did some miraculous things with which the Lord had nothing to do. Though one thing he did which was commendable, he not only quit using but raising the filthy weed, even after spending much time during the winter in clearing a field of land for it. This act was considered fanatical by the world, inasmuch as the man had a large family to support. Sister Harris and I attended three or four of these services, but seeing they were not of the Lord, we went no more. Several from a distance that had never met me, mistook this Kentucky preacher who was heavily built, to be me, especially Mr. T.'s brothers who lived near Georgetown. It was this mistaken identity that got me into serious trouble.

Some days after this Ellsberry meeting had closed, one morning about daylight, I was called out of bed by the sheriff of Brown County with a summons to appear at Georgetown, the county seat, as a witness on a lunacy charge. It was this Mr. T. whom the brothers said I had set crazy. I was then staying with my family in Adams County with some friends. The object was to take me before the Brown County judge, and there prefer charges against me for being the cause of this man's mental condition. Georgetown was twenty miles away from where I was picked up -- rather taken from bed. This was in the spring of 1902.

Passing through Ellsberry in a closed carriage with Mr. T. -- who was strapped hands and feet, which was unnecessary for the man was not violent, only mentally deficient the sheriff stopped and got out of the carriage, for what I knew not. A brother of one of my converts, P. B., rushed out of a store greatly excited, and asked the sheriff why he had not secured the man who had made Mr. T., crazy. Pulling his gun the sheriff pointed it at the man, and asked him to stand off, saying roughly he had the preacher also -- I could not be seen in the curtained vehicle.

On the road I talked to the officer about the things of God. Finally he said, "I don't believe you are the man mentioned in the subpoena." I said, "Yes, I am." No doubt, he was comparing me with the reports he had read in the newspaper. While I talked to him, he seemed to be under a strain, and again said the same thing, but I assured him that I was the man he was after. Finally we reached Ripley, ten miles from where we had started. Here he drove into a livery stable where he left the carriage with its occupants, the other man still bound, and told me to do as I pleased while he was gone; perhaps hoping I would cross the Ohio on the ferryboat into Kentucky and then he would be rid of me. He was gone somewhere for over an hour.

I got out of the vehicle to stretch myself, then sat down in the driveway of the stable just outside the office door. In a few minutes two men came into the building and stood so close to me that I could have touched either without an effort. They began to talk about the strapped prisoner in the carriage, then about the one who had set him crazy. Finally one asked the other if he had ever seen me. He replied, "Yes, many times." Then he gave a description of me as a very tall, heavy set man, weighing about two hundred pounds and of fierce demeanor, one that could hypnotize a person a long distance away, just by looking at him. He also said that I was very dangerous if crossed. He had taken some of his cues from the newspaper reports, and added much of his own in order to produce a profound effect -- and it did, not only on the one to whom he was talking, but also on himself, by the appearance of his countenance. I was glad to view myself out of others' eyes, for now I could see myself much larger in many respects than I had thought -- for at that time I tipped the scales at less than a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and was five feet and eight inches tall, and very reticent, except when preaching the gospel.

While these men were yet discussing me, the sheriff came in, with whom they seemed to be acquainted, and they asked him why he had not secured the man that had set crazy the one bound. Pointing at me he replied, "There he is; I have him." Looking at me only a moment, both bolted from the stable like scared rabbits and never looked back. It seemed to amuse the officer at their conduct, for, no doubt, he himself had received such a description of me. The officer asked me to go up town and take breakfast with him, for it was now after ten in the morning, and neither had had anything to eat that day after this we went on to Georgetown, to the county jail, where the prisoner was taken care of by the deputy sheriff who asked the sheriff if he should take me also. Angrily he said, "No, he can take care of himself," then gave me directions to report at the judge's office in the courthouse.

Soon the judge came in, also the sheriff with his prisoner, followed by the two brothers and a young doctor who was to assist in the case as an alienist. After scrutinizing me closely the judge asked my name, where I was from, what I did for a living, and a few other questions, then he asked me what I knew about the man that was crazy. I told him that I was not acquainted with the man any more than he, that he had never been to my services, but had lived in a community thirty miles away, near Georgetown, when I held my meetings. To this Mr. T., gave his affirmation without being asked. The judge then asked me concerning Miss Ethel Scott that I had set crazy. I said, "I didn't know she was crazy; but, Judge, you ought to know, for you gave her a two years' county certificate to teach school a few days ago." He replied, "Is that the girl?" Then he turned me over to the young alienist to be questioned.

Squaring himself and looking me in the face he asked, "How about that farmer, Robert Howard, you set crazy?" I replied, "Doctor, you ought to know whether he is crazy or not." Instantly he stopped and questioned me no more, I knew not why, but learned the reason later from Mr. Howard. The doctor's father was a neighbor living on an adjoining farm. Before he became a doctor, he had stolen some things from Mr. Howard, but being friendly neighbors, Mr. Howard refused to do anything about it. All this the alienist thought I knew, and perhaps deemed it prudent not to push his inquiry further. Then the judge closed the trial by saying, "Mr. Harris, I thought you were crazy as that man," pointing to the shackled prisoner.

Then I asked the judge if he was acquainted with Ellis Penney, near Mount Nebo. He said, "Yes, what about it?" I said, "I was Mr. Penney's pastor for a year, and stayed in his home: you can ask him concerning my reputation and conduct." I often had heard Brother Penney speak highly of this judge, as being one of his special political friends, and he had spoken to the judge about my being his pastor. Bidding the clerk to write me a check for three dollars and a half as a witness fee and mileage, he told him to go along to identify me at the bank to secure the cash. Instantly one of the brothers of the prisoner said, "Judge, let me ask that man some questions." The judge replied sharply, "He has been questioned enough," then told me I could go. When I left the courthouse to catch the train, which was leaving in a few minutes from the station for Ripley, one of the brothers waylaid me outside the door, and told me to make myself scarce in the county in the next twenty-four hours, if I knew what was good for me. I told him I had done nothing of which I was ashamed, and I could be found in the next twenty-four hours if wanted, then sat down on a side curb. The sheriff had stepped out of the courthouse and heard the man's threat, and ordered him off the grounds, saying if he did not leave he would lock him up. I missed my train, but found a place to stay, and left for my ministerial field early the next morning. While I was passing through Ellsberry, some were discussing me at the grocery store saying I would be locked up for six months. "While they were talking, one looked out, saw me, and said, "There he goes now."

At the dedication of the gospel tent, one night after the service had closed and the congregation left, a rock came hurtling through the top of the tent, tearing a small hole in it. When I went out a young man yelled loudly in derision. I said, "Young man, the Lord has your name and will reckon with you." Again he let out a loud whoop. I soon forgot the incident, but not the Lord. Two years passed. I was spending the night with some friends at Ellsberry when some one called for me. I went out wondering if some one was seeking to do me harm. It was very dark, and I heard a voice on the other side of the stone wall calling me by name, and asking me to pray for him. Climbing over, I found a young man crying. Asking him to kneel we both began to pray, then he stopped and said, "I have something to confess to you. It was I who threw the rock and tore the hole in your tent, and I am ready to pay for it." I could not recall the incident and told him so, but finally remembered it, and said, "It amounted to little, a rag patched the hole, it will cost you nothing, and I forgive you for it." He thought it would take several dollars to repair the damage. After he had confessed and straightened up several other things, he was saved. I yet did not know who it was until he attended a service in the new church where he joyfully embraced and kissed me. Later I learned that he took up the ministry in the hills of Kentucky, and was an adornment to the gospel of Jesus Christ in that needy mission field.

While still in the old church at Enon, a rumor was spread that all who preached or accepted the doctrine of holiness were lawless, and without protection. This report was generally

believed, especially by the rowdy element. One night a gang of young hoodlums, half-drunk, lined up on each side of the door having a rope to mob me. This caused an excitement, especially among my friends, who begged me not to go out, telling me why. I told them I had no fear, that the Lord was my shield. Sister Harris preceded me out of the door with baby Dwight, and began shaking hands with the boys who began to play with the child in a friendly manner. When I went out I also shook hands with them, and was not molested.

At another time two drunken rowdies raised a disturbance in the church. A warrant was gotten out and they were arrested. The judge of the county gave each a heavy fine, and warned one who was a chronic disturber of services, a son of a rich widow, that if he appeared before him again, he would send him to the "pen" for two years. His mother always had paid his fines when he got into trouble with the law. This, for the time being, stopped the rowdyism around the church.

A son of Belial gathered up a mob to burn down my gospel tent. But the night he was to put his plan into execution he suddenly died of a strange malady. This put such a fear on many opposers that they walked more softly, while others laid it to my power of hypnotism.

George B., an enemy of the "band," started to West Union, the county seat of Adams County, to see the judge about closing up the new church. The man, half-drunk, was riding a mule past the church when an outsider said, "There goes the devil on his mule." Of course this remark was blamed on the church, though they had nothing to do with it. When Mr. B. spoke to the judge about the community being disturbed by the meetings, the judge asked him what were they doing to disturb, how far he lived from the church, and if he attended the services. In answer to these question the man said, "They roll on the floor and shout so loud that they disturb the neighborhood. I live two miles away and never attend." Then the judge told him that the Constitution gave any one the liberty of worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience, that he, the judge, had a perfect right to roll in his own yard as long as he did not interfere with the rights of others. Then he told the man to go home and behave himself or he might be arrested for drunkenness.

At that time there was a new judge to be elected. Adams County had the name in the state of being very corrupt politically, the voters selling their votes for a dollar or less, even those who were considered wealthy and well-to-do citizens. There was a man in the county who said if he was elected as judge he would clean up the county from its political corruption. Thinking it was political talk he was elected by an overwhelming majority, many voting for him who belonged to the corrupt gang thinking they could control him. But these reckoned against their host, for as soon as Judge Blair got settled in office he began to have summoned before the grand jury many who had sold their votes, including the corrupt gang who had voted for him. When proven guilty, as many were, he fined the poorer class one dollar and cost, but the rich he fined from ten to twenty-five dollars and costs. Those of the poorer class who came of their own volition and confessed he remitted their fines with the costs. Hundreds took advantage of this leniency. All those proven guilty the judge disfranchised for five years. It was amusing to see the crowds of men, many walking, going past the church to the county seat, some fifteen miles away in order to confess. But not a man in the holiness church had to go, for the Lord had cleaned them up from dirty politics, as well as other things. The county was truly cleaned up by this disfranchisement, and, to some extent, helped other counties of the State to clean up some of their corruption. This event made first page news, drawing the attention of the public away from me for the time being.

While the news was yet being circulated about my hypnotizing the people, one day I entered a dry goods store to trade. The clerks seeing me enter the door fled to the back part of the room, leaving the proprietor to wait upon me. At another time I was passing through West Union to see about a meeting. The man who was with me, Mr. Lowe, asked me to excuse him for a little while as he had some business to do. While I was standing on the street waiting for him to return, I noticed several people staring at me in an excited manner. Then my companion made his appearance and we went on. In order to have a little fun, he said he had spoken to several saying, "If you want to see the great hypnotist, there he is." It was that which caused the people to stare at me.

There was a man that came to a community near Enon who said he could hypnotize people, although I was greater than he. This man gave an entertainment in a schoolhouse, charging ten cents admission, to show his occult power. The schoolhouse was packed that night. A school teacher had boasted to his friends that the man could not hypnotize him. The man asked for a volunteer, and the teacher presented himself as a subject. After the man had made different passes before the teacher's face and mumbled some words, the teacher began to act as he was told. After the close of the show, on his way home, some twitted the teacher of being an easy subject. Laughingly he said, "It was the fifty cents that the man gave me that caused me to act ridiculous." Many attending the show that night, went home convinced that the man had really displayed occult powers.

Though this field has been won to Christ by my evangelism, yet I did not think it expedient to take the pastorate that the church offered me, only to supervise it -- a great mistake. There came to the meeting a man from God's Bible School, who carried the report back that the revival at Enon was fanaticism, being told that by the enemies of the work. Then came another and told the same thing. These evil reports with those read in the newspapers brought us into disrepute with the trustees of that institution. One of these men sometime later went to the altar at the Bible School and confessed he had never been saved and prayed through. The other man later on went into outbroken sin. I had highly recommended the Bible School on my work and had taken up several subscriptions for "God's Revivalist."

About this time I became acquainted with a young preacher in Clermont County named Albert F. He and his wife had been thrown out of a home because of ill-feeling against them. In sympathy I invited them to come to my field of labor, because I felt they were unjustly treated. They came and I opened a good home for them among my members, giving them a good recommendation, and raised several dollars for their support. After he was thoroughly settled and in the favor of the church he began to talk against me and the doctrines I taught, especially on the New Birth. He even told some in the Bible School that I was crooked, leaving the inference that I was crooked in morals, instead of in my teaching. Albert was ambitious to be a great leader in the holiness movement, and sought the good graces of the trustees of God's Bible School by telling them he had opened the work at Enon and that it was his church. Using his influence with the official members of the church he invited various holiness preachers from Cincinnati to hold services, making himself the pastor and gradually crowded me out. Time and again I sought a reconciliation with him, but to no avail, as he said he could not fellowship with me as long as I taught false doctrines. I awakened too late. He had so undermined my influence in the church by his subtlety that the congregation was rended, several losing out and going back to the world. while

others had a bitter spirit. But several kept true to God and loyal to me through the years. Albert F. did not realize his worldly ambitions which he had at that time, and finally left the holiness movement. We hope he saw his mistake in after years, repented and got back to God.

It was during the time of this final "reaction" that I wrote my first book, "God's Plan, or Redemption and Salvation." having a compendium for Christian workers. This book has gone through two editions, and has been recommended by many as being most helpful to them in Bible study and Christian work.

In these more than two and a half years of my evangelism and other special labors among these people for their spiritual uplift, I had personally received very little financial compensation, although hundreds of dollars were raised for foreign missions, and to help the preachers who came from time to time to assist in the services, as well as to advance other spiritual enterprises. One alone, of the outgoing missionaries to Africa, from God's Bible School. received over six hundred dollars in a single service.

By 1904, the secular press in Ohio had practically ceased to take an interest in the religious doings in Adams County, when a revival broke out among the colliers in Wales, England, which again stirred the secular as well as the religious presses to great activity because of the glowing reports received from that far distant land. The Wales revival under the leadership of Evan Roberts, was in several respects very similar to the one which took place in Adams County under my leadership. In the Wales revival, hardened sinners repented, were converted and manifested great ecstasies of joy, Profanity, drunkenness, quarreling, fighting and kindred sins were replaced by lustily singing the songs of Zion and shouting the praises of God. This revival spirit spread far and near among the colliers, and continued for many weeks, before it waned to normalcy.

Whether the reports of this Wales revival had anything to do with it or not, a reporter was sent by a leading newspaper of Cincinnati to interview me. I hesitated to say anything to the man at his queries about what had taken place in the Enon community, but he must have made some investigation, for he gave a very favorable report about the place and the benefits that had been derived from the revival which had taken place several months previous.

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18 -- EVANGELISM IN KENTUCKY AND ON THE OHIO -- (1902-1903)

In order to get to the points along the Ohio River we often took one of the packet-boats -- the Chilo, the Greenland, the Greenwood, and the Tacoma -- belonging to the Greene Line Company plying between Cincinnati, Huntington and Pittsburgh. These boats gave us greatly reduced rates and the officers treated us most courteously.

After the revival at Enon, I had several invitations to hold meetings in adjoining districts. Before starting out in our summer campaign, we had made a camping tent in which to live with my family. The first invitation we had to hold a tent meeting was at Manchester, Ohio. During the two weeks or more that I was there only a few attended, not even the one who had given me the

invitation. It rained continuously, the gospel tent mildewed, the ground became swampy, and I took down with the malaria -- lying in bed during the day and preaching at night. I finally asked the Lord to give me a drying day for the tent. He did, and I pulled up stakes and left. After this we went back to Bradyville with the tents, and several were saved in the meeting held there.

While in Manchester we had a pressing invitation from a man to stop with him and his wife over night when we passed through the town. One evening, intending to take an early boat up the river the next day, I, with wife and babe, stopped there and was courteously received by the man. and shown to a spare bedroom: but we did not meet his wife. Sister Harris had retired with the baby and I was sitting up. when we heard an angry voice in the adjoining room saying, "I'm not going to have those trash here, why did you invite them in?" It was his wife. He tried to quiet her, but it was as easy as quieting a volcano, for she railed the louder, no doubt, that we might hear and to humiliate her husband. Sister Harris got up, dressed herself and little Dwight putting him in his folding buggy asleep, and with our two suitcases, for we lived in suitcases, we left. Meeting us at the door as we were departing, the man said, "I regret this, but cannot help it." He was a henpecked husband. It was now about eleven o'clock, the air was very cool and we walked slowly to keep warm, preparing to spend the night on the street as we had only one dollar to pay our fare on the boat. Passing a house where a light was shining out of the window, we heard an infant crying loudly, and a mother trying to pacify it. We knocked at the door and it was opened. We inquired if we could be of any assistance to them. The mother stated that the baby was sick and they did not know what to do. The invited us in and wife took charge of the baby, leaving ours asleep in the baby buggy, and told them to go to bed and rest. Soon the baby fell asleep. It had a severe case of cramp-colic, caused by over-nursing by the young inexperienced mother. This kind act gave us a warm place in their hearts, a place to stay that night, and a bountiful breakfast in the morning -- for we had had nothing to eat since noon the day before. I was given some finances to help us on our way, and having prayer with them and commending them to Jesus, for they were both unsaved, we took our departure for the boat which was at the wharf. I learned that the wife was saved later in a meeting.

Attending the meeting at Enon was a Mr. Lowe who lived at Wrightsville above Manchester, on the Ohio River. He kept a gambling den in a houseboat. He asked me to hold a meeting in a dilapidated church in his village, saying he would repair and clean it up. I accepted the invitation and the first thing he did was to throw his cards into the river, and close up his den of vice, and told the gang he was through with card playing. When I came, he took care of the house and furnished the lamps with oil and coal for the heat. He also cleaned up his houseboat and offered it to me to live in during the meeting. I accepted it, thinking it would be a nice place to live, until I was warned about the danger, especially in the winter season, and I secured a home for my family with some friends. It was only a day or so after we began the meeting that a violent storm arose at night and the waves pounded the boat so violently that it almost sank. What a frightful ordeal it would have been to have my family on the boat with it tossing like mad. In this meeting several were saved. Mr. Lowe, although convicted, did not pray through, yet his sinful life was greatly changed for the better. This was the man who had gone with me to West Union and asked the citizens to look at the great "hypnotist."

The Ohio River at times becomes very turbulent, especially in the winter when a strong wind blows upstream. One morning I desired to cross it and go back into Kentucky to find a place

to preach. The wind was blowing a stiff gale, the waves were running high and the large cakes of ice were gathered on and against the shore for several feet out. Upon inquiry at Wrightsville I was told there was an old man living two miles up the river who crossed the river in all kinds of weather, going regularly carrying the mail and receiving it, never missing a trip. I found the man and asked him if I could go across with him. Looking at me closely he said, "It is very dangerous, can you swim?" I said, "No, but I am not afraid to venture if you go, as the Lord will take care of us." He gave his consent, and taking his boat carefully through the mush ice on the shore he launched it. After getting in, he cautioned me to sit perfectly still and not become frightened, then he pulled into the swift current, riding the high frothing waves one moment then falling into a deep trough the next, the water at times breaking over the gunwales. The man skillfully maneuvered the boat until we reached midstream where it became more dangerous. The shore towards which we were heading seemed farther away than from that which we had started. But by and by we landed safely by God's assistance and the man's skill. Two of the most skillful men known on the river, drowned that day while trying to cross. Surely the Lord had kept us from a watery grave.

Among the mountains back in Kentucky was a thickly settled community called Valley. Here I held a meeting in a Primitive Baptist Church. The gospel plow went deep uncovering sin. The small chapel was filled to capacity, but no move was made toward repentance. Several testified to clear prospect for heaven, though living crooked lives. An aged man up in the eighties, rich in mountain land, upon whose property the house was built, stated that he was on his way to heaven, though he often would get drunk. Another man who seemed to live a commendable life, and had the confidence of his neighbors would "amen" the preaching, pray for the salvation of others, and testify to a bright experience. After about two or more weeks of earnest effort we closed the meeting with no visible results.

Several weeks after this, early in the spring while seeking a field in which to labor, I again passed some distance from this place riding my bicycle, when I was hailed on a mountain road by a native who was breaking rock. Greeting me by name he invited me to take dinner with him as it was near noon. To find out who he was I accepted the invitation, went home with him and learned his name was White who with his wife had attended my meeting at Valley. He confessed that he was a bad man and had secretly threatened my life while at that place. He and his wife were both under deep conviction because of the messages I had preached at that Primitive Baptist Church and desired to get right with God. Both wept at the dinner table while they were talking. They told me that the whole community was deeply stirred over the dying confession of that man who had testified so clearly to an experience, and had been considered a model Christian in the community. On his dying bed various neighbors had visited him, expecting to hear a good testimony, but he confessed that he was not right with God, that he had been awakened to his lost condition in the meeting which I had held, but the pride of his heart would not let him confess it; that now it was too late to repent and he would soon be in hell.

It was this dying confession which had awakened the people, and put a desire in them to find me that I might hold another meeting in that place, so these friends told me. At the table I settled it, telling them if they would secure a place for my tent and help me, I would come and hold a meeting. This they did, and I began the services with a tent well-filled. Soon the Lord sent deep conviction under the gospel messages and many were brightly saved, including Mr. White and his wife, who became a blessing in the meeting. Coming to these services was a man and his wife

named Harrison. These were brightly converted and sanctified in the meeting and had us to visit them in their home. While there I went out to the tobacco barn to pray, and their little boy about five years old followed me. I had him to kneel while I prayed, and his little heart was touched. About fifteen years after this I had a desire to visit this community again where Rev. E. Light and his godly wife were holding a tent meeting. Being invited to preach that night, after the service several greeted me, saying they had been saved in my meeting many years before, and still had the victory. Among those who shook hands with me was a bright young man, who asked if I knew him. Confessing I did not; he then asked if I remembered praying with a little boy in a tobacco barn when I was holding a tent meeting near Valley. Recalling the incident, I said, "yes." He said, "I'm that boy, and was saved in the answer to your prayer. I went to God's Bible School, and now am preaching the gospel. Mrs. Harrison also came to me after the service and said she was still victorious, and that her husband had died, leaving a glowing testimony on his death-bed. The seed sown years before was still bearing fruit in that community.

Down a narrow ravine from where I had my tent, there lived a wicked man. Though he never attended the meeting yet my strong voice and the narrow hollow carried the gospel to him. About three or four years after this I was invited to hold a few days' services in a schoolhouse some five miles away from this place. Being invited by a stranger to spend the night with him and his family, I went. On his way home, talking to a neighbor, he said that he had been converted under my ministry. Relating the occasion, he said that he had never attended a single service, but could hear distinctly from his doorway every word I said, though two miles away, that my loud preaching greatly disturbed him and he cursed me with the vilest of oaths; but the messages of warning he heard never left him until he repented of his sins two years afterwards and was saved.

It was while holding a tent meeting at Bethel, Ohio, where several were saved, that Mrs. Smith Poe bowed at the altar and was brightly sanctified. It was in her home at Maple (Poetown) where I had given my first series of Bible lessons while a pastor at Mount Nebo. The family had moved to Bethel, Ohio. From this time on to her death, "Mother Poe" was loyal to me and was an adornment to the gospel of Jesus Christ. As a mother she was firm but affectionate, desiring her children's salvation above all things else. Several of these children, as well as some of her grandchildren, were saved under my evangelism.

At times the Ohio River freezes over so that teams with heavy loads may safely cross. In the early spring this breaks up and large cakes of ice, three feet or more thick, extending from shore to shore, float down having narrow leads here and there. These large cakes often close the lead so that if a boat were caught between them it would be crushed like an eggshell. Going to Maysville one evening with my family, after a winter's campaign back in the hills of Kentucky, and desiring to cross the Ohio, we found the river full of grinding ice. The ferry boat had ceased to run because of the danger. Having no place to put up for the night with my family, we made inquiry for a man with a skiff that would put us over the river. There was only one man who would venture, and he asked fifty cents, which I gladly gave. After launching the boat we got in, and following the various narrow leads, at times having to get out with my family onto one of the floating cakes of ice and helping to pull the boat across it, we again launched it into another lead. We finally made it safely across after about two hours. It was a most dangerous trip with my family but the Lord took care of us.

Maysville was a great manufacturing place for distilled and malt liquors. In it also were several saloons to which men came from both sides of the river to buy their booze and get drunk. While engaged in a series of services in a schoolhouse at Moransburg, Kentucky four miles below Maysville, among several others who professed to get converted in the meeting, was a man who was a habitual drunkard. To keep from being tempted he ceased to go to the city, for over two weeks. One day some of his former associates got a bottle of whisky and offered him a drink, but he refused it. Then these evil inclined men, in order to bring a reproach upon the meeting, took hold of him and forced him to smell it. It was too much for his weak will-power, and he drank all of it. Then the men told him they intended to duck me in a stream near-by. That night he came staggering down the center aisle waving in the air two long-barreled six-shooters, one in each hand, swearing he would kill the first man who laid hands on the preacher. There was a near-panic in the room; but I quickly stepped from behind the desk and met the man, and kindly asked him to give me the two weapons as they were dangerous, assuring him that no one was going to harm me, and for him to sit down in front and listen to me preach. This he did as meek as a lamb, and soon was asleep. Some one the next day secured a warrant and he was fined, for which I was sorry; for it was not really his fault, but those who gave him the drink. When sober he was an industrious man and gave no trouble.

A Boaster

It was while we were yet in the meeting at Moransburg, Kentucky, that a young man disturbed the services. I called him down one night, and he left but continued his disturbances on the outside, making his boasts of what he would do if we had him arrested. There was a warrant secured for his disorderly conduct. (In that state there were very severe laws against disturbing religious services.) While I was visiting a home in the community, my host looked out and saw the young man with another boy drive up to the gate and inquire if I were there. I was advised by the man not to go out but let him speak to them, as the young man was a dangerous character. I said no, and went out and asked what was wanted. The boy said, "I hear that you have gotten a warrant for my disturbing the services." I said, "Yes, what about it?" He said he came hoping it might be satisfactorily adjusted. I said no, it was too late, if he had come the day before like a gentleman and not boasted what he was going to do, it could have been settled without giving him any trouble. Before the warrant was served by the officer, the boy left the state and there was no more trouble.

While engaged in a series of meetings at Concord, Kentucky, we secured an old, vacated two-story house on the river bank which was said to be haunted. There was no rent charge, and some kind neighbors loaned enough furnishings for two rooms. Some asked if we were not afraid to stay there. We told them no. All went well for a few days. then one stormy night we heard moaning as from one in great distress. This continued at intervals in the day and at night. One night I stealthily sought for the intruder and caught it at its noise-making. The next morning securing a hammer and some nails we soon fixed the ghost so that it could moan no more -- it was a loosened weather-board that made the doleful sound when the wind was blowing up the river.

A bright and well-respected boy about sixteen years of age attended the meeting regularly at this place, and became very serious about his soul's salvation. I tried to prevail upon him to seek the Lord, but his parents objected, having other worldly ambitions for him. Returning from school one evening, he and his young brother with their skates, were seen going past the place where I

was visiting, on their way to a backwater cove where there was ice. A few minutes after they had passed, we heard screaming, and saw the little brother running, saying his brother had broken through the ice. It took about a half hour to find the body in the twenty feet of water. They tried to resuscitate him, but to no avail. It was a sad occasion for those parents who stood in the way of their boy's salvation.

The last of November, 1903, we went to Beechburgh, Kentucky, a small hamlet in Fleming County, to hold a meeting. The house in which the services were held was a large frame structure with a high ceiling and very open, having two wood stoves which failed to keep the room warm. We had a large attendance and in the five weeks and a half we were there several were converted and sanctified. We had a watchnight service on the last day of the year in which several sought the Lord and were saved. It was at this place we met more of the adherents to the Mormon faith, but they were in disrepute because of some disgraceful things which had been done by some of their leaders a few months before.

In this meeting at Beechburgh a middle-aged farmer and his wife named Poe were saved. They owned a little farm with a small, four-room log house on it, about a mile from the church. Here we made our stopping place for the duration, trudging through the deep snow with my wife and child, though we visited various homes during the day when not in services. After the meeting closed I was cordially invited to leave my wife and child in this home while I went farther back into the mountains to seek another place to hold a meeting. The evening before I was to leave Brother Poe remarked, "It is easy for a preacher to be a Christian, for all he has to do is to read the Bible, pray, and preach; but we farmers have a great responsibility to keep up a farm and make a living. I would just like to lay off for two or three weeks and go around with a preacher to be in meetings." To this I replied, "It is a slack time for the farmers this time of the year, nothing to do but to feed a little stock. Suppose you let your wife do that. and you go with me on a little trip of a week or so." To this he consented, and early the next morning he was so excited about the trip that, like a little boy with his first suit of clothes, he ate little breakfast. There had fallen a sleet on the snow during the night and it was very slick. When we began to wind up the mountain road we slipped considerably, and were perspiring profusely by the time we had reached the top at noon. It was just as bad going down.

About three in the afternoon we saw a small log but a mile away and I said we would take dinner at that place. He asked if I knew the people. I said no, that I had never been in that section, but felt led that way. We soon came to that cottage and met a man going to the spring for a bucket of water. He invited us to stop and take dinner with him. Then he led us into a dark room with no light except a flickering flame from the fireplace. Soon he invited us to dinner which consisted of black coffee, some meat-grease gravy and cornbread without seasoning. It was the best he had and I ate it with thankfulness; but my companion could not eat it, although he had said he was very hungry. When we went back into the room to have prayer, we discovered for the first time that the man's wife was sick in bed. After having prayer we left and in a little while came to another cottage where a man invited us to stay for the night. Here we were given a good meal; and since my fellow traveler was very weary, I suggested that we have prayer and let my friend retire while I would sit up and talk for awhile. Our host was a typical mountain preacher. About midnight I went to the bedroom and found my companion still awake. A lamp without a chimney was still burning, the room was cloudy with smoke, and the room was very cold. Rising up in bed he said,

"Just look here," pointing to the bed and floor. Some one who had slept there had chewed tobacco and spit the juice on the floor and on the bed until it was very filthy. He was not used to such, for his wife was extra clean and tidy in her home. I said. "Never mind a little thing like that; go to sleep." He was getting a taste of a pioneer preacher's life and didn't seem to enjoy it. Sleeping very little that night he arose in the morning still tired. After prayer and breakfast we were off again for new adventures, which he did not seem to appreciate any more than the ones he had gone through. After four days from the time we had left his home, seeing he was getting that peculiar sickness called nostalgia, I told him we would return. Taking another route home we were making good speed when we passed a man and a boy on the road sawing wood. A small dog was contentedly lying at the side of the road seemingly taking a nap. As we passed, without warning us, he suddenly arose and grabbed a trousers' leg of my friend and tore a large slit in it -- the pants were a pair borrowed from his nephew who had loaned them for the trip. Though the man and boy saw the act they did not call the dog off. Mr. Poe was silent for some distance, then said, "I suppose this is the worst trip you have ever taken since you have been a minister." I said, "No, I have been through worse things than this. It is only a small part of a true minister's life." Of course he did not believe what I said. I have had more than one dog bite me on my journey of life, the worst being two-legged ones who have bitten me in the back. Brother Poe and his wife were good people, taking us in while we were strangers and providing us with the necessities of life: but I doubt if he ever forgot that trip he took with me until his dying day.

I was holding a meeting in a little mission church in New Richmond, Ohio. One night an ill-dressed, bleary-eyed woman staggered into the room and took a seat about halfway up to the front. It was common in those days to see men drunken, but seldom a woman. Although under the influence of liquor she gave strict attention to the message and at its close came to the altar and pleaded for mercy. In a few moments she looked up and said, "The Lord has saved me," and then went back to her seat. Of course I didn't believe it. After the close of the service I inquired where she lived. She said, "I have no home and am a stranger in the town." Noting my incredulity, she said, "I know you don't believe I am saved, but I am, and have been delivered from the appetite for liquor." Mission workers are often imposed upon by drunks coming to the altar in order to get sympathy and secure a night's lodging. While I was talking to her some Christian ladies gathered around, and I asked if any of them were willing to take the woman home with them and give her a night's lodging. Several made excuses, but one said she would, although her husband might object as he was not a Christian. She said, "I own the property where we live and have a right to say." It was a true test of faith to take a filthy stranger in, who still showed the effects of her drunken spree, and treat her as a wayward sister. She might have an infectious disease or be lousy.

About a week later I noticed a plain but neatly dressed lady in the congregation whose countenance and demeanor bespoke refinement and some beauty. While I was shaking hands with the congregation, she proffered her hand saying, "You do not know me." Apologizing, I admitted having never seen her before. She said, "I am that drunken sot that came to the altar some days ago and was truly saved." Little by little I learned the sad story of her life. She had been raised by respectable parents, had married, and for two years had had a happy life; then a woman stepped in and stole her husband's affection, her home life was dissolved and in her grief she began to drink to drown her troubles. Drifting from bad to worse she reached the brothels of the red-light district of Cincinnati, being called "drunken Ann" because of her sprees and fighting. She was locked up time and again by the police and even sent to the workhouse; but after being turned out of that place

she would go back to her old haunts and become worse. In a drunken brawl one night someone threw acid on her which burned her so severely that she was taken to the hospital to die. The doctors seeing her condition, thought she could not live, and so neglected her. Then she began to pray, promising God if he would spare her life she would serve him. To the surprise of the doctors and nurses she recovered, but because of neglect her left arm above her elbow had grown to her side. Upon being dismissed from the hospital she was given five dollars which she spent for liquor.

Then a strange thing happened. Becoming disgusted with the life of shame that she had been living, she bought a bottle of liquor and determined to leave the city forever. Early in the morning she departed, taking the road which led to New Richmond some twenty miles up the river from Cincinnati. On the way she drank her spirits, and night coming on when she was about five miles from New Richmond she became afraid, and looking up to God she begged him to send someone along with whom she could ride to the next town as she was tired. In a few moments the answer came to her prayers. A young man of the world with his girl friend drove by in a buggy, and stopping he asked her if she desired to ride. She got in and he drove on. She asked him if he knew the chief of police in the next town. He said he did and asked if she were going to have some one arrested. She said no, but thought the officer would let her stay overnight in the police station. The young man told her he would take her to a place where she would be cared for. He drove up to the mission, and pointing to the door he said, "Go in there and you will be taken care of," then drove away.

The sister who had taken her home gave her a bath, a suit of her own clean underclothes and a new dress, and put her into a clean bed, burning her filthy rags. With this sanctified woman she staved for several weeks and assisted her in her housework. She was a neat housekeeper and really reformed, so I was told. After leaving the mission I lost sight of her, though I heard she kept the victory. I hope she made it through to that everlasting rest which is for the people of God.

A young married man named Swearingen, living a few miles below Portsmouth, Ohio, was visiting some of his friends in a place where I was holding a meeting near West Union. He attended a service and became interested. He invited me to bring my tent and hold a meeting in his community. I accepted the invitation and set up the tent near his home. It had been a wet season and the corn, now about four or five inches high, was very weedy. He and his wife attended the meeting regularly, although they were greatly opposed by his parents who were wealthy church members. Both went to the altar and the wife was brightly saved. The rains now had ceased, and Mr. Swearingen told his wife to go on to the service, that he must stay at home and hoe the weeds out of his corn. She begged him to go, but he refused. Then she said to him, "Go on to the field, but you will not strike a lick, for I am going to pray that you might be saved." He went to the field but did not hoe any weeds. This was his testimony later: "When I tried to hoe I had such a heavy burden of sin that I dropped on my knees and prayed, then rose and tried it again with the same results. This I did a half dozen times but finally gave up and went to the house." He came that morning with his wife to the meeting, not taking time to change his clothes. That day he was brightly converted, and from then on to the close of the meeting he never missed one service. It looked like the weeds which were much higher than the corn would choke it; but the Lord took care of the corn, for he did nothing in the field until the meeting closed and even took a trip with me seeking a place for another series of services. His parents scolded him for the way he was doing, saying he would

starve the next winter. But he wrote me late in the fall that he had never raised a better crop of corn in all his life.

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19 -- TENT EVANGELISM IN MICHIGAN AND INDIANA

While attending a little mission in Springfield, Ohio, early in the spring of 1903 I first met Rev. Charles Clark, overseer of the Christian Nation Church. I had heard many commendable things about him and his uncompromising teaching while I was a pastor in Mount Oreb Circuit. I also had met a few of the members of this small holiness organization and was favorably impressed with its Wesleyan doctrines and liberal congregational government.

Mr. Clark invited wife and me to become members of that church and took us in as ordained ministers. He then asked us to go with him to Michigan taking our tents along, and help him in an evangelistic campaign during the summer months. This imitation we accepted and shipped our tents, then went to Portland, Indiana, where we held a meeting while waiting for Mr. Clark to meet us. When he came, he did not go with us, lint said he would come later. I was soon made aware that he was not so anxious to labor with us in Gospel work as he claimed to be at first; for I saw that he had compromised not only the church doctrine, but in his own life as well.

The people to whom he recommended us in Michigan were not only inhospitable but of questionable character and we stayed with them only one night. Early the next morning my wife and child were taken seventeen miles in a buggy to the home of a Christian family, which consisted of a widow and her two grown boys, named Kenney, and here we were made welcome. There was a small village near, called Bendon, where we set up the tents and began to preach. The crowd increased daily until the gospel tent was well filled. In a few days Mr. Clark came and I put him up to preach. His message was taken up with various kinds of apologies, saying all his ministry in the past had been a complete failure, and that now he had the true light. After this service, I took him to task, telling him his past ministry was not a failure, that he was now backslidden and needed to repent. This reproof he listened to lint remained silent. Soon after this he courted a young married woman in Traverse City winning her affections from her husband, and after she had obtained a divorce, he married her. But before this he left the Christian Nation Church and joined another denomination. Later he gave up the ministry entirely.

There were a few saved at Bendon before the meeting closed. From there we moved to another village a little distance away. Here we met much opposition from Mormon elders who had a large following in that place. Several of these came to the meeting, but their elders secretly denounced me and my teachings, saying I was preaching false doctrines, and that theirs was the only true way. But after I had challenged them to a debate, the elders left the town. Some of their followers got their eyes open and were saved as well as others. During this meeting the Kinneys were faithful attendants and nobly stood by us with their prayers and bright testimonies.

From that place we moved our tents to Traverse City, a town on the Bay by the same name. At this place we became acquainted with a godly minister named Strickler, a widower with two grown sons. He invited us to make our home with them during our stay in the city. Sister Harris

kept house for them while we were there. We had fish every day -- for breakfast, for dinner and for supper. The black suckers came up from the Bay into the Boardman River to spawn, but they could get no farther than the foot of the dam, and there they gathered by the thousands. Each day I went to gig a few, ten minutes being sufficient time to get enough to feed eight or ten people with some left over.

It was while I was in my room one night under a deep burden for the meeting at Traverse City that I fell into a restless sleep. By and by I was awakened from my slumbers by the most enchanting music that I had ever heard. It seemed to emanate from a long distance and was very soft and low, enrapturing my soul with melody divine. Was it an angelic messenger with a golden harp quieting my burdened soul?

There was a large reservation of Indians near Traverse City. One day several came to town, and seeing Sister Harris on the opposite side of the street pushing the buggy with our baby in it, they crossed over and surrounded her to her consternation, and jabbered in their language looking at the child -- but it was only to view the little white baby with which they were greatly taken, and not to do any injury.

It was the sixth of July when we left Traverse City. The night before there had been a white, killing frost which had wilted the green vegetation, especially the corn that was knee high. On each side of the railroad we could see its devastating effects until we nearly reached the border of Indiana. We set up our tents at a place called Pony, about twelve miles from Redkey, Indiana. It was a thickly settled farming community with one store. Here we had a capacity crowd filling our tent. Several of those who attended the meeting were Methodists who became greatly interested in the gospel of full salvation. To break up the meeting, some hoodlums in the neighborhood gathered outside the tent and greatly disturbed the services by pelting the top with various missiles. Not a single citizen was willing to do anything about it, though I appealed to them -- each taking the attitude that it was none of his business.

One night a large piece of brick came hurtling through the top of the tent, passed close to the head of a little girl, who was sitting well up in front with her father, and fell at her feet. This stirred her father, who was a well-to-do farmer in the community, and he rushed out all excited to find the culprit, but soon returned and quietly sat down again. There was no more disturbance. The truth finally leaked out: The young man who had thrown the brick worked for this farmer, and the little girl was a special favorite of his. When he had found out how near he came to killing the child it put a quietus on him as well as the others who were disturbing.

One evening, just after I had begun to preach, we heard a farm wagon heavily loaded with people coming toward the tent. The wagon itself made quite a racket, but its inmates added to the din by singing religious songs and shouting loudly, "Praise the Lord," (not very reverentially) until they reached the tent. Filing in they all came up to the front, except one who took a seat in the back part of the tent. Giving me only a passing glance they began to look around at the large crowd, then at the tent fixtures, and after their curiosity was satisfied, one by one they fell asleep, and did not awaken until I closed the service. They filed out the same way they came in without giving me a chance to speak to them, except the one who had quietly taken his seat in the rear of the tent. But who was this noisy crowd? It was a holiness band (except the one that was most courteous) who

had come all the way from Redkey to "put some life into the meeting," so they said before they started.

From Pony we went to Redkey and held a few days of services in a mission hall. We were invited to take our home with Mr. Swihart and his wife while in the town. He was a leader in the Methodist Church at that place, and was the man who had sat in the back part of the tent at Pony and had given close attention. They treated us most kindly while in their home. For several months Sister Harris had been seriously afflicted. The little food she ate caused her intense suffering. All remedies she had taken failed to give her any relief, and she became weaker and weaker until she could hardly walk without being helped. One evening after returning from a service, the last one she expected to attend, she was sitting in a rocking chair almost out of breath. Finally Brother Swihart said to her, "Sister Harris, I believe the Lord wants to heal you now." He had no more than spoken until wife asked to be anointed for healing, saying she believed the Lord would do it, that she had given up all her earthly remedies. After being anointed she sat quietly a few moments then sprang from her chair and rushed around the room praising the Lord saying the Lord had healed her. That night she rested well, and in the morning ate a hearty meal, the first that she had enjoyed for months; and though her faith was strongly tested for days, she gradually gained strength so that in a few weeks she could help me in the ministry without any serious trouble.

It was at this time that a presiding elder of a holiness church asked me to take my tents and help him in a meeting at Farmland, Indiana. He requested us not to use our folding organ to lead in the music. I acceded to all his requests and we began the meeting. He had the night services, and I took the afternoon meetings. There were some four or five other holiness preachers who assisted in the services besides Sister Harris. For two weeks the meeting went on without any visible results, although there was a large attendance. Soon there were whisperings among the various preachers that someone was a hindrance, and that there could be no revival as long as they had any part in the services. I soon recognized that I was the "scapegoat," but said nothing. Then I did a strange thing which fastened the guilt upon me: Opening my Bible one afternoon to read a scripture lesson, I suddenly closed my Bible, threw it down on the pulpit and left the tent saying, "You can do as you please with the service." Going uptown, I came to a livery stable, and was prompted to enter. Here I met a stranger sitting down at the side of the office door, and I began talking to him, hardly conscious of what I was saying, seemingly being in a dream. After leaving the building I came to myself and slowly walked back to the tent and found them holding a prayer meeting. This move I had made was a strong evidence to them that I was the hindrance to their having a revival. Behind my back I was accused of manifesting an angry spirit when I left the tent, and it seemed to be so. With a troubled spirit, I prayed all that night with little relief, because of the accusations. Without partaking of food, in the morning about ten o'clock, I took a pillow from my cot and went into the gospel tent to lie down on a seat for a little rest. It was a bright morning and the tent was lit up by the splendor of the sun. While lying there the tent began to be filled with people, for what purpose I knew not, as the regular service was not until two o'clock in the afternoon. Then I heard a lady speaking to another asking who would open the service that day. Seeing the one who had spoken, I sent Sister Harris to find out her name. She said it was Effie----. I then told the lady that she would open the meeting -- then like a flash I was left alone. It was a strange vision. Immediately I arose, went to the camping tent, and told Sister Harris what I had seen.

That afternoon I gave the Bible lesson, then made a call for seekers. Several responded among whom was a young woman in great distress of soul. After she had earnestly prayed awhile, she said to me, "I want you to forgive me for talking about you to my husband." When I said I would, her face lit up with a smile and she sprang to her feet and began to shout and to praise the Lord saying the very tent poles were glorifying him, and wondered why all the people were not praising God. But who was it? I had seen that face before. Then I recalled the one I had seen in my vision. She later told Sister Harris that her name was Effie--. It was she who opened the revival that day under my ministry of the word of God. She was the daughter of the preacher who had loaned us the seats out of his mission, and the wife of the man to whom I had spoken in the livery stable the day before.

That night, after the elder had talked awhile under great strain, he announced that the meeting would close, then dismissed the congregation. At this, I immediately arose and announced the meeting would still go on and from then on we would have an organ to lead in the music. This stirred the elder to anger, and he ordered the one who owned the seats to take them out, threatening that if he did not, he would take away his local license. But he refused to obey his presiding officer, saying the meeting would continue as far as he was concerned, license or no license.

The meeting lasted for three weeks longer and several were saved and sanctified before it closed. On the last Saturday, before the meeting closed, a man brought a dog show to Farmland and set up his tent not far from mine. The Christians said it would affect our crowd that night, but it did not, for the show man told all the people who would attend the tent service and those that remained to keep quiet so as not to disturb the meeting. The next morning he with his entire troupe attended the service and listened attentively to the message. One of the young girls who was with the show became deeply convicted and cried when one of the Christian ladies spoke to her about getting saved. When I dismissed, she came and waited for me in the aisle, and asked me to hold my two hands together, then he poured them full of coins, not once, but twice, emptying his purse, perhaps the entire receipts of the night before. He said, "I have a Christian mother who taught me always to respect the services of God." I could see he was deeply touched. While we were away for dinner, he pulled up stakes and was gone before we returned for the afternoon service.

This meeting at Farmland ended our summer campaign in the tent. It was late that fall, when we went to New Richmond, Ohio, to attend a convention of the Christian Nation Church, where we first met Rev. William Gaskins (Uncle Will) who was the successor of Rev. Clark as overseer in that denomination.

The summer of 1904 we spent in tent meetings until the fall, when we attended our first Congress of the Christian Nation Church at Tremont City. It was at this congress that Brother Gaskins asked my wife and me to take over the Bible School at Tremont City, which he had started a few months before.

* * * * *

Preceding the opening of the school I went to Michigart near the place where I had held tent meetings to advertise the school and gather funds to set it in order. It was while holding a service one night in a little church building at Cedar Run, about eleven miles from Traverse City, that a crudely dressed young man of nineteen came to the front after the service and kneeled at the altar. When I asked him what he was seeking, he replied, "I would like to attend your Bible School but have no means. to pay my way." I told him if he had the backbone he would be there, means or no means, for where there was a will there was a way.

It was in October just before the opening of the term, while I was doing some papering of the chapel ceiling, that the door was opened and a youth stepped into the room. He was dusty and shabbily attired, having unkempt, long hair showing through the holes in his seedy hat, with no socks on his feet and his toes sticking out at the front of his shoes. Smiling he looked up at me trying to hang a long piece of paper on the ceiling and said, "Can't I help you, Brother Harris?" At first I did not recognize him, but scrutinizing him closely I saw it was that young man I had met at Cedar Run, having the same outfit on that I had seen him wear while there -- Ross V. Willobee. He had taken my words literally, sold a calf which he owned, and paid his fare to Tremont City with nothing left. Neither had I any funds to take care of him; but the Lord did have for he saw a diamond in the rough. After helping to get some of the buildings in order to take care of the few students that came, he shucked corn for the farmers around the village for half a day at a time, gave me what he had earned, about fifty cents, and then attended classes the other part of the day, studying late into the night. He was a good worker, so the farmers told me. After all the corn was shucked in the vicinity, he came to me and said, "I am leaving to earn some money for the next year's term of school and will be back next fall." I told him if he was willing to help in the work around the school, I would see him through his school year. As the tears coursed down his cheeks, he said, "You and Sister Harris have been a father and mother to me, and I cannot repay you." He yearned for love, sympathy, and kindness, and Sister Harris and I tried to supply this need, for his mother had died while he was a baby. His stepmother had no liking for him and his father was unsympathetic, though Ross was a good worker on his father's farm and in his home community, as I afterwards learned of his neighbors.

He thought he was saved before he came, but several days after entering school he became deeply convicted of sin, earnestly sought the Lord for pardon with fasting, and prayed late at night in his room. Early one morning after a night of prayer we heard him come down a flight of stairs from his room. Entering my office, he said, "The Lord has saved me." I said, "No, Brother Willobee, go back to your room until you get the witness of the Spirit." Going back, he again was heard in earnest prayer. A half hour had passed when with a shout of victory, he came bounding down the stairs three steps at a time and entered my room with a shining face glorifying God. He truly had gained the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ, and none now could make him doubt it. Sometime later he was brightly sanctified, and little by little his uncouthness passed away. For three years he was with us until we closed the school. He would work some during the summer vacation, hold meetings wherever he found an open door, and would return for the fall and winter term of school. We loved him as one of our own children.

The attendance at the Bible School that first year was very small, not over fifteen students. Some of the neighbors took a stand against us, because of evil reports spread, and finances as well as provisions became very scarce. One Saturday evening we had nothing to eat for the pupils over

the Sabbath. About dusk there was a knock on my door; and when I opened it, a man handed me five dollars saying, "The Lord impressed me that I should give this to you." This supplied our immediate needs. At another time we had need of fifty dollars to meet a certain obligation. We prayed about it and left it with the Lord. "The next morning when the mail came in, one of the letters contained a check for fifty dollars. It was from Sister Brittingham, ("Aunt Millie") at Ellsberry. In her letter she stated that she was going to send it to the foreign mission fields but was strongly impressed to send it to us, that we had need of it instead. "This was the Lord's doing, and it was marvelous in our eyes." It was the greatest financial windfall that we had ever received at one time in the ministry up to that time.

Our boys tried to get some wood to cut up on shares to supply the heat for the building; but though there was plenty going to waste in the community around, those who had it refused to let us have a stick, telling one another they would freeze us out -- but we didn't freeze out. Going to the store for some groceries one morning, I was informed that several loaded coal cars had left the track and had gone over a steep embankment, the coal being scattered in a man's field. To recompense the man, the railroad company sold him all the coal in his field at only a fraction of its worth. It was the best coal on the market, which at that time sold for six dollars a ton at retail. The farmer sold the coal at one dollar a ton as it lay in his field. But I had not a cent with which to buy a single ton. On my way home a man stopped me and gave me ten dollars for the school; then I was stopped by another man who said, "I have a team and a wagon. and if you want to buy any of that coal I will haul it free." I got ten tons, enough to last us through that first winter.

It was in March, 1905, that I closed this first term of Bible School and again went to Michigan with my gospel tent tot the summer. Setting tip my tents at Custer, a small village in Mason County, I held meetings each night for over a week and we were having good crowds and close attention when a preacher, whom I had met the fall before at Tremont City, came and desired to assist me in the services. He proposed that I take the day services and give Bible lessons and he would preach at night. While this plan did not suit me, I made no objections to it, though I knew there would be not enough interest to hold day services. For a week he preached each night. He would give a preliminary talk for nearly a half hour, then would take a text and preach for over an hour in a rambling way. This he did until the people began to tire of it and stayed away. When he saw the crowd diminishing he began to speak against those who were absent, saying they had hardened their hearts against the gospel. He even condemned those who were present. One night there was a young Indian who came to the meeting with his father and sat close to the front. The elderly man could not understand the English language and his son would interpret that which was said from the pulpit. Mr. G., rebuked the youth three or four times for disturbing him, until the boy whispered to his father, and they both arose and left the tent to my regret. These Indians had come quite a distance to hear the gospel. At the end of the week the preacher had hardly a dozen to hear him Then he told the few present that he would preach to them no more and was going away because they were unworthy of the gospel. I arose and said, "I will preach each night from now on. Tell all the people whom you meet about it." Mr. G., left immediately for home, for which I was not sorry, seeing the mistake I had made in giving him the pulpit. In a week I had a full tent again, and a gracious revival broke out in which many were saved in that village and the surrounding territory.

From Custer I moved my tents to Scottville, some miles west of this place. Here Mr. G., also came, but I did not give him the pulpit any more. There was some opposition at Scottville because of a preacher who was the pastor of a church in that town. He condemned the holiness doctrine that I preached. I visited him and tried to be friendly but with no success. He said he believed we gradually grew into holiness. I asked him how many years he had been saved, and he said about twenty. I then asked him if he had yet attained to holiness; he said no. I said, "How much longer will it be before you grow into the experience of holiness?" To this question he had no answer. His church would have greatly profited by the meeting if he had not taken such a stand against it, for the town truly needed the gospel, as it was desperately wicked. Provisions became scarce. It was Saturday and we had nothing to eat for the Sabbath. After preaching that night to a large congregation, we went to our camping tent and could hardly get in, it was so full of provisions. Our cots were filled with pies, cakes, bread, fruits, vegetables, and other things. We had to give much of this away to the poor to keep it from spoiling on our hands.

An ex-soldier boy with his girl friend and her mother attended the services regularly and gave close attention to my messages. These two young people had become members of the church of which I have spoken, but never had been saved. One night after I had dismissed the service. all three came forward, the young man with a Bible in his hand. He asked me several questions concerning some things I had preached, and said, "Show me that in my Bible." Taking the book from his hand, I turned to the scripture for which he asked, and all three read it. After asking me several other questions concerning some statements I had made, he turned to the girl and said, "I'm going to seek salvation tomorrow night." Both came to the altar the next night and earnestly prayed but made no headway. The next day under deep conviction he came to me for counsel on a certain matter concerning a pension he was receiving from the government. He said that during his service in the Army he became seriously afflicted and was sent to the hospital, and the government had given him a pension. But contrary to expectation, he recovered and was now strong physically, but still drew this pension for his former disability. He asked what he should do about it. I said, "Mind God. Do whatever you think is right." He wrote to the pension department and told them all the circumstances, as he had stated them to me, telling them to do as they thought best. The next night they both again came to the altar. I know not the outcome of the letter sent to the pension department, but I do know what took place with the young man and his friend.

The news spread over the town about these two seeking at the altar, and many came out to see for themselves, including their pastor, of whom I have spoken. When these again came to the altar, their pastor also came under pretense of praying with them. Whispering to the young man, he told him there was nothing to it, that they were being deceived. Lifting his hands high over his head the youth said, "I'm not going to leave this altar until I am saved and know it." At this, his pastor arose, and stalking down the aisle in anger, he made an unbecoming remark, not suitable for a gentleman, and left the tent. This broke his influence with these young people and many others who heard him. It was two o'clock in the morning (I had retired to my camping tent to obtain a little rest, leaving some of the Christian workers to stay on with these seekers) when I heard a shout of victory and quickly entering the gospel tent, I found the two young people rejoicing in the Savior's love.

The weather was very cool at night and we had a large stove in the tent with the pipe wired and extending outside. There had been a storm brewing, and after these young people had left, the

wind began to blow a gale, the rain fell in sheets softening the ground, and one by one the stakes began to pull up on one side until the tent began to drop onto the hot stove. The main center-pole, having a torch on it full of gasoline, was near the stove, endangering the whole tent with a devastating fire. Grabbing the torch from the nail on which it hung, I threw it out of the tent. Then unloosing the pipe, I carried the stove, which was still hot, out of the tent without injury. How it was done I know not, except that the Lord must have given me superhuman strength for the time of need. At that moment the tent collapsed, rending it in several places, but my camping tent escaped the calamity though it was near-by. This was Friday, and the meeting was to close on Sunday night. The next morning, with the help of some of the ladies, we repaired the large tent which took several hours, and the tent again was set up for Saturday and Sunday services, and the meeting closed, several having been saved and sanctified.

Following this meeting at Scottville, we held a tent meeting at Kingsley Michigan, where there was a large attendance and good interest. One night after the service a man approached me and in broken English asked if he could sleep on the platform until the moon arose, as it was too dark to see, and he lived several miles away. I gave my consent but with some misgivings as his strange appearance and language did not impress me favorably. I offered him a quilt but he refused it, saying he did not need it as the moon would rise soon after midnight and then he would have light enough to go home. Going into the camping tent where I had my family, I sat up to watch until he left. Hearing a mumbling noise in the large tent I stole out and looked through an opening in the curtains to see what was transpiring. I saw him kneeling on the platform with his hands extended toward heaven engaged in prayer. This allayed my fears, and I went to bed and slept soundly to find in the morning that he had departed. He was a member of a group, of Indians who lived twelve miles farther north and belonged to a holiness band. He had heard of my meeting and had walked that distance to attend.

In another town in Michigan where we had our tent set up, there was a predominant Catholic element. Several of the young men disturbed our services from time to time, and the officers gave us no protection. One night, while we still had an oil lamp burning on the pulpit stand, a man who had been attending the services hastened into the tent and told me to extinguish the light, saying there was a gang of boys coming and he expected to meet them. I put out the light and awaited the results. As we sat in the darkened tent, I could hear the boys stealthily coming, and saw the man who had hidden behind a tree going out to meet them. Thinking it was I, they laid down a barrage of overripe eggs, several of which struck the man. This greatly angered him and he tried to catch one of the culprits, but all swiftly fled. The next morning a rumor was circulated in the town that the preacher had been rotten-egged the night before by some boys. When the Catholic boys learned it was not I, but one of their own leading church members that they had egged, it humiliated them and put a quietus to their rowdyism.

During this summer campaign in Michigan there were several brought to Christ, not only converted but a few sanctified, and some funds were given for the Bible School at Tremont City to get the building ready for the fall and winter term of 1905-6. It was before the opening that I was invited to give a series of Bible lessons in a campmeeting at Sulfur Lick near Chillicothe, Ohio. Coming to these services was a beautiful girl of about twenty-five, Miss Edith Flesher, with three of her friends. One night while I was preaching upon the subject of hell and its inmates, the Spirit of the Lord struck her with deep conviction. Turning to her companions she said, "He'll not get me

to go to the altar." It was only a moment after this statement, that she fell on her face in the straw like one who had been shot. There was a death-like stillness upon the congregation. Finally she jumped to her feet with a look of despair and began to slowly walk with her face upward saying, "I'm in hell! I'm in hell!" Her voice sounded like one in deep despair. This deep conviction stayed with her until the next day when she was brightly saved. That same night in which Miss Edith was convicted one of her companions, Blanche R., was also thought under deep conviction and was later saved. That tall both of the girls attended the Bible School, where Sister Edith was sanctified.

Returning to Tremont City, we made several rooms out of the large opera-stage in the rear of the upper story of the building, leaving the big audience room forty by sixty feet. at the front for assemblies on special occasions. Then we went to Columbus where there was a friend dealing in secondhand goods, who gave us furniture and other furnishings for the rooms.

The opposition to the Bible School was now more intense. We were unable to secure coal for the winter without paying a large price for it. We went to Ironton and there secured a carload at a very low price paying cash for it. The coal looked rusty on the outside, and several of the people made sport of it thinking I had been cheated, but it proved to be an extra good grade. The surplus above which I would use during the winter, I tried to sell; but not a person would take any of it. I put the entire carload into the cellar of the building to be used the following year. At that time, flour was seven dollars a barrel at retail, and I could not get a single concession for the school. But a French lady and grocery keeper introduced me to a wholesale flour merchant who owned a mill not far from Tremont City, and he let me have his best flour at three dollars a barrel delivered, and offered to trust me several months for the pay, but I had the cash to pay for it. In many other ways the Lord raised up friends for us.

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21 -- THE SECOND YEAR OF BIBLE SCHOOL -- (1905-06)

It was at the fall meeting of the Christian Nation Congress that Brother William Gaskins was elected Overseer, I, Assistant Overseer, and Sister Harris, Secretary Treasurer.

That year's Bible School term opened November first, 1905, with a good attendance of students. It started with several days of revival services in which some of the students were saved and sanctified, also a few from the surrounding districts including members from the Methodist Church in the town. This brought opposition from their pastor, and he spoke against the school. This opposition increased during the year.

One of those attending the services was a man working for a farmer near the village. He had been seeking earnestly for several nights, until he became so desperate that one evening before he came to the meeting, he put his revolver under his pillow and declared he would blow his brains out if he did not get relief that night. At the altar he prayed until I closed the service, yet refused to give up. Finally he said to me, "Go to bed. I'm not going away till I get saved." I stayed with him until about one o'clock that night, and after an intense struggle he obtained the victory.

One Sabbath night, the French lady, (the storekeeper of whom I have spoken), came to the altar. Soon she arose, hastened out of the room, and was gone about a half hour before returning. Then she again went to the altar and soon prayed through. She had gone to her store where she had tobacco and some other things which she felt she could not sell to the glory of God, and these she put into the stove.

It was during this second year of school that we became interested in foreign mission work and began to support it. Two outgoing missionaries to Quito, Ecuador, South America, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, stopped with us a few day's and spoke to the student body about their future field of labor in that benighted country which was just opening up to gospel work. After reaching their field of labor, we at various times sent them financial support. Later Brother Sherman and his good wife from the Vanguard Home, near St. Louis, Missouri, came during the Christmas season and brought with them Miss Luema Angel, a missionary who had been in India for six years and was at this time on a furlough. In these humble people of God we became greatly interested. They were a great blessing to the School. This was the first spiritual effort put forth in foreign missionary work in the Christian Nation Church.

This second term of the Bible School ended the latter part of March, with more severe persecutions, slanderous reports being spread about the institution. Several in the town sympathized with us, but took no open stand for us because of fear of what men would say. The school authorities of the town tried to force our younger students into the public school, but we sent them home at the holiday season and told them not to return until we could make better arrangements for them. Yet much good was accomplished during that winter's term.

It was early in the spring of 1906 that we again entered the evangelistic field with our tent. In the meantime we gathered various supplies for the next fall term of school. On Mr. Howard's place, the one who had befriended us while at Enon, we picked over a hundred gallons of blackberries, the family helping us to put them up into jam and jelly, and also canning some.

Later we went to Neville, Ohio, and set up our tent. We held about two or three weeks' meeting in the village, then moved back into the country about a mile. At that place we became acquainted with a Mr. Williams, who had been lately saved. He had rented a place which had on it a large apple orchard from which he derived a lucrative income. He sold all his culls and fallen apples to a still which made them into brandy. From these fallen apples he derived much profit; but now, since he was saved, he knew the Lord would not be pleased with him to dispose of these apples as he had before and said that he would have to give up the farm. I told him to trust the Lord and he would provide a way out of it. That fall he had a large crop of apples, but very few fell off the trees -- not enough to supply the ordinary trade; so that he derived more profit from his orchard that year than he had previously received when he sold the fallen and the culls to the still. It was here that we put up several gallons of apple and plum butter for the school.

Attending this meeting were several Christians, among whom was an elderly woman who had lost her husband by death. Every morning including the Sabbath she would go to the cemetery with a basket of small sticks and flowers which she would arrange on her husband's grave and then pray for him -- this to the neglect of the morning services. Hearing of this I went to her home and

told her it was idolatry, that she should attend the services. She finally gave up worshipping the dead, came to the meeting and was brightly saved.

After closing this series of services, we stored our tent at Brother Williams' for the rest of the year. It was at this time we had a strong desire to attend the Vanguard Camp Meeting held in August on the Marvin Camp grounds, twelve miles from St. Louis, on the road to St. Charles. Rev. C. W. Sherman at that time was the superintendent. It was he with his good wife and Miss Luema Angel, who had been at our Bible School during the Christmas Convention the winter before. We had nothing to finance the trip, which took several dollars, but as soon as we had the mind of the Lord to go, the finances came in just enough for the fare one way and no more. We took along in our grips several fine apples given us by Brother Williams.

At Cincinnati, where we got off the street car, a small lad poorly clad asked to carry my two heavy suitcases to the station which was about three blocks away on Fourth Street. I asked him if he would do it for five cents. He said, yes. Though I knew they were too heavy for him, I let him try. Then against his protest I took one, and he the other, but it also was too heavy for the little man to lift and carry without staggering. I helped him with his as well as my own. At the station I did not pay him immediately but inquired about his home. He said his father was dead and he was helping his mother to support the family by odd jobs. His very countenance and language showed refinement as well as honesty. Giving him a fifty cent piece, he said he would have to take it to the news-stand and get it changed. I told him to keep it all, then asked him to wait. Filling a large paper bag with several of the fine apples, I gave it to him. How his eyes sparkled as he thanked me for them. In this act of kindness I felt a joy and deeper meaning in the statement of the Lord, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Arriving at the Vanguard Campgrounds late in the evening, we were cordially received. The small band had gathered in a large room in the home for songs of praise and prayer. The sacred songs of early days, led by Brother Sherman, were being sung in the Spirit. The very atmosphere in the room seemed to be charged with the sacred presence of the Lord. I felt a deep awe in that place. Given a room for the night, we fell asleep to awaken early the next morning, the opening day of the camp. Like Jacob of old at Bethel, I said, "Surely the Lord is in this place." And he was, in the power of the Holy Ghost.

Going out to the grove, I helped to erect the gospel tent, giving instructions to the workers, as they did not know how to put it up. We had put up the top, but had not yet hung the curtains when a mission lady from the city arrived with a bleary-eyed, sot drunkard whom she had kept locked up in a room for two days to keep him from going out on a spree before she could bring him to the camp. He had gotten so low that he drank the slops of the lowest grog shops of the city. She had bought him a new suit of clothes, but would not let him have it until she got ready to bring him out to the campground; for she knew he would go out and pawn it for a drink of liquor. His very countenance was revolting to look upon. Turning him over to us, she charged us not to let him go away, as she expected him to get saved during the camp meeting. Taking charge of him and quitting our work on the tent, the Christian young men who were helping assembled for prayer. Soon the man was pleading for mercy confessing his sins, and after a severe struggle against the powers of darkness he broke through to victory loudly shouting the praises of God. It was the first fruit of the camp. A little later during the meeting he was brightly sanctified and delivered from the appetite of

drink and tobacco. Before the close of the camp the man was wonderfully healed from a severe affliction brought on by his long dissipation. Several months after this we learned he still was going with God.

Not expecting to have any special part in the services, as I was a stranger, I was surprised when the board made me the leading evangelist and put me up twice a day to preach. The Holy Spirit came upon the camp in power, and a great number were converted, reclaimed, and wholly sanctified. Several who came from a long distance to be healed were delivered from their bodily afflictions.

Dwight, our boy, was now five and a half years of age. He had been very obedient up to that time, though at times manifesting a stubborn spirit. Sister Harris and I had specially prayed the Lord to reveal to us when he had reached the age of accountability so that he might be clearly saved. It was one morning when he was kneeling with us at the altar that he began to play in the straw with his hands. I asked him to cease, but he continued on as though he had not heard me. I asked if he understood what I said; he said yes, but continued to play in the straw. At this I took him out, and with his mother we went back from the main camp to a grove of trees, intending to punish him for disobedience. But on the way the Lord showed us it was now time for him to be saved, as he knew he had done wrong. Leaving him near a large oak, his mother and I went a little distance away to plead with the Lord for his salvation. It was a half hour or more when his stubborn nature was broken, and he began to cry and ran to us confessing many things he had done behind our back. His repentance was genuine, and after he had prayed asking the Lord to forgive him, he began to rejoice in the Lord saying the Lord had saved him. Returning to the large tent where they were having a testimony meeting, Dwight also wanted to testify. Seeing this a man lifted him up on a chair, and with a bright countenance, he told how the Lord had saved him a few minutes before. This was a bright spot in his mother's and my life, for he never went into vile sin nor sowed his wild oats, which some prophesied he would do when he grew older.

During this Camp we specially had noted one of the preachers who advocated three works of grace, viz.: Justification, sanctification and the baptism with the Holy Ghost. and one of the leaders testified she was seeking this third experience. Of this doctrine I was wary and strongly taught the two works of grace, namely: Pardon and sanctification, each witnessed to by the Holy Spirit.

In the meeting we had received an offering of two dollars, but had put it in the mission basket which was passed. We still had nothing to pay on our fare back to our home state. The last Sabbath was the best of all. There was a great melting of saints to tears, and several more sinners prayed through to great victory before the closing hour. It was now midnight, and as the saints joined hands in a large circle and sang, "Shall we meet again," tears of sadness coursed down the cheeks of many. Good-byes were said, and all began to retire to their sleeping quarters. I was to start back to Ohio at five o'clock the next morning. It was then that one placed an envelope in my hand with our exact fare in it. It was a great victory on that old Marvin Campground, named after Bishop Marvin, where many, in early days, had prayed through to glorious victory, when the Methodists were on fire for God. Soon we were back in Tremont City making ready the building for the fall and winter term of Bible School.

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22 -- THE LAST YEAR OF THE BIBLE SCHOOL -- (1906-07)

The Christian Nation Church had its Annual Congress in the School building at Tremont City in September, at which time Rex. Wm. Gaskins again was made Overseer; I, Assistant Overseer; and Sister Harris, Secretary-Treasurer. Each held these positions for several years, being elected annually. Before Sister Harris became secretary there had never been a record kept of the Congress' annual proceedings, at least there was nothing to show it; but now Sister Harris kept a strict register of all the transactions of Congress for sixteen years, until she resigned because of ill health, where the books were turned over to the next secretary.

At this time the congress membership was greatly depleted because of several leaving, because they had been divorced and remarried, a rule being made in the Church against such. Then there were some who had backslidden and dropped out. It was at this Congress that the Bible School property was turned over to the School by the Christian Nation Church, and in October it was incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio, called "Bible School and Missionary Institute," and received a charter from the State, dated November 7, 1906. The names of the incorporators were Brother Gaskins, Ross V. Willobee, Sister Harris and myself.

The school term for the third year opened, October sixteenth, with a large number of students in attendance. In the beginning of the term there was a revival season of two weeks at which time several of the students prayed through as well as some in the village and the surrounding districts. One of the special rules of the school was: The boys and girls were to keep separate, except in the classes, were not to go out on the streets without permission, and the younger girls were to be chaperoned by an elderly woman when on the street. Though the past year had been one of great opposition by Satan's forces, now it was to be increased many fold. Some of the parents and guardians had sent their older girls and boys to the school to be under religious environment and instruction; but the school authorities in the town sent orders for those of scholastic age to attend the public school. To keep from having any trouble I sent these students to their various homes. Then a citizen of the town wrote and had published in a Springfield paper several articles against me and the school, intimating the morals were low. These I undertook to refute by saying I had been educated in that city, had been in business there, and had borne a good reputation; also that I could produce excellent recommendations as to scholastic ability and character. But nothing I wrote to the city press availed anything, as all was denied by this Tremont City correspondent who said I was an impostor.

Before this a young married woman, who claimed to get converted in one of our meetings and was called to the mission field, became an influential worker among the student body as well as with the Christian women who attended the services, and took part. She finally became enamored with one of our Christian young men who was a student. I warned him to be on his guard, and he avoided her. Thinking I had something to do with it, she became an enemy and secretly worked against me and Sister Harris, who at first was deceived by her profession. She used her influence to cause me much trouble, especially from some who were members of a secret order in that place.

At night hoodlums, urged on by the ill-disposed, would throw large rocks against the strong paneled doors of our bedroom facing the street, to the terror of Sister Harris, especially when I was absent; or they would take large clubs and beat on the outside walls and doors. In order to protect our lower windows we put up heavy shutters, but they threw rocks against these. Even in the daytime boys, standing at a distance with target rifles, would shoot through the windows, endangering the lives of the students. After dark we could hear the crashing of window lights in the large auditorium of the upper story by rocks being thrown through them, some being picked up in the room as large as a man's fist. Not a large glass in all the upper story was left whole. One night when I opened an outside door, a gun cracked and a rifle ball struck the building close to the side of my head. If I went out at night it was at the risk of my life. These hoodlums were secretly encouraged in this by some of the evil-minded citizens, and we could get no official protection, though we asked for it.

There was an elderly man, a real estate agent who lived in the village and pretended to be a friend to the school. At times he would make a small contribution, and in the religious services he would shout like one that was overflowing with joy. One day he inquired of me about the financial condition of the school property, but I gave him no satisfactory answer. It was a few days after this that the Mead brothers, who had sold the building and held a mortgage against it, came to me and said they wished I would pay up the interest on the notes they held, as we were back several dollars. I told them I would see about it immediately. The Mead boys were not very good financiers and this real estate man had been to them secretly, offering them cash for the property if they would sell it to him. One day a man came to me and said he had heard I was from the town. This man tried to draw me out concerning the trouble I was having and also the financial condition of the school, especially the property. I refused to divulge anything until he said, "You need not be afraid to talk. I know all about the trouble you are having and the Cause back of it. It is the lodge that wants the property. I was a member of it, but withdrew because I could not sanction their doings, besides I am now a Christian and do not want them to get the building." Then he told me the fraternal order for a long time had desired the building for a lodge hall, expecting to buy it cheaply. But when we obtained it for school purposes some were greatly disappointed and abetted the hoodlums in their evil deeds, hoping we would vacate so they could secure it. Also the man who had approached me to buy it was a leading official of the order. Moreover he said, "If you still owe anything on the property, I will advance all the money you need to pay for it, taking only your word that you will pay it back when you can."

With this assurance I went back to the Mead brothers and asked them to produce the notes as I was ready to pay them in full. I had taken along the receipts that they had given for the various payments made, and found, in their tastelessness, they had failed to endorse them on the notes. The interest not only had been paid, but the principal had been cut down. Seeing this, the brothers were fully satisfied and refused to consider the full payment, and the real estate dealer who had been offered several hundred dollars by the lodge to secure the property, was foiled in his hypocrisy. Later my brother-in-law, who was a member of the same order in the city, was converted and confessed he knew all about the cause of that persecution against me at Tremont City.

It was now the beginning of the new year and I contemplated closing the school for good; and, after the students had left, I offered at private sale all the equipment as well as what provisions were left over. But no one in the town seemed disposed to buy anything though I offered

it at a fair reduction. Several thought I would have to dispose of it at any price to get rid of it, especially the coal which amounted to about eleven or twelve tons. A close neighbor, hearing about the coal I had, called me by phone and said he would take it all at my price. When others heard of this sale, several came, and soon everything except the bed clothing which I stored for future use was sold. The money received I banked to be used wheresoever the Lord designated in the future. Then the building was turned back to the Mead family who held it for religious services, refusing to sell it to the fraternal order. After these forty years the building has greatly decayed but still shows many of the scars received from the bombardment of rocks and other missiles at that time.

Sometime after I had left Tremont City, the real estate agent had a deal with another man who beat him out of his house and home in his old age. In his distress he became demented, walked the street and confessed how he had trifled with God's Spirit by making a false profession. Later he was taken to the asylum where he died. I heard that the man who had written those defamatory articles against me and the school, also came to a sad end. Others who had a part in this persecution, including some of the boys, suffered God's wrath; though I learned some afterwards repented and, got to God.

We left Tremont City in February, 1907, feeling we had been delivered from prison. It was in Springfield that our second child was born March 7, at my parents' home. We named him Samuel William Howard, the first name being after the Bible prophet; the second after Uncle William Gaskins, who so nobly stood by us in our severe trials, and the last, after our esteemed friends in Adams County, Robert Howard and family. This child became specially marked because of the severe ordeals through which Sister Harris went at Tremont City.

In the three years of the Bible School at Tremont much good had been done in the salvation of souls and establishing some of the students in the grace of God. Let me here relate an example:

In a short time after the Bible School closed Sister Edith Flesher had a definite call as a missionary to India, going under the auspices of the Missionary Bands of the World. Two years later Ross V. Willobee also went to India under the auspices of the Christian Nation Church. After Brother Willobee reached India, he and Sister Edith were united in matrimony. They remained there for several years until Brother Willobee died of a pestilential disease in that benighted country, Sister Willobee herself helping the natives to bury him in a crude grave to await the glorious resurrection. In a few days after his death their babe followed him to the grave, leaving two girls, Ruth and Hope, now excellent Christian young ladies. Sister Willobee carried on the missionary work in India for quite awhile after the death of her beloved companion before she returned to her native country.

We had been receiving regularly "The Vanguard," the official publication of that Missionary body at St. Louis, and enjoyed its spiritual tone. But several weeks before closing the Bible School at Tremont City we noted this clean religious paper began to publish articles about the baptism of the Holy Ghost accompanied with the gift of "unknown tongues." It also spoke of the special gift of healing and casting out demons through the name of Jesus, giving several examples under the observations of the authors of the various articles -- all so strange to us, though scriptural, that we wondered if the Lord was not manifesting these special gifts again upon a few

in the church as an evidence to the unbelievers in these last days of skepticism. Though open to conviction, Sister Harris and I discussed these things at length, for it made us feel very uneasy after the great revival at the Vanguard Camp Meeting, the fall before, especially when the name of this little holiness paper was changed to "The Banner."

After the birth of Samuel, when Sister Harris had gained sufficient strength, we went to Madison, Indiana, a few miles below Cincinnati on the Ohio River, where we were engaged to hold a meeting in a little mission hall. These services had been going on for a few days with little results, when on Friday night the one who conducted the mission said that another preacher would come and take our place the next night. This left us with no other course but to go on our way. But where? We had been strongly urged by two of our earlier converts in Adams County who had moved to Kansas to come and hold a meeting in their section.

Early Saturday morning we took a down-river packet-boat to Louisville, Kentucky, intending to stop over the Sabbath with some friends whom we had heard lived in the city, as we did not desire to travel on the Sabbath. Then we planned to go on to St. Louis on Monday. But when we landed at Louisville and made inquiry, we learned these friends lived about twenty-five miles out of the city and could not be reached that day. It was now three o'clock and no place to stay except in a filthy hotel near the river where there was gambling and more or less drinking. Another passenger steamer was to leave that evening for Evansville, Indiana, but this required us to travel on the Sabbath, which we were reluctant to do. The fare, including a double stateroom and meals, was about one-half the price of the hotel bill, besides being more than halfway to St. Louis, where we were going. Earnestly praying to get the mind of the Lord, we decided it was not his will that we should stay at the hotel and spend the Sabbath among the drunken riffraff, so had our baggage transferred to the other boat, and felt we were in Divine order.

This was a large side-wheeled steamer and clean, where no spirituous liquors were sold as was the usual practice on other boats. It had a well-behaved and courteous crew and a refined passenger list. The captain and his good wife were Methodists, and we were courteously treated by all.

That night all was quiet except the swish, swish of the paddle wheels and we rested well and awoke refreshed. After breakfast on the Sabbath we were invited by the captain to preach to the passengers in the salon. This we did to an appreciative audience, the captain and his wife being present. All work by the crew was suspended, only that which was necessary, and it was one of the quietest Sabbaths that I ever had spent. In the evening we reached Evansville, and were permitted to stay on the boat until Monday morning. That evening I preached in a little city mission near the river, had a good night's rest, and next morning we had our baggage transferred to the railway station. In a few hours we reached St. Louis, and at dusk arrived on Marvin Campground, where we had had such spiritual victory and sweet fellowship with saints the fall before.

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"Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the last times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." -- I Timothy 4:1.

What a marked change had taken place in the few months of our absence! Entering the same large room where we had been so heartily welcomed the fall before, we saw many strange faces, but none of the main leaders of the Vanguard Home. There was a large crowd standing up and lustily singing an emotional song, but not in the same spirit that those sacred songs were sung which we had heard that first evening at the camp. Some of those whom we knew quietly greeted us, but with no warm welcome. How strange the social atmosphere seemed to be in that room!

It was while I was contemplating the scene before me that a young man, one with whom I had such sweet fellowship at the fall camp, seized my arm, and in a low, subdued voice said, "The Holy Ghost is here! The Holy Ghost is here! You must not drive him away." I assured him I would be careful, having a strange feeling at that kind of reception. Then he seized my arm more firmly and began to march me back and forth in front of the people who were yet singing, saying louder and louder, again and again, "The Holy Ghost is here! The Holy Ghost is here! You must not grieve him." At the end of each trip he would jerk me around to return. This violent exercise was very wearisome to me, being already tired from my long trip on the train and street cars. Finally I said to him, "It does not appear to me to be the work of the Holy Ghost, but the power of Satan." I finally resigned myself to his rough treatment, and asked the Lord to give me strength to stand it. Finally he became exhausted and let loose my arm.

With a troubled spirit I was later taken to a guest bedroom with my family, just over this reception room where these strange orgies were held. Here we were to have our home for the next few weeks while trying to restore some of those who had not fully taken up with this strange doctrine. The lady attendant who took us to our room that night sat down awhile and gave us a short account of the various occurrences that had taken place in the last several weeks before we came:

I have already referred to the one, Mr. B., who had taught the third work of grace in the camp before, viz., the "Baptism with the Holy Ghost," subsequent to conversion and sanctification, and how one of the main leaders in the Home had been seeking the experience. This man had been to California and brought back this doctrine with him. And now this little leaven, a short time after that camp, had leavened the whole lump. Great stress was placed upon being filled with the Holy Ghost and speaking in an "unknown" tongue as the evidence.

Mr. B., the leader of this doctrine, with his followers had taken full possession of the Vanguard Missionary Home with the grounds saying the Holy Ghost had given it to them. The former leaders, C. W. Sherman, his wife and Miss Anna Abrams, his wife's sister, who were aged, in terror had left the grounds and gone to St. Louis where they had a small mission on Chateau Avenue. They were there at the time we came. The new occupants of the Home had destroyed all the old file of "The Vanguard" which had been saved for several years, and had changed the name of the paper to "The Banner." The early garden which had been planted sometime before was given up to the weeds or destroyed, saying such work was of the devil. The meetings were being held day and night while everything around was going to ruin. Even the food became scarcer and scarcer, because all that had been laid up was being consumed, and nothing was coming in. A

married man who professed to be filled with the Holy Ghost and spoke in "tongues", had taken a young girl, not overly bright, from the home and had spent the night with her in a room of a hotel in the city, saying the Holy Ghost had led him. We were told that Miss Luema Angel, the missionary lady who had spent six years in India and had accompanied Brother and Sister Sherman in their visit to our Bible School at Tremont City, had also taken up with this strange doctrine, and was seeking the experience of "tongues". It was a harrowing story told us that first night of our arrival. We now could see clearly why the Lord had closed doors and hastened us on our journey. It was to assist these people whom we had learned to love most dearly. But how?

The next morning we asked to see Luema Angel, thinking we could convert her from the error of her way. When she came to our room she manifested a spirit of defiance when Sister Harris and I talked to her about this delusion. She said, "I also was strongly against it at first, but the Lord showed me I was fighting against the Holy Spirit; and now I'm going to have the experience, and am not going to give up until I obtain it. You finally will be convinced that you are fighting God's work." I then spoke to her about the man who had betrayed her spiritual sister, and still made a profession of having the Holy Ghost. She said the leader did not know of it, but she would have him to investigate it. Then I asked her why he had not known it, as it had occurred several days before, and I had learned of it the very evening I had arrived. To this she gave no answer but said she would go and see about it and left. Nothing was done, though the man continued to make a loud profession of having the Holy Ghost and took an active part in the meetings.

While in our room we could hear the singing and the wild orgies being carried on below. Entering the lower room one morning we saw Miss Angel stretched out on the floor, rolling back and forth, seemingly unconscious of her surroundings. Her dress was up in an indecent manner, while a crowd of men and women were standing around her singing. With indignation I ordered the men to leave the room, and the women to get a cover and spread over the girl. The command was obeyed immediately.

Night and day we could hear the girl below our room struggling, groaning and agonizing in a piteous manner without partaking of food. On the third or fourth morning of her seeking, we heard one chattering like a foreigner, talking in a strange dialect. Upon investigation we found Miss Angel standing up, and, looking at me with a smiling countenance, she said something to me in a strange tongue which I could not understand. For three days she was unable to speak an English word, but would chatter unintelligently to any she met. Was it her mental faculties which had ceased to act? And was she speaking in a dialect that she had acquired while in India? I leave the question for others to settle. I have thought so, as I have known since of such cases when a person has lost his mental powers in the time of delirium. For example: A missionary from India, who came back to America recently, because of illness, for many days caused his attendants much trouble when he could not let his wants be known in English (his native tongue), but used the India dialect that he had acquired while in that country.

When Miss Angel could finally speak English, she testified that she had received the Holy Ghost and could speak in twenty different languages, and expected to go back to India as a missionary under the auspices of the "Pentecost Church," as they called themselves. A few days after this event, she visited her sister in Arkansas, expecting in a few days to go to India, as the

way had been provided. It was only two or three days after she had arrived at her sister's home that she suddenly died. This was a great shock to those on Marvin Campground and it set a few to thinking.

My bold stand against this delusion brought down a hornet's nest, as it were, on my head from its close adherents, especially when I pronounced it to be of Satan, and they expected me to drop dead, as did Ananias and Sapphira in early apostolic days; but when those who had not been deeply inveigled saw my fearless stand and that I did not die, they began to question the doctrine, though still thinking it might be of God.

All this time the leader of the movement kept aloof from me. Finally he sent to California for one of the great preachers of this doctrine with whom he had become acquainted while there. The man came and I soon saw he was well versed in many Bible truths, especially on the doctrine of repentance, conversion, sanctification and kindred subjects. He denounced that which had taken place on the grounds as of the devil, especially immorality; and while he did not emphasize these special gifts of the Holy Ghost (speaking in "tongues", healing, etc.) he said it was still the privilege of the church, though it had been dropped because of the sin of unbelief. He claimed that the Holy Ghost had specially endowed him with the gift of healing the sick by the laying on of his hands, the casting out devils by his word, and speaking in "tongues". I was almost ready to be convinced, as he was Biblical in all his statements, and seemed to be a good man.

That girl who had been taken by that man to the hotel in the city was seriously sick in her room upstairs, and had been acting for some days like one possessed with demons, no one being able to quiet her except Sister Harris, in whom she had confidence. She was a good subject upon which to display his power, and he asked to do so by the believers; but he excused himself under one pretext or another. One day in the services, while the man was boasting of his supernatural powers to heal the afflicted and cast out devils, all at once that girl bounded down the stair-steps, attired in her nightgown, and cast herself on the floor full length before him crying out in a piteous manner. Several of those present demanded that he cast out the demons and heal her. He went through some incantations with his hands and demanded the demons to leave her, but they did not leave. Finally he said there was too much unbelief in the room -- meaning me -- but it was only an excuse, for I had not a single opposition to him at the time, only hoping he could do it, for then I would have been won over. It was to some extent like the Jewish exorcists at Ephesus in Paul's day. The girl was forcibly taken by three men, while she fought them like a demoniac, and carried back to her room where Sister Harris quieted her. The next day the preacher left for parts unknown.

While there, I had read several articles in various "Pentecost" papers giving many instances of those who had spoken in "tongues," that were wonderfully healed by laying on of hands, and were delivered from demon possession; but upon careful investigation I found several of these accounts to be bare fabrications, especially the ones published about what had occurred at this time in the Vanguard Home.

That young man who had forced me to promenade in front of the people that first night, now had his blinded eyes opened, was heartily ashamed of his doings, humbly apologized, and from then on boldly stood by me. Others, more timid, who had not fully been caught in its meshes were

gradually won over to the right, though still fearful. In these several weeks of our stay I never once saw the Shermans, the former leaders, who were still in the city. There were now thirty or forty, young and old, who had been won over to the new movement. These I challenged to an "Elijah's test," saying if they were of God they should be able to pray me off the grounds, as I was the only one who was opposing them, and they claimed the Lord had given them the place. On the other hand, if they were not of God, they would have to leave the grounds.

This challenge they accepted and went out to the grove, and like the Baal prophets cried loudly all night asking the Lord to remove me. Now my family and I had our first restful sleep that we had had for weeks because the noise had ceased in the lower room. Early the next morning the leader with his followers filed past the house on their way to the interurban car line, saying the Holy Ghost had shown them that they should leave and go to the city -- in Bible language, "Shake the dust from their feet against the place." In the city they soon split into four factions, each following a separate leader who claimed he alone was right and the others wrong. These married leaders took up with young girls who had been caught by the delusion, their wives were neglected, and all became a disgrace to decent society as well as to Christianity. After all had left, the former leaders were brought back, still fearful, not knowing what to do to restore the wrecked place. Old friends of years' standing had left them, thinking they were the cause of it all.

An elderly woman, believing she had received the gift of the language of India and was called by the Spirit to go to that country, was sent there by these "Pentecost" people; but when she got to India she found out she did not have the language, and suffered greatly until some missionaries there, hearing of her, took her in, supplied her needs, and sent her back to America a wiser woman.

The Ashtons who had gone to India under the auspices of the Vanguard Home had returned on a furlough. With these good people we became acquainted, having sent to their support while they were in India. Bessie Ashton, Brother Ashton's wife, was a daughter of the Shermans.

Having fulfilled our mission by restoring the Vanguard Home to its rightful owners, we were glad when we felt clear in leaving this vicinity.

Leaving St. Louis with my family we went to Johnson County, Missouri, in the western part of the state, near Warrensburg, where we held a meeting in a community meeting-house. A few were saved in the services, one with whom I was specially impressed. He was an excellent moral young man having a good reputation in the community. He attended the services and gave close attention to the messages. Becoming deeply convicted, one night, he ran from the church and, loosing his horse from the hitching-post, he rapidly drove home. Then turning around he quickly drove back to the church, and, leaving his horse loose, he ran into the church and down the aisle. When within five or six feet of the altar, he fell forward on his face, and cried out in despair and so pitifully, "Lord, I am unworthy of heaven, let me go to hell." It was only a few moments until he jumped to his feet praising God for saving him.

We now had a new experience in another line: For some years Sister Harris and I had practiced fasting on each Friday of the week, as did the early Methodists. The Vanguard people also followed this custom, which helped to make us a kindred spirit. But while at the Home,

fighting these powers of darkness, some said that fasting weekly was only a form. Without questioning the source from which we received this statement (the leaders of the delusion), or to investigate it farther, we quit fasting and thought no more about it.

After we went to Creighton, Missouri, to visit some of our friends, Sister Harris and the children got head lice. Though I had experienced many other plagues in my ministry, I had not seen a head louse since I was a small boy going to school, at which time it was considered a disgrace for decent people to have them. To get rid of this plague of Pharaoh, we tried various means. But the more we did, the faster they seemed to multiply until we were at our wit's end as to what to do. Then Sister Harris had a severe case of blood poisoning from chiggers that caused large ugly sores on her limbs, until they were seriously infected with gangrene. We used every known remedy, but to no avail. We were booked to hold a meeting near Gardner, Johnson, Kansas, in the eastern part of the state. On the train, while traveling to that place, baby Samuel scratched my eye, the only one from which I could see. This almost blinded me, causing great suffering.

Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dryden, who had been converted under my ministry in Adams County, Ohio, and had written us to come to Kansas and hold the meeting, met us at the train. When we got to their home, we asked them if they would care for the children, while we went to our room to pray, asking them not to call us for meals. To this they kindly consented. From the time we entered the room, just as daylight was breaking, until four o'clock in the afternoon we fasted and prayed for the Lord to remove our afflictions that we might be at our best in the coming services. It was then revealed to us clearly our folly of "continually grieving the Holy Spirit of God by the habitual neglect of a plain duty," as says the Methodist Discipline of 1848; that is, failing to observe our weekly fasts on Friday because some had said it was only a form. After humbly acknowledging our fault and promising that we again would take up our duty of fasting weekly, the heavy burden was lifted, the Spirit filled our souls with joy, and we came down from that upper room victorious. My eyesight was restored, the infection on Sister Harris' limbs was healed, and the lice disappeared. I'm not saying that other Christian should observe Friday as a day of fasting, or any other day. That is a question that each should settle for himself.

During our stay in this home we met two attractive young men, very courteous and intelligent, who were visiting in the neighborhood. They said they belonged to "The Church of the Lord Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints," interpreted in plain language -- the Mormon Church, with its headquarters in Utah. These young elders professed holiness, and were graciously received by our friends, the Drydens, who were ignorant of this particular church, and they invited the young men to stay for dinner. After eating, we went to the sitting room, and I soon drew them out as to their belief. They did not know I was a minister and was well acquainted with their church doctrine, nor that I had met several of their members in my evangelistic travels. When I began to question them, they soon saw I was not so ignorant of their church as I appeared to be at first, and soon left the house as well as the neighborhood. In the community where we were engaged to hold a meeting, about ten miles from there, we again met these young Mormon elders, who quickly left as soon as they learned I was going to hold a meeting in that place, although they were cordially invited by some to stay and take part in the services. After a few days, unable to do any good in that field because of fanaticism, I left.

I was offered a gospel tent in which to hold meetings while in that part of the state. We found a thickly settled community, having a schoolhouse, which we secured until we could locate a place for the tent. At that time, few in Kansas had any respect for the Sabbath, laboring in their fields as on any other day of the week. While I was preaching to a small audience one Sabbath morning, a farmer cut grass with his mower just back of the schoolhouse. The next morning my friend and I tried to get a place to set up the tent, but with no success. Finally I remembered the incident of the man cutting grass back of the schoolhouse, and said we would see him about that place. "Why," said my friend, "that man is an awful sinner. You will not get that place." But I persisted, and we went to see him. He was plowing in a field, and when we approached him, he said, "If you want to talk to me you will have to follow me, as I have not time to stop." As we walked along, I introduced myself, and said, "We are trying to locate a place for a tent, and the field where you cut the grass back of the schoolhouse is the place. Where shall I open the wire fence to drive in?" Whether the man admired my boldness or the Lord had touched a tender spot, I do not know, but he said, "Take it down carefully at the corner, and do not tangle the wire." I thanked him and invited him to attend the services. My friend was still doubtful, believing it to be only a joke, for all the other places had turned us down; but the man really meant it.

The next day we erected the tent and began the services with only a few in attendance, though the store on the opposite corner had a large crowd of young men who made the storekeeper's trade brisk. While the attendance increased, and I was given close attention, yet when I dismissed the services, all quickly went out of the tent without waiting for me to greet them. This continued for more than two weeks, leaving me and my family to be driven ten miles each way in a heavy farm wagon with a high bed and a spring seat, jolting over a rough prairie road. We would have to start about three o'clock in the afternoon to get there in time for night service, and it would take until sometime after midnight to get back again. I finally became discouraged and announced I would close the following Sabbath. While the tent had been well filled, yet the interest seemed to be lacking. Not desiring to make the long trip on Monday to take down the tent I wished I could stay in the neighborhood that night. What was my surprise when the storekeeper, who at first had drawn my crowd, stepped up and asked me to go home with him that night. Unknown to me, he had closed his store for several nights, and had asked the young men to attend the services. That night I stayed at his home and we sat up late and talked. His wife said in the presence of her husband, "If you have done no other good in the community you at least have helped my husband, for I have not heard him swear for three days." In reply he said, "Neither have I taken an oath for three days, and moreover I never will again." Then they told me that several neighbors had been straightening up, expecting to go to the altar the next week. No doubt I was too hasty in closing the meeting. I have always regretted this, and it has made me more careful in getting the mind of the Lord. As this man and his wife talked, I could see they were both under deep conviction. Giving me seven dollars, he asked me to send him a good teacher's Bible.

From Kansas we went back to St. Louis and, for a few days, helped in the Vanguard Mission in the city. Then, after assisting in getting the grounds ready for holding the campmeeting there, we left for the East.

At Indianapolis we stopped to attend a healing convention under the auspices of the "Pentecost Bands," as they were called at that time. We were courteously received and entertained. Here again we contacted the "tongue" people who were moving Eastward rapidly. Dr.

Gentry, from Chicago, had been secured to conduct the services. He claimed to be a man of great faith for healing and casting out demons. A few of Mr. Gentry's people came with him from Chicago. The meeting seemed to go well for two or three days, when at one service one of Mr. Gentry's members arose and began to speak in "tongues," then another arose and claimed to interpret it. Mr. Gentry' sanctioned it all as of God. A woman had brought from a long distance her son, about sixteen years of age, having an evil spirit, which she expected to be cast out by the preacher, but he completely failed in the attempt. The convention came to nought, and was soon closed in confusion. While in the city I was sent out to a prayer meeting, under the auspices of the Bands, to warn against this delusion which had already entered it. At least a few took heed to my warning, and were saved from it.

It was now January 1908. We were asked by the Bands leader to go to Hitchcock, in Washington County, and see if we could revive a work that once flourished under the "Bands" in that town. We consented. Here we found a large dilapidated meeting-house, many of the windowpanes broken out, the house filthy, and no one specially interested in a meeting. We had been recommended to the home of a well-to-do man and his wife who had a large, well-furnished house with no family. After securing our tickets, we had only a few pennies left. Showing our credentials to the man and his wife we were received courteously and a room was provided for us. We announced the services after cleaning up the meeting-house, and the first night several were out through curiosity. During the day we stayed in the church building, eating our frugal lunch, consisting of bread or crackers, hot water, sugar and a few spreads that were given to us: and visited around the community. At night we stayed in the home that had been offered to us. After two or three days, our hosts said they were going away for several days, and we would have to find another place to stay at night.

Having no other opening we moved our few belongings and set up housekeeping in the church building, a quilt or so being loaned us, as well as some other things. In the meantime a kind neighbor had hauled a load of green wood, with some kindling, and piled it on the outside. With that which we had left over from our fare and a few cents of offering we bought milk for the children and oil for the lamps. There were two large Burnside stoves, one on each side of the large room, having a common outlet for the smoke at the center of the ceiling. The benches near the stoves were utilized for beds upon which the covers were spread for the children and Sister Harris. For two or more weeks there had been very mild weather for January and we had few inconveniences.

But now there was a marked change in the weather. The balmy air of spring-likeness turned to a cold rain which by night changed to snow, and then a howling blizzard. To keep the room next to the stove warm was impossible, though we stuffed the stoves full of the green wood to keep it drying out. Having that common outlet at the ceiling, the strong wind often siphoned the smoke through the long pipes from one stove to the other filling the building with suffocating fumes. The entire congregation had departed to their several homes hours before without taking time to ask the preacher or his wife how they fared or showing the least courtesy by speaking to them. The only good word which might be said; they came, they listened, they departed in an orderly manner.

It was now after midnight. The blasts of winter moaned, howled and whistled dismally outside, while the poorly-constructed building creaked in every joint. Through the cracks around

the doors and windows, and where the panes of glass were broken out the wind drove the fine particles of snow far into the room, while the temperature was rapidly falling to zero or below. The wood in the two stoves sighed and wept copiously as it tried to bring some comfort in the cold building, while the blasts from time to time sent volumes of dense smoke out into the room from the stoves, almost choking us. On the pulpit stand was a dim light trying to penetrate the gloom. After commending ourselves to the keeping of our Heavenly Father, the children already having been put to bed, wife lay down on one of the benches with her cloak thrown around her to obtain a little rest, while I sat up to replenish the fires from time to time with the green wood I had carried in. I had spread my overcoat over little Samuel to protect him.

"Hark! What was that! A knock on the door this time of night?" The knock was repeated several times, until I had opened the door. Then a man stepped inside, his hat and coat covered with whiteness, the wind driving a great volume of snow through the door. After the door was closed the man looked around for a moment then said, "I thought so." He then introduced himself, saying he lived by himself a short distance from the church across a field, had just returned home from a business trip of several days and had heard of the meeting and about the preacher. Seeing a light through a window of the church at that time of the night he came to investigate, suspecting that we were left to shift for ourselves that disagreeable night. He was a bachelor of about thirty-six years, owning his own home.

He cordially invited us to his house, saying we could stay as long as we desired. Accepting his offer in the same spirit that it was given, we got the children up and the man picked up little Dwight in his arms, and folding his overcoat around him, led the way through the deep snow across the field, while I followed with the baby, shielding him from the piercing cold, and Sister Harris followed in our steps. Soon we were under shelter beside a warm stove which glowed out a welcome to these wayfaring pilgrims and strangers on earth. The house was neat and tidy bespeaking real refinement, though the man did live alone. As the meeting continued a few more days, he left us alone to keep house while he went away on another business trip. After his return, as we did not desire to impose on kind hospitality, we tried to get a room to ourselves in a vacant house, though he said we were perfectly welcome to stay at his house as long as we desired. Unable to find a suitable place we decided to close the services and go elsewhere. This friend, Orpheus Cauble, was a favorite uncle of Sister F. B. Whistler. We hope to meet him again beyond this vale of tears.

With only enough money to buy one ticket to Bedford, Indiana, I decided to send Sister Harris and the children on the train while I walked. But when we arrived at the station a man stepped up and gave me art offering, just enough for my ticket, and so we soon arrived at Bedford. We went to the headquarters of the "Bands" in that place, and were received graciously by the members.

The "Bands" leaders asked me to hold a series of services at that place; and we did. There was much opposition from several backsliders, and we had quite a pull; but in the five weeks and a half we were there, the Lord gave victory, and several were either converted, reclaimed, or sanctified. It was at that time I first met Brother Jackson, who went to Egypt with his good wife and finally died there. At this writing Sister Jackson is still in Egypt helping to carry on there,

though up in years. After leaving Bedford we went back to Ohio where we spent several weeks evangelizing and visiting former converts.

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24 -- GOSPEL CAMPAIGNING -- (1909-12)

Leaving Bedford, Indiana, we spent the last weeks of December, 1908, in and around Springfield, Ohio. The middle of January Sister Harris again went to St. Louis to teach school at the Vanguard Home, while I visited several of the earlier converts in Ohio and held a few services here and there. Late in February I went to St. Louis where we again took up mission work on Chateau Avenue, under the auspices of the Vanguard people, and lived in mission rooms on another street. Here we preached almost every night and visited during the day. Several were saved in the services, one especially was an interesting case: He was a filthy-looking illiterate man about forty years of age, unmarried, and lived with his aged mother. He attended the services and finally was saved in one of the meetings. He invited me to visit their home. This I did and found it to be a foul smelling, filthy one-room shack near the city dump. The man cut up kindling which he gathered from the dump, and sold it to get a pittance to support his mother and himself. When I entered the room I found the old mother sitting in a chair contentedly smoking a clay pipe. Her face, hands, and shabby dress, as well as the floor, looked as if they had never known water. We interested some of the mission ladies in the case and they gathered up some secondhand clothes for the man and his mother, and went with soap and scrub-brushes to clean up the house. But the woman put up objection to their intruding upon her privacy. After some persuasion she finally submitted to having her room scrubbed and tidied up. When the man cleaned up and put on the suit of clothes furnished he looked quite presentable at the mission which he now attended regularly.

Early one morning I was called to minister at the funeral of a young man who had been shot in a drunken spree. The unsaved mother and father were heart-broken about it, the mother asking me to pray for her boy's soul that it might be saved. But I had to tell her that mercy's door was now closed forever. At another time it was the death of a three-year-old child to which I was called to minister the sad rites. The family was poor, consisting of two grown boys and the father and mother. The mother was unsaved and nearly heart-broken because of her loss. The father and grown sons were drinking heavily to drown their sorrow. It was a sad funeral. I told the mother of Jesus and his loving kindness toward all, and encouraged her to look to him in this time of her distress. But how vain is the comfort of man in the time of sorrow. These sad stories could be greatly multiplied of what we went through while engaged in this needy mission field where thousands had never heard Christ's name mentioned except on profane lips.

It was at this time that I first met that dear old saint of God, Dr. W. B. Godbey. He was with us for three or four days to minister the word of life in the mission. We first heard of him in Texas. I think he assisted in that holiness camp meeting at Greenville, Collins County, while I was traveling the circuit in that state. He was childlike in his deportment, not giving trouble to anyone with whom he stayed. He required no light at night when he stayed with us, but ate his simple fare of bread and milk while sitting in a dark room. Another blessed man of God we met while in the city was dear Brother Melvin Pratt. I think he kept a mission in the city at that time.

Leaving the Vanguard Mission, we went East to attend our yearly Congress at Chillicothe, Ohio, in the middle of September. A Bible School had been started at Carlinville, Illinois, under the auspices of the Holiness Christian Church. Some of the main leaders of this small denomination wanted to add to the curriculum some secular school branches in addition to the Bible, and asked me to take charge of the school as Principal to teach the high school branches and the Bible, and Sister Harris to teach the common school branches. Early in October, we went to Carlinville and opened the term with bright prospects. We had a room in the school building and ate at the students' table. There were several enrolled, including Willie Pratt, who some years later became a minister in the Pilgrim Holiness Church and a District Superintendent of that denomination. The school opened the New Year, 1910, with a convention and a few days of revival work. There were several in attendance for the second term. It was in February that I bought material for a new tent, some of the money being given to me by Brother Gaskins in Ohio; and we began making a square-end gospel tent, thirty by forty, feet, to replace the old one which was worn out. We had a sewing machine given us while in St. Louis, and on each Saturday I cut the material, and Sister Harris helped me to sew it together. By the middle of March we had completed it. Because of strenuous work, multiplied duties in class work, lack of nourishing food, and various trials, I finally collapsed and was sick for several days with a high fever. We closed the school the first of April and I was given as a recompense thirty dollars and a half for the six months of school.

When we closed up our affairs at Carlinville, we went to New Berlin near the capital, to hold a series of services in a church there, and were royally entertained by a wealthy young farmer who drove a beautiful matched team to a two-seated rig. One night as we were on the road to his home, he was very quiet. He did not make his usual appearance for evening prayer, neither did he come in for prayer or breakfast the next morning. Thinking he had taken offense at some things I had said in the pulpit the night before, I felt deeply burdened, for he had made quite a profession of religion up to that time and had entertained me well. Under this burden, I began to pray for the Lord to make things clear, as he was a leader in the community and had quite an influence. It was in the middle of the afternoon before I saw him again. He told me that one thing I had said the night before brought to his mind something that had occurred several months previously. He had gone to his neighbor's crib one night and had taken some corn without asking for it. He said his neighbor would have gladly given it to him if he had only asked him. Pride had caused him to keep it covered up and he had lost the joy of his salvation. That morning he went to his neighbor and made a confession as well as restitution. His neighbor laughed and took it as a joke saying it was all right, and that he did not want any pay for it. But he persisted, and the man took the pay reluctantly.

There was great excitement while we were in New Berlin. The daily press spoke about the visitation of Haley's comet to this earth. Many weird stories were told by the newspapers about its probability of striking with such force as to blot out the earth. This sent many over the nation to their knees in prayer and confessions, until the comet disappeared. It was a very small visitor when we saw it, June 25th, not nearly as large as it was reported to be formerly. After its disappearance without doing any more damage than producing fright, all quieted down and the penitents went back again to their idolatry.

One day a refined lady who regularly attended the meeting invited us home for dinner. After she had spread the table and told us to sit down, she went into another room and wheeled up

to the table a chair with an idiotic girl in it. After the meal she took the girl back into her room, then sat down and told us the following story: Raised in a wealthy home, she was a frivolous, lighthearted girl with no concern of life. In the community where her parents lived was a poor family who had a feeble-minded girl. In her pride and thoughtless spirit she often made sport of this child and spoke lightly of her affliction. Later on, she married an excellent young man and her first child was the one which I had seen. She felt it was a judgment sent on her because of what she had done in making fun of the other child. At the time she told me this story she was a true Christian and showed much devotion to her afflicted child.

While in New Berlin, we set up our new gospel tent and held a few services in it. From that place we moved the tent to St. Louis and secured a site at the corner of Chateau and Grand Avenue, near a vacated stone quarry. St. Louis is a Catholic city, and some hoodlums belonging to that church began to disturb us. In another part of the city, some had destroyed or injured two or three gospel tents. Finally we went to the mayor of the city, who was a Protestant, and he sent us to the chief of police. Taking down his receiver, the chief phoned to the captain of that beat where my tent was set, and told him to break up that gang of hoodlums who were disturbing my meeting. Then turning to me he said, "I wish there was a gospel tent set up on every corner of this city." He added, "You will have no more trouble." We thanked him and left. When we got back the boys had collected again in front of the tent, but a lieutenant with two policemen arrived at the same time, and the boys fled. These officers of the law told me if they came back to immediately notify them. This we did, and again the boys fled, all except the son of the captain who was a Catholic. This boy was the leader of the gang. The lieutenant told him he had a good father who did not approve of what he was doing, and if he was found disturbing again he would have him locked up, even if he was the chief's son. From then on we had peace. One of the officers said his wife was a holiness woman, and he believed in it. Our offerings were very scanty, but the Lord supplied our needs by a refined, sanctified, colored lady whose husband was a chef for the officials of the railroad. He brought to his wife the finest of food left over from the table of these officials, and she brought us basketful after basketful to supply our needs. By this we lived on the luxuries of the land while on Grand Avenue.

At one of the evening services a man strayed into the tent and sat down about halfway to the front. He gave close attention to the message, and at the close came forward and knelt down at the altar in great distress. Finally he took from an inner pocket a small vial, gave it to me and told me to bury it. It was a bottle of prussic acid, enough to kill ten men quickly if they had taken it. Then he told me this story: He was a barber near there, owned his home, made good wages, and had an excellent wife and four children; but he had become discouraged with life and had bought the poison in a drugstore and was on his way to a clump of high weeds back of a saloon to commit suicide. As he was passing the tent he heard the music which my wife was playing on the little organ, and he came in to see what it was all about. The message reached his heart; he saw there was a chance, and said he was now glad the Lord had checked him, as he would be in hell at that moment if he had not stopped. The man professed to get saved, and the next night brought his wife to the meeting. We never learned the sequel but hope he made it safely through.

One day after I had returned from an itinerant trip back in Kentucky, I landed in New Richmond without funds or a place to preach. Wife and I were praying for an open door where we could hold services. The shoes she wore were now dilapidated, and we had only one dollar to buy

another pair. Going to a shoe store we asked to be shown a pair of ladies' shoes. The cheapest the storekeeper had was two dollars. Telling the merchant we might return we left the store and walked down the street pondering as to what we should do next. Looking down, I saw a dollar bill lying on the sidewalk which some one had lost. Knowing it would be impossible to find its owner in such a large town with so many people coming and going, and feeling that the Lord had answered prayer, we hastened back to the store and purchased the pair of shoes. We went out and met a man, Mr. S., who had been converted some years before under my ministry and now was preaching the gospel in a little brick mission church in the city. We had not seen this man for some five years, at which time he was a farmer. Cordially greeting us, he told me he was holding a series of services in the mission chapel, that he had come to the end of his ability, and had specially prayed that morning that the Lord would send me that way to help him in this meeting; and I had come in answer to his prayers. Consenting to help him, I preached for several nights and gave a Bible lesson each day. Soon conviction began to settle down and some were saved. Each night before going to the services, Mr. S., and I retired to a private room back of the mission hall to pray for the service, and I asked if he did not have the message for the night, to which he always replied, "No, you have it."

One evening while we were in prayer and I had asked him if he did not have the message for that night, he replied, "Yes." I told him that he should preach that night. A few moments after he read his text he became confused, and turning to me he asked me to speak, saying he believed I had the message. He had read the very text that I had chosen for the night service. The next morning in the Bible service there were several present and while I was talking on the subject of "Perfect Love," like a lightning flash out of a clear sky, a woman, sprang to her feet, jumped up and down, and began to shout loudly, saying, "Praise the Lord, I am saved." Then pointing her finger at me, she said, "You have been preaching lies and are deceiving the people." Her face was livid with anger. Then another woman sprang to her feet shouting and accused me of not preaching the truth. Soon the two women cooled down, took their seat, but left an oppressive stillness upon those present. Appealing to the pastor, I asked him if I had not given the word of God, expecting him to stand by me. To my surprise he replied, "I do not know whether you have or not." As he said this, his face became ashen pale. He was in bondage to these two women who had the leadership in the church and supported him financially. I learned later that these women had gone to him and demanded that he should preach from then on instead of me. To this he had yielded because he was making their home his stopping place. Convicted for the attitude which he had taken in the service, he went to their home and reproved them for their conduct, saying I was wholly right and had preached nothing but the truth. Of course, I could do no more good in that meeting and left. The pastor did not hold the meeting any longer and also left. As I learned afterwards, he resigned his pastorate in that place, gave up preaching, went back to farming, and finally ceased to make a profession of religion and became an outbroken sinner. I have no doubt that he was once "filled with the Spirit of God" and that the Lord greatly used him in the ministry of the Word.

Our itinerancy for the beginning of the year 1911 led us into various sections of southern Ohio along the river and back in Kentucky on the Big Sandy. At Portsmouth, we attended a few services held by Billy Sunday in a large tabernacle, and was greatly interested in his method of evangelism. No doubt, there was much good done in these services -- at least, booze received a black eye.

The latter part of March, I went to New Hope, back of Foster, Kentucky, and held a meeting. At that place I learned that a class of hoodlums had broken up various meetings, and that none in the community would attend but young men. I preached for two weeks on death, hell, and the judgment, denouncing deathbed repentance, and had good attention from the young men, who at no time disturbed me. The leader of the gang was sick in bed and about to die, and one night he sent for me to pray for him. After a night service I went and found four or five of those who had been attending the meeting had preceded me to see how I would talk to a sinner on his dying bed. The patient was lying in bed unable to talk above a whisper. I told him that he was going out of this life without God and would be eternally lost unless something was done definitely. To this he gave assent. Then I said, "If you had another chance, you would live just as you have lived." He said he would not, but would live for the Lord the rest of his day. I told him that I believed the Lord would raise him up and give him another chance to repent and live for him, but I feared he would not avail himself of this second chance. He again vowed he would if the Lord spared his life. We then asked the Lord to give him another chance, and left at eleven o'clock. Sometime after, a friend who had accompanied me that night wrote me and said the young man got up about midnight and ate a lunch. In the morning he walked out in the yard, and in a few days was about as usual with no sign of his sickness; but there had been no spiritual change.

The 15th of May we went to Springfield and set up the tent in the west end, near Snyder Park. Here my aged Mother and some of my brothers and sisters attended the meeting. One early morning while passing through Snyder Park I saw several large fish drifting down Buck Creek on their backs, while others were just below the surface. At first I thought they were sick, then I concluded they were on a drunk because of the brewery slop which had been poured into the stream from a distillery above. I was carrying a wooden box which I filled with fish and carried to the tent, then went back and filled it again and again until I had a wash tub full of fine fish. While I was gathering the fish a man passing by said, "I would not eat those sick fish." But finally he caught on and began to gather as many as he could carry. In a little while those left got over their jag and soon disappeared below the surface.

We held this meeting three weeks in the west end, then moved the tent in the east end, near my brother's home. Here we held five weeks and a half. My Mother stayed with us in the camping tent and greatly enjoyed the meeting. There were a few saved, one an elderly Presbyterian lady with silvery hair like Mother's. She and Mother became intimately acquainted and dearly loved one another. It did me good to see and hear these two gray-haired saints stand and testify to the goodness of God and tell how they loved him. They looked like sisters -- and they were, spiritually. My brother Harlen went to the altar and seemed to pray through, as his life was greatly changed.

After shipping my tent to Waverly, Ohio, I learned that Mother had taken suddenly ill, and I returned with a heavy heart and prayed all night for her life to be spared. But Friday afternoon of July 28th she passed to her heavenly home after several hours of intense suffering. Just before she passed away I asked her if I had ever given her a single heartache, if so I wanted her to forgive me for it. Looking me in the face with sparkling eyes, she said, "Johnny, you have been a good boy." A real mother's love always forgives and forgets! Her death was a shock to the family. The young man who preached her funeral in the home laid his hand on my shoulder and asked me if the glory still held in that sad hour. Truly I could reply, "It does." We laid her tired, worn body to rest in

Ferncliff Cemetery, Springfield, Ohio, to await the resurrection morn. When Father closed her eyes, the tears coursing down his aged cheeks, he said, "She was a good wife and a good mother." What a tribute to pay to one who had been his constant companion from her early youth. Father wandered around among his children for a few years as one lost, then followed her to the grave. I expect to meet them on that bright and golden shore where parting shall be no more.

After the funeral I shipped my tent and set it up on Brother Smith Poe's place near Rural, or Smith's Landing. After closing this meeting at Rural, we took down our tents and packed our goods. A storm had been brewing all morning and now the sky was black and threatening. "Mother Poe" had asked her son, Dowe, to hitch up the team to the wagon and take our things over to the place where the Congress Camp was to be held. After the wagon was loaded, we had no protection to keep the goods dry if it rained. Dowe asked if it would not be well to delay the trip until the storm passed over. I told him it would not rain enough to wet the things, for the Lord would withhold it in answer to prayer. He was skeptical and no doubt wished it would pour down to discredit my words. As we drove along the road, the storm came nearer and nearer until we could see the rain coming in heavy sheets behind the black clouds. The keen lightning flashed and the heavy thunder rolled shaking the earth with its peals. It was a severe test of my confident statements, and Dowe was enjoying what seemed to be my discomfiture. The rain was less than a quarter mile away when the cloud split, one part crossing the road before us and the other behind, coming together again after it passed; not even a drop of rain fell on us -- a miracle indeed. When my driver saw this, he was astonished and believed it was in answer to prayer. From then on, he had a greater respect for God.

It was after our Congress Camp that we went to Wellsburg, (Elm Grove, P. O.) Kentucky, on the river, and held a tent meeting, closing the last of October, 1911, with a few saved during the series. Then we secured a house free of rent given by Orville Poe, who, with his good wife, Fanny, helped to fix it up for occupancy. There we stayed during the winter and until July of the next summer. That winter I visited and evangelized some here and there, especially at Wellsburg, preaching in the schoolhouse. We also went back into Kentucky and up the Big Sandy River and held a meeting at White House, several miles south of Louisa.

Here I will relate an incident of how a dance was broken up before it had started. It was while we were yet at Wellsburg that an announcement was made that there would be a Poe reunion held there and Smith Poe was chosen as chairman to arrange the program. Brother Poe invited me to attend, but I declined, thinking it would be a worldly affair, until he explained he desired me to preach to them. There was a large crowd present, several attending from other states as well as from back in Kentucky. Among them were several devoted Christians including Uncle George Poe, as he was called, an aged saint in his eighties. In the forenoon service there were several of the older people who spoke of their experiences in earlier days, after which was spread a luxurious repast. Then the young people gathered by themselves expecting to have a dance. While the "fiddles" were being tuned for the occasion. Brother Poe announced that I would preach and for all to gather together. Of course, this interfered with the dance to the disappointment of the young people, but to the enjoyment of the Christians who listened attentively to my gospel message.

It was on June 25th, at 7 o'clock in the morning, that another special epoch came into my busy life. It was the birth of our third child, a baby girl. We named her Lois, after Timothy's

grandmother. Many friends whom we had made while at Wellsburg came to our assistance, bringing in provisions, money and other necessities of life. As soon as Sister Harris was strong again, we broke up housekeeping and engaged in evangelistic services at different places until the yearly Camp Congress held at Poetown (Maple). Before this, we had placed Dwight in high school at Bethel, Ohio, where we set up housekeeping for the winter.

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25 -- DETACHED REMINISCENCES

The Death of an Aged Saint

"The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness," saith the Proverbs: There was an elderly superannuated minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in his eighties, attending the Vanguard mission at St. Louis with his adopted daughter and her husband, both of whom were devoted Christians. The aged man's silvery locks seemed to throw a sheen of glory around his brow, and his face would light up with a beautiful glow when he spoke of his heavenly home and how he longed to be there. He said he was living on borrowed time, yet was ready to linger here a little longer if the Lord so willed it. I loved to sit near and look into his face while he narrated many incidents that had transpired in his early ministerial life, and how the Lord had kept him victorious through the many years of his trials. His daughter, who had been adopted by him and his wife while she was only an infant, told me that he had lived a most saintly life as far back as she could remember. It was after we had left for the East that she wrote us about his home-going: One morning he arose as usual and prepared for the day. Then he told her that the Lord would take him home at eleven o'clock that morning. But thinking it was only an impression of his, she took little notice of what he said. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he lay down upon his bed seemingly to sleep. A few moments after this she went to the bed and found his spirit had taken its flight to a better world.

Confident Sharpers

It was in the middle of the winter when I was returning from Michigan to our home in the northern part of Ohio. I had to change trains at Toledo where I had to wait about three or four hours. While in the depot a man plainly dressed, sat down beside me. He engaged me in conversation seemingly to pass away the time. Learning where I was from and my occupation, he told me he represented a business firm in Indiana, and said because it was a dull season of the year, his company, desiring to drum up trade, was giving away suits of clothes to various ministers who would wear them as an advertisement for the firm. He said I looked honest and if I would accompany him to a hotel near the depot, where he was putting up, he would show me his sample book and measure me for a suit of clothes which would be sent to me if I would wear them.

The offer seemed good, though I was somewhat suspicious. Yet needing a new suit of clothes, as the one I was wearing was well-worn, I accompanied him to the hotel. The place looked more like a grog shop than a hotel and I became wary of the man. He had me to sit down at a table in the lobby while he went to the clerk's desk to get the sample book and return. While he was showing me the various samples, another stranger came in and sat down at the same table. He

was dressed like a Westerner, with cowhide boots and a large broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat, just like those I had seen in Texas. He began to boast of having a few hours before sold a large bunch of cattle for several thousand dollars, and to prove it, pulled out a large roll of bills. As he was talking, another man came in and sat down at our table, and ordered liquor for the crowd. The liquor was brought, and the cattleman persisted in paying for it. When a glass was passed to me, I said I did not drink, and the first man said neither did he. Was the liquor drugged? I especially noted that none touched the liquor. My suspicions were now aroused and I meditated on how to get out without arousing their distrust. I kept my overcoat lapel buttoned up close around my neck as though I were cold.

The third man ordered cards, and a dirty deck was brought. Then the man said he could do so and so with the cards. The others said he could not. Then the cattle-drover said, "You cannot, but if you can do it, I will give a hundred dollars to the Reverend." In it was involved a question which I was to answer, though at this time I do not remember what it was. It was simple and then the drover pulled out his large roll and began to strip off ten dollar bills, to the amount of one hundred dollars and passed them over to me one by one. Without picking up the money I shoved all back saying, "I don't want that stuff." At this, the man with the sample book whispered to me, "Take it and give it to your church, for he has plenty." I said "No, I don't want it." Then he said, "Show him you have money, and don't need it." I told him I had none, which was about true, for I had only a few cents left after buying my ticket. At this I arose from the table and said, "I must go." I was very uneasy until I got back to the depot. These sharpers expected me to bite on a game of some kind and try to fleece me if I had displayed any money. Thank God, I had died to the filthy lucre years before and had no desire for ill-gotten gains.

A Judgment of God

It was while holding a series of services in a Friends Church in West Manchester, Ohio, that I was asked by a lady to hold a service in her home for the benefit of her afflicted husband. When I arrived, several already had gathered. On entering the room I saw a man sitting in a wheel chair with his head bowed so that I could not see his face. When I spoke to him he made no reply but kept his head down. After having a song and prayer I read a scripture lesson and commented on it. If I at any time referred to a sinful life, the judgment or eternity, the man would emit a deep groan or wail almost like a dog in deep distress. Even during prayer we heard the distressing sound. After the close of the service the wife begged me and my wife to stay over night, saying she wished to speak to me about something important concerning her husband and his affliction. Although loath to do so I finally consented. After carefully putting the man to bed. she came back into the room where I was sitting and gave me the following story:

Her husband had been a leading druggist living in L., Indiana. and was financially prosperous because of selling liquor to young men, the town having no saloons in it. He had such an influence in politics that the ministers, though they tried to stop the evil, could do nothing. His first wife was a true Christian and he had three children by her to whom he was most devoted. Although many prayed for his salvation yet to no avail. He was very profane in his language and professed infidelity. He corrupted the youths of the town, not only by selling them liquor, but by his obscenity. It was about this time that he began to have trouble, first, by the death of his children

one by one, and then the death of his devoted wife. As each of his family was taken, he more and more blasphemed God, using the most blood-curdling oaths of defiance.

Sometime after this he was again married to this lady who was speaking to me. He was devoted to her also. Soon after this marriage, he gradually became paralyzed until he was a helpless invalid, his vile tongue being the last to disobey its master. Before his tongue was paralyzed, he confessed that these groans of distress were forced from him because of his soul's anguish. He had hardened his heart and stiffened his neck against every entreaty of the Holy Spirit. He was a member of several fraternal orders, but in his affliction, no member would wait upon him because of his awful profanity and bitter wails, They paid his wife liberally to wait upon him. Soon after I left West Manchester his wife wrote me that he had died without a single evidence that he had made his peace with God.

A Sad Funeral

There was a young man with his wife who had moved from Kentucky to Cincinnati to obtain work. In a few days the man died leaving his young wife without funds or friends. At the time I was visiting God's Bible School, Sister Peabody the registrar, hearing of the death, asked me to go with one of the students to see the lady, and to help if possible. It was in a very poor section of the city. Upon our arrival, we found the young widow in great distress, not knowing what to do as she was among perfect strangers. She had been induced by a medical college to let them have the body to examine and they would bury it. Not aware that they wanted to dissect it, she had given her consent. A close neighbor who heard about the death came over, and plans were made to give a decent burial. There were only three present at the funeral home, besides the undertaker. The student and I sang a song and I talked, encouraging the bereaved wife, and then we followed the hearse to the cemetery. After the burial I asked the young woman about her future plans. She said she had none as she was a stranger in the city and her people were far back in Kentucky and she had no funds to go there. I then took up an offering for her -- the undertaker giving ten dollars, the student and I, five. Then I told her about the Bible School where she would be cared for until she could do better.

Trifling with God's Mercy

While in a tent meeting, at Wabash, Indiana, three young people, a boy with two girls, attended the service one night. They sat in the back part of the tent and were so engrossed in their own pleasures that they gave no heed to the warning message. At the close of the service, they got in their buggy and drove out laughing and making merry. The road which they took, crossed the railroad track. As they neared the railroad, a fast train with whistle screeching for the crossing, came down the track, the brilliant light shining from a far distance. But the young people were so engrossed in having a good time that they heeded not the warning, even as they had not listened to the warning message of God a short while before. While crossing the track the train struck them and they were hurled into eternity without another warning.

Looking Back

One day while in Michigan, a business man who was attending one of our meetings with his wife cordially invited us to take dinner with them. They lived in a beautiful cottage which was well furnished, denoting opulence. After we had partaken of a bountiful repast the man took me to the sitting room where he told me of his spiritual life and how he had lost out. He said after he had been brightly saved the Lord called him to give up his lucrative business and preach the gospel. Obeying the call he left all and for more than two years he had great success in the ministry, winning many precious Souls to Christ, besides gaining a deeper experience himself as well as his wife who stood with him. His children also were saved and took the way of the Lord. But while they grew richer in spiritual blessings they became poorer in worldly goods, so that at times they could hardly make ends meet by the strictest economy and self-denial.

Looking back on the time when he had an abundance, he finally decided to give up the ministry for awhile and go back into a business life and recuperate his finances, then again enter the ministry. But five years had passed and though they had an abundance of this world's goods, he had no joy in the Lord, besides his wife and the children were most worldly, caring nothing for the Lord or his work. It was a sad story he poured out to me, of how he would like to get back what he once had. I told him there was only one way and that was to repent of his backslidings, give up all, again take up the ministry. But, alas, it was too great a price to pay, as it was in the case of the rich young ruler, because he had great possessions. Besides, his worldly wife and godless children who were now much older would not hear to it. Jesus said, "No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God. How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"

True Repentance

Tobacco was the leading crop in Ohio and Kentucky along the Ohio River, and Maysville, Kentucky, was the leading mart for this commodity. Tenants were compelled to raise tobacco from year to year though they derived no profit from it because the landlord got the gain. To raise and take care of it took an entire year. In Kentucky there was a prosperous farmer who had a large crop in his barn, all stripped and ready to market -- over a thousand dollars' worth. There was a holiness tent meeting being held in the community of this farmer and he became deeply convicted and was converted. Feeling he could not sell his tobacco to the glory of God, he called in his neighbors and had them to help him to carry it out to the field and he set fire to it.

Scenes of my Childhood

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the dam where the cataract fell."

It was early in the spring of 1912 that I visited the various scenes of my youthful days. As I wandered here and there, thinking of the past, the poet has expressed my deepest feelings. A marked change had taken place in the surroundings and the people since I had last been there. The

topography of the farm had been greatly altered by its new possessors; distances seemed to have shrunk; and many new homes had been carved out of the old homesteads. Even the schoolhouse (Dogwood College) and its surroundings seemed to have diminished in size in my years of absence. I visited my aged school teacher, Jim Brown, on whose knees I learned some of my earliest lessons in the schoolroom. On the Sabbath I visited the Methodist Protestant Church at Port William where I had my first membership. The old structure had been replaced by a new building. I was asked by the young pastor to preach at night. Some of the aged saints were present and rejoiced to know that the little farmer boy whom they had known was now preaching the full gospel of salvation. Hallie Ellis, the schoolmate of my boyhood days, now owned his father's old homestead which had undergone little change. He invited me in to take supper and stay over the night. At the table, though no Christian, he asked me to return thanks. Later in the evening the family gathered in the large sitting room where I talked to them about God and told some of my experiences, which brought tears. Then I held prayer with the family and retired to the bedroom assigned. In the morning, I again held prayer with the family and, after a bountiful repast, I commended them to God and departed. While in the neighborhood, I inquired about my old schoolmates, and learned that only two had taken Jesus as their Savior. On Saturday I visited my great aunt and uncle, Allen and Libbie Falkner, near Paintersville. As the shades of night were falling, the old family Bible was taken from its resting place and passed to me with the remark, "Brother John, will thee read a Scripture lesson and hold prayer with us tonight?" It was a sacred hour as memory was refreshed with the scenes of my childhood days. Sabbath morning we were given in the old family rig to the Friends Church at New Hope, where an elder, Harvey Falkner, came to me and said, "Brother John, hast thee a message for us this morning?" I had, and it came from a heart filled with deep emotion as the Spirit gave utterance to the Word of Life. There were only a few young people present. In their seats some of the elders wore their black broad-brimmed, high-crowned hats, uncreased: and the aged women wore their black Quaker bonnets, as in former years. There was a sacred stillness in all the house as heads were bowed in reverence to God. At the close of the service, some quietly greeted me, but the one who had invited me to preach said, "Brother John, thee did give us a good message this morning." The old Quaker meeting-house at Mount Hope is now gone like its members. I expect to meet many of these Friends in the great Resurrection Morning.

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26 -- IN THE MOUNTAIN STATE -- (1913-1914)

The gospel of full salvation was now rapidly spreading far and near in Ohio and neighboring states, and many holiness denominations were being organized that made this a leading doctrine. These various organizations were overlapping in many instances like the old line denominations, and began proselytizing one another's members rather than seeking new converts for the kingdom of God. Some would take in backsliders as well as those who had never been born of God, to boost their numbers. A few of the ministers even denounced from the pulpit those who were still taking the narrow way, and often said they were fanatical. Instead of preaching the "old rugged cross" and declaring against the love of the world -- the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life--" they would compromise with the worldly to gain applause and seek financial gain. It was under this condition that I desired a new field of spiritual labors where the

full gospel had not been preached. This I found in the mountains of West Virginia in the southeastern part of the state.

In January, 1913, I went to Dunloop, West Virginia, near Mount Hope where I held a meeting in a schoolhouse, then went on to Beaver, a sawmill town near Beckley, where we held services several days. There was some fruitage in each of these places. Then I went to Hinton, where I was destined later to spend the best part of my life in gospel labors. At Hinton, we secured the court house. Here we met a people from Ramp who made a profession of holiness and attended our services. But soon we found they were living a crooked life, and I denounced them publicly. Some of the better class of citizens in Hinton, because these attended the meeting and publicly sanctioned my messages, believed I belonged to the same crowd, denounced me as being a "holy roller." which name it took years to live down. Attending this meeting in the court house, were some who lived on Madam Creek. These invited me to hold a meeting for them.

After returning again to Bethel, I went to Springfield, Ohio, in March where we were marooned for several days because of a destructive flood which swept down the Miami Valley inundating farming land and destroying millions of dollars' worth of property in its course. For over a week the city of Dayton was isolated from other parts of the world, so that no news could get in or out. Tongue cannot describe the awful calamity which befell that beautiful city in the destruction of property and the loss of lives. It took more than a score of years to erase the effects of this flood. I took the first train leaving Springfield going south. It left early in the morning over the Pennsylvania line, taking all day to get to Cincinnati. On each side of the track as far as my eyes could see, there was a scene of devastation, as the muddy waters still carried the debris of destroyed homes and other property. We were often held up for hours on the road while the bridges were being strengthened so we might cross at snail pace. No mail could reach my loved ones at Bethel, and Sister Harris could not know how I was faring. In the meantime she ran out of fuel with no way of getting more. But she went to the Lord with her needs and in a remarkable way they were supplied. The old coal-house had a deep layer of what seemed to be dirt. While digging in it she found several bucketfuls of good coal, more than enough to meet her need until I returned. Food was likewise supplied in answer to her prayer.

Tearing down their old high school building in order to erect a new one on the same site, necessitated the Board of Education to close their high school in Bethel in March. Not satisfied with this short term for Dwight, I took him to Springfield, and there put him in high school in order to finish his first year in June. Because of this, he was not with us when we broke up housekeeping and went to West Virginia.

I shipped my tents to Hinton, and while they were in transit. I spent a few days visiting my old friends in Adams and other counties in Ohio. After a night's ride we reached Hinton and were met at the station by one who had attended my meeting in the court house, and we were taken to a place on Madam Creek, about a mile and a half from Hinton.

In order to understand some of the difficulties we were to face, it will be necessary to give a brief description of what had occurred before we came: I have mentioned those people from Ramp who professed to be sanctified and had disgraced the name by their conduct. A preacher named Jesse, had held a holiness meeting in that community, had organized a class and built a

church, and then went away leaving the members to shift for themselves without a pastor. Some of these finally began to squabble among themselves, got into jail because of their evil conduct, and brought a reproach upon the name of holiness. Those on Madam Creek who had invited me to bring my tent and hold a meeting had attended the services of Jesse. I have no doubt that Jesse was a true man of God.

It was the 15th of May when we began the meeting. It had been advertised extensively and from the first was well attended, increasing day and night until the tent was filled to capacity, many standing on the outside to see and listen. A leading citizen who lived at Jumping Branch and had never attended a single service, thinking to do injury to the meeting, spread the report that I had a large box for a pulpit filled with straw, then after I had preached I would take out the straw, spread it in front of him rostrum, and the seekers would come forward and roll in the straw. Although this was a lying report, many believed it, and regularly attended especially to see this act. While their curiosity was not satisfied in this line, some did get convicted "of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come" under the searching rays of the gospel, came to the altar and were brightly converted.

One Sabbath morning I saw two elderly men sitting in the back part of the tent. After I had dismissed the service, they came forward, introduced themselves as Methodist preachers, and said the doctrine of sanctification which I had preached was that of their church, and they fully agreed with what I had said. I asked if they preached it. They said no, that the people would not stand for it and that they would not support them if they did. I said, "I will preach it, though I starve." During the few weeks I was there, I received more funds and food than they received during the whole year. Besides, some of their own members were truly saved in my meetings.

One night after a service had closed and we had gone to the camping tent and were preparing for bed, we heard a disturbance on the outside. Baby Lois not quite a year old, was sleeping in a little box bed, and the oil lamp was burning on a stand near-by. All at once, a hen came fluttering into the tent, nearly upsetting the lamp, endangering the tent and life of the child. It was a mischievous young man who thought he would have some fun at the preacher's expense. Not knowing who it was, I said, "Young man, the Lord knows you, and he will reckon with you soon." At this, there was a yell of derision. Later we found out the name of the young man. It was only a few weeks from that time, that we learned he had taken sick, became unconscious for several days, and died without regaining consciousness.

After more than a score had been saved in the three weeks of meeting on Madam Creek, we moved to Jumping Branch about five miles away. I had considerable difficulty in securing a place to set our tents because of the influence of that leading citizen who had spread the report about the meeting on Madam Creek; but finally two young men, who had made no church profession, gave their consent to my putting up the tents on their place near the village. I had done a special favor to one the Sabbath before, not knowing who it was, and they had not forgotten it.

Soon the prejudice was broken down and many attended, several being from Madam Creek and the surrounding districts at a distance -- Methodists, Baptists, as well as those who made no church profession. The tent was filled to capacity, many standing on the outside, some walking five and six miles across the country. I was given close attention, the power of God was greatly

manifested, and deep conviction fell upon many. The long altar bench was crowded with seekers, often forty and fifty at a time, and several would pray through to victory at each service. Hardly a family near-by escaped having at least one or more members saved, and in a few instances: the whole household. This meeting at Jumping Branch continued for five weeks and a half before it had run its full course. There were scores converted and sanctified during the meeting. Several interesting incidents occurred at this place, some of which I will relate:

One Sabbath morning an aged man ninety-five years of age walked three miles to the meeting. He listened attentively to the message and seeing those who went to the altar he said, "Brother, would it do an old man like me any good to go to the altar?" I said, "Brother, Jesus died for you as well as these others." At this he came forward, bowed down and looked to heaven with penitential tears. Soon he was rejoicing in the Savior's love, and gave a bright testimony. He said he had been a member of the church for fifty years but had never before experienced the joys of salvation. His neighbors said he had lived an upright life in his community for years. He stayed for the afternoon service, and gave a glowing testimony, saying it was the first gospel message of salvation from all sin that he ever had heard.

One night a young man came to the altar along with the others, but I soon saw that he was not serious. Kneeling before him, I prayed the Lord to strike him down if he were trifling. At this he jumped up and ran out of the tent. I learned afterwards that some of his companions in sin had offered him five dollars if he would go to the altar and pretend he was seeking to be saved. He told the boys that for no amount of money would he ever again trifle in a religious service, that he felt he would die if he did not get out immediately. He was mocking God and not man.

A merchant of wealth came to me and said, "I would give the world if I could have the experience your wife has." I told him, "That's what it will take, for you to get such an experience. You'll have to give up the world." But like the rich young ruler of Bible days, he went away sorrowful, for he had many possessions, yet was not even willing to rent us a commodious hall which he had, until we could build a church house in which to keep together the young converts, because he was afraid of a few influential neighbors that patronized his business. I never heard that he ever took the way of salvation.

There was a man in the community, a farmer, who had many acres of land. His wife had been brightly saved in the meeting, and he became seriously inclined, but had things to make right. He offered to give me a plot of rocky ground fit for nothing else, except a place upon which a church building could be erected. This I accepted, and he told me to go ahead and build. But I told him not until he gave a clear deed to the piece of land. Though I went to him several times to have the deed made out he put me off under one pretense or another. Finally when I pressed him one day, saying I was ready to go ahead and build and would like to have the deed made for the lot, he said that his wife objected to signing the deed.

Every door was now closed against obtaining a piece of land in that place upon which to erect a building, though much land was going to waste and fit for nothing else. Besides this, there was not a single church building in or near that community for several miles. The one that was there, a Baptist meeting-house, had burned several months before with no prospects of being built

again. "With no place to meet except in small cottages, which could not accommodate all that attended, many of the new converts began to drift and soon fell away discouraged.

After closing the meeting at Jumping Branch we moved our tents to a community called Pluto, consisting of a small store and a Methodist Chapel. A blacksmith, Mr. Richmond, owned a tract of land there; and though not a church member he said I was welcome to pitch my tents anywhere on his property. Because of the many large boulders and heavy underbrush it was hard to find a suitable place, as we did not want to set up near the chapel; but finally we located a narrow strip of land some distance away where we began to set up the gospel tent. It was necessary to put a guy stake in a fence corner belonging to a local preacher, and upon asking his permission to do so, he refused, as he was bitterly opposed to having a holiness meeting in the community. There was no other place except next to the chapel and Mr. Richmond said the land was his, and I could have it. Here we erected our tents after clearing away the underbrush.

Pluto, in mythology, is the god of the lower world or of hell, and many around that place lived up to its name by engaging in drunkenness, profanity, gun-toting, fighting and even murder. There were very few who made a church profession. Even the preacher himself chewed tobacco, which had something to do with his opposition, for he had attended some of my services at Jumping Branch, and knew I took a public stand against it.

The Proverb says, "The disposing of the heart in man is from the Lord," and it was so in this instance: Having set up the gospel tent we needed some straw for bed-ticks and other purposes and this local preacher was the only one who had it. That morning when he went to the field to get his horses he said the Lord spoke to him saying that the minister he was opposing was a man of God and that he must help him with anything he needed. In obedience to this heavenly voice, he hitched up his team, took his wife, drove over to the tent and asked if there was anything we needed. Having heard of his opposition and somewhat surprised at his offer, I told him we needed some straw. Going home he got the straw and several things to eat which his wife helped to gather up and was soon back to unload it.

The meeting began with good interest, the attendance increasing daily until the tent was full to overflowing with many coming from a long distance walking and on horseback. Two weeks of the meeting had passed, when the regular pastor of the Methodist Church came to fill his appointment. Less than a dozen members went to the chapel, while my tent was filled that Sabbath morning to hear me preach. Seeing this, and desiring to show courtesy, I arose and told the audience that I would dismiss them to attend the meeting in the chapel, saying that there would be services in the tent in the afternoon and that night, as the Methodist minister would not have any other service that day. Several were disappointed, for some had walked many miles, and brought their dinners with them, to hear me preach. A few of these went away but the others filled the chapel to overflowing. Ignoring my presence in the audience, the preacher took the pulpit and began to preach, saying things detrimental to the services I was holding. This did not take well with several for they knew much good was being done in the community by the tent meeting. At the close of the service I invited the preacher to take part in my meeting, but he excused himself saying he had other appointments and could not attend.

The services continued in the tent that afternoon and for two more weeks with several more getting saved including Methodists and Baptists. At the next appointment of the Methodist pastor he asked me what we should do, inasmuch as the two meetings should not run concurrently to divide the congregation. I told him I expected to hold a service in the tent and invited him to attend. He said he would see. Only a half dozen went to the chapel, and when the preacher saw no more were coming, he told them they would be dismissed for the tent service, as he did not want to run in opposition to my meeting. When he came into the tent I met him in the aisle and invited him to the pulpit, and asked him to preach. This he did, bringing a good message. Thus without compromising we endeavored to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and the meeting closed with a good feeling.

Following this meeting we baptized several of the new converts in Madam Creek, after which we shipped our tents to Middletown, Ohio, for our annual Congress, September 19th to 28th. Upon returning to Hinton, we secured an apartment of three rooms in Maxwell Row, Avis, for the winter at six dollars a month. The place was filthy and dilapidated, and it took several days to put it in order for decent habitation.

After repairing and cleaning up the apartment in Maxwell Row, Avis, I settled my family for the winter and then began to pastor my new converts and extend the field by evangelism. At first I held a meeting in the courthouse; then went to Thurmond and held a meeting. It was at this time that an elderly farmer, a bachelor, and his maiden sister moved into the flat below us. Soon after this Sister Harris wrote me she was having trouble with the woman living below who complained about the children making a loud noise, and asked me to find a more suitable place to live. I told her she must make the best of it as we could not get a better place without paying much higher rent which I could not afford. When I went to the landlord to pay my monthly rent in advance he hesitated to take it, then said there was much complaint from our neighbor about the children making a loud noise by pulling a wagon on the floor and that it should be stopped. This was only a supposition from the woman, because she had seen the children with a wagon I had made in the yard below. This I explained to the landlord. One floor was carpetless, and even walking over it would make a loud sound. One day, the woman punched viciously with a broomstick several times against the ceiling as a protest and made several unkind remarks loud enough for Sister Harris to hear.

In her distress she took her troubles to the Lord and he showed her the way to make peace. With the last money she had for the family needs, fifty cents, she bought the ingredients and baked a nice cake, then cut two large slices and took them to visit her neighbor. When she knocked, the door was opened, and Sister Harris smiled and said, "I have baked a cake and wish you would try it to see if it is good, and there is also a piece for your brother." The heart of the woman was touched and with tears in her eyes she invited Sister Harris in, then confessed to her wrong doings saying she knew it was impossible to keep little children perfectly still in the house. After talking awhile and having prayer with her, the woman gave Sister Harris some canned fruit and other eatables and invited her back. A friendship sprang up between them and, during the winter, the lady gave her several more cans of fruit, jellies and other things from time to time. When we broke up to leave for the summer tent work, she said she would miss Sister Harris and hoped we would come back.

Hoodlums

Avis was a small burg which had grown fast to Hinton. It had one officer and he had his hands full to keep down a youthful gang of hoodlums who persisted in disturbing the peace. This gang was led by a peg-legged bully. One day a show came to the town and set up on the Fair Ground. From the time it was unloaded to the time it was put on the train at night this gang of youthful outlaws caused trouble to the show people. These held their peace until all was loaded on the train and ready to pull out, then the men surrounded the gang and gave them such a trouncing that they lied in every direction, some hiding in the hallway of our apartment, frightening Sister Harris. The peg-leg leader could not run fast and he begged hard for mercy, but the show people told him to run urging him on by striking him now and then. While the melee was going on the marshal of the village could not be found. He had disappeared as though swallowed up by the earth. The next morning he was located and sent after the show in another town, but he soon returned and said nothing could be done. This put a quietus on the gang who kept in the dark for fear of being laughed at.

While holding a meeting at Thurmond, a lady from Avis attended the services and was very enthusiastic about the preaching saying, "We need this man in Hinton to awaken the people." Her friend with whom I was staying told her I had preached in Hinton in the courthouse only a few weeks before. At this she said, "I know of no one preaching there, except a "holy roller." Then my friend assured her that I was the same one and lived across the street from her in Avis.

A great opposition now arose against the holiness band, and all the schoolhouses in proximity to Hinton were closed against me by the various trustees, so that I could not keep in contact with my members except by home visitation and cottage prayer meetings which kept me away from my family the most of the time. Besides this I often had to sleep in cold beds with little cover and in rooms where the snow would sift through the cracks. I walked from place to place, climbed steep rocky cliffs to get to place of appointment -- truly a mountain missionary life. But there were some diversions from this, one of which I will relate:

We were holding a few days' meeting in a vacated Methodist meeting-house several miles from Hinton, back in the mountains. One evening I accepted an invitation to stay all night with a mountaineer who lived a short distance from the church. The hostess asked if I desired anything to eat before retiring. As I seldom ate before a night service, I said, "If you have a little bread and milk it would be acceptable, but go to no trouble." The lady went to the kitchen while her husband and I talked. Midnight passed, then one o'clock, then two. I was getting very tired and sleepy when at three we were called to take a little snack. The meal consisted of chicken, gravy, potatoes, spreads, etc., a full prepared meal all fixed in the wee hours of the night -- rather in the morning. I felt greatly embarrassed for having put my hostess unknowingly to so much trouble at that time of the night, and was more careful from then on to explain fully. It was several years later that I visited these good people who were now aged, and had a hearty laugh with them about that early meal they spread for me.

Spring soon came and time to begin tent meetings. Our first point was on Madam Creek at the same place of our first meeting, only across the creek. There was a good attendance, but not as many as the year before because of an election coming on and the great interest in it. But there

were a few saved, and the converts of the year before encouraged. It was at this time that prohibition was to go into effect in the state by a constitutional amendment which had been voted upon several months before and passed. I had had trouble at times with drunken rowdies in my various meetings and was glad that the time had come to outlaw the traffic.

It was now the last day that liquor could be sold legally and many men and boys from far back in the mountains, were seen passing by daylight going to Hinton to load up on cheap liquor, that they might have a good supply for many months, because of the drought which was coming. The saloon keepers had freely watered their stock that it might go much farther and sell cheap. Early in the afternoon all the liquor had been sold and the various patrons of the saloons began to return home well loaded internally as well as externally. There was a family on Madam Creek that had two boys who delivered milk in town. The eldest had bought about two dozen bottles of whiskey to lay up against the drought besides filling himself with it. On the road home he began quarreling with his younger brother and finally got out of the wagon. The brother whipped the horse into a run, and when he had come as far as the tent he stopped and unloaded his brother's liquor in the fence corner, then drove on. His brother followed, staggering from one side of the road to the other not knowing what his brother had done. Some small boys found the bottles of whiskey and brought them to me, and I broke them on a rock pile which was close to the tent. It was just after I had closed my afternoon service that the boy in company with some others came near the tent and I could hear them urging him to demand of me the whiskey. He finally came staggering into the gospel tent, and I met him in the aisle. Thick-tongued, he stammered, "Have you - got - my - w-h-i-s-k-e-y?" Looking him in the eyes. I replied, "No, I have not got your whiskey." Then he asked if some small boys had not brought me some whiskey they had found on the road. I said, "Yes." He said, "It-was-mine; what-did-you-do-with-it?" I told him, "I broke the bottles on a pile of rocks; how about it?" To this he replied, as he began to slowly back out of the tent, "That's -- all -- right! -- that's -- all -- right!" and left without giving any trouble.

It was the second of June, 1914, that we closed the meeting on Madam Creek, and involved the tent near Alderson, on Flat Top. The meeting on Flat Top was well attended. There was good interest and several were clearly saved. The meeting continued over four Sabbaths, closing July 6th. Then we moved to Glenray, a small sawmill town west of Alderson, where there was no church or religious service of any kind. Here we set up the tents in a beautiful grove of woodland.

The meeting had been going on for several days and the crowds increased until the large gospel tabernacle was filled to capacity. There was a good interest from the very beginning, and conviction began to take hold of many and some were saved. We had had some disturbance from boys throwing small sticks on top of the gospel tent, then one night three drunken rowdies came to disturb and rock the tent which was filled with men, women and children. Knowing the danger I asked some of the older men to go out and try to quell the disturbers, but none moved. Finally I left my wife in charge of the service, and went out to admonish the boys to quietly leave and not to disturb, when one of them struck me a stunning blow on the top of the head with a rock which he held in his hand, knocking me senseless. Another jumped on me with his feet fracturing some of my ribs. Hearing the commotion on the outside, Sister Harris appealed to the men in the tent to go to my aid, but not a man moved. Then a Christian lady one of our converts who had been saved in a former meeting, went out and saw what had been done and cried for help. Some went to her assistance and carried me unconscious to the camping tent, with the blood oozing from the wound

in my head, and placed me on a cot. After wife had announced the next day's services and dismissed the congregation she hastened to me. Half-conscious, thinking I was dying, I asked for my baby girl, Lois, now three years old, to be brought to me that I might embrace her once more before I passed away. Then my faithful companion began to wash and dress my wounded head, and put a band around my chest to relieve some of my suffering when I breathed.

The next morning, the Sabbath, Sister Harris conducted the service, preaching to a large crowd of attentive listeners. At night I tried to speak but suffered so much with my chest that I finally turned the service over to wife and she preached the closing message of the series. Friends assisted in taking down the tents as I was unable to do anything. I have a deep dent in my skull from the brutal attack which I will carry to the grave. Here is a version of this affair given by the Hinton Daily News at that time:

"Disgraceful Scene at Church Service"

"News has just reached this city of a disgraceful affair which occurred at Glenrav, this county, Saturday night. where Rev. Harris is holding a tent meeting. A crowd of young outlaws from Hungart's Creek visited the meeting for the purpose of breaking it up. They disturbed the minister and congregation by their loud and boisterous talk, and when Rev. Harris attempted to remonstrate with them, the urge to either stop their boisterousness or leave the meeting, one of the crowd struck him a telling blow on the forehead, which rendered him unconscious for a time. The rowdies then immediately fled the premises.

"Young Quinn and Drumheller were two of the desperadoes, but it was impossible to learn the names of the other participants. Warrants are out for the arrest of the boys and it is quite probable that they will soon be made to feel the grip of the strong hand of the law.

"It is said that this same crowd has been the cause of about all the trouble in Talcott district during the past year, and the good people of that section are determined to put an end to their actions."

It was while we were in Virginia, holding a meeting in the Shenandoah Valley, that the trial of the boys came off, and I was subpoenaed to appear as a witness against them. But I wrote the officer that I was engaged in a revival and could not appear, as it would take too much of my time, and they could do as they felt best about the case. The boys were given a light fine and were let loose to again prey upon decent society. Some years after, I heard that two of the boys had violent deaths, and the third who afterwards made sport of what he had done to me, also came to a bad end.

Here is a co-incident about that place at Glenray: The Women's Federal Prison now occupies this woodland, and one of the buildings is erected on the very site where the tents were set up. Miss Mary Harris, (no relation to us) a woman of influence interested the Government in building this Prison to reclaim women who were not habitual criminals, and place them again in decent society. To this end several millions of dollars was appropriated for this purpose, and Miss Harris was placed in charge of it and became its general manager. It was the first institution of its kind in the United States.

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27 -- EVANGELIZING AND FOUNDING A CAMP -- (1915-1922)

There was a young preacher, C. Arthur Bell, with whom I became acquainted when I first came to Hinton. He was very zealous in the Lord's cause, doing some missionary work in and around Hinton, and engaging in secular work in order to support his growing family. He had moved with his family to Centerville, a small hamlet seven miles from Mount Crawford, in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia. It was the last of December, 1914, that he invited Brother Gaskins and me to hold a meeting in a Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which he had secured from the pastor and trustees. The pastor could not be present because of other engagements.

Centerville was surrounded by several well-to-do farmers, and members of different denominations, the leading one being "The Brethren" (Dunkards), specially noted for their thrift, strict Christian deportment, and kind hospitality. We stayed at Brother Bell's home and assisted him financially, the neighbors helping out with the table supplies, inasmuch as he had a large family and was in meager circumstances. Sister Bell was an excellent hostess.

The meeting started with a fair attendance which increased day by day. A week had passed when a cold blustery rain-storm came, making it disagreeable for one to go outside, and Brother Bell advised us to suspend the service for that night saying no one usually attended meeting in that place in such stormy weather. Feeling otherwise, I told him I would go, and if there were none out I would return. Upon arriving at the church I found several there to whom I delivered a message and then dismissed after announcing the next day's services, being the Sabbath.

The next morning there was a large crowd present. After the song and prayer service I stood up to deliver the message. It was then that an elderly lady in a Dunkard uniform arose and asked permission to speak. After giving her my consent she said, "I am backslidden; and though no one in my church or my neighbors have known it, God knows it. I have lived a miserable life for three years. In the services last night the minister showed up my sinful life." Then she confessed that three years before she found a mouse had fallen into a jar of cream. Taking the dead mouse out, she churned the cream and gave the butter to a poor neighbor. The next time she had a churning, she found another mouse had fallen into the cream. This cream she also churned and sold the butter at a grocery. It was then she said that she felt the Holy Spirit had left her; and though she tried to believe she had been forgiven, yet she had no peace in her soul. While speaking, the tears of true repentance flowed down her cheeks; but no sooner was the confession made than she began to rejoice and praise God, saying she again felt the presence of God's Spirit. Sister Wise became a true friend of the writer and his wife. corresponding with Sister Harris and sending an offering each year to help support the Mount Olivet Camp, as well as praying for its success spiritually. Several years after this we heard of her home-going which was a triumphal entrance into the everlasting Kingdom.

In this meeting at Centerville there were several others helped spiritually, among whom was Sister Bell. At the close of this series of services, we announced a tent meeting that we would hold there in the spring.

After having shipped our tent from Hinton, we set it up on the school lot, secured from the board of trustees, and began services the first of May, 1915. There was a large attendance from the surrounding districts, many walking three and four miles, the crowds increasing until the tent was crowded to capacity. While there were some disturbances from rowdies on the outside, those within the tent gave strict attention to the gospel preached, and some conviction began to be manifested.

There had been a continued drought for some weeks and the weather was hot and oppressive. While Brother Bell and I were visiting about three miles away we noted in the distance a small cloud appear above the horizon which soon became threatening. Hastening back to put the tent in order, we arrived just in time to put down the curtains, store the folding organ in its box, and take the gasoline torches from the poles, when the rain poured down in torrents, the wind blew in fitful blasts, and the thunders roared and rolled. The side stakes that held the guy ropes pulled up from the soft earth, and the tent came down as we ran for shelter under the steps of the schoolhouse which hardly protected us from the raging storm. It was over within a half hour, but when we emerged from under the steps what a ruin was presented to our view. The tent lay flat, the canvas in tattered rags, with only one center pole standing -- all irreparable.

This was the square end tent, that wife and I had laboriously made while teaching the Bible School at Carlinville, Illinois. Since that time it had traveled by railroad and in wagons thousands of miles in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia. It had been clubbed, stoned, egged and stood in violent rain and wind storms. During these years there had been several hundreds of people -- men, women, young people, and children -- converted, sanctified and healed under its canopy. And now it had succumbed to this violent storm because of its aged infirmities. Thus ended its usefulness in this fair Valley of Virginia with only a few ropes and side curtains left which could be salvaged.

It was now about four o'clock in the evening. As we looked upon the desolation, Brother Bell said, "We will have to get things ready for the night's service," and began to pull the torn, wet canvas off the seats. Not to be out-done, though I confess I had little heart to continue the meeting, I helped; and soon all the seats were ready, a torch was hung on the pole still standing, the heavens being the canopy, and all was made ready for the night just as the people began to arrive at dusk. These filled the seats to capacity, some standing, seeming not noticing the absence of the covering over them. The one flickering torch flame weakly tried to dispel the gloom of darkness, while a smoky lanterns lighted the pulpit. There were a few lighted lanterns here and there in the congregation that helped some.

When we began to preach we could see in the distance sharp streaks of lightning, and hear the low muttering of another approaching storm. It was a tense time for the speaker, knowing there was no shelter nearer than the homes of those present, several who lived more than three miles away and had walked. But all sat quietly and listened to the gospel message, unconcerned about the storm drawing nearer. Quietly whispering to Brother Bell to watch the approaching storm and inform me when it seemed dangerous, I went on talking. None in the audience showed the least uneasiness, though there before nor since have I seen such confidence and fearlessness in a large congregation under like circumstances, even though they were in a church building.

At times the flashes of lightning were keen, and the peals of thunder terrific, often drowning my voice, yet the people sat still. I had spoken nearly an hour when in as quiet a voice as I could assume, I said, "We will now arise and be dismissed, as a storm is coming, but I believe there will be time for all to reach home before it rains." And they did, though after being dismissed many lingered to shake hands with the minister and his wife, and speak to their neighbors. I had asked the lord, if it was consistent with his glory, to stay the elements until the farthest away could get home and he did; for it was near midnight before it began to gentle rain. Brother Bell had time to hitch up and haul all the things to his house and store them away.

The next day the side poles of the tent were fastened to the posts of the yard fence at Brother Bell's, the side curtains were stretched around them, the seats and lamps were put up, and in a day or two we were ready to continue the services, using the porch for the organ and the pulpit, with no covering for the large crowd which attended. It was some nights later, as I arose to speak, a battery let loose with a fusillade of stale eggs thrown over the side wall by hoodlums. Some striking members of the congregation, one just missing me on the porch as I stepped aside. This produced quite a bit of excitement as well as wrath, but I went on with my message and the people quieted down.

The next day, doing some detective work, I was able to apprehend the culprits by a confession of the youngest to his parents as well as to me. A warrant was secured for all who had a part in the disturbance, including a boy whose egg had hit his own father. The case was tried before a drunken justice of the peace, several leading citizens being present who had already confessed to their misdemeanor. There was only one witness put up to testify, and that was a highly-respected school teacher of a prominent family in a neighboring community, one who had never attended a service. On oath he said only trash attended the meeting, and that no one respectable went. But he overdid it in his zeal, and his testimony produced laughter by those present, for the lady friend of this young man had been attending regularly with her parents; and these were highly respected in the community where they lived. Also there were several others that were prominent citizens who had attended. The young lady was twitted by her friends about what he had sworn to, and I learned afterwards that she quit his company -- thus the ball bounded back and struck him a severe blow in the estimation of the community where he lived. The boys were turned loose with a fine of one dollar, which was remitted.

While holding this meeting in the yard there were several showers of rain which hindered the services until we had to close. We had in the meantime ordered a new tent from Chicago, and while we were waiting for it, we went to a small community called Cootes Store, near Brock's Gap in Rockingham County, where we set up our camping tent in a grove that had some seats in it. Here we had a few services, but were hindered by rains, although several attended and there was good interest. While here we first met Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Coffelt and their little seven year old daughter, Mary Virginia, who several years later became the bride of our oldest son.

We now returned to West Virginia, and held several cottage meetings near Alderson while waiting for our new tent to be shipped to us. We had been informed that we could not get into that aristocratic, staid, college and church town to hold a holiness meeting. But we did, though it took a little time to secure a suitable place upon which to erect our tents.

There was a large vacant lot in north Alderson with a good well of water and a pump, and a fence around it -- a most propitious place for the meeting. This we secured from a business man who made no church profession. Here we erected the new tent and began services, July 14, 1915.

The meeting attracted many citizens and the tabernacle was filled, not nearly enough room to hold all. There was good attention given to the gospel messages of full salvation, many sinners and church professors under conviction, several of whom sought pardon at the altar. Even some of the ministers from the various denominational churches listened on the outside. When asked what they thought about it, they said it was the Bible, and let it go at that.

The first fruit of these services was Mrs. Hattie Smith, a woman with a family living near the tent. She had attended the tent meeting at Glenray when I was assaulted by those drunken hoodlums, and became interested in the gospel of full salvation. She kindly opened her home to us, and helped to supply all our needs, even before the meeting began. It was in this meeting, though a church professor, that she bowed at the altar, and was beautifully saved and became an adornment of the gospel of Christ. Among others who were saved was an old lady above eighty years of age who had smoked a pipe nearly all her life. God delivered her from the appetite of the weed, but a leading preacher of the town later visited her in her home, took her into his church, and told her it would injure her to quit the habit of smoking that she had been so accustomed to for years.

We attended the annual Congress-Camp of the Christian Nation Church at Dover, Kentucky, on the Ohio River, returning to Hinton in October. There we rented a flat in a building off James Street, called Woodrow. Here we spent the next six years housekeeping while I engaged in various ministerial labors. It was at this place where our fourth child, John Nathaniel, was born, October fifth, 1919. We now had two regular points to pastor -- on Madam Creek and at Alderson -- though we had no church buildings, , but held meetings in the various homes.

Hinton, West Virginia, with its railroad repair shops, is a divisional point on the main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, at the junction of the Greenbriar and New Rivers. From Hinton to Charleston, the capital of the state, the New River winds in and out in a narrow valley and through a deep gorge, with majestic, towering mountains on each side, the waters rippling and leaping over large rocks as they, plunge down the rapids on their way to the Kanawha River which empties in the Ohio. Above Hinton across New River is the Bluestone Dam, one of the largest in the United States, now in completion.

At the time that the writer first came to Hinton there was a long toll bridge spanning New River, built some years before, which took the place of a ferry, to accommodate light traffic -- those walking or on horseback, or in buggies and light wagons. The main highways leading in and out of Hinton were little more improved for traffic, an auto at that time being a curiosity rather than a necessity. It was under this condition that this gospel messenger with his youthful wife and three .small children, one a mere baby, traveled on foot up and down this swift flowing stream for many miles establishing a mountain work.

And now a permanent location had been secured for a holiness chapel and camp after three years of intensive gospel work here and there in tents, in schoolhouses, and in cottages. It was a

small plot of land, a gift from a friendly farmer and his good wife, who had been attending our meetings. This gift was made in the fall of 1915. The place is on Madam Creek, two and a half miles west of Hinton among the foothills of the Allegheny Mountain System and, at that time, was surrounded by wild-wooded scenery. The ground donated was covered with several large boulders, many weighing a ton or more. A large mound of rocks, shale and earth blocked the way from the road to the creek, a steep ledge being on the opposite bank. There was a wide deep hollow across the main lot, and the whole was thickly covered with underbrush, briars, wild grapevines and other growth -- an unsightly appearance and not a very desirable looking place to build a house of worship and start a holiness camp. But faith surmounts all barriers, sees no impossibilities for the Christian who is not seeking ease. For this spot of ground we thanked the Lord and laid our plans for the future.

It was the summer of 1916; World War I, began in 1914 had now gained momentum in Europe, Asia, Africa and on the high seas: prices of commodities and wages were sky-rocketing and this great nation was financially prospering at the expense of bloody Europe. The precious yellow metal was pouring into its vaults by the tons. But on the other hand "pure and undefiled religion" had had a sharp setback everywhere because of greed and godlessness. The fervent revival spirit over the country a few years before this had now become lukewarm. It was not a very encouraging outlook for spiritual aggressiveness, though much needed.

We announced the first camp meeting to begin August 18, 1916, and to continue over Sabbath, 27th. Much strenuous labor with little help had been expended on the grounds before the time set for the camp. A clearing was made from the road, the rock bar and shale mixed with earth was leveled to the creek, an abutment was built with the large rocks found near, and a bridge of thirty-four foot span was built across the stream to the ledge on the opposite side. On the main lot the brush and briars were cut to make room for the gospel tent which was seated with rough lumber, and a place was cleared a short distance away for the 14x21 feet camping tent which was used for a kitchen and a dining room. In addition, a fly of the camping tent enclosed with old tent curtains was made into a tent to accommodate a few of the campers. Some borrowed cooking utensils and tableware added to those we already possessed completed the equipment. Some of the men campers and ministers bunked at night in the gospel tabernacle, while others were accommodated by friendly neighbors who also brought farm produce to supply the table. Water was obtained by digging a shallow hole where a small stream seeped through the shale bank of the creek. It was a beginning, though very small, and not overly encouraging, especially when the brethren said it could not prosper because of the great opposition in the community at large. From the strenuous labor in preparing the ground and being overheated, I had a physical breakdown and suffered intensely, having to lie down each day of the camp, though I managed to preach once each day. Two other ministers were present to assist in the services -- Brother Gaskins (Uncle Will), and Brother Lewis Glenn from the Pentecost Bands of Indianapolis (afterwards called the Missionary Bands).

There was some opposition from church professors who were prejudiced against the doctrine of holiness; but much more from drunken rowdies who displayed their bravery by shooting their guns in the air and whooping like wild Indians on the warpath, even after the midnight hour. This first Mount Olivet Camp closed with some interest from the outside.

It was after we had returned from the Camp-Congress of the Christian Nation Church in Ohio, that, in October of the same year, we broke the ground and built the foundation for Mount Olivet Chapel, the first building erected on the camp ground. I labored around sixty or seventy days on the foundation as well as the building proper while the snow at times covered the ground, trying to get the house under roof to protect the lumber from the weather. At the same time I kept up my pastoral work, as well as tried to secure the necessary finances that were needed to buy the material for the building and to meet other expenses. I had only eleven dollars with which to start, but the funds gradually came in as needed, so that we paid cash as we built without incurring any debts. We had much opposition and many who were not in sympathy with our establishing a holiness church there; and even by some of the brethren, who were greatly discouraged and said it would not prosper.

Brother Thomas R. Bennett, a farmer who lived about three miles tip the mountain from the church faithfully assisted, not only furnishing free all the first-class lumber from his place for framing, weather-boarding, ceiling, seating and other parts (we paid for the sawing, planning and delivering of it); but he also helped on the foundation with his team, as well as assisting in the carpenter work. He sacrificed his own comforts and those of his family, living in a crude old shack in order to have a place of worship. Ever since then he has stood true to the Lord and held up my hands throughout these years, often walking or riding a horse down the mountain to the church and back again, though now feeble with age and infirmities. His good wife also was a faithful attendant at the services for years although at times greatly afflicted in body. Several of their children were saved under my ministry. Besides Brother Bennett there were other brethren who helped in the carpentry.

While constructing the church building we erected a woodshed 10x12 feet in which Sister Harris and I stayed sometimes while holding meetings at Mt. Olivet. The chapel was named Mount Olivet (which name also was given to the camp ground) and was dedicated free of debt, Sabbath, April 8, 1917. The text used on that occasion was, "Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever." -- Psalm 93:5.

I held several protracted services at Mount Olivet Church during the following two years, after the dedication, when several were converted and sanctified as well as in the yearly camps. The spiritual work in my adopted state was rapidly expanding into new communities.

In November, 1918, I received a letter from an evangelist in Michigan saying he and his wife desired to come and spend a few days with us and rest, if it was agreeable to me. I had met these people while we were living at Elm Grove, Kentucky. I had announced a meeting at Mount Olivet, previously, and so I wrote him that we would be glad to have him with us, and sent him ten dollars on his railroad fare. After arriving, he offered to assist me in the meeting, and I gave him and his wife a part in the services. The meeting began with good interest, several attending from the surrounding community. I soon discovered that the evangelist exalted his wife and himself instead of Jesus Christ, and preached several things contrary to the Scriptures. He considered his wife a perfect model of saintliness and dead to carnality, making her an example by which my members should pattern. On her part she made herself very attractive in person in order to win. I felt that the Spirit was being grieved but said nothing to anyone about it. Sister Harris was unable to attend the meeting, and I had given them the cozily furnished woodshed for their living quarters,

where we ate, and I stayed in the church, sleeping on one of the benches there. The services had been going on for a week and a half when the crisis came:

Mrs. N., the evangelist's wife, was preparing breakfast in their room and Rev. N., and I were talking in the chapel. Stepping to the back church door, Mrs. N., announced that breakfast was ready as soon as he brought a bucket of water from the spring, saying she was almost starved. Rev. N., remained a few minutes longer talking, and suddenly we heard a piercing scream and both of us rushed out to see what was the matter, and found Mrs. N., wringing her hands. With a shrill voice she said, "If you had been here it would not have happened. If you had been here it would not have happened." Rev. N., asked her what had happened, but she refused to tell him for sometime. Finally she said, "A wasp stung me on the arm, and if you had come immediately it would not have happened." Rev. N., tried to pacify her, without much success. He took the bucket from her hand and brought the water and we all sat down to the table -- Rev. and Mrs. N., taking opposite sides of the table. After returning thanks, Rev. N., passed a dish of food to her, which she refused saying that she was not hungry. "Why" he replied, "you said you were almost starved and if you do not eat neither will I." Childishly, both sat there trying to get the other to eat. Finally Rev. N., persuaded her to take a bite, then he took a bite, then she took another bite, and he, another, until finally they both began to eat. Seldom have I seen greater carnality displayed in anyone than she manifested.

I took the service that morning, and in the evening asked Rev. N., to preach. However, neither he nor his wife would do it. I asked him to lead in prayer, and among other things, he said, "Lord, defeat the counsel of Ahithophel." (II Sam. 16, 17 chapters) I had said nothing to anyone about the morning occurrence, but he surmised that I had. That night he asked one of my members to take them to the train the next morning, without saying anything to me about it. Just before they left, he said, "You are not going to let us go away without paying us for our service." I gave him forty dollars and they left. He talked against me to the one who took them to the train, and made an engagement to hold a meeting in the Methodist Chapel, near-by, if it could be secured at a later date; but nothing came of it. Some months later, I learned he had caused trouble to others who had trusted him.

This occurrence greatly injured the meeting, and little spiritual good was accomplished for quite a while although a few were saved in the annual camp meeting.

In the 1919-1920 the nine-room cottage was built, and later a well was drilled through solid rock, thirty-nine feet deep, furnishing an abundance of pure water, cool and refreshing, which has supplied the various camps, and the neighbors during seasons of drought, the house in Hinton where we had lived for six years, now was sold and we moved into the cottage on the campground, June 7, 1921, where Paul Jonathan, our youngest son was born June 13, 1922.

The spiritual life of the members at Mount Olivet had so waned at this time that only a few attended the services, some wishing that I would resign and let another preacher take my place. This was talked "privately" until it reached the ears of Sister Harris, and she advised me to leave and to hunt some other field to labor in. I told her the Lord had sent me to that field, and I would not leave until he told me to go.

One member, who had a great influence in the church, seemed to hold the key to the situation. We were holding a series of services in the church, when one day this man came with his wife and for two hours he abused me until the dinner bell rang and I invited them to take dinner with us. they did, and, after the meal, they went home with a troubled conscience. I said nothing to Sister Harris about the thing with which I was charged, for I knew it would be a severe blow to her; but I took it to the Lord in prayer. That night I suffered in agony. I felt I would literally die if I did not get relief. I thought of the work I had built up through the years, and supposed it was abortive. In my distress I groaned in spirit, travailing for the members of my church, and especially this one man. Sister Harris, lying at my side, would put her hand on my face time and again and say, "What is it, papa?" This gentle touch on my brow would bring some relief and I would fall into a troubled sleep, only to awaken again after a few moments with an even deeper distress of mind. This continued until nearly morning, when I gained the victory and fell into a restful sleep. When I awoke it was a beautiful spring morning. The birds were making the grove ring with their melodies the sun was just creeping over the eastern hills, and the sparkling light was shining through the timbers. My name was called. I went out, and found the one who had falsely accused me waiting to see me. He said, "I have come not to confess your sins, but mine." We went into the Chapel and he told me what was wrong with him. He said he had accused me falsely and had talked against me to others, but believed that I already had forgiven him even without his asking me. I considered that in itself a great compliment. We both then went to our knees and he pleaded earnestly for the Lord to forgive his backslidings and to restore to him the joy of salvation. It was only a few minutes until the Lord so filled him to overflowing that he ran from the house leaping and praising God. In the yard he tried to climb one of the young trees, he was so happy.

Just then another member came on the campground and seeing this brother praising the Lord, broke down and began to seek the Lord also. The stumbling block being removed, the revival was on in great power and demonstration of the Spirit. The news spread far and near, and soon the house was filled, and more of the members prayed through to victory as well as many who had made no church profession. The meeting continued several weeks and when it closed there were twenty-five or thirty still seeking at the altar. The reports of this revival awakening at Mount Olivet Church spread to other communities, and in the fall there was a large attendance at the camp where scores confessed and forsook their sins and were brightly converted and sanctified, including many of those who had not prayed through during the spring revival.

It might interest some to know more about the one who was the first fruits of this revival awakening at Mount Olivet. This brother became a most indefatigable worker, both in the church and in the camp meeting. I had expected some ministers to help in the camp meeting, but for some reasons none had come until on Monday after the camp had started, which left me to do all the preaching. On the first Sabbath of the camp while this brother and I were taking a walk, I remarked, "I do not understand why the ministers have not come who promised to do so." The brother replied, "We do not need any preacher except you." What a different spirit he had toward me, than that which he manifested a few months previously. For years after this he was loyal to the church holding up my hands: and several of his children as well as his wife were brightly saved under my ministry.

* * * * *

28 -- ENLARGING OUR BORDERS (1922...)

It now became necessary to enlarge our capacity in order to hold the people who attended the camps. During the first camps, the services were held in a gospel tent, until it would not hold half the people who attended, making it necessary to put seats far outside the curtains. Because of this, we purchased a tract of land that joined the church lot upon which to erect a large gospel tabernacle. It was to level a part of this plot of ground for the tabernacle that we had to fill a wide deep hollow with large boulders, rocks and earth. To this end I hired an elderly man, Mr. McClung (we called him Uncle Mack) who was a renter living near the campground, and who had a team of mules. While the man was a splendid worker, he was very profane in driving his team. This I bore with for two days, but on the third morning before starting to work, I invited him into the cottage saying I wanted to see him. Not desiring to give needless offense, I told him that I was well-pleased with his work, but there was something about which I wished to speak. Then I asked him if he loved his wife. To this he replied that he did. I then asked him if he would like to have anyone speak of her in unbecoming language in his presence. He said that he would not like it. I told him that he was right in this, that I also loved my wife, but that I loved One better than her and that was the Lord, and that he had often carelessly taken his name in vain by swearing, which grieved me. He replied, "I did not know I had been doing so." I had prayer with him and we went to work. Sufficient to say I heard no more profanity, though he worked several weeks. He told some of the neighbors that he liked to work for me better than anyone else. Sometime after this "Uncle Mack" moved to Ohio, and later wrote me a letter saying he had been saved.

Before erecting the tabernacle we had put up a building with several rooms on the new ground which we called a family and women's dormitory, and later on cleared the wound of large boulders with which we built walls of the graded driveways. Then gradually we added two other family dormitories as well as a men's dormitory, and in addition to these, we erected buildings for a kitchen and dining hall. Then we leased a piece of ground year by year, for ten years where we had camping tents and a huge brick oven where we baked bread for the camp. After we gave up the lease a lot was given upon which another bakery was built. The last addition to the camp ground was made in 1947, by the purchase of the ground we had formerly leased.

Before establishing the Mount Olivet Church and camp ground, I had traveled a large circuit preaching at several points -- Thurmond, Stone Cliff, Terry, Nuttallburg, Alderson, Asco and other places -- in churches and schoolhouses. Later we settled down to three preaching places: Mount Olivet, Alderson and MacDonald. This we called Mount Olivet Circuit.

Bethel Chapel, Greenbrier County

We had evangelized in and around Alderson for three years in our gospel tent when we went to a scattered hamlet, Palestine, a mile from Alderson, and set up our tents where there were a score or more saved. Here we held cottage prayer meetings around the community until we rented a log house and turned it into a temporary meeting-house by taking out a partition. In the first protracted meeting I held in that house several more were saved, two of whom were Mrs. Cora Holcomb and Mrs. Mattie Arbaugh, each becoming an adornment to the gospel of Christ. Sister Arbaugh has remained true to the Lord and the church throughout these many years though severely tried at times.

There was a family named Dozier who lived near this place. While I was holding a special meeting in the log house one night, just after I had opened the service, Mr. Dozier came rushing into the room all excited and said his little girl, Maude, was dying, that the doctors had given her up, and he wanted me to go and pray for her. After the service, I went to the home and found a three-year-old child in a coma with a high fever. Neither of the parents professed to be saved nor had attended any of the services. Telling both to kneel, I asked each to pray; but they said they did not know how. I insisted until each knelt and confessed to the Lord that they were sinners. Then I asked them to come to the bed and lay their hands on the child while I prayed for her. This they did, and in a few moments the Lord rebuked the fever, and after I left the child got up and began to play around the room. Sometime after this, the father himself was converted in one of our meetings.

Later on we secured a rocky piece of land near this log cottage and erected a commodious house of worship and called it Bethel Chapel, dedicating it November 20, 1921. Here we have held several revival services throughout the years during which time many have been brightly saved and sanctified. Several of these are now scattered far and near, or have gone to their heavenly reward.

Cora Holcomb, a young married woman, lived in a plain, three-room cottage about two miles from Palestine, on Muddy Creek. She went regularly to the services held in the old log-house and one night was brightly converted: that fall she prepared to attend the camp meeting at Mount Olivet, expecting to get sanctified, but her husband refused to go along and she gave up the trip -- it was the time when God so wonderfully poured out his Spirit and many were saved and sanctified. Upon hearing what had taken place at the camp that fall, Sister Holcomb regretted that she had not gone, and said nothing would keep her from going the next year and getting sanctified. But I told her not to put it off until then, as we have no assurance of life, that God had said, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." It had been sometime before this that she had had a very severe spell of sickness in which the doctor had given her up, but the Lord had spared her life in answer to prayer. It was during the winter's revival in Palestine that she was brightly sanctified, and was appointed secretary and treasurer of the little band of Christians there. After we had secured the lot in Palestine for a church building, she and her husband contributed one hundred dollars toward it. The chapel was now under construction and she visited it often, remarking that she could hardly wait until it was finished. In the meantime she was making preparation to attend the Mount Olivet Camp that fall, putting into a suitcase such things as she thought she might need during the time.

At all times I was a welcome visitor in the home, often taking supper and staying over night with them, especially when working on the church building. It was one evening that I had been invited to take supper with them and arrived about ten minutes before her husband returned from work. The front door was open and the room looked clean and tidy. On a bed in the room lay her open Bible as though she had been reading it, and had just laid it down, and her neat sunbonnet hung on the back of a chair -- all this I noted while knocking several times. Thinking she might have gone to one of the neighbors I sat down on a chair in front to wait; then this thought came to me, "Suppose she is dead somewhere around here." I tried to dispel the thought yet persistently it would come to my mind. Finally I arose and went part of the way to the barn to see; but returned and sat down again, thinking it a silly notion, though still feeling uneasy. Finally Mr. Holcomb

came from his work and after greeting me in a friendly manner he went around the house to clean up. Soon I heard him exclaim, "Come here, Brother Harris! What do you think of this?" Hastening around the house, I saw Sister Holcomb stretched out on the platform of the well with her face downward, and an ice cream freezer lying at her side spilled of its contents. Thinking she had fainted I said, "Let us carry her into the house and lay her on the bed." But her husband said, "She is dead." Helping to carry her in and lay her on the same bed where her Bible had lain, I hastened out to arouse some of the neighbor women, and then went after a doctor. When he arrived he said Mrs. Holcomb had been dead about three hours, having died without a struggle. It was a sad funeral I conducted in that home. After the body was laid to rest, her husband asked me to help him in going over her church records. All had been balanced to date as though she was preparing to go away. But the best thing of all her preparation was that she had not put off her sanctification until camp meeting time.

Shiloh Chapel, Fayette County

After having that gracious outpouring of the Spirit at Mount Olivet Church and at Palestine, we visited MacDonald, next to Mount Hope, and held a series of services near a sawmill in an old, dilapidated cottage, given us by the New River Coal Company. Here we also had an outpouring of the Spirit, and more than two score were brightly converted and sanctified. But the building became unsafe because of the sawdust piling up against it, and we were given permission by the coal company to tear down the cottage and erect a church house near-by," calling it Shiloh Chapel; however, it was designated as "The Sawdust-pile Church" because of the large amount of sawdust which had accumulated from the sawmill. In this house we had several revival seasons throughout the many years of our pastorate there, where the Spirit was graciously poured out and Meat numbers were saved. Several of these have departed this life leaving a bright testimony in their dying hours; others have moved away; and still others like Demas, whom St. Paul wrote about, have forsaken the Way, having loved this present world.

Hitch-hiking

Philip the evangelist is the first hitch-hiker of which we have any record. It was when he met the Ethiopian eunuch and was invited to ride with him in his chariot. In this instance the eunuch was converted, baptized and went on his way rejoicing in the Lord.

After the auto came into general use, and before I secured one of my own, I became a hitch-hiker, not only to save train fare but to talk to souls with whom I rode. At first I was backward in asking for rides as it seemed to be tramp-like, but finally I enjoyed it, for I found I could do much good, especially to traveling salesmen who were very accommodating in picking me up on the road, many times before I even hailed them. In riding with these it is surprising how courteous they were, especially when they learned I was a minister, and how open they were to hear the gospel.

I have had various interesting experiences in my tens of thousands of miles of hitch-hiking far and near. Seldom has the same person picked me up more than once. If any did, they would treat me as an old friend.

On one of these occasions a traveling salesman from Huntington picked me up on the road and became greatly interested in me, especially when he learned I was from Hinton where he had customers. He went out of his way to take me to the place where I was going, and when he let me out I asked the Lord to bless him for his courtesy and took his address to send him the Shepherd and Flock for a year. Sometime after this he sent me an offering, told how much he and his family enjoyed the little gospel messenger, and invited me to call upon them whenever I passed through his city. One day I called upon them and found them well-fixed in a beautiful home. They begged me to stop over the night with them and I was royally entertained by him and his kind wife. That night when I held prayer with them they thanked me and told me how much they appreciated my being in their home. About five o'clock in the morning, after breakfast and prayer, Mr. Austin drove me five miles to the depot to take a train to my destination and invited me to stop again with them. A few weeks later Mr. A., wrote me and said he had been brightly converted.

On another occasion I had gone as far as Charleston, W. Va., expecting to take a train from there to Cincinnati. After arriving and finding I had two hours to wait for a train, I went out of the depot a few steps, and was picked up by a young traveling salesman without asking him. For about ten miles he used profanity in his talk -- a habit he had acquired. I replied quietly, praying for the Lord to give me an opportunity to speak to him without giving offense. Finally he asked me what I was selling, seeing that I had my briefcase. I said I was a minister and was giving men the gospel of Christ. At this he threw up both hands, releasing the steering wheel, and said, "And think about the language I have been using in your presence, I ought to be ashamed!" To this I replied, "No doubt, your mother taught you that language." This touched a tender spot and he said, "No, my mother is a true Christian, and I would not want her to know I use such language." Then like Philip with the eunuch I took the Scriptures and preached a sermon to him forty miles long. When he stopped to let me out tie continued to engage me in the conversation that was still upon his heart. Weeping he shook my hand and asked me to pray for him that he might be saved.

In November, 1915, while holding a series of services at Stone Cliff, a coal camp, I first met R. E. Brockman and his excellent wife. At that time he was a store manager for the coal company. In making calls, I visited their home and found them seriously troubled about their three-year-old child, Estes, who lay in what seemed to be a stupor. The parents informed me that from infancy he had had very poor health, and nothing they had done seemed to avail anything. I told them of One who could heal in answer to prayer. Mrs. Brockman, who before her marriage had attended a holiness school under Dr. A. B. Simpson, in Nyack, N. Y., said she believed in Divine healing, and Mr. Brockman also stated he would accept it if the Bible taught it. I had prayer for the child, and went on to church. It was only a few minutes from that time that My. Brockman entered the church and stated the Lord had answered prayer, and that the child was healed. Sister Brockman had been saved under Dr. Simpson's work in the Christian and Missionary Alliance School in Nyack, N. Y., and was no doubt living up to all the light she had. Soon after this they both attended the Mount Olivet Camp, where Brother Brockman was beautifully saved, and Sister Brockman entered into a deeper experience.

From this time on a beautiful friendship sprang up between us the ties of which to the present time, have not broken. I recommended Brother Brockman to the Christian Nation Congress for a local minister's license, and some years after, I had charge of the services when he was

ordained. These splendid people have held me up with their prayers and finances, and I expect to meet them on the Bright and Golden Shore, when we are done with this world.

Death in a Mansion

There was a prominent business man and a senator in the state. While doing business with him, I talked to him about his soul's salvation and he became quite interested. At times he attended the Mount Olivet Camp and contributed toward its support as well as the church. It was one morning, as I was walking along the street, that he, from the opposite side, beckoned me to cross over. Taking me to his mansion, he led me upstairs to a large library and showed me an early copy of the McGuffey's Third Reader. This he said he would loan to me as he knew I had studied this series of Readers. Then he took me down to the first floor to another library and took from a nook a small well-worn New Testament, costing perhaps about ten cents when new, and said, "This is the most precious book I have in my whole library." He opened it and on the fly leaf I saw written, "A Gift." It had a girl's name signed. Was it a girl friend or a Sabbath school teacher he had loved in his youthful days? I do not know.

After carefully putting the Testament away, tears running down his cheeks, he asked me to pray for him saying he was lost. Both went to our knees, and I prayed earnestly for him, while he had both of his hands on my knees and looked me in the face. I then asked him to pray for himself, which he did, confessing that he was a great sinner. I was greatly touched by his humble prayer. After arising he led me to the door and opening it, as I was departing he said, "If you have any needs at any time just let me know and I will gladly get anything within my power." About two or three weeks after this he again met me on the street and took me to his home. This time he kneeled in the same room as before, and without any preliminaries he asked me to pray for him, the tears running clown his face. He said, "God only knows how many times at four o'clock in the morning I have prayed on the bank of the river near my place of business that God would save me."

A few days later he went west for his health and was brought back in a casket. Knowing I was a friend to him, they sent an auto after me to attend the funeral. Costly flowers were in great profusion around the rich casket. But where were the mourners? Not even his wife shed a tear. As I stood there and looked upon the cold form my thoughts went out to those two times I prayed with him. I could see the very spot in the room where we knelt together in prayer a few weeks before, and I could not withhold my tears.

Heavenly Phenomena

It was the last Saturday of the first camp at Mount Olivet, August 26, 1916. The night was dark except for the stars which studded the heavens. Just after we had dismissed the crowd, about 10:30, there appeared a wide streak of light, most brilliant, which crossed the Milky Way at right angles forming a cross which lasted about a half hour. Was it an omen of good-will sent by the Lord to encourage us to go forward and conquer our foes by the blood-stained banner of the cross of Christ?

One night after we had closed a prayer meeting at Palestine and we were going home, there appeared a most wonderful sight, the Northern Lights, Aurora Borealis, which had the appearance

of the heavens and earth being on fire. Deep red tongues of flames would leap up from the horizon to the very zenith, then gradually die down, only again to leap up, covering half of the visible heavens. This display of God's pyro-techniques continued several hours, producing an awe on everyone who saw it. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." says the Psalmist.

Converted from Catholicism

An Italian boy who was saved in one of our meetings brought his widowed mother, who was a Catholic, to church one day. Though she could not speak or understand English she gave as close attention to me as she did to the priest when he spoke in a strange language. After the service I asked her if she understood me; she said, "Me no understand." She kept attending the services regularly with her son and gradually the Spirit opened her understanding to the truth, and one day she went to the altar to seek salvation. With childlike simplicity she accepted Christ as her personal Savior and was brightly converted, giving up her Catholic faith. In a few days after this she was clearly sanctified. Little by little she began to understand my messages and her Christian duty, and she walked in the light with the simplicity of faith. She was the mother of several grown children, and sometimes I would take a meal with the family, the mother serving a tasty Italian repast. One day I learned she had been sick several days and in bed with a fever, and I called upon her. I told her the Lord was able to heal her and would. After I had prayed she said, "Me get up and get your dinner." I said, "No, Sister, lie still; you are not able to get up yet." But she replied, "If me healed, why not get up and get your dinner?" And she did.

A Babe Snatched from Death

Mrs. M., who had been converted at Shiloh Chapel under my ministry, brought her baby to the camp in a dying condition. Before she had left home, the doctor said it would not live more than a few hours at the most. After she arrived, with the child limp in her arms, seemingly in a dying condition, she brought it to Brother Brockman and me to pray for it. The child was healed in answer to our united prayers. After the camp she took it home a well child. But the mother backslid soon afterwards and ceased to attend church. Several years after this I learned that she again was saved and is now walking in the fear of the Lord. That child is now a grown young man.

Stolen Turkeys

One of our brethren, while attending camp, had some turkeys stolen. One night, while preaching on the subject of true repentance, the minister said, "If anyone has stolen turkeys, it will have to be confessed and made right before he can get saved." (The minister knew nothing about the stolen turkeys). At this point of his sermon a young man, a neighbor boy to the farmer, jumped up and hastened to the back of the tent and tried to find the opening in the closed curtains to get out. It was a ludicrous sight to see him excitedly hunt the opening. No doubt, the preacher had aimed well by looking in the direction of the young man. "A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

The Inquiry Room

During some of the night meetings in the tabernacle, in order to protect the more timid seekers, especially the young girls, after the altar call was given, I would have them to go to the chapel for prayer, having a few of the best Christian workers to accompany them. After they left, I would then announce the future services and dismiss the congregation. Several of the outsiders did not like this method of separating the penitents from the wicked. But by this method I felt that the penitents felt more freedom to pray or to be instructed in the way of salvation inasmuch as the workers were in sympathy with them. Some of our greatest evangelists in the past used this method with great success, and I heartily indorse it wherever it is possible.

One night when I went to the chapel after I had dismissed the congregation, I saw two godless young men in the back of the house sitting up in the seat and curiously looking around at those who were kneeling. Going to them I asked if they were there to get salvation, and they said they were. Then I said, "Get on your knees." This they were reluctant to do, but I told them to kneel or to leave the house. Slowly they got down on their knees, then I had some elderly workers to go and pray with them. This broke up their game of wanting to see what took place in the chapel.

My Literary Works

I have spoken of my Bible reference book, "God's Plan, or Redemption and Salvation," my earliest publication, in which I set forth a simple compendium of special Scriptures for youthful Bible students on God's plan of salvation, and a manual for Christian workers.

It was while I was assisting in a camp meeting in Ohio that a ministerial friend, Rev. E. E. Shelhamer, urged me to put my best thoughts on paper and thus help to spread the gospel among more people. How I could add more to my multiplied duties as a minister I could not see my way clear until I was strongly impressed one night to publish a little religious monthly, especially for the ministry and laity, calling it "Shepherd and Flock," and to keep out of it anything which might savor of financial benefits, limiting it to a small circulation.

The first issue of this little gospel messenger was sent out June, 1993, and entered as second-class matter at the post office of Hinton, West Virginia, November 19, 1993; later it was made a bi-monthly. In this publication, for over a quarter of a century, I have set forth the gospel of salvation as held by the early church and men of God in orthodox denominations, speaking to the sinner as well as to the ministry and laity.

In addition to this, during the many years of my pastorate on Mount Olivet Circuit, I have published a score or more of booklets and tracts on various scriptural subjects which have been distributed free by the thousands, the last being a miniature, "Scripture Almanac," unique in design, quickly attracting the attention to scripture messages on various subjects, as well as being helpful with other data during the year.

* * * * *

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. Her candle goeth not out by night. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also praiseth her." -- Proverbs.

This tribute of the sacred writer concerning wife and motherhood expresses in a nutshell a beautiful star which appeared for a few years, then burned out, leaving an afterglow which still has its effect on a little corner of the Master's vineyard.

The story of this tender bud which later opened into a beautiful flower was taken from a short sketch found among her papers after she went to her heavenly home, also as she told the author and others of her close associates at various times during the early years of her sojourn on earth. This account of her birth and babyhood she received from her father and other close relatives who knew of its occurrence.

It was the year of 1877 that two young people, Mary W. Ewing and Orlando W. Yantis, were betrothed and married. Their parents on both sides walked in spiritual piety. The first home of this couple was in a new corn-crib three miles north of McComb, Hancock County, in the northern part of Ohio, where they lived for several weeks in strict frugality because of poverty. It was one bitter cold night while the wind was howling around the corners of this crude dwelling seeking an entrance through the many crevices stuffed with paper, that a girl baby came into this home and was named Lulu Pearl. This was November 19, 1879. These parents were devoted Christians and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The infant was only six weeks old, near Christmas time, when they took it to its first revival. The conveyance was an old farm sled having on it a bed of straw covered over with comforts to protect from the piercing cold. It was while this revival was in progress that the baby took the whooping-cough and came near choking to death, but its life was spared in answer to prayer.

Sometime later the parents moved into a more commodious house which they had built on the farm that they had purchased, and here another baby sister, Maude, was born about two years and a half afterwards. At five years of age, Pearl, as she was called, entered public school under the tutelage of a godly uncle, John Yantis, who afterwards became a minister. It was in 1888 that the parents sold out and again moved, having bought a small farm between McComb and North Baltimore, with a box dwelling on it. This building had five rooms, three below and two above, with a lean-to for a kitchen. Here Pearl lived and attended Church and a near-by school for several years, helping her kind another at times in the house and her father, to whom she was devoted, in the field. In the meantime one other sister and three brothers came into the home to grace it by their presence, but increasing the responsibility of the parents in keeping the hungry wolf outside the door.

Her teachers were godly and labored during the school terms for the salvation of their pupils, especially during the revival seasons, many times dismissing the school at the time of the

services in order that students might attend, as the church house was near-by. No skeptical or worldly teachers were ever hired in that God-fearing community to teach their pupils infidelity. Each morning a devotional service opened the day's session.

Trained in the fear of God from childhood, this farmer's daughter became deeply concerned about her soul's salvation at twelve years of age and asked her parents about going to the altar, but fearing she did not fully understand so sacred a step they told her to wait until some older. It was in the next Winter's revival at Portage Chapel that she went to the altar without asking her parents' consent. Her conviction was deep, and she earnestly sought pardon with penitential tears, not only in the church but also at her home in secret. One night while praying at the altar an over-zealous Christian pulled her up and told her the Lord had saved her and to believe it; but she shook the hands off saying, "I'm not saved and will never leave the altar until I know it," and again fell on her knees, seizing the bench with a firm grasp while she pled for forgiveness. It was only a few minutes until the witness of the Spirit came, and she sprang to her feet with her heart overflowing with joy, and rushing to her grandmother she said, "I've got it now, Grandma, I've got it now; I know my sins are forgiven!" Immediately she began to work for the salvation of her girl friends and schoolmates -- a forerunner of her future life's work in the ministry. Though at times she grieved the Spirit by thoughtless acts, at no time did she ever break with God as long as she lived. Her path was "as the shining light, that shineth more and more to the perfect day."

Here is an outstanding event which took place in her early Christian life when she was about fifteen years of age and had become a member of the Epworth League, a young people's society in the Church. At first this was very beneficial, but finally the Christian zeal waned, and the young people began to meet in various homes for sociability instead of spirituality. It was on one of these occasions that an entertainment was gotten up by the more worldly inclined who called it "The Crazy Social." None knew its nature except those who had planned it. It was held on a lawn where a table was luxuriously spread for the occasion. Various worldly stunts were performed which produced loud laughter. But right in the very height of their hilarity a violent storm broke in on their revelry with awful fury blinding lightning, peals of thunder which shook the earth, and a heavy wind accompanied with torrents of rain which flooded the earth -- making a wreck of the table with its contents and other fixings, and driving the frightened Leaguers in great confusion into the house for shelter. It was a humbled crowd of young people which broke up that night. As our heroine started for her own home with two of her girl friends and her brother, in a buggy, she had time to meditate upon her folly; especially as it was intensely dark and the road very narrow and most dangerous, having a deep ditch on one side running full of water, the flashing lightning now and then illuminating the way. Suddenly there was a blinding flash, a deafening roar, and the horse fell in the shafts stunned. As she prayed for the Lord to spare her life, she promised him never to again engage in such folly. This sacred vow she kept inviolate to the end of her life.

In the Yantis home they were early risers. Pearl would get up with her father to help in the feeding of the stock and milking. Often she would hear her father singing old hymns, making melody in his heart to the Lord as he worked. The family altar was never neglected. Morning and evening it was looked forward to as a joyful time of singing, reading the Bible, and prayer. Often at these seasons of worship her parents would be so filled to overflowing with joy that they would break out with praises that left an indelible impression on this fair maiden.

In order to help support this growing family, Miss Yantis began teaching public school at sixteen, giving the most of her wages to her parents. In this occupation she continued until she plighted her troth to the companion of her choice. In this school work she cultivated a patience which was of great value in her future calling. She had a great love for children, which later made her a devoted mother.

The first school she taught was under the principalship of that godly uncle who was her first teacher in the public school. In this school she was most successful. The next school was in Wood County, Ohio, where her metal was put to a strong test as to whether it would stand the strain of strong opposition. Here is the story:

In that community she was a perfect stranger. The school was hard to manage, some of the former teachers resigning before they had finished the first term. She was asked by the trustees to take the school under trial for two months, for they believed she was too young to manage it. With misgivings she began the term, soon to discover there were boys who attended that were much larger than herself and were bullies causing all the disturbances, especially in the morning devotional exercises. This she bore with for a few mornings, hoping it would cease, as she spoke to them kindly; but it only increased, especially by one boy. Finally she asked him to come to the front, expecting to make him an example, as he was the leader. But he was defiant and remained in his seat. Then she walked back to where he was sitting and struck him several stinging blows with her whip, until he cried out with pain and begged her to cease, promising that he would behave himself.

This was her first battle in the schoolroom. The next was from the boy's mother who wrote her a scathing letter, calling her a Spaniard, a Wyler (Wyler was a cruel, oppressive ruler over Cuba, appointed by Spain before the Spanish War). It was a most opprobrious epithet at that particular time just following the Spanish American War, and stung to the quick. But after consulting her parents and having prayer together for guidance, she ignored the letter. When the two months were finished she went to the trustees to draw her pay, expecting to be dismissed in disgrace; and they commended her for her discipline, said they would furnish her all the whips she needed, and asked her to finish the year's school as they were well pleased. She had no more trouble but expected some one to secretly do her hurt, and was glad when the term was ended. The woman who wrote the letter finally became one of her devoted friends. The school was tendered to her for the next year, but she declined it as she had other plans in view taking a college course -- but man's plans are not always God's plans.

Later she contracted for Blanchard Valley School, in Hancock County, and took a normal course of several weeks at Mount Blanchard, boarding with the family of a minister Rev. W. J. Elliott, pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church at that place. Here she met the writer for the first time. A few weeks before this he had returned from his two years of itinerancy in Texas, and was visiting these old friends of his boyhood days. Later the annual conference of the Methodist Protestant Church was held at Mt. Blanchard, where this friendship was renewed.

In relating he, experience about her desire for a deeper work of grace -- the sanctified life -- she said she had a strong prejudice against it because of the inconsistencies of several who professed it. But in this last term of school she felt the need of a closer walk with God, and after

she dismissed her pupils she would lock the door and fall on her knees weeping, asking the Lord to deepen her experience and make a way in which she could give her life entirely to his service. The writer had taken her to this school the first day of its session and opened it with prayer. It was after the term closed that her friend with whom she had corresponded for several months visited her for the first time in her own home where they were engaged and later were married, August 27, 1899. At this time she was nineteen. After a few weeks this young couple was found in pioneer missionary work in the prairies of central Kansas -- but this story has already been told. Here and there the author has incorporated in his "Tears and Triumphs" sketches of this "Beautiful Life;" and how we come to the closing period of these more than forty-six years of marital bliss.

Being trained from early youth, her Christian deportment was most refined and courteous, her attire neat and modest, making herself attractive by her kindly deeds of charity. She was a careful student and a reader of good books, especially the Bible which was her constant companion. This Book of books, which her husband had given her several years before, was well-marked and worn by constant use; and scattered here and there between its pages she had many excellent tracts on various subjects. She was a woman of prayer, prevailing for others; and was a lover of sacred music, having composed some. She and her companion, and many times her children, sang together in the home the sacred songs of Zion, "making melody in their hearts to the Lord." When her strength permitted she always assisted in the music of the evangelistic services as well as in the church. She also taught sacred instrumental music, some of her pupils taking lessons from her when she could hardly sit at the piano because of suffering and exhaustion. Her correspondence was extensive, writing thousands of newsy letters; especially was she greatly interested in several of the soldier boys whom she had known from their childhood, writing to them as well as praying for them. With her own two soldier boys she kept in constant contact, always giving them good counsel in her letters as well as sending them special packages of various kinds. While on the bed of affliction she would still write, the last letter taking her nearly a week because of exhaustion, and hardly intelligible, though she had formerly been a beautiful scribe.

For several years she had been a semi-invalid, but had asked the Lord to spare her life until she saw all her children grown up; and this prayer was answered. In her last days it became a question whether her life's work was finished, but finally she had a clear revelation that it was. Then she began to talk of her heavenly home of which she had a vision, saying she saw a most wonderful place and some of the redeemed there, both white and black, and she longed to be with them wishing the companion of her youth could accompany her to this Land of Pure Delight. As the time of her departure drew nearer she testified to her friends and neighbors of the wonderful grace of God, and admonished all who visited her to meet her in heaven. Only the future will tell the results of this last ministry. As she neared the end she ceased to suffer, though still conscious, and after looking at her husband with brilliant eyes, she whispered, "Papa! Papa!" then fell asleep in Jesus without a struggle, on Monday morning, December 17, 1945, having passed her forty-sixth wedding anniversary and her sixty-sixth birthday. She spent Christmas with the Lord whom she dearly loved.

Her tenement of clay in the casket was most beautiful in its modest apparel -- beautiful in life and beautiful in death -- a minister remarking as he looked upon her lovely form, "It shows clearly the difference between the death of a saint and that of a sinner." Rev. R. E. Brockman, a

close friend of the family, had charge of the funeral service and took as his text, Rev. 14:13, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." He was assisted in the services by Rev. R. Moorman Parker, the Methodist pastor of Hinton; and Rev. C. H. Martin, the Baptist pastor in Bellepoint. These ministers, as well as others of the city. had called upon her in her illness and prayed for her. Her body was laid away in Greenbrier Burial Park, near Clinton, to await the trumpet's blast which shall awaken those who sleep in Jesus, and be caught up together with all the saints to meet the Lord in the air. We do not sorrow as those who have no hope, for we believe that Jesus died and rose again, and that those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. See I Thess. 4:13-18.

Here are some of her last testimonies: "I'll be watching just inside the Eastern Gate! I can see that innumerable host there. It is more wonderful than I ever dreamed. It is wonderful to live for Jesus. I have lived for him since I was thirteen. I'll exchange my cross for a starry crown. I have received a great blessing out of all this suffering. It is wonderful to die a Christian. There is no fear in death -- just going to rest. We'll miss one another a little while, but it will not be long. I am so tired of suffering, I want to die. I have perfect rest and peace. Paul (her son) used to say, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he will strengthen thy heart." That is what I say now. Amen! Amen! I have searched deeply my heart, and made a personal examination by God's help, and find nothing between me and God. I hold no enmity against anyone."

Friendly Sympathy

From far and near there were many letters sent to her in sympathy because of her illness, and thousands of prayers offered for her recovery. Those in close proximity not only tendered their help but assisted in many ways to relieve the family's burden. Beautiful flowers were sent in profusion to cheer her sick room; and the Red Cross lady in conjunction with the family doctor, Dr. W. J. Stokes, contacted the Army officer in Florida to get extended furloughs from time to time for seventy days that our son Jonathan might assist in caring for his mother. But it was after her departure that many hundreds sent cards and letters of sympathy to the family, not only from her home town, Hinton, but from several distant states in which she helped the author through the many years. There were many tributes of praise that came from her host of friends far and near.

* * * * *

30 -- OUR CHILDREN AND THEIR EARLY PIETY

A premium is often put upon children who come up in desperate wickedness and are saved later in life, ignoring the statement of the Bible, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Prov. 22:6). While a few elderly people are saved late in life and make it safely through to heaven, great multitudes never take the way of the Lord in later life; and those who do, often become discouraged and go back to their former sins. The greatest spiritual men of Biblical and ecclesiastical history, without an exception, are those who from childhood have been trained in the fear of the Lord. To do so is no little task for godly parents, but it has its rewards by children reverencing their parents as well as God in older life. It is not sufficient merely to care for and train the physical and the mental. The immortal soul is the

greatest and should be carefully looked after in the earliest part of the child's life, while yet tender and pliable. The different disposition of children in the home requires great wisdom and patience to discover how to properly train up the child in the way he should go.

I have referred to the birth of our five children who now have grown up to manhood and womanhood, and like Hannah during the days of the Judges, their mother and I were very solicitous for our children's early salvation. We dedicated them to the Lord before they were born, and not only prayed for them, but endeavored to instruct them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, as we had been instructed in our own homes. A few weeks after Dwight's conversion, at five and a half years, his mother began to instruct him in the common school branches. In the years following, with my assistance, these lessons were continued while we were traveling in the evangelistic field -- on trains, in homes and when we settled down for a few weeks at a time. The text-books used in his instruction were like those of our own earlier days, including the New Testament as a reader and spelling book. When he was a little past eleven years of age, while we were yet at Elm Grove, Kentucky, on the bank of the Ohio River, I took him to a county examination at Batavia, Clermont County, Ohio. There he passed the "Boxwell Pattison" test and was given a graduation diploma. He entered his first year of high school in Ohio, and graduated from Hinton High School at fifteen. Later, he did secular labor, took the money he had earned and helped to put himself through God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he graduated, and sometime afterwards was ordained as a minister. He has been an associate pastor on Mount Olivet Circuit for several years, while employed as a city mail carrier in Hinton. His wife is a Christian and a talented musician and poetess. They have four children, nearly all grown.

Samuel has been physically disabled all his life, suffering so at times that we despaired of his living. Unable to make any headway in his studies we finally discovered that his eyes were greatly affected and that he was almost blind. We took him to a famous eye specialist of the state who partly restored his vision. We sent him to God's Bible School where he remained several months: and although he was helped spiritually, he made little progress in his secular studies. He has made the Bible a special study and is well acquainted with many of its teachings. Though suffering much at times he is cheerful and makes many friends among the better disposed. His faith is childlike. Lois, our only daughter, from her earliest period of understanding has had a reverence for God. Her first faith harks back to childhood when she began to seek the Lord. This early faith waned, but later she again prayed through only to relapse to carelessness. It was while in a revival meeting at Mount Olivet that she under deep conviction for a closer walk with God, came into my study one morning and asked if she could talk with me. I asked what was troubling her, and weeping, she said, "Papa, I'm not satisfied with my experience and want you to pray with me." Greatly touched by her tears, we both knelt, and while I prayed, she earnestly poured out her heart to the Lord, asking him to fill her with his Holy Spirit. He did, and gave her such a clear evidence of his presence that she arose, her face beaming with joy and said, "Papa, the Lord has come into my life, and now I know it." From then on her life has been exemplary as a Christian. She attended God's Bible School, where she met the companion of her choice, a devoted Christian, and now has two children of her own which she is training in the fear of God, by example and precept.

John Nathaniel, our fourth child, had an early spiritual piety. In his boyhood days he would pray through, then recede to carelessness, but never engaging in vile sins common to youth. He finally became more established in the grace of God and attended God's Bible School at

Cincinnati. One night, while I was attending the camp there, I heard a gentle knock on my room door, and upon opening it I found it was Nathaniel who asked if he could come in and have a talk with me concerning his experience, saying he was not fully satisfied and wanted me to pray for him that he might be. My heart was greatly touched at his entreaty, earnestness and the tears that welled up in his eyes, and we both knelt and poured out our hearts to the throne of grace for his full salvation. After praying for sometime he found relief and arose, saying he was not yet fully satisfied and expected to continue seeking until he was. In this resolve I encouraged him. A few weeks after this we received a letter from him saying he had a deeper experience than ever before, and was fully satisfied. While attending the Bible School he became engaged to a fine Christian girl.

He entered the army and was first sent to Australia. then to New Guinea where he became a technical sergeant. For these four years of army life he had One whose unseen hand was continually over him, keeping him from evil and encouraging him in times of discouragement.

At the end of the conflict, Nathaniel was honorably discharged and married the girl to whom he was espoused at the Bible School, who in the meantime, had been trained as a nurse for the army. They have one child. He now is taking a strenuous course in the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, California, and has a promising life before him to be a soul-winner for the Lord, which is my prayer.

Our youngest son, Paul Jonathan, has always been of a serious trend of mind, though high-tempered. He is not given to foolishness, but looks upon life as real and not one for worldly pleasure. At eight years of age he was truly converted. By his strong will power with the help of the Lord, he learned to curb his temper when greatly tried, especially while in the army. He attended God's Bible School for a few months, then entered Asbury College at Wilmore, Kentucky, where I visited him and found him having a good report from those who were Christians with whom he associated while in that institution. Later he went back to Cincinnati where he entered the army and was sent to a camp for training. Then he took a course at the State University of Iowa, and finally was sent to Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin, where he became an instructor in radio. Some months later he was sent to Florida and soon after was honorably discharged from the army, after more than three years of service. He is especially talented in instrumental music. On August 16, 1947 he was married to an excellent Christian girl whom he met while attending Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va. At the present time he and his wife are attending West Virginia University at Morgantown, W. Va.

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IN CONCLUSION

In the more than a third of century in West Virginia, I have evangelized and pastored many miles around Hinton far and near, holding services in deserted churches, schoolhouses, and in my gospel tent; besides the time I spent in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia and assisting in revival meetings in Ohio after coming to West Virginia. I have walked thousands of miles over rugged mountains following cow trails, crossing stony creeks at flood-stage, and stayed away from my family weeks at a time while engaged in gospel services. I have lived with simple-hearted,

hospitable mountaineers, often in crude shacks, and partaken of their plain table fare. It has been a needy mission field, but most enjoyable because I have seen many thousands converted to God and wholly sanctified since coming to this part of the state, and still there is much land to be evangelized that has hardly been touched with the Gospel, waiting for some self-sacrificing man of God who is not afraid to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. And what I say for this state may be said of many other states of the Union. Though nearly fourscore years old, I still am willing to endure hardness and be spent in the service of the Lord.

And now my steps are slowing down, though my mind is still full of vigor; and I am only waiting to hear the summons, "Come up to your Heavenly Home," where I expect to meet again many of my old friends and loved ones who have gone on before.

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THE END